

Sister

Axelle Red

If ever life 's mistreating you
You don't feel good at all
You need a sister to hold on to
You can give me a call

It might be Monday, it might be Tuesday
8 o' clock in the evening on a Sunday

You won't have to explain the whole situation
I 'll just keep you company
You must be lonely without a friend
Not relying on family

Call me on a Monday, on a Tuesday
In the middle of the night on a Sunday

These men took your soul
Your innerpride
They got you deeply
The cut of a thousand knives

Until you had nothing more to hide
It made the ones that love you wish
They had turned blind

But you don't have to carry all that guilt
We sisters vulnerable 'bout the way we 're built

And I might not feel what you feel
Though wounds like yours I know they don't just heal

By Monday, next Tuesday
But call me and I'll be around on a Sunday

Some day again you will shine
Keep walking towards the sun
You 're still young sister