

## Sister Sinead

Kris Kristofferson

I'm singing this song for my sister Sinead  
Concerning the god awful mess that she made  
When she told them her truth just as hard as she could  
Her message profoundly was misunderstood

There's humans entrusted with guarding our gold  
And humans in charge of the saving of souls  
And humans responded all over the world  
Condemning that bald headed brave little girl

And maybe she's crazy and maybe she ain't  
But so was Picasso and so were the saints  
And she's never been partial to shackles or chains  
She's too old for breaking and too young to tame

It's askin' for trouble to stick out your neck  
In terms of a target a big silhouette  
But some candles flicker and some candles fade  
And some burn as true as my sister Sinead

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