

Your Sister Cried

Fred Eaglesmith

Well, I stared out of the windshield into the rain soaked night
I turned on my dims, somebody flashed me their brights
And I reached over and turned the radio way down low
Your sister cried all the way home

Lightening crashed, and the road shone like a mirror
A dog come out of the ditch, then he just disappeared
And I remembered a conversation we once had on the phone
Your sister cried all the way home

I'll never know how you got into such a mess
Why do the bridesmaids all have to wear the same dress?
Everybody said you looked real good
But I think that you just looked stoned

Your sister cried all the way home

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Your sister cried all the way home