

## My Sister and I

Jimmy Dorsey

My sister and I remember still  
A tulip garden by an old Dutch mill,  
And the home that was all our own until  
But we don't talk about that.  
My sister and I recall once more  
The fishing schooners pulling into shore,  
And the dog-cart we drove in days before  
But we don't talk about that.

We're learning to forget the fear  
That came from a troubled sky.  
We're almost happy over here,  
But sometimes we wake at night and cry.  
My sister and I recall the day  
We said goodbye, then we sailed away.  
And we think of our friends that had to stay,  
But we don't talk about that.