

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.