

# Sister

Joshua James

So long, be careful on your way back home  
I found your suicide poem in your right coat pocket

There was a fire in the Hollywood hills  
Ten children were killed  
You had better be cautious

I'll pray for you sister  
Where your heart will reside  
I wait for you sister  
Holding my breath makes me tired

Farewell take comfort in the fact you're young  
You got ten years to grow up  
Don't become like your father

I'm sure you know by now  
The rain falls most along the California coast  
Each time this season

I hate for your anger  
To turn into something like mine  
Stay close to water  
The air helps the motion inside  
Inside

Well dear God, bless your soul  
Poor child might never know just why  
Well dear God, bless your soul  
Poor child might never know just why  
Oh just why

I'll pray for you sister  
Wherever your heart will reside  
I will wait or you sister  
Holding my breath makes me tired  
Makes me tired