

# Sister

Axelle Red

If ever life 's mistreating you  
You don't feel good at all  
You need a sister to hold on to  
You can give me a call

It might be Monday, it might be Tuesday  
8 o' clock in the evening on a Sunday

You won't have to explain the whole situation  
I 'll just keep you company  
You must be lonely without a friend  
Not relying on family

Call me on a Monday, on a Tuesday  
In the middle of the night on a Sunday

These men took your soul  
Your innerpride  
They got you deeply  
The cut of a thousand knives

Until you had nothing more to hide  
It made the ones that love you wish  
They had turned blind

But you don't have to carry all that guilt  
We sisters vulnerable 'bout the way we 're built

And I might not feel what you feel  
Though wounds like yours I know they don't just heal

By Monday, next Tuesday  
But call me and I'll be around on a Sunday

Some day again you will shine  
Keep walking towards the sun  
You 're still young sister