

Sister, Mother

Sixpence None The Richer

My life is plagued
By mistakes, broken love, slaps in the face.
But I'm trying to care, to dare to embrace your face.

Hug him like a brother.
Kiss her like a sister.
Let it be my mother for now.

I want to find where the maid in the street
Is pouring her wine.
I heard she takes you in and gives you the words
You need said.

If you'll be her brother,
She'll kiss you like a sister.
She'll even be your mother for now.

Hug him like a brother.
Kiss her like a sister.
Let it be my mother.
Let it be my father.
I will be her brother.
Kiss her like a sister.
Come and be my mother forever.