

Sister Sinead
K. Kristofferson

INTRO: G

I'm singing this song for my sister Sinead
Concerning the god-awful mess that she made
When she told 'em her truth just as hard as she could
Her message profoundly was misunderstood
There's humans with guarding our gold
And humans in charge of the saving of souls
And humans resounded all over the world
Condemnin' that bald-headed brave little girl

CHORUS:

And maybe she's crazy and maybe she ain't
But so was Picasso and so were the saints
And she's never been partial to shackles or chains
She's too old for breakin' and too young to tame

(KEY CHANGE TO A)

It's askin' for trouble to stick out your neck
In terms of a target, a big sillouhette
But some candles flicker and some candles fade
And some burn as true as my sister Sinead

CHORUS:

And maybe she's crazy and maybe she ain't
But so was Picasso and so were the saints
And she's never been partial to shackles or chains
She's too old for breakin' and too young to tame

OUTRO: A E A