

Elvis Costello "Big Sister"

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Sheep to the slaughter, oh, this must be love
All your sons and daughters in a strangle, all with a kid
glove
Eyes like saucers, oh, you think she's a dish
She is the blue chip that belongs to the big fish

Big sister will be watching over you
Sister see, sister do

She's got to save me
She's got you playing Russian roulette

Sport of kings, the old queen's heart
The prince of darkness stole some tart
It's in the papers, it's in the charts
It's in the stop press before it all starts

With a hammer and a slap and tickle in inquisitive
garments
With all the style and finesse of the purchase of
armaments
Compassion went out of fashion, that's all your
concernment
Sweat it out for thirty seconds on all the prudence

Big sister will be watching over you
Sister see, sister do

She's got to save me
She's got you playing Russian roulette
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