

Elvis Costello "Big Sister's Clothes"

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

But it's easier to say "I love you"
Than "Yours sincerely" I suppose
All little sisters like to try on big sister's clothes
Big sister's clothes

The sport of kings, the old queen's heart
The prince in 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 on the slap and tickle under grisly
garments
With all the style and finesse of the purchase of
armaments
Compassion went out of fashion that's all your concern
meant
Sweat it out for thirty seconds on home improvements

But it's easier to say "I love you"
Than "Yours sincerely" I suppose
All little sisters like to try on
Big sister's clothes, big sister's clothes
Big sister's clothes, big sister's clothes

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