

Irving Berlin

"Sisters"

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Sisters, Sisters

There were never such devoted sisters

Never had to have a chaperone "No, sir"

I'm there to keep my eye on her

Caring, Sharing

Every little thing that we are wearing

When a certain gentleman arrived from Rome

She wore the dress and I stayed home

All kinds of weather

We stick together

The same in the rain or sun

Two diff'rent faces

But in tight places

We think and we act as one

Those who've, Seen us

Know that not a thing could come between us

Many men have tried to split us up but no one can

Lord help the mister

Who comes between me and my sister

And Lord help the sister

Who comes between me and my man

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