

James Taylor

"Older Sister"

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She rides in the front seat, she's my older sister
She knows her power over me
She goes to bed an hour later than I do
When she turns the lights out
What does she think about?
And what does she do in the daylight
That makes her so great?

Oh but to be, oh but to be, oh but to be, I'd like to be
My older sister

She flies through the back door, she's my older sister
She throws French phrases 'round the room
She has ice skates and legs that fit right in
She's wicked to all the beaming dreamers
Who'll later boast of an evening
By her fiery side

Oh but to be, oh but to be, oh but to be, I'd like to be
My older sister

And in her black gymnastic tights
She runs into some elastic nights
Sophisticated sister sings for the
Soldiers of the soccer team
Their silver I.D.'s and sororities
They tinker with love in their Model T's
Oh lord, won't you let me be her for just one day

She turns everybody's heads
While I wear her last year's threads
With patches and stitches and a turned up hem

Oh, but to be, oh but to be, I'd like to be, Just once to be
My older sister

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