

# Sparks "Sisters"

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There's a round-up at the love corral  
And the air is full of dust  
And I think it's going pretty well  
But I'm trying to adjust  
As we walk along the boulevard  
With a hand in hand, in hand  
And who cares if people stare at us  
'Cause they'll never understand

Sisters, where is the jealousy, is it there?  
Sisters, is this a felony anywhere?  
Who cares? I see a double moon in the sky  
Sisters, an oversupply

Do I have to be a diplomat  
When I hear you fuss and fight?  
Do I have to be an acrobat  
As I try to get it right?  
There's a double moon up in the sky  
And it's shining down on me  
And I know that I'm a lucky guy  
That's my biography

Sisters, where is the jealousy, is it there?  
Sisters, is this a felony anywhere?  
Who cares? I see a double moon in the sky  
Sisters, an oversupply

My arms are full, my lips are sore  
By morning we could face the light

And I know if I was wrong for you  
I would feel a little down  
Well it wouldn't be disastrous  
I would still have you around

Sisters, where is the jealousy, is it there?  
Sisters, is this a felony anywhere?  
Who cares? I see a double moon in the sky  
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