

# Sparks, Sisters

(Ron & Russell Mael)

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 set 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

Arms are full  
Lips are sore  
By morning we could face the light  
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  
Sisters  
An oversupply