

Elvis Costello, Big Sister

Sheep to the slaughter
Oh, this must be love
All your sons and daughters in a strangle, all with a kid glove
Eyes like saucers; oh, you think she's a dish
She is the blue chip that belongs to the big fish
Big sister will be watching over you
Sister see, sister do
She's got to save me
She's got you playing Russian Roulette
Sport of kings, the old queen's heart
The prince of 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 and a slap 'n' tickle in inquisitive garments
With all the style and finesse of the purchase of armaments
Compassion went out of fashion, that's all your concernment
Sweat it out for thirty seconds on all the prudence

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