

# Big Sister

Elvis Costello

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 and 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 Big sister will be watching over you  
Sister see, sister do She's got to save me  
She's got you playing Russian roulette  
She's got to save me  
She's got you playing Russian roulette

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