

Sisters

Sparks

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
Sisters, an oversupply Sisters
Sisters
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