

## Older Sister

Simon Carly

She rides in the front seat, she's my older sister  
She knows her power over me  
She goes to bed an hour later than I do  
When she turns the lights out  
What does she think about?  
And what does she do in the daylight  
That makes her so great?

Oh but to be, oh but to be, oh but to be, I'd like to be  
My older sister

She flies through the back door, she's my older sister  
She throws French phrases 'round the room  
She has ice skates and legs that fit right in  
She's wicked to all the beaming dreamers  
Who'll later boast of an evening  
By her fiery side

Oh but to be, oh but to be, oh but to be, I'd like to be  
My older sister

And in her black gymnastic tights  
She runs into some elastic nights  
Sophisticated sister sings for the  
Soldiers of the soccer team  
Their silver I.D.'s and sororities  
They tinker with love in their Model T's  
Oh lord, won't you let me be her for just one day

She turns everybody's heads  
While I wear her last year's threads  
With patches and stitches and a turned up hem

Oh, but to be, oh but to be, I'd like to be, Just once to be  
My older sister