

# Sisters

Bette Midler

Sisters, sisters  
There were never such devoted sisters  
Never had to a shaper one, no sir  
I'm here to keep my eye on her

Caring, sharing  
Every little thing that we are wearing  
When a certain gentle man arrived from Rome  
She wore the dress and I stayed home

All kinds of weather we stick together  
The same in the rain or sun  
Two different faces but in tight places  
We think and we act as one

Those who've seen us  
Know that not a thing can come between us  
Many men have tried to split us up  
But no one can

Lord, help the Mister who comes  
Between me and my sister  
And Lord help the sister that comes  
Between me and my man

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Lord, help the Mister who comes  
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Sisters, sisters  
Sisters, don't you come  
Between me and my man