

# Big Sister

Elvis Costello

Sheep to the slaughter  
Oh, this must be love  
All your sons and daughters in a stranglehold 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 under grisly garments  
With all the style and finesse of the purchase of armaments  
Compassion went out of fashion, that's all your concern meant  
Sweat it out for thirty seconds on home improvements

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