

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 set 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

Arms are full
Lips are sore
By morning we could face the light
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