

# Elvis Costello, Big Sister's Clothes

Sheep to the slaughter oh I thought this must be love  
All your sons and daughters in a strangle hold with a kid glove  
She's got eyes like saucers oh you think she's a dish  
She is the blue chip that belongs to the big fish

[Chorus:]

But it's easier to say "I love you,"  
than "Yours sincerely" I suppose  
All little sisters like to try on big sister's clothes  
Big sister's clothes

The sport of kings, the old queen's heart  
The prince in darkness stole some tart  
And it's in the papers, it's in the charts  
It's in the stop press before it all starts.

With a hammer on the 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

[Chorus]