

Big Sister's Clothes

Elvis Costello

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

But it's easier to say "I love you,"
than "Yours sincerly" 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

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