

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