

# Little Sister

Rufus Wainwright

Little sister come and sit beside me, beside me  
And we'll play a tune on this old piano, forte  
Just for a while, just for a while, just for a while  
Till your hair becomes a powdered wig  
And I become a total bastard  
Feet that hardly reach the pedal  
Sold to a tremendous shadowAve ave, history is on my side  
So complain, have no shame  
And remember that your brother is a boyThough it seems the stakes contain some ante-grate  
We all feel it still is based on good old intrigue  
Just for a while, just for a while, just for a while  
You may have to use your hips as fodder  
Still putting your best foot forward  
Madame didn't stack the cupboard  
Ended up like mother HubbardAve buddy, history is still a game  
So complain have no shame  
And remember that round one has just been playedAnd you are poised for centuries to claim  
Follow examples from no longer a choice  
The world be just a ball to pass or gaze uponAnd one more thing  
Before we go on again  
Let's end this maze  
Keep out the threat of a kid  
Oh my little, little sister

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