

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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