

Hugh Laurie, Little girl

Oh, little girl!
Would you like a sweetie?
Would you put your hand in mine?
I promise not to hurt you
Or impinge upon your virtue
All I want is half a second of your time.
Oh, little girl!
Won't you smile into the camera?
This time I know we'll get the perfect shot.
Now do you think that it would hurt
If you just undid your shirt
And show the readers everything you've got?
Little girl,
You really mustn't worry,
No one will respect you any less.
When all is said and done
You know it's just a bit of fun
Now be a sport, take off that pretty dress.
Little girl,
Can't you see now you are famous!
Your name is on the nation's lips.
Over breakfast, they'll admire you,
At their lunch hour, they'll desire you,
And at tea time, you'll be wrapping up their chips!
Little girl,
Congratulations on your record!
They played it on the wireless just today.
It was fast and rather naughty,
Went straight in at number forty,
Though the DJ said that's where it ought to stay.
Little girl,
So you got married to a popstar!
I can hardly work my camera for the tears.
But as you said your fond goodbyes,
I got a great one of your thighs!
What a shame you were divorced within a year.
Little girl,
You're not a girl and you're not little.
But there's still one thing I'd love it if you'd do:
Although she's slightly shorter,
I would love to meet your daughter.
Do you think that she would like to follow you?
Do you think that she would like to follow you?