

Rufus Wainwright, Little Sister

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
'Til your hair becomes a powdered wig
And I become a total bastard
Feet that hardly reach the pedal
Sewn to a tremendous shadow

Ave, ave, history is on my side
So complain have no shame
And remember that your brother is a boy

Though it seems the stakes contain some integrity

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 Hubbard
Ave, but hey, history is still a game
So complain have no shame and remember that round one has just been played

And you are poised for centuries to claim
Follow examples from no longer a choice
The world be just a ball to pass or gaze upon

And 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