

# Martha Wainwright, Question Of Etiquette

Met you for the first time late last week  
Came to dinner, it could've been bleak  
But I held back  
Held myself on track

Question of etiquette  
Or maybe just regret

Noticed your blond hair  
Your blue eyes too  
I might have seemed quiet, a little shrewd  
I didn't wanna touch you  
You seemed so new  
But you looked just like me  
Eighteen years ago

Now I don't know where your mommy met my daddy  
It doesn't matter, it might be shady  
But I like you, maybe you'll like me  
And we can pretend that we are a family

I live up North with my Mom  
Somewhere that your new Daddy's not around  
But you can't blame the situation on your parent's intuition  
And you're not a fool  
You're only two

There's another one, oh in fact two  
For altogether Daddy's really good  
We got a sister named Lucy  
And her momma's really pretty  
And we all love each other  
And one day, you too

I got a brother you might want to meet  
He can be yours, it's really kinda neat  
I hope my mother doesn't pull a fit  
She always thinks this stuff is bullshit  
There'll be Christmas & holidays  
Weddings & funerals

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