

Martha Wainwright, Laurel & Hardy

I wrote this song late last night
about my brother and all his might
and you would be so very kind
to listen to these words I've written
about the boy who seems quite smitten
but like no other you will find

cause baby I know the reasons why we were unkind

He's Laurel he's Hardy he's the life of the party
and he's got great taste in furniture
Wakes up at noon plays the piano til he swoons
goes out for food

cause baby I know the reasons why we were unkind
but I gotta know why

Three years before me you came out and cried
boy not a girl where'd you get all that pride
you are so very thin and I've always wanted to fit into your pants
photogenic at first glance but got something missing for romance

we share a mother we do and a daddy too
home on Quербes avenue and a melancholy mood
with a rhapsody in blue

cause baby I know the reasons why we were unkind

first born son, son of a gun
I love you even more than when the song was begun
first born son, son of a gun