

# Quasi, Little Lord Fontleroy

& how is His Highness tonight?

You know it's never quite right.

We bend over backwards for you;

& that's the least we could do

For the spoiled little boy -

Little Lord Fontleroy.

& the tea is on the silver tray;

Wolfhounds in the sculpture garden

The maid has gone away,

The butler begs your pardon.

& you're all alone on your velvet throne - ohhh...

But me & me & me -

That's as far as you see.

I know what it's like to be like you,

Because I'm a lot like that, too.

A spoiled little boy -

Little Lord Fontleroy.