

# 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