

# Steve Kilbey, Little Song

Alright

She lives by the sea in a funny little house  
She's got an african manager and some indian cows  
She seems so distracted by the waves and the sand  
She practises white magic on a black baby grand

It's not about right or wrong  
It's just a little song

The people next door stole some chickens, everyone wants to be friends  
Cindy is just a beautician practicing her self-defence  
Joey is greasing the chevy tattooed and awful thin

Swearing that the light is heavy, dreaming about mortal sin

She rolls the dice to determine her future  
You can walk in her shoes if you think that they suit 'ya  
She can put on an accent, she can pull on a leg  
Too proud to beseech you, too humble to beg

Oh why don't I belong  
In a little song  
It's not about right or wrong  
It's just a little song