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 To 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