

Steve Kilbey "Little Song"

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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

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