

Little Lord Fontleroy

Quasi

And how is His Highness tonight?
You know it's never quite right.
We bend over backwards for you;
And that's the least we could do
For the spoiled little boy
Little Lord Fontleroy.
And the tea is on the silver tray;
Wolfhounds in the sculpture garden
The maid has gone away,
The butler begs your pardon.
And you're all alone on your velvet throne - ohhh...
But me and me and 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.