

Question Of Etiquette

Martha Wainwright

Met you for the first time late last week
Came to dinner, it could've been bleak
But I held back
Held myself on track

Question of etiquette
Or maybe just regret

Noticed your blond hair
Your blue eyes too
I might have seemed quiet, a little shrewd
I didn't wanna touch you
You seemed so new
But you looked just like me
Eighteen years ago

Now I don't know where your mommy met my daddy
It doesn't matter, it might be shady
But I like you, maybe you'll like me
And we can pretend that we are a family

I live up North with my Mom
Somewhere that your new Daddy's not around
But you can't blame the situation on your parent's intuition
And you're not a fool
You're only two

There's another one, oh in fact two
For altogether Daddy's really good
We got a sister named Lucy
And her momma's really pretty
And we all love each other
And one day, you too

I got a brother you might want to meet
He can be yours, it's really kinda neat
I hope my mother doesn't pull a fit
She always thinks this stuff is bullshit
There'll be Christmas & holidays
Weddings & funerals

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