

Laurel & Hardy

Martha Wainwright

I wrote this song late last night about my brother and all his
might
And you would be so very kind to listen to these words I've wri
tten
About the boy who seems quite smitten, but like no other you wi
ll find
'Cause, baby, I know the reasons why we were unkind
He's Laurel, he's Hardy, he's the life of the party
And he's got great taste in furniture
Wakes up at noon, plays the piano till he swoons, goes out for
food
'Cause, baby, I know the reasons why we were unkind
But I gotta know why
Three years before me, you came out and cried
Boy, not a girl, where'd you get all that pride?
You are so very thin and I've always wanted to fit into your pa
nts
Photogenic at first glance, but got something missing for roman
ce
We share a mother, we do and a daddy too
Home on [unverified] avenue and a melancholy mood
With a rhapsody in blue
'Cause, baby, I know the reasons why we were unkind
First born son, son of a gun
I love you even more than when the song was begun
First born son, son of a gun
I love you even more than when the song was begun