

How Do You Find My Sister?

Momus

I am a servant, son of servants, I was born to serve
But I know this place in life is less than I deserve
So I've become a trainer not of beasts or birds
But the beautiful sister I've raised for this from birth
Lulu is a match girl and I her matchmaker
I've taught her all there is to know about the games you can play
with fire
Taught her to jump through a burning hoop in a rented diamond choker
And to balance on her nose the head of a Johannesburg banker
At cocktail hour in Mayfair, at an Isle of Dogs boat show
Lulu appears in her Dior dress and me in my tuxedo
Lulu shuts up and shimmers while I make her name known to
Key members of the board of directors of Lonhro
So how do find my sister Mister?
Johnson was the first man to become my sister's customer
She met him at a dinner in honour of the brother of the Japanese ambassador
He stole the key to the satellite room and next to the computers
Telexes and fax machines made love to her
Her next conquest was Finlayson, Tory whip from Woking
His eyes were icy blue, he was impeccably well-spoken

He caught her with his daughter and he got her under torture
To confess she'd taught her poker
And spanked them both until his pants were soaking
So how do you find my sister, Minister?
Little by little, man by man, my sister has scaled the heap
She gets herself flushed out once a week by a quack down Harley Street
I set the prices and balance the books, sisters don't come cheap
It's a scandal what it costs these days to stop a press leak
My sister lives in Knightsbridge now and when I go to visit her
I buzz three times on the intercom and say Lulu, it's your solicitor
I once walked in and caught her sitting naked on top of Henry Kissinger
Take my word or take this Polaroid picture
Ladies and gentlemen, Mr Henry Kissinger!
They knighted the servant yesterday, today you call me 'Sir'
You men who laid my sister I say to you now what you once said to her:
(You're surprised to hear me talk this way but stranger things occur)
'Kneel before me, kiss it, call me 'Sir!''