

# My Little You

Rufus Wainwright

You were thought of in the dressing room of La Divina  
Where your parents spent too much time in front of the mirror  
In the Conservatorio Musicale Luigi Cherubini  
My little you

Daddy putting on his make-up and wearing black feathers  
Mama wading through the river Styx with all the answers  
Back and forth between the living and the dead  
Lipstick glances you  
My little you

Don't let anybody out here  
Tell you what you gotta do here