

Rufus Wainwright, As In Happy

Wish I could be more less
Wish I could be less more
Underneath the dress
Is a gun pointed at the floor
Wish I could be less me
And a little more like you
I'd finally confess
To all things that you make me do

Oh I've been singing all I can today
And nothing seems to make me gay

Maybe the critic was right
And my work is just therapy
Or maybe she was wrong
And on the rag feeling slightly icky
And maybe I would rather
Just be on speed
Or perhaps it would help if I had the right
To get my sad ass married

Oh I've been singing all I can today
And nothing seems to make me gay
As in happy