

Rufus Wainwright, Beautiful Child

When i am older than all these goddamned hills
And theres no reason for my mind to be still

Oh, how ill feel like a beautiful child again
Such a beautiful child again

When i have finally found my room filled with toys
Be banging on my crib excited with noise

Oh, how ill feel like a beautiful child
Such a beautiful child again

And when theres nothing to gain
Or bring me pain or pin the blame
On you or myself

And when they finally fall
These wailing walls and burning crosses
Gods twilight and all

How ill feel like a beautiful child
Such a beautiful child again