

Rufus Wainwright, Hometown Waltz

The drummers and jugglers in Montreal
Don't even exist at all
So I'm tearing up these tarot cards and Venetians clowns
Antique shops and alcoholic homosexuals

You may ask why I want to torch my home town
Partly it's bitterness and hopping 'round and 'round again
On Ontario Street looking up
Maybe I'll catch him on his way to the show

You travel the world and find all the answers
Everything operates on the unattainables
And then you hear your mother laugh attached to the phone
Could have walked around the block 'cause all roads lead to home

Say, will you ever ever ever know,
Ever ever ever fly away?
Will you ever ever ever go,
Ever ever ever find a way?