

Rufus Wainwright, I Don't What It Is

I don't know what it is, but you got to do it
I don't know where to go, but you got to be there
I don't know where to fall
But I know that's it's comfortable where
I don't know where it is

Putting all of my time in learning to care
And a bucket of rhymes I threw up somewhere
Want a locket of who made me lose my perfunctory view
Of all that is around and of all that I do

So I knock on the door
Take a step that is new
Never been here before
Is there anyone else who's too in love with beauty

Playing all of the games
And thinks three's company
Is there anyone else who has slightly mysterious bruises

I don't know what it is

Sick of looking around at friendly faces
All declaring a war on far off places
Is there anyone else who is through with
Complaining about what's done unto us

So I knock on the door
And I am on a train going God knows where to
To get me over, to get me over

Get me heaven or hell, Calais or Dover

I was hoping the train was my big number
Taking the Santa Fe and the Atchison Topeka

But we're chugging along, Dunaway by the crossing
And could be heading for Poland or limbo or Lower Manhattan

Find myself running around
I don't know what it is, to get me over
I don't know what it is, to get me over
I don't know what it is, to get me over
To get me over

You got to do it
You got to be there