

Rufus Wainwright, Millbrook

The boys and girls of millbrook are on a train from new york
Wearing new hats
Shooting the shit
Deep in the heart of duchess county bounty
And all the evening breakdowns will soon be washed from their hands
The next very day
As they make way
Eating the apple to the chapel holy
Don't even try
They'll get away with murder
Sure as the rain washes away
And brings thunder
Oh tell me can you see it?
The gentle tower rising
Over the pines, out of a book
Zion mistaken for the state of Millbrook