

# 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