

Rufus Wainwright, Pretty Things

Pretty things, so what if I like pretty things
Pretty lies, so what if I like pretty lies
From where you are, to where I am now
I need these pretty things, around the planets of our phase
Everything's a sign of my astrology
From where you are, to where I am now
Is its own galaxy
Be a star and fall down somewhere next to me
And make it past your color TV
This time will pass and with it will me
And all these pretty things
Don't say you don't notice them