

Rufus Wainwright, Rebell prince

Where is my master the rebel prince
Who will shut all of these windows
It's these windows all around me
It's these windows who are telling me
To rid my dirty mind of all of its preciousness
Where is my master the rebel prince
Bet breaking everything trying to get to me
In this two-bit hotel
Just to me before this windowsill
Does rid my dirty mind of all of its preciousness
Oh I can see him now
Though it's so far away
Amongst the roving crowd
Going the other way
Confounded anger burning with love for me
Ou est mon maitre le prince rebelle
Qui va fermer toutes ces fenetres
Ce sont ces fenetres autour de moi
Ce sont ces fenetres qui m'appellent,
Qui m'appellent
Marigold, Marigold, Marigold
I'm leaving the Roosevelt hotel
Marigold, Marigold, Marigold
I'm leaving the room we knew so well
Marigold, Marigold, Marigold
Marigold, Marigold, Marigold
Marigold, Marigold, Marigold
Marigold, Marigold, Marigold