

Rufus Wainwright, Sanssouci

Who will be at Sanssouci tonight?

The boys that made me lose the blues tonight, and then my eyesight
All together, playing games of cards
Gambling the tiny shards of brass, once my heart

Who will be at Sanssouci tonight?

I'm lookin' through the window from the garden
Waitin' for the call to my hotel room
I'm tired of writing elegies to boredom
I just want to be at Sanssouci tonight

Who will be at Sanssouci tonight?

Surely not the one that loves me truly, only
He's probably down at the stables, there
Gently polishing my cabriolet, only
I don't care, I really want to go

So I'm opening the door wide to the ballroom

Callin' up some dude from my hotel room

I'm tired of writing elegies in general

I just want to be at Sanssouci tonight

Tonight, tonight...

The candles seem to all have been blown out

Cupid's wings have cobweb rings and no one's about

Could it be I came to the wrong place?

But I swear I saw them climb the stairs, that sweet mystery

Who will be at Sanssouci tonight?

It's only when you're outside that you notice

Only from the window you can see them

Once the door is open, all will vanish

Ain't nobody at Sanssouci tonight

Tonight, tonight