

The Beautiful South, Rebel Prince

(Rufus Wainwright)

Where is my master, the Rebel Prince,
Who will shut all 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?
They're breaking everything trying to get to me
In this two-bed hotel,
Just to me before this window sill
Does it 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 matre le Prince Rebelle,
Qui va fermer toutes ces fentres ?
Ce sont ces fentres autour de moi,
Ce sont ces fentres 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.

Da da da da da da da da...

Marigold, marigold, marigold
Marigold, marigold, marigold
Marigold, marigold, marigold
Marigold, marigold, marigold