

# Rufus Wainwright, 11 11

Woke up this morning at 11:11  
Wasn't in Portland and I wasn't in heaven  
Could have been either by the way I was feeling  
But I was alive, I was alive  
Woke up this morning at 11:11  
John was half-naked and Lulu was crying  
Over a baby that will never go crazy  
But I was alive  
And kicking through this cruel world  
holding a notion of you at 11:11  
Tell me what else can I do?  
What else can I do?  
Woke up this morning and something was burning  
Realized that everything really does  
Happen in Manhattan  
Thoughts were of characters and afternoons lying  
And you, you were alive  
Oh the hours we are separate  
11:11 is just precious time we've wasted  
So patch up your bleeding hearts  
And put away your poses  
I'm gonna have a drink  
Before we bring around the roses with you  
Oh the hours we are separate  
Oh the hours we are separate  
In heaven  
In heaven