

# Rufus Wainwright, Ashes

I'm no Rasputin, you ain't no Rapunzel  
I have willingly fallen, and you have cut your own hair  
Thought we needed motion, at least until the war kicks in  
I go out in the world with you the last night of the burning flare

Trains will follow trains under the dun, under the moon  
And I do believe that all that I can do is croon  
And I do believe that there was a morning that I saw your true love  
burning  
next to me

But now there's ashes, from exquisite eyelashes  
So far away, past the border, past the turnstyle  
And even I know, and I do believe, and I do believe that there was a morning  
I saw your true love burning next to me

But now there's ashes, from exquisite eyelashes  
So far away, past the border, past the turnstyle  
Sometimes I wonder if it is true humility  
For this humiliation

Walking in the twilight, walking in the crowds of day  
From this station of passion, I go