

Rufus Wainwright, Baby

Nothing so bright
Nothing so small
Nothing so pure as my baby

All of my life
Days into nights
All i did dream was my baby
Until the day
Darkness entwined with silver eyes
Was my baby staring at me

And since then
I can't see straight
And since then
My smile's been fake
Funny, i know the troubles i've seen
But through one eye only that's clean

If you bring along your needles
Then i'll bring my sharpened pencils
And draw one more comic tragedy
So call up the child players
From madame we'll rent the parlor
And dance to death till i can't see
My baby