

Rufus Wainwright, I Don't Know What It Is

I don't know what it is
But you got to do it
I don't know where to go
But you got to be there
I don't know where to fall
But I know that its comfortable where
I don't know where it is

Putting all of my time
In learning to care
And a bucket of rhymes
I threw up somewhere
Want a locket of who
Made me lose my perfunctory view
Of all that is around
And of all that I do

So I knock on the door
Take a step that is new
Never been here before
Is there anyone else here too
In love with beauty
Playing all of the games
Who thinks three's company
Is there anyone else who wears slightly mysterious brusies
I don't know what it is

Take a lookin around
At friendly faces
All declaring a war on far off places
Is there anyone else who is through with complaining about what's
Done unto us

So I knock on the door
And I am on the train
Going god knows where to
To get me over
To get me over

Give me heaven or hell
Calais or Dover

I was hoping the train
Was my big number
Stopping in Santa Fe and the Atchison-Topeka
Though I'm chugging along, put away by the crossing hand
We'll be heading for Portland, or Limburgh or Lower Manhattan
Find myself running around

I don't know what it is so get me over
I don't know what it is so get me over
I don't know what it is so get me over
To get me over
You gotta do it.
You gotta be there.