

# Rufus Wainwright, Matinee Idol

This is the day  
The day of the death  
The death of the matinee idol

Still so beautiful as the angels  
As the angels came down from high  
So sweet and so soft  
So charmingly daft  
So young was the matinee idol  
Lips of crimson, slightly open  
As the flash and all fame put to rest

Walk along that wall  
No it is not from the academy  
Walk along that wall  
From this moment on  
You'll cease to be the undying love of the public eye

And so goes one more away from the maze  
Away for to sit at the table above babel  
Far from this world  
While standing on the boulevard

Walk along that wall  
No it is not from the academy  
Walk along that wall  
From this moment on  
You'll cease to be  
But still  
Whoever has looked at beauty is marked out already by death  
Still so beautiful as the angels  
As the angels came down from high