

Rufus Wainwright, The Money Song

If I should ever run into a lot of money
Tell me would I move to New York City?
If I had an apartment with a view of that city,
Tell me would I see the stars above me?
If I had a room at the top of the Waldorf Astoria
Tell me would I still love ya?
If I was blinded by,
The sun through French windows
Would I watch your pose before them?

The Queen strolls down her hall
Missing the Rubens
Her shoes sound soft on the long rug from Yemen
She is plainly dressed excluding the diamond ring
Brought back from a long trip to Thailand
And rumor has it that she would rather be a farmer
Elizabeth would you toss off the tiara?
No more
No more Kentucky Derby
Now, mutts instead of Corgis
My love
Since I'll never have the chance to become the king of country
And common wealth
My love
If your heart was made of gold
Would I pluck it out
And melt it down
And be an American
And weld a crown?

A song like this today can sound pretty silly
The timings off
The set it set in simplicity
Today I'm nice
And today I'm not very wealthy
Don't underestimate money
My love
My love
My love