Rufus Wainwright, Two Gold Rings

Somewhere near central London
I imagine not so far from Trafalgar Square
and the lions
There lives an older gentleman
who teas with BBC and Britain's ghost
His lady companion by his side.
Oh yes, I see him now.

And cross the deep blue sea
I cannot smell
Inside a symphony
the "Pastorale".

So besides the black rats swimming
I watch the English evening skies
reflect my heart
As I walk behind him,
Looking for what's been lost
Like looking over all the trees
of Hampstead Heath
now before us in the twilight.
No, I can't bear it now.

And cross the deep blue sea
I cannot smell
Inside a symphony
the "Pastorale".

A jacket and hat...the only trace...
Two gold rings...
But never fades.

A jacket and hat...the only trace
Two gold rings...
But never fades...
A face....