

Rufus Wainwright "1111"

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Woke up this morning at 11:11
Woke up this morning and it wasnt in heaven
Those are the reason 'bout
Where I was sleeping but I was alive
I was alive
Woke up this morning at 11:11
John was half-naked and Lulu was crying
Over a baby
That'll never go crazy
But I was alive
And till the end of this world,
We'll all load in a dump truck of human
11:11

What else can I do,
What else can I do
Woke up this morning and
Something was burning
Realized that everything really
Does happen in Manhattan
Thoughts were of characters
And afternoons lying with you
And you were alive
Ohh, the hours we are seperate
11:11 is the precious time we wasted
So pack up your bleeding heart
And put away your posies
I don't want to have a drink
Or play ring around the rosie with you
Oh no, no

Ohh, the hours we are seperate
11:11 is the precious time we wasted
So let the blind fight the blind and see,
As the fall take over summer
Bringing the lattice roses
And as winter brings the spring rain
And to the end of this world,
We'll all load in a dump truck of human
11:11

