

Rufus Wainwright

"A Bit Of You"

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A bit of you the only drug I must abuse
A bit of you is the only substance I cannot refuse
When I walk on Spring
Beneath the stink a bit of you is all I smell
Upon the shelves a bit of you I ask "they sell?"
When I walk on Spring

Cause there ain't no style
No there ain't no style
Cause there ain't no style
And in fact there is just one other problem
You live up in Harlem

Of course I had no knowledge of this at the time
That came aprÃl's July on the Upper West Side
Waiting for the fall
When from the Battery on up to your front door
From mother ship the rocket launching twister whores
Would blow up it all

Cause there ain't no style
No there ain't no style
Cause there ain't no style...
And in fact there is just one other problem
I would have spared Harlem

Affections sent, straight to Chekov, say you need me
Don't you need me, wait I thought we were on
Broadway

No, my daddy said so: "still outside of Moscow"

Affections sent, straight to Chekov, say you need me
Don't you need me, wait I thought we were on
Broadway
No, my daddy said so: "still outside of Moscow"

And so the days creep up to my big final show
And not a word from you, the hours I must blow
So I walk and see
Upon the streets a faded island, press on eyes
A big old pool of you's, zillions I realize

And just one of me

Cause there ain't no style...

Cause there ain't no style

No there ain't no style

Cause there ain't no style...

And in fact there is just one other problem

You've infected Harlem

Guess I won't be waiting several hours

Before nightfall for that A train,

just the hiss of the dumes band playing

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