

Rufus Wainwright "Beautiful Child"

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When I am older than
These small goddamned hills
And there's no reason for my mind to be still

Oh, how I'll feel like a beautiful child
Such a beautiful child again
Such a beautiful child
Such a beautiful child again

When I have finally found
My room filled with toys
Be banging on my crib excited by noise

Oh, how I'll feel, oh, how I'll feel
Oh, how I'll feel like a beautiful child
Such a beautiful child again
Such a beautiful child
Such a beautiful child again

And when there's nothing to gain
Or bring me pain or pin the blame
On you or myself

And when they finally fall
These wailing walls and burdened crosses
God's twilights and all

Oh, how I'll feel, oh, how I'll feel
Oh, how I'll feel like a beautiful child
Such a beautiful child again

Beautiful child
Such a beautiful child again
Such a beautiful child
Such a beautiful child again

When I am older than
These small goddamned hills

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