

Rufus Wainwright "Matinee Idol"

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This is the day
The day of the death
The death of the matinee idol
Still so beautiful as the angels
As the angels came down from on high

So sweet and so soft
So charmingly daft
So young was the matinee idol
Lips of crimson slightly open
As the flash and all fame put to rest

Walk, walk along that wall
No it is not from the academy
Walk, walk along that wall
From this moment you'll cease to be
The undying love of the public eye

So goes one more
Away from the maze
Away for to sit at the table
Above babel, far from this world
While standing on the boulevard

Walk, walk along that wall
No it is not from the academy
Walk, walk along that wall
From this moment on you'll cease to be

But still, whomever has looked at
Looked at beauty is marked out
Is marked out already by death
Whomever has looked at
Looked at beauty is marked out
Is marked out already by death

Still so beautiful as the angels
As the angels came down from on high

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