

**by Rufus Wainwright**

## **"Baby"**

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Nothing so bright, nothing so smooth,  
nothing so pure  
As my baby

All of my life days into night, all I did dream Was my  
baby

Until the days darkness entwined  
with silver eyes  
Was my baby staring at me

And since then I can't see straight  
And since then my smile's been fake  
Funny I know the troubles I've seen  
But through one eye only that's clean

If you bring along your needles  
Then I'll bring my sharpened pencils  
And draw one more comic tragedy  
My baby

So call up the child players  
From madam we'll  
rent the parlor  
And dance to death  
till I can't see  
My baby

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