

Wainwright Rufus

"Millbrook"

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The boys and girls of Millbrook
Are on a train from New York
Wearing new hats
Shooting the shit
Deep in the heart of Dutchess County, Bounty
And all the evening breakdowns
Will soon be washed from their hands
The next very day, as they make way
Eating the apple to the chapel, Holy
Don't even try, they'll get away with murder
Sure as the rain washes away and brings thunder
Oh tell me you can see it
The gentle tower rising
Over the pines, out of a book
Zion mistaken for the state of Millbrook

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