

Beautiful Child

Rufus Wainwright

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 again
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 burning crosses
God's twilight 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
A 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