

## Hometown Waltz

Rufus Wainwright

The drummers and jugglers in Montreal  
Don't even exist at all  
So I'm tearing up these tarot cards and Venetians clowns  
Antique shops and alcoholic homosexuals

You may ask why I want to torch my home town  
Partly it's bitterness and hopping 'round and 'round again  
On Ontario Street looking up  
Maybe I'll catch him on his way to the show

You travel the world and find all the answers  
Everything operates on the unattainables  
And then you hear your mother laugh attached to the phone  
Could have walked around the block 'cause all roads lead to home

Say, will you ever ever ever know,  
Ever ever ever fly away?  
Will you ever ever ever go,  
Ever ever ever find a way?