

# I Don't Know What It Is

Rufus Wainwright

I don't know what it is  
But you got to do it  
I don't know where to go  
But you got to be there  
I don't know where to fall  
But I know that its comfortable where  
I don't know where it is

Putting all of my time  
In learning to care  
And a bucket of rhymes  
I threw up somewhere  
Want a locket of who  
Made me lose my perfunctory view  
Of all that is around  
And of all that I do

So I knock on the door  
Take a step that is new  
Never been here before  
Is there anyone else here too  
In love with beauty  
Playing all of the games  
Who thinks three's company  
Is there anyone else who wears slightly mysterious brusies  
I don't know what it is

Take a lookin around  
At friendly faces  
All declaring a war on far off places  
Is there anyone else who is through with complaining about what's  
Done unto us

So I knock on the door  
And I am on the train  
Going god knows where to  
To get me over  
To get me over

Give me heaven or hell  
Calais or Dover

I was hoping the train  
Was my big number  
Stopping in Santa Fe and the Atchison-Topeka  
Though I'm chugging along, put away by the crossing hand  
We'll be heading for Portland, or Limburgh or Lower Manhattan  
Find myself running around

I don't know what it is so get me over  
I don't know what it is so get me over  
I don't know what it is so get me over  
To get me over  
You gotta do it.  
You gotta be there.