

## Macushla

Rufus Wainwright

Macushla, Macushla  
Your sweet voice is calling  
Calling me softly  
Again and again  
Macushla, Macushla  
I hear it so plainly  
Macushla, Macushla  
I hear it in vain

Macushla, Macushla  
Your white arms are reaching  
I feel them enfolding  
Caressing me still  
Fling them out from the darkness  
My lost love, Macushla  
Let them find me and bind me  
Again, if they will

Macushla, Macushla  
Your red lips are saying  
That death is a dream  
And love is for aye  
Then awaken, Macushla  
Awake from your dreaming  
My blue-eyed Macushla  
Awaken to stay