

Matinee Idol

Rufus Wainwright

This is the day
The day of the death
The death of the matinee idol

Still so beautiful as the angels
As the angels came down from high
So sweet and so soft
So charmingly daft
So young was the matinee idol
Lips of crimson, slightly open
As the flash and all fame put to rest

Walk along that wall
No it is not from the academy
Walk along that wall
From this moment on
You'll cease to be the undying love of the public eye

And so goes one more away from the maze
Away for to sit at the table above babel
Far from this world
While standing on the boulevard

Walk along that wall
No it is not from the academy
Walk along that wall
From this moment on
You'll cease to be
But still
Whomever has looked at beauty is marked out already by death
Still so beautiful as the angels
As the angels came down from high