

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 you 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?

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