

# 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 on 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, walk along that wall  
No it is not from the academy  
Walk, walk along that wall  
From this moment you'll cease to be  
The undying love of the public eye 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, walk along that wall  
No it is not from the academy  
Walk, walk along that wall  
From this moment on you'll cease to be But still, whomever has looked at  
Looked at beauty is marked out  
Is marked out already by death  
Whomever has looked at  
Looked at beauty is marked out  
Is marked out already by death Still so beautiful as the angels  
As the angels came down from on high

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