Millbrook

Rufus Wainwright

The boys and girls of Millbrook
Are on the train from New York
Wearing new hats, shooting the shit
Deep in the heart of Dutchess County, BountyAnd all the evening breakdowns
Will soon be washed from their hands
The next very day, as they make way
Eating the apple to the chapel, HolyDon't even try, they'll get away with murder
Sure as the rain washes away and brings thunder
Oh tell me can you see it, the gentle tower rising
Over the pines, out of a book, Zion mistaken for the state of Millbrook

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