

# 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, Bounty  
And 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, Holy  
Don'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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