I Don't Know What It Is

Rufus Wainwright

I don't know what it is
But you got to do it
I don't know where to go
But you got to be there
I don't know where to fall
But I know that it's comfortable where
I don't know where it is
Putting all of my time in learning to care
And a bucket of rhymes I threw up somewhereWant a locket of who made me lose
My perfunctory view of all that is around
And of all that I do
So I knock on the door, take a step that is newNever been here before
Is there anyone else who's too
In love with beauty
Playing all of the games
And thinks three's companyIs there anyone else who has slightly mysterious bruises
I don't know what it is
Sick of looking around at friendly facesAll declaring a war on far off places
Is there anyone else who is through
With complaining about what's been done unto usSo I knock on the door
And I am on a train
Going god knows where to
To get me over, to get me overGet me heaven or hell, Calais or Dover
I was hoping the train was my big number
Taking the Santa Fe and the Atchison Topeka
But we're chugging along, Dunaway by the crossingAnd could be heading for Poland or limbo or Lower Manhattan
Find myself running around
I don't know what it is
To get me over

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