Sanssouci

Rufus Wainwright

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Who will be at Sanssouci tonight?
The boys that made me lose the blues and then my eyesight
All together, playing games of cards
Gambling the tiny shards of brass once my heartWho will be at Sanssouci tonight?
I'm lookin' through the window from the garden
Waitin' for a call in my hotel room
I'm tired of writing elegies to boredom
I just want to be at Sanssouci tonightWho will be at Sanssouci tonight?
Surely not the one that loves me truly only
He's probably down at the stables there
Gently polishing my cabriolet onlyI don't care, I really want to go
So I'm openin' the door wide to the ballroom
Callin' up some dude from my hotel room
I'm tired of writing elegies in general
I just want to be at Sanssouci tonight, tonight, tonightThe candles seem to all have been blown out
Cupid's wings have cobweb rings and no one's about
Could it be I came to the wrong place?
And I swear I saw them climb the stairs that sweet mysteryWho will be at Sanssouci tonight?
It's only when you're outside that you notice
Only through the window you can see them
Once the door is open, all will vanish
Need nobody at Sanssouci tonight, tonight, tonight

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