

Beautiful Child

Rufus Wainwright

When I am older than these small god damned hills
And there's no reason for my mind to be still Oh, how I'll feel like a beautiful child
Such a beautiful child again When I have finally found my room filled with toys
Be banging on my crib excited by noise Oh, how I'll feel like a beautiful child
Such a beautiful child again And when there's nothing to gain
Or bring me pain or pin the blame
On you or myself And when they finally fall
These wailing walls and burdened crosses
God's twilight's and all How I'll feel like a beautiful child
Such a beautiful child again

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