

# Sanssouci

## Rufus Wainwright

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 heart  
Who 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 tonight  
Who 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 only  
I 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, tonight  
The 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 mystery  
Who 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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