Beautiful Child

Rufus Wainwright

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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

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