

# Rufus Wainwright, Baby

Nothing so bright  
Nothing so small  
Nothing so pure as my baby

All of my life  
Days into nights  
All i did dream was my baby  
Until the day  
Darkness entwined with silver eyes  
Was my baby staring at me

And since then  
I can't see straight  
And since then  
My smile's been fake  
Funny, i know the troubles i've seen  
But through one eye only that's clean

If you bring along your needles  
Then i'll bring my sharpened pencils  
And draw one more comic tragedy  
So call up the child players  
From madame we'll rent the parlor  
And dance to death till i can't see  
My baby