

# Rufus Wainwright, Two Gold Rings

Somewhere near central London  
I imagine not so far from Trafalgar Square  
and the lions  
There lives an older gentleman  
who teases with BBC and Britain's ghost  
His lady companion by his side.  
Oh yes, I see him now.

And cross the deep blue sea  
I cannot smell  
Inside a symphony  
the "Pastorale";

So besides the black rats swimming  
I watch the English evening skies  
reflect my heart  
As I walk behind him,  
Looking for what's been lost  
Like looking over all the trees  
of Hampstead Heath  
now before us in the twilight.  
No, I can't bear it now.

And cross the deep blue sea  
I cannot smell  
Inside a symphony  
the "Pastorale";

A jacket and hat...the only trace...  
Two gold rings...  
But never fades.

A jacket and hat...the only trace  
Two gold rings...  
But never fades...  
A face....