Ashes

Rufus Wainwright

I'm no Rasputin, you ain't no Rapunzel
I have willingly fallen, and you have cut your own hair
Thought we needed motion, at least until the war kicks in
I go out in the world with you the last night of the burning fl
are

Trains will follow trains under the dun, under the moon
And I do believe that all that I can do is croon
And I do believe that there was a morning that I saw your true
love
Burning
Next to me

But now there's ashes, from exquisite eyelashes
So far away, past the border, past the turnstyle
And even I know, and I do believe, and I do believe that there
was a morning
I saw your true love burning next to me

But now there's ashes, from exquisite eyelashes
So far away, past the border, past the turnstyle
Sometimes I wonder if it is true humility
For this humiliation

Walking in the twilight, walking in the crows of day
From this station of passion, I go

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