

I'm a Stranger Here Myself

Rufus Wainwright

Tell me, is love still a popular suggestion
Or merely an obsolete art?
Forgive me for asking this simple question
I'm unfamiliar with his heart
I'm a stranger here myself

Why is it wrong to murmur I adore him
When it's shamefully obvious I do?
Does love embarrass him or does it bore him?
I'm only waiting for my cue
I'm a stranger here myself

I dream of a day, of a gay warm day
With my face between his hands
Have I lost the path? Have I gone astray?
I ask, and no one understands

Love me or leave me, that seems to be the question
I don't know the tactics to use
But if he should offer a personal suggestion
How could I possibly refuse
When I'm a stranger here myself?

Please tell me, tell a stranger by curiosity goaded
Is there really any danger that love is now outmoded?
I'm interested especially in knowing why you wasted it
Is romance just too fleshly? With what have you replaced it?
What is your latest foible? Is gin rummy more exquisite?
Is skiing more enjoyable? For Heaven's sakes, what is it?

I can't believe that love has lost its glamor
And passion is really passé
If gender is just a term in grammar
How can I ever find my way
When I'm a stranger here myself?

How can he ignore my available condition?
Why these Victorian views?
You see here before you a woman with a mission
I must discover the key to his ignition
And then if he should make a diplomatic proposition
How could I possibly refuse?
When I'm a stranger here myself?