

Macushla

Rufus Wainwright

Macushla, Macushla
Your sweet voice is calling
Calling me softly
Again and again
Macushla, Macushla
I hear it so plainly
Macushla, Macushla
I hear it in vain

Macushla, Macushla
Your white arms are reaching
I feel them enfolding
Caressing me still
Fling them out from the darkness
My lost love, Macushla
Let them find me and bind me
Again, if they will

Macushla, Macushla
Your red lips are saying
That death is a dream
And love is for aye
Then awaken, Macushla
Awake from your dreaming
My blue-eyed Macushla
Awaken to stay