

The Pantomime

Rufus Wainwright

Yeah. The play means a lot to me
This may be the last time we are all together
And this is a very special group of people
All of us
And the reason I love you
My work, this play is that we are the lucky people
Alright
We get paid to do something we love
We express ourselves on stage
And part of that expression means pain, uncomfortable truths but it's real
Alright
It's not synthetic
It's natural delight

Here we are shaking hands, breaking hearts and making friends
Not alone in the world today
And tomorrow far away

And outside, it's a mean time
People starve over bread and wine

And outside, it's a mean time
People die over painted lines

There ain't much going on out there compared to all the love in here
I don't care if you've won the stakes, save some lives or cut some brakes
Out there it's just a puppet show
A pantomime with no words to show
How we all are just yearning for love that's too deep in the heart

But in here in the meantime
Life's a gift and we're all refined

But in here in the meantime
All is well if you know your lines
'Cause I don't know what tomorrow will bring
What bells will toll
What phones will ring
All I know is in the meantime

Look outside
It's just a pantomime