

Trouble in Paradise

Rufus Wainwright

I was going round from the town to the country
Then going back round
From the country back to the town
I was making rounds from the back to my forehead
Then going back round
From the front to the back of my crown

There's always trouble in paradise
Don't matter if your drinks are neat or on ice
There's always trouble in paradise
Don't matter if you're good or bad or mean or awfully nice

You see me here in my dress all in order
You see me there, my hair
A solid steel bob
But all you see is in fact just the armor
Don't see me laughing with joy
And the occasional sob

There's always trouble in paradise
Don't matter if your drinks are neat or on ice
There's always trouble in paradise
Don't matter if you're good or bad or mean or awfully nice

And when I'm gone you're gonna miss me so
But not for long because I taught you what's de trops
But there's always trouble in paradise
And I bet I'll be there because you know in fact I'm actually r
ather nice