

# Beautiful Child

Rufus Wainwright

When I am older than these small goddamned hills  
And there's no reason for my mind to be still

Oh, how I'll feel like a beautiful child again  
Such a beautiful child again  
Such a beautiful child  
Such a beautiful child again

When I have finally found my room filled with toys  
Be banging on my crib excited by noise

Oh, how I'll feel  
Oh, how I'll feel  
Oh, how I'll feel like a beautiful child  
Such a beautiful child again  
Such a beautiful child  
Such a beautiful child again

And when there's nothing to gain  
Or bring me pain  
Or pin the blame  
On you or myself

And when they finally fall  
These wailing walls  
And burning crosses  
God's twilight and all

Oh how I'll feel  
Oh how I'll feel  
Oh how I'll feel like a beautiful child  
Such a beautiful child again  
A beautiful child  
Such a beautiful child again  
Such a beautiful child  
Such a beautiful child again  
When I am older than these small goddamned hills