

# Rufus Wainwright, Imaginarylove

Every kind of love, or at least my kind of love  
Must be an imaginary love to start with  
Guess that can explain the rain, waiting walking game  
Schubert broke my brain to start with  
Hoped to look at you in a cab  
Back of your head across my lap  
Oh what grace, green back seat against the red of your face  
Hoped to look at you in any old grand hotel  
Drunken demands gave way to reservations  
Oh what a room, champagne brings such happy faces, happy faces  
'Cause every kind of love, or at least my kind of love  
Must be an imaginary love to start with  
Guess that can explain the rain, waiting walking game  
Schubert broke my brain to start with