

# Rufus Wainwright, Memphis Skyline

Never thought of Hades  
Under the Mississippi  
But still I've come to sing for him  
So southern furies  
Prepare to walk for my harp  
I have strung, and I will leave with him  
Relax the cogs of rhyme  
Over the Memphis sky  
Turn back the wheels of time  
Under the Memphis skyline  
always hated him for the way he looked  
In the gaslight of the morning  
Then came hallelujah sounding like Ophelia  
for me in my room living  
So kiss me, my darling stay with me till morning  
Turn back and you will stay  
Under the Memphis Skyline