

# Rufus Wainwright, Peach Trees

Is true love a trip to Chinatown  
Or being held in one's opium gaze  
Under the peach trees  
There I'll sit and wait

Is true love a long walk through Bryant park  
Or being held in the month of May  
under the peach trees  
There I will be, will be until you come and get me

Cause I'm so tired of waiting in restaurants  
reading the critics and comics alone  
With a waiter with a face made for currency  
Like a coin in ancient Rome

And I really do wish you were here next to me  
cause I'm going to see James Dean  
There I will be  
Under the peach trees with him