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