

# Rufus Wainwright, Poses

The yellow walls are lined with portraits  
And I've got my new red fetching leather jacket  
All these poses such beautiful poses  
Makes any boy feel like picking up roses

There's never been such grave a matter  
As comparing our new brand name black sunglasses  
All these poses such beautiful poses  
Makes any boy feel as pretty as princes

The green autumnal parks conducting  
All the city streets a wondrous chorus singing  
All these poses oh how can you blame me  
Life is a game and true love is a trophy

And you said  
Watch my head about it  
Baby you said watch my head about it  
My head about it  
Oh no oh no oh no  
Oh no oh no no kidding

Reclined amongst these packs of reasons  
For to smokes the days away into the evenings  
All these poses of classical torture  
Ruined my mind like a snake in the orchard  
I did go from wanting to be someone now  
I'm drunk and wearing flip - flops on Fifth Avenue

Once you've fallen from classical virtue  
Won't have a soul for to wake up and hold you

In the green autumnal parks conducting  
All the city streets a wondrous chorus  
Singing all these poses now no longer boyish  
Made me a man ah but who cares what that is

And you said watch my head about it  
Baby you said watch my head about it  
My head about it  
Oh no oh no oh no  
Oh no oh no well you said  
Watch my head about it  
Baby you said watch my head about it  
My head about it  
Oh no oh no oh no  
Oh no oh no no kidding