

# Poses

## Rufus Wainwright

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

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 rosesThere'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 princesThe green autumnal parks conducting  
And 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 trophyAnd 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 kiddingReclined amongst these packs of reasons  
For the smoke the days away into the evenings  
All these poses of classical torture  
Ruined my mind like a snake in the orchardI 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 youIn 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 itAnd 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 noAnd 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