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

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