

Peach Trees

Rufus Wainwright

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, under the peach trees
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
Under the peach trees, under, under
Under the peach trees with him

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