

Wainwright Rufus

"Poses"

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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 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 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 smoke 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 park 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

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