

# Crash Test Dummies, Sunday Dress

I can barely feel the sheets with all these crumbs down in my bed  
How can I get to sleep with all this buzzin' in my head  
And who'd have ever thought I'd not complain about a mess  
Servers me right I guess  
This is what I get  
For eatin' crackers with my gin  
And drinkin' in my sunday dress

The telephone is by the bottle, which is always by my bed  
From time to time I give it a rattle to make sure that it's not dead  
I will wait here for your call till I run out of cigarettes  
I love to play the part of the damsel in distress  
Flickin' ashes in my coffee  
Drinkin' in my sunday dress

Well I've been on the road to this and I've been on the way to this  
But who'd a'think it'd come to this  
Don't let on you've seem me like this

My old transistor's sounding just as twangy as a fender

My radiator growls like elvis after sunday dinner  
I've drained my last tequila and I've thrown away the blender  
I've poured out all the wine  
From how on nothin' but the best  
Cognac and pasty cline while drinkin' in my sunday dress

Well I've been on the road to this and I've been on the way to this  
I surely ain't a hypocrite  
I've had my fun and now I must confess

Our reverend is a kingly soul  
Repents 'em on a dime  
His Bible is not inked in gold  
He's not the cheatin' kind  
One sunday after meetin'  
I was in the greetin' line  
He said I've seen you from the altar  
Gulpin' down communion wine  
Just remember who's beside you  
When it's no business of mine