

Kisschasy, Black Dress

I dug you up this morning and took you home.
To have you here beside me cold but close,
I made up my mind last night that heaven just can't have you.

I made you breakfast but you would not eat,
So I took your black dress off and washed you clean.
I made up my mind last night that heaven just can't have you.

The sheets are creased from your last day,
A silhouette of where you laid.
They'll find your headstone in the yard with your black dress and my guitar.
I'll carry you back to your grave where you and I will always stay.
I close the casket, it gets dark, they'll find us in each others arms.