

# Maria McKee, This Perfect Dress

You send me color  
Pulled through the needle of you  
Torn up I'm wearing it  
What I wouldn't give  
To change the weather around you  
I'm never cold  
I'll never cold

Chorus:  
Lost as we spin  
I'll sew you in  
This perfect dress  
Skin of our skin

Woven our hands  
Silk is our breath  
Wear it for you  
This perfect dress

This perfect room  
This little death  
Birth without womb  
What I wouldn't give

To tear riddle from riddle for you  
But all I know  
It's all I know

Chorus

Lost as we spin  
I'll sew you in  
This perfect dress  
Skin of our skin

Woven our hands  
Slik is our breath  
Wear it for you  
This perfect dress