

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