

Cellophane, Dress The Day

They all have gone
I sing in streets of silence
She now is old
I haven't aged a day
Dress the day
Wearing time
Oh so fitting
Dress the day
Wearing time
Oh so fitting
The air so cold
With whirling wind of color
She now is gone
And I am here to stay
Dress the day
Wearing time
Oh so fitting
Dress the day
Wearing time
What's a day
What's an hour
In my capsule floating bleak
You peak
You fall
Dress the day
Wearing time
Dress the day
Wearing time
Standing in the street so cold
Your godliness is growing old
If only I was beautiful
Like you
Dress the day