

Dala, Sunday Dress

Should I call you officer
Cause you're asking all the questions that I get at the border
I know you want to file me away,
With the girls who disappoint you every day

I'm no better staring at your mouth
Making other plans as the words come out
It's hard to choose in a crowded room
You're never satisfied with the one you're talking to

And if I believe in Jesus
Like a little girl in her Sunday dress
And if I live forever like Elvis
Would I be perfect?

Well I'm not what I claim to be
And I've heard you whispering when I leave
We're all trying to leave no trace
But somehow your life gets written on your face

And if I believe in Jesus
Like a little girl in her Sunday dress
And if I live forever like Elvis
Would I be perfect?

And what am I gonna tell that little girl
When she asks me what I left for her
And what am I gonna tell that little girl
When she runs home crying, it's a cruel, cruel world
And what am I gonna tell that little girl
That little girl

I'm twenty-two and I've been through hell
Where did I go when I lost myself?
Where did I go when I lost myself?
Where did I go when I lost myself?

And if I believe in Jesus
Like a little girl in her Sunday dress
And if I live forever like Elvis
Would I be perfect?