

Perfume Genius, Fool

I made your dress
I laid it out
On the couch and bar
That I picked out

I tither and coo
Like a cartoon
I congratulate you
When I leave the room

I made your dress
I'm bleeding out
On the couch and bar
That I picked out

I do a little move
To a key coloured flu
I plume and I plume
Like a buffoon