

# Sixpence None the Richer, Dresses

In the middle of my mourning  
Sits joy like a happy child  
In the middle of this death  
I must cry with life for a while  
And death is great  
We are in his keep, laughing and whole  
When we feel deep in life  
He dares weep, deep in our soul  
And you are gone  
But you are perfect now  
And you like to dress  
You wear dresses that never fade  
And you are gone  
(my mother cried she said you'd gone away)  
But you are perfect now  
(and now a part of me must do the same)  
And you like to dress  
(but I know I must be thankful)  
You wear dresses that never fade  
You wear dresses that never fade