

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