

the black dress

Carousel 47

I've never seen her before
Never been here before
Yet she seemed strangely familiar
Never set foot in this bar
Nor do I recognize that car
But you caught my eye
It looks like you've altered your skin
To fit over that tiny skeleton
Maybe you kidnapped some girl
Adopted her posture and jaw line
And made them your own
Well, they aren't yours to own
And you know that good boy ain't me, yeah
People like us get poured into the daylight
Against the white sheets
Your black dress looks like an awful sin
Here we go again, here we go again
You're transparent
No proper introduction, just a sly smile
You've been throwing 'em back all night
You're such a sloppy drunk
There goes another one on my shirt
You said you have my words
Written on your mirror in your bedroom at home
I'm flatter, I really am
I can feel my cheeks flush
It always makes the girls
It always makes the girls blush
And you know that good boy ain't me, yeah
People like us get poured into the daylight
Against the white sheets
Your black dress looks like an awful sin
Here we go again
I can feel my cheeks flush
It always makes the girls blush
Here we go again, here we go again

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