Black Dress

Kisschasy

I dug you up this morning, and took you home
To have you, here, beside me, cold but close
I made my mind up last night
That heaven, just cant have youI made you breakfast but you would not eat
So I took your black dress off, and washed you clean
I made my mind up last night
That heaven, just cant have youThe sheets are creased, from your last day
A silhouette of where you lay
Theyll find your headstone in the yard
With your black dress and my guitarIll carry you back to your grave
Where, you and I, will always stay
I close the casket, it gets dark
Theyll find us in each others arms

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