Real Live Dress

Smog

She was wearing
A real live dress
Waiting for a friend of mine
She was wearing
A real live dress
Waiting for a friend to undermime
This dress was better than flesh
She wore it when she wanted us to look our best
She hadn't worn it for a long time
But now we are three
One scattered
Two fallow
Three that's me
I mean who really gives a fuck
About that dress
Not me
Or my then friend
Or the mess
That enlivened the dress
There's no subsitute for human flesh

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