

# This Dress Kills

## Chumbawamba

I'm Judas Judy, panicking, got everything and nothing  
Happy birthday mister president I'm here to call your bluff  
From the top of the world I'm gonna jump, jump, jump  
I'm so perfectly imperfect and I did it for your love  
I'm as small as Thumbelina, sugar fairy on the cake  
Because the thinnest of excuses leave the bitterest taste  
Brittle-boned, Barbie-cued, take a piece of my heart  
When you know you haven't got it, does it make you feel good

This dress is killing me

Frockanoia

(Repeat)

I won and then I lost and then I won and then I lost

And now I know how much a pound of flesh can cost  
And the question isn't if, but a definite when  
Do I throw my achy heart into the gutter again  
The party isn't over 'til the thin lady sings  
Critics dressed as waiters waiting in the wings  
There they'll gather like vultures to pick at the bones  
I won and then I lost and I got nothing at all

This dress is killing me

Frockanoia

(Repeat)

Lyrics provided by

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