

## Some Dresses

Dananananaykroyd

Yeah! Can you smell it in the air?  
There is something brilliant approaching, onto our patch encroaching  
We'll hand it over, with a YEAH!  
We'll watch the fabric fold, while our beauty you behooooooooooooooooo  
ld!

Yeah! Can you smell it in the air?  
In three minutes it will billow about me  
Cut around to fit so neatly  
Watch how to succeed with the weave  
Behold the cloth that we folded  
With the tape about our shoulders  
Every rule has been taken in and yeah  
Cut and stitched to make it fit about the hips  
See how the loop is fixed, under cross-stitch  
We wanna look as good as you  
As we race up to the loom

Pop pop! On the cuffs  
Huh huh! On the hem

Yeah! Can you feel it in the air?  
Tonight we begin revolving  
at a speed sending skirts ascending  
You cannot contend with the RPM  
Regard the seamstress' insight  
As we twirl into the spotlight  
I am in a state to ovulate and yeah  
Find myself contorted oddly  
So I can learn to love my body  
Position of the shoulder blades deny access to the vertebrae  
Dispel concerns about the fit  
With five pairs of hands to assist the zip

Pop pop! On the cuffs  
Huh huh! On the hem

The wheel begins a motion that spins trails on the thread  
And we can make a path along until it takes us to the AH AH AH AH  
Edge of an incision that the scissors will have run  
And the voice becomes the needle and the thimble and the thumb!

We can choose the pattern, can identify the page and  
We can choose the pattern that the music will arrange  
And while the spinning of the wheel begins to generate a wind  
The voice becomes the stitches and the needle and the pins.