

Some Dresses

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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.