

This Dress Kills

Chumbawamba

I'm judas/judy, panicking, got everything and nothing
Happy birthday mr. president! I'm here to call your bluff!
From te 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-bones, barbie-cued, take a piece of my heart
When you know you haven't got it, does it make you feel so good
?

This dress is killing me!
Frockanoia

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, it's definite when
Do I throw my achy heart into the gutter again?

This party isn't over' til the thin lady sings
Critics dressed as waiters are waiting in the wings
Where they'll gather like vultures to pick at the bones
I won and then I lost and I got nothing at all

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