

## Sunday Dress

Dala

Should I call you officer  
Cause you're asking all the questions that I get at the border  
I know you want to file me away,  
With the girls who disappoint you every day

I'm no better staring at your mouth  
Making other plans as the words come out  
It's hard to choose in a crowded room  
You're never satisfied with the one you're talking to

And if I believe in Jesus  
Like a little girl in her Sunday dress  
And if I live forever like Elvis  
Would I be perfect?

Well I'm not what I claim to be  
And I've heard you whispering when I leave  
We're all trying to leave no trace  
But somehow your life gets written on your face

And if I believe in Jesus  
Like a little girl in her Sunday dress  
And if I live forever like Elvis  
Would I be perfect?

And what am I gonna tell that little girl  
When she asks me what I left for her  
And what am I gonna tell that little girl  
When she runs home crying, it's a cruel, cruel world  
And what am I gonna tell that little girl  
That little girl

I'm twenty-two and I've been through hell  
Where did I go when I lost myself?  
Where did I go when I lost myself?  
Where did I go when I lost myself?

And if I believe in Jesus  
Like a little girl in her Sunday dress  
And if I live forever like Elvis  
Would I be perfect?