

# Should've Dressed For The Event

Flora Cash

You're the ghost  
Of the younger you  
As you float  
Down the stairway

Catch your eye  
You crack a smile  
We sit and pine  
For a while

Down the drain  
Pour the coffee that  
We didn't drink  
Too cold

Hear the girl  
In the stereo  
Singing tunes  
From long ago

Don't lie to me, my friend  
Are we really at the end?  
Should've dressed for the event  
But I know we'll meet again

I'll wear something black and red  
You'll apply my favorite scent  
And if still we both forget  
Then I've loved you 'til the end

I'm the wraith  
Of the younger me  
As I joke  
To see you laughing

Hear the boy  
On the radio  
As your gaze  
Meets the door

Don't lie to me, my friend  
Are the waves upon the sand?  
They may rip you from my hand  
But I know we'll meet again

And I'll wear my darkest cape  
You'll put on your finest lace  
And if still we should forget  
Then I've loved you 'til the end