

## Dressing America

Torres

I know you like to keep us wondering  
I know that you feel every eye on you  
In any given room  
You tend to keep your kitchen willing  
And when we all go home it quiets enough  
To crack you up

You think that I don't know  
That you stay cold  
Come on  
You're always telling' me  
I don't know who you are  
Come on, woman

I tend to sleep with my boots on  
Should I need to gallop over dark waters  
To you on short notice  
To you on short notice

You tend to keep the scales tippin'  
One steady eye narrowing on a clock  
That's spinning out  
It's easier for you to insist  
That I can't remember  
Than you can't forget

You think that I don't know  
You don't want to be alone  
Come on  
You're always telling' me  
I don't know who you are  
Come on, woman

I tend to sleep with my boots on  
Should I need to gallop over dark waters  
To you on short notice  
To you on short notice  
To you on short notice  
To you on short notice