

Dessa "Seamstress"

Visit "[Seamstress](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

I kept an angel
In a box beneath my bed
Little beast had broke her jaw
And I tried to fix her head
They said I had to put her back
That I had to put her back exactly where I found her
But I know, I saw
That she was doing good until the cat got her

I came to write a letter
But my pen was full of hymns
I came to drown a sorrow
It seems they've learned to swim
Mouth full of pins, heart pumping gasoline,
It's late, I'm still at the sewing machine
Stiching up strays fifteen years,
But this one's mean

I fixed you up
When they said you were past repair
And I stitched you up
I thread a needle with my hair
And I fixed you up
When you were still a common sparrow
But look who's on the shoulder now
When the road goes narrow

I kept an angel
In a box beneath my bed
Little bitch had broke her jaw
And I tried to fix her head
They said I had to put her back
That I had to put her back exactly where I found her
But I know, I saw
That she was doing good until the cat got her

Well I'm putting you
Out of my misery,
We ain't got much, but
We've got history
It was a mercy kill, nah
It was a suicide, nah

It was an accident, nah
Well atleast I tried

With soft dugs and a seam ripper
Tough love and tape measure
Stitching up boys is different that way
You fix a bird, you buy a cage
You fix a man and
You fix a man and
And he flies away

When I ran out of thread I couldn't let go
But that's not sewing that's
That's just poking holes
And it's a strange breed
A different kind of creature looks for love
Through the eye of a needle
But the creed of the seamstress is
That you're pretty in pieces

I kept an angel
In a box beneath my bed
Little beast had broke her jaw
And I tried to fix her head
They said I had to put her back
That I had to put her back exactly where I found her
But I know, I saw
That she was doing good until the cat got her

Take a seat
And let me get a look at your face
Busted, back's been broke for days
Not much, little something for the pain
Don't fuss or I'll never get a seam to lay straight
I keep it clean as I can with just
Just the machine and a mattress plus
I never did need for a pattern
Just some good restraints and my bedside manner

When I ran out of thread I couldn't let go
But that's not sewing that's
That's just poking holes
When I ran out of thread I couldn't let go
But that's not sewing that's
That's just poking holes

Visit [Dessa](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.