

## Dreams From Gin

### "Dress Your Mother Made You"

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I don't know why you always worry  
When I wake up and last night is so blurry  
I may not be coherent but I still say  
That your overreacting

Yes I think your eyes match the hue  
Of the dress your mother made you  
The way the strap falls off so  
But only if you say so

Now you wanna sit down for a few  
You wanna break up  
Me and you

Well I'd be more pissed about this  
If I wasn't so emotionally detached  
Things started off so shallow  
But now they've gone completely anemic

Your saying I'm sick don't come over  
But come on, you can't catch a hang over  
So come on in for a drink or too  
We should have some time before this is through

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