

## The Mascara Story "Dress On Fridays"

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I wish i could grow on you  
Like summer, it changes the colour of your hair  
Wish i could look at you,  
Into your grounded hopeless eyes and stare

But it gets hard sometimes  
To listen to the ones who don't care  
Yeah it gets hard sometimes  
When you are pretending not to be there

Then i call you and get your machine

Is this a mistake?  
Am i losing my life?  
It's you i crave  
And i will not pass you by

'Cause it gets hard sometimes  
To listen to the ones who care too much  
And it gets hard sometimes  
When you're locked between what you want to do  
And what you feel you have to do

Then i call you and get your machine  
For the time

You dress on friday  
You dress on friday

Yeah this could go either way  
This could work out between us or never again  
Yeah this could go either way  
This could work out between us or

It's time  
For  
You  
To  
Take  
Me  
Home again  
So take me home,

Take me home

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