

## Smog "Real live dress"

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She was wearing  
A real live dress  
Waiting for a friend of mine  
She was wearing  
A real live dress  
Waiting for a friend to undermime  
This dress was better than flesh  
She wore it when she wanted us to look our best  
She hadn't worn it for a long time  
But now we are three  
One scattered  
Two fallow  
Three that's me  
I mean who really gives a fuck  
About that dress  
Not me  
Or my then friend  
Or the mess  
That enlivened the dress  
There's no substitute for human flesh

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