

Elvis Costello, Tear Off Your Own Head (It's A Doll)

Who dries your eyes when you cry real tears?
Who know or cares what an imitation is?
Only you do
You can paint his nails
Make him wear high heels
Why waste time altering the hemline?
Or do you?

Tear off your own head
Tear off your own head
It's a doll revolution

You can bat your lashes
You can cut your strings
You can pull his hair with your moveable fingers
It looks so real
If one won't do it, so collect the set
Dress him in pink ribbons
Put him in a kitchenette
How does this feel?

Tear off your own head
Tear off your own head
It's a doll revolution

What's that sound?
It will turn you around
It's a doll revolution

They're taking over
And they're tearing it down
It's a doll revolution

You can pull and pinch him
'Til he cries and squeals
You can twist his body 'til it faces backwards
Those plastic features
You could make somebody a pretty little wife
But don't let anybody tell you how to live you life
Broken pieces

Tear off your own head
Tear off your own head
It's a doll revolution
Tear off your own head
Revolution