

John Hiatt, The Wreck Of The Barbie Ferrari

Saturday night he comes home stinking

sunday morning she wakes up thinking and thinking and thinking and thinking

does she need to get the kids dressed to go to church

he's pulled a shotgun out of the lurch

he heads for the TV room starts to search

his problems swollen like a river and his reality's shrinking

he finds them huddled by the toy box and splatters 'em all

the ken and the midge and the skipper doll

they look like a family but they're really not at all

well he's sad but he ain't sorry

it ain't the end of the world

it's just the wreck of the barbie ferrari

he wonders if he ever said I do

to that little blonde plastic voodoo

and his mind's gone fishin'

well it started just as plain as the nose on your face

now it's in a thousand peices all over the place

he thought she was driving but it's twisted beyond recognition

all the diapers and the tutus and the basketballs

she was givin' them a lift to the promised mall

but somewhere by the TV that V-12 stalled

as he loaded the chamber her eyes got starry

it ain't the end of the world

it's just wreck of the barbie ferrari

when they get home from church won't they be sorry

he's cornered 'em all on his urban safari

It aint the end of the world...

He's played with cars and guns since he could crawl

now he wishes he'd never met that doll with her face gone
there wasn't nothing he ever thought about
he couldn't drive through or shoot his way out
as he surveys the family room littered with dolls
he can't find one leg to stand on
he aims the gun at his head now he's starting to cry
looking for the courage to let it fly
can't live without his family now that something has died
he's not sure who's hurt not sure who's sorry

It ain't the end of the world...