

Mechanical Poet, Dolly

Long time ago, when Dolly was seven
Young Sally Hudson has driven her here
Summer has come to the streets of uptown
Little Dolly was pretty and clear

"Sweetie, I'm getting too old for the moppets
Find someone else to play with", Sally said
She left the doll in a store of her dad
But it wasn't a shop for nymphets

"What do I do in this horrible hall?
Little girls who might need me don't come here at all!
Radiant eyes and a smile on my face
No one needs them in this silly place!"

Sleeping at night on a glass-case of dildos
Watching some horrible clips on TV
Losing the hope Dolly falls in despair
'Cause it's not that she wanted to see

Pink furry handcuffs and orange pillboxes
Strange rubber stuff and some violet creams
Day after day people buy all these things
Forcing Dolly to bury her dreams

"What do I do in this horrible hall?
Little girls who might need me don't come here at all!
Radiant eyes and a smile on my face...
What the hell does a smile on my face?!
(Let her out...)
Oh, please let me out of this place!"

"Such an odious room! What a sinkhole!
Never thought I could hate it so much!
Twenty one years in latex inferno
Twenty one years without a touch
Sally, I loved you! And what?!
You left me down here to rot!"

Deep in the night Mr. Hudson was roused
Hearing a tinkle of glass in the hall
Silence was broken with sounds of sirens
Someone has stolen the doll
Someone has stolen the doll
"God damn that stupid doll"