

Mika, Toy boy

Im a wind-up toy in an up down world
If you leave me all alone, Ill make a mess for sure
Ive a heart of gold and the smartest styles smallest size
Leave me in the dark, youll never hear me cry
More than an illustration
Points of articulation
Come to life on a brass spring
Such a wonderful plaything
Its a cruel blue cross that I have to bear
Come a little close Im going to pull your hair
More than just a toy in a patch-blue suit
Hold me in your arms Im just a boy like you
But your mama thought there was somethin wrong
Dint want you sleeping with a boy too long
Its a serious thing in a grown-up world
Maybe youd be better with a Barbie girl
You were that I adored-ya
But you left me in Georgia
Toys are not sentimental
How could I be for rental?
Shes the meanest hag that has ever been
Pulled out my insides with an old safety pin
Im the sorest sight, now I feel like trash
Clothes are made of rags and they dont even match
So she dressed me up as the man she loved
Then threw me in a box when she had had enough
Now the light of day I no longer see
She stuck her voodoo pins where my eyes used to be
Accidentally tragic
Victim of her black magic
Howd a boy whod so loved you
Now be so afraid of you?