

'tit Guy

when i was just a little boy i had my favorite doll  
who walked and talked all by herself  
and was always there when i called

she'd sing whenever i asked her too  
and she'd cry when they turned out the lights  
she'd cheer me up when i was sad  
and cry me to sleep at night

and then when i got older the doll she lost her charms  
and the hopes and the tears and the comfort she gave  
didn't mean anything at all

and sometimes now when i'm lonely or sad  
i wonder how life would be  
If the innocence that we had as a child  
could be kept under lock and key

kept in a place  
where it's warm and safe  
where the colors of dreams never fade  
where the hopes and desires  
aren't broken or bent  
or lost in the evening shade