

'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