

Black Doll

Siobhan Magnus

BLACK DOLL

Sometimes I feel like an unfinished doll

 no eyes, no hair, no arms to cross

sometimes I feel like the Alphabet of Misery

A is for Apple that will poison and choke me But when you draw me

 there's a hole where my heart should be

 and I could take my crayons and color it red

 and decorate the monster underneath my bed

 with flowers and pearls and pretty things

 but that's not me, you know me

 that's not me

I'm the girl that lived in the purple house

 tried to sneak in and out quiet as a mouse

sometimes the monsters would sneak out into the driveway

 people saw me, and all they saw was strange

 But when you draw me

 there's a hole where my heart should be

 and I could take my crayons and color it red

 and decorate the monster underneath my bed

 with flowers and pearls and pretty things

 but that's not me, you know me

 and that's not me

I always feel like the doubtful guest

 people whispering wishing I would leave

 underneath their breath

 But when you draw me

 there's a hole where my heart should be

 and I could take my crayons and color it red

 and decorate the monster underneath my bed

 And when you draw me

 there's a hole where my heart should be

 and I could take my crayons and color it red

 and decorate the monster underneath my bed

 with flowers and pearl and pretty things

 but that's not me, you know me

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