

The Lonely Doll

Cass McCombs

In tribute to all things petite
pretty and sweet, the lonely doll.

This first i offer a greet
and desire to repeat the lonely doll.

A poetry painted from truth
but imagine the suit the lonely doll.

For beauty eternally in youth
those pity compassion and roots
the lonely doll.

I stumble out of the salute
and evening last June, the lonely doll.
And heard a distant . under the . moon
the lonely doll.

my soul with . go with . dolls
the song . the lonely doll.

I follow the dark and lights
until a ... house, the lonely doll.

And till the wind goes to sea
a doll before me, a lonely doll.

Singing to the mirror was she
was it a ., the lonely doll.

Her room was of dresses and bows
for a doll is a curse, the lonely doll.

she .into breath from a rose
and .tones, the lonely doll.

With some brush made of jade and pearl
she .blond curl, the lonely doll.

i saw the .of a girl
on the tear drops and . the lonely doll.

She went to her canap bed
and laid down her head, the lonely doll.

She picked up her sheep on and said
something with dread, the lonely doll.

the .was too drunk to make sense
i felt .to her sense, the lonely doll.

And turned to leave this pretend
from my black ., the lonely doll.

I remember that singing doll
and her greaves call, the lonely doll.

and it's a little remind to the song
who said this wasn't so small, the lonely doll.

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