

# Toy Boy

[Sinitta](#)

I'm a wind up toy in an up down world  
If you leave me all alone I'll make a mess for sure  
I've a heart of gold in the smallest size  
Leave me in the dark, you never hear me cry  
More than an illustration  
Points of articulation  
Come to life on a brass spring  
Such a wonderful plaything  
It's a cruel cross that I have to bear  
If you come a little close I'm going to pull your hair  
More than just a toy in a patched blue suit  
Hold me in your arms I'm just a boy like you  
But your momma thought there was something wrong  
Didn't want you sleeping with a boy too long  
It's a serious thing in a grown-up world  
Maybe you'd be better with a Barbie girl  
You knew that I adored ya  
But you left me in Georgia  
Toys are not sentimental  
How could I be for rental?  
She's the meanest hag that has ever been  
Pulled out my insides with an old safety pin  
I'm the sorest sight now I feel like trash  
Clothes are made of rags and they don't even match  
So she dressed me up as the man she loved  
And 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  
Had a boy once who loved me  
Now he's so afraid of me  
On a long lost day when you're gray and old  
You'll be there remembering your old toy boy  
When your only son's wondering what to be  
Tell him the story of a boy like me

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