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 cryMore than an illustration
Points of articulation
Come to life on a brass spring
Such a wonderful playthingIt'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 youBut 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 girlYou 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 matchSo 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 beAccidentally tragic
Victim of her black magic
Had a boy once who loved me
Now he's so afraid of meOn 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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