Toys

Don Celenza

Cindy's spending too much money on clothes
Ken is going back to Gay Bob
The teddy bears swear the neighborhood's gone
Since the moving in of polliwog
Rag doll gets beaten up by the action man
The one with the real life hair
He walks and he talks in a commanding voice
But sexually, he's not all there
Oh dear, what can the matter be, my children, sweet children
What gives down in the nursery, my children, sweet children
Oh dear, what if the cradle falls, my children, sweet children
Toys are only human after all, who killed 'em, we killed 'em
If toys are quarreling amongst themselves
What hope is there now for the world?
The smell of smoke hanging thick over Funland
As the older toys are pushed down a ramp
The microchip master race are melting them down
In a dolly concentration camp
The world's gone mad but in miniature
The kids can only do what they feel
See them copy what their parents have done
'Til they're old enough to do it for real
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Burn
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What gives down in the nursery

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