

# 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  
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?  
Burn  
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  
Oh dear, what can the matter be  
What gives down in the nursery

Oh dear, what if the cradle falls  
Toys are only human after all  
Oh dear, what can the matter be  
What gives down in the nursery

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