

Toy Matinee

"The Ballad of Jenny Ledge"

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Jenny was raised in a house of cards
A face that could hijack your breath
The legs of a thoroughbred
That's what they said of Jenny Ledge

Into the fray with a Royal Flush
Determined to bring home the gold
And drink from the fountainhead
That's what she said, my Jenny Ledge

How I wished I could answer her prayer
To be held by an honest man
How I wished I could always be there
But my love was not in her plans

Tempted by half-Elvis, half man-about-town
And a life of ease
She runs off with the Vegas King
I've nowhere to stand, I can't understand
Why Jenny won't wait for me

Later I held her and asked her why
"This is my house and this is my car
and this is my bed!"
That's what she said, my Jenny Ledge

Just a slave to security
She has forgotten the urge to win
All she has is a king and a pair
And a tear for what might have been

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So this is the ballad of Jenny Ledge
My anger unspoken
My eyes are learning to cry instead
Love is dead for Jenny Ledge

Once she stood with the world at her feet
And the love of an honest man
Now she sleeps while the world marches by
In the care of an also-ran

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