

John Eddie

"Living Doll"

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I come a knockin at her front door
Hard to believe she that she's prettier than before
But she smiles pretty and my heart just stalls
I'm in love with a living doll.

She walks and she talks sometimes she talks too much
She cries real tears when she's hurt by such and such
I found her tossed away by an old boy friend
He must have been a fool she's the living end.

She's not the kind that you wrap up in a pretty bow
You shouldn't leave her in the backyard rain
A living doll's got a lot of places she can go
You play it dumb you lose her that's a shame.

And late at night before I go to bed
I try to say my prayers I think of her instead
I fumble for the phone I've got to make a last call
I gotta say goodnight to my living doll.

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