

The Late Isabel

"Doll's Head"

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I did what I had to do
A madding voice told me to
Rip the head off the baby doll
Lying in the bed down the window
Down, down the street
Off the end of the block
Where a council of cats
Chit-chat, "Go, rip it, too."

Oh, look at those baby blues
One claw buried down those baby blues
See her head tossed
Around and about
Pretty pout, what a girl
See her curls
Like a can of worms
And she squirmed
I saw you do that
Don't ruin my bed you're dead

La-la-la-la-la-la...

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