

Twelfth Of Never "Bratty Girl"

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Poor dolly, lying on it's back
The cold rain gently drizzles outside
The bags are ready, lunch is packed
"But no one's here. Where's my ride?
I hope they've got the address right."

Poor dolly, bored and cracked
The windows groan with an ancient low
Dropped like a mitten, dignity intact
Forgotten? Maybe. Never. No!

Look, the drizzle is turning to snow!
Pretty Dolly...
Misty-eyed, mischief-prone,
Wound up tonight

Pretty dolly, wound up tight
So much to do on a November night
Her little shoes, bag, and dress
None of her friends can ever guess
When she'll fly off next

Pretty dolly, dull and drone
Looking out the window at a long driveway
"I wonder if they lost their way?"

Look, the drizzle is turning to snow!
Pretty Dolly...
Misty-eyed, mischief-prone,
Wound up tonight

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