

## Twilight Ophera

### "Wind-Up Toy"

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Voices come from down the hall  
In my room all painted white  
I have my bat and rubber ball  
I like to sleep with them at night  
But now I'm all smiles  
The good little shots must be winning  
Yes, they crank my dial  
My motor is stalled but my wheels are still spinning  
Daddy won't discuss me  
What a state I must be  
Mommy couldn't stand  
Living with a wind-up toy  
All my friends live on the floor  
Tiny legs and tiny eyes  
They're free to crawl under the door  
And someday soon so will I  
But now I'm all smiles  
These good little shots must be working  
I'm so happy now (I'm so happy)  
Look, my fingers don't shake and my head isn't jerking  
Daddy won't discuss me  
What a pain I must be  
Mommy couldn't stand  
Having such a wound-up boy  
Doctors want to check me  
Poke me and dissect me  
What do they expect?  
Feelings from a wound-up toy?

I don't think so  
I'm just a wound-up toy  
Wind-up toy  
I'm lost in a nightmare  
Shiny white hall drawing rats on the wall  
Solitary confinement  
Chained in a cell, got my own private hell  
Preacher crucifies me  
Warden wants to fry me  
I was never young  
Never just a little boy  
Daddy won't discuss me

What a pain I must be  
Mommy couldn't stand  
Having such a wound-up boy

I'm just a wind-up toy  
Wind-up toy  
I'm just a wind-up toy  
Wind-up, wind-up...  
I'm just a wind-up toy  
Wind-up toy  
(Daddy won't discuss me)  
I'm just a wind-up...  
(What a pain I must be)  
Just a wind-up...  
(Mommy couldn't stand  
Having such a wound-up boy)  
Daddy won't discuss me  
What a pain I must be  
Mommy couldn't stand  
Having such a wound-up boy...

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