

Cass McCombs "The Lonely Doll"

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In tribute to all things petite
pretty and sweet, the lonely doll.
This first i offer a greet
and desire to repeat the lonely doll.
A poetry painted from truth
but imagine the suit the lonely doll.
For beauty eternally in youth
those pity compassion and roots
the lonely doll.
I stumble out of the salute
and evening last June, the lonely doll.
And heard a distant . under the . moon
the lonely doll.
my soul with . go with . dolls
the song . the lonely doll.
I follow the dark and lights
until a ... house, the lonely doll.
And till the wind goes to sea
a doll before me, a lonely doll.
Singing to the mirror was she
was it a ., the lonely doll.
Her room was of dresses and bows
for a doll is a curse, the lonely doll.
she .into breath from a rose
and .tones, the lonely doll.
With some brush made of jade and pearl
she .blond curl, the lonely doll.
i saw the .of a girl
on the tear drops and . the lonely doll.
She went to her canapÃ© bed
and laid down her head, the lonely doll.
She picked up her sheep on and said
something with dread, the lonely doll.
the .was too drunk to make sense
i felt .to her sense, the lonely doll.
And turned to leave this pretend
from my black ., the lonely doll.
I remember that singing doll
and her greaves call, the lonely doll.
and it's a little remind to the song
who said this wasn't so small, the lonely doll.

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