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Birdy ''Kewpie Doll''

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Well I love that kewpie doll

Well I love that kewpie doll

Well I love that kewpie doll

Yeah I bought her in a show

I dressed her up in a cheap red cotton dress

But everything was either fished-out or spat-out

Fished-out or spat-out

Well I love that kewpie doll

But I could not make it stick

Well I love that kewpie doll

But I could not make it stick

Only she could save my soul

She put her hands inside of me

Well I love that kewpie doll

Dressed her in a cheap-red-cotton-dress

Fished it out now spat it out now

Spat it out in front of me

Well I love that kewpie doll

But I could not make it stick

Doll doll doll doll doll doll doll

I held her in my cheap arms

She believed in me, she believed in me

Her soul and my arms

Well I love that kewpie doll

I told her phoney stories

Well I love that kewpie doll

She believed in me

Doll doll doll doll doll doll doll

Kewpie on a stick

I can see her coming even now

Kewpie on a stick

I can see her walking to me even now

Well I love that kewpie doll

I can see her walking to me even now

Well I love that kewpie doll

I can see her walking to me even now

Well I love that kewpie doll

But I could not make it stick. end.

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