

Terry Allen "The Doll"

Visit "[The Doll](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

From the east side of Chicago
To the down side of L.A.
There's no place that he goes
We don't bow down to him and pray
Yeah we follow him to the slaughter
We go through the fire and ash
Cause he's the doll inside our dollars
Our Lord and Savior Jesus Cash
Chorus:

AH WE BLOW HIM UP
INFLATED
AND WE LET HIM DOWN
DEPRESSED
WE PLAY WITH HIM
FOREVER
HE'S OUR DOLL
AND WE LOVE HIM BEST

From the stress of New York City
To the death cults of D.C.
There's nothing quite so pretty
As what he offers to you and me
So we kneel down at the altar
Of the Church of the Bought and Sold
And pray the doll he does not falter
And makes us rich before we get old
Chorus repeats
From the side streets of New Orleans
To the dead beats by the bay
The chat rooms are all aæŒuuzzin
With our wishes for the day
And the money changers come howlin
Through the temple of our needs
While the doll is out there prowlin
And holds the notes on all our dreams
Chorus repeats

Visit [Terry Allen](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

