

Monkees, The "Cuddly Toy"

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You're not the only cuddly toy
That was ever enjoyed by any boy
You're not the only choo-choo train
That was left out in the rain
The day after Santa came
You're not the only cherry delight
That was left in the night
And gave up without a fight
You're not the only cuddly toy
That was ever enjoyed by any boy

You're not the kind of girl to tell your mother
The kind of company you keep
I never told you not to love no other
You must have dreamed it in your sleep

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