

The Lonely Doll

Cass McCombs

in tribute to all things petite
pretty and sweet
- the lonely doll
this verse I offer and greet
in desire to replete
- the lonely doll

a portrait painted from truth
but imagined to soothe
- the lonely doll
for beauty, eternal in youth
loves pity, compassion and ruth
- the lonely doll

I stumbled out of the saloon
an evening last June
- the lonely doll
and heard a distant mournful tune
under the dyad moon
- the lonely doll

my soul, though with wine I did douse
the song did arouse
- the lonely doll
I followed, a drunken louse
unto a cardboard house
- the lonely doll

and through the window to see
a doll before me
- the lonely doll
singing to the mirror was she-
was it a plea?
- the lonely doll

her room was all dresses and bows
for a doll needs her clothes
- the lonely doll
she leaned in to breathe from a rose
and stood on her tippy-toes
- the lonely doll

with a brush made of jade and pearl
she straightened her blonde curl
- the lonely doll
I saw the sad eyes of a girl
under teardrops, a swirl
- the lonely doll

she went to her canopied bed
and laid down her head
- the lonely doll
she picked up her sheep-doll and said
something with dread
- the lonely doll

though I was too drunk to make sense

I felt her essence
- the lonely doll
and turned to leave this pretense
for night, black and immense
- the lonely doll

I remember that singing doll
and her grievous call
- the lonely doll
as a little reminder to us all
whose sadness wasn't so small
- the lonely doll