

Dolls House

Skinny girl pouys and poses
catwalk dreams filled with roses
Surroubded by wolves in designer clothing
Who will tell her of the dangers all around
Who will help her on the way down
I think no one
Welcome to the dollshouse

Millie was a dancing queen of time
She always said
She was a friend of mine
Salsa hump two step bump
Footsteps light and easy
No one new what happened
When she waltzed
Into the dollshouse

Billy was a fixer any one any time
He could do most things
And make you pay in rhyme
Cocaine line case of wine
He tried to do a deal too far
Which laid the door ajar
I wonder if his wounds will heal
In the Dolls house

He said he was the new messiah
Could bring on down wind and fire
and satisfy your hearts desire
some one cries hes not wort the silver
I think he'll need a sense of humour
when the hang
In the dollshouse

I guess i'm feeling kinda lonesome
Things just keep getting me down
try to keep an even keel
Dont cry he tears of a clown
Things could be much worse
I could recieve an invitation
To the dollshouse

Rock star wannabee queen of all that glitters
Shell be high and walk on mink
with sibjects to rule and pity