

# 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