

The Wreck Of The Barbie Ferrari

John Hiatt

Saturday night he comes home stinking
Sunday morning she wakes up thinking and thinking and thinking
and thinking
Does she need to get the kids dressed to go to church
He's pulled a shotgun out of the lurch
He heads for the TV room starts to search
His problems swollen like a river and his reality's shrinking
He finds them huddled by the toy box and splatters 'em all
The ken and the midge and the skipper doll
They look like a family but they're really not at all

Well he's sad but he ain't sorry
It ain't the end of the world
It's just the wreck of the barbie ferrari

He wonders if he ever said I do
To that little blonde plastic voodoo
And his mind's gone fishin'
Well it started just as plain as the nose on your face
Now it's in a thousand peices all over the place
He thought she was driving but it's twisted beyond recognition
All the diapers and the tutus and the basketballs
She was givin' them a lift to the promised mall
But somewhere by the TV that V-12 stalled
As he loaded the chamber her eyes got starry
It ain't the end of the world
It's just wreck of the barbie ferrari
When they get home from church won't they be sorry
He's cornered 'em all on his urban safari

It aint the end of the world...

He's played with cars and guns since he could crawl
Now he wishes he'd never met that doll with her face gone
There wasnt nothing he ever thought about
He couldn't drive through or shoot his way out
As he surveys the family room littered with dolls
He can't find one leg to stand on
He aims the gun at his head now he's starting to cry
Looking for the courage to let it fly
Can't live without his family now that something has died
He's not sure who's hurt not sure who's sorry

It ain't the end of the world...