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A Broken Old Doll

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BECKY

A broken old doll, a beautiful lie, your magic 'as all gone dry.
Dolls don't hurt when they break, nor ever do wonder why.
A broken old doll, a painted on smile, what never goes out of style.
Smile away while you can.
It's wearing off all this while.

Not a brave face, but whose is?
Look at what you've been through.
What's a few cuts and bruises?
I've got some too.

A broken old doll, you don't have no heart,
or surely you'd fall apart.
I can whisper in your ear, but Aljana won't appear,
for that was a lie from the start.