Barbie Doll

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When I was a little tyke, I didn't want a brand new bike
When people asked me what to buy
No Lincoln logs, or tonka truck, no BB gun, or hockey puck
I didn't want the things they thought to try
To their great surprise, the toy I craved, had blonde hair and blue eyes
It made me shreik and jump for joy, when my folks took me to the mall
The perfect gift for this young boy....was a brand new Barbie Doll.

I guess some things never change, and it didn't seem quite so strange
After I began to shave my face
That the love of my teenage life, the girl I hoped to make my wife
Had long blond hair and a tiny waist
She was a Southern belle, made by God, but she looked just like Mattel
I realized after every date, that I loved my Barb, above all
She always looked super great, so I called her my Barbie Doll.

It used to seem odd that I played with dolls, but now, everyone understands
I was getting prepared to become a man, and a gorgeous girl was in my plans.

I still play with dolls, but now I put a real girl, up on the pedestal
She calls my name and it sounds like a song, with the lilt of her Southern drawl,
This boy's got the ultimate toy, a walkin' talkin' Barbie Doll
A lovey dovin' Barbie Doll, I've got a real live Barbie Doll.