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DANCE MY LITTLE MANNEQUIN

Beth Knapp

Dance my little mannequin
Put on a pretty show
For all the people watching you
The people who don't know
Your lovely, laughing eyes
And your pleasant, painted smile
Are nothing but a lie you use to feed your own denial.

Sing my little paper doll
So all the world can hear
That pretty, wordless, tuneless dirge
You sing to hide the fear
That if you cease your senseless song
And use a voice that's real
Then they will cease to play along, and learn how you truly feel.

Ah, my little marionette
So polished and so prim
But all that sawdust in your head
Has made you rather dim
And your baby button nose
Has grown to quite a length
If you'd stop your lies, it wouldn't grow
But you don't have the strength.