

Daddy's Little Girl

Cretin

I didn't want a son
I got one anyway
Little boys have nasty
Things between their legs
I'd rather have a girl
A dolly I can dress
My pretty little princess
A transgender success

Daddy's little girl
Daddy's little girl
Dressing him in drag
He's confused and kind of sad
Daddy's little girl
Daddy's little girl
Teaching him to be
A little she and not a he

I put the lipstick on his face
And make him wear a dress
He cries and carries on so much
Mascara makes a mess

We have a fashion show
He models mommy's clothes
Teetering in heels
He learns to strut and pose
I make him tuck his stuff
Back between his crack
He stumbles when he walks
Until he gets the knack

Daddy's little girl
Daddy's little girl
Slipping hormones in his food
He blossoms into womanhood
Daddy's little girl
Daddy's little girl
His breasts begin to swell
Is he Michael or Michelle?

Teased by kids at school
Because I send him there
With painted fingernails
And lacy underwear
They lift his frilly skirt
And pull his ponytail
Then snap his training bra
And call him "faggot"

He thinks I'm saving money
For his college education
I plan to use the money for
His sex change operation