

Peter

Daughter

Peter, can I go back home?
I flew here under false pretense
I thought it would be fun
But the lost boys have all moved away
And one of them is locked up
I know you think you're still a child,
But I couldn't give a fuck; you're twenty-one

Oh, Peter,
I can dream no more
I've been chasing all of yours
I've forgotten what it was that I wanted
That I want

Oh, I won't be your doll
So please don't you ask me to
You see, I don't look so good in yellow
Like other dolls they do

Oh, Peter
I am not naive
I see the way you look at her
You don't do that for me
Oh, it must be love
And we both know it's not with us

Oh, I won't be your doll
So please don't you ask me to
You see, I don't look so good in yellow
Like other dolls they do

Oh, Peter
He walks beside the lake
While I lay beside an empty space
Waiting for the sirens
Just waiting for the sirens

Oh, I won't be your doll
So please don't you ask me to
I won't shut my little painted face
Like all your other dolls, they do
Like all your other dolls, they do
They do