

My Obsession and I: A Love Story

Anna Davis

“Well, I guess you’d say what can make me feel this way? My girl, my girl, my girl.”

- *“My Girl,” The Temptations*

Satin dresses of her silky hair
Upon my dolls' bodies.
I cannot keep her here
So I make her doubles weep silently.

Upon my dolls bodies
I bathe them in fire.
I make her doubles weep silently
By dousing them in motor oil.

I bathe them in fire
But she is my only desire.
I’m dousing them in motor oil
And watching their wax drip.

She is my only desire,
But I just watch her from afar.
And watching their wax drip,
My plan solidifies.

I just watch her from afar...
She’s waiting for me, she knows I’m here, she knows—
My plan solidifies.
She knows—she knows—she knows—

She’s waiting for me, she know I’m here, she knows—
But she ignores me, passes right by...
She knows—she knows—she knows—
But that whore just keeps ignoring me.

She ignores me, passes right by,
I’m going to convince her.
That *whore* keeps ignoring me—
If only she would come home to me.

I’m going to convince her
With love made of dirty blonde strands of gold.
If only she would come home to me
So I can make her see, make her know, my girl.

With love made of dirty blonde strands of gold

I make her dress of white, our union awaits.
I can make her see, make her know, *my girl*.
My beautiful creation, my little doll.

I make her dress of white, our union awaits,
And in it, she's the one I've been imagining,
My beautiful creation, my little doll—
So I lay her at the altar where we will become one.

In this way, she's the one I've been imagining,
My docile little doll, not in my head.
I lay her at the altar where we will become one,
In one hand the motor oil, the other the lighter.

My docile little doll, not in my head
But wrapped in my arms now,
In one hand the motor oil, the other the lighter,
And so she is aflame—my little doll and me.

Wrapped in my arms now,
I cannot keep her here.
She is aflame—my little doll and me,
In her satin dress of silky hair.