

Michael Bublé "Paper Doll"

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I'm gonna buy a Paper Doll that I can call my own
A doll that other fellows cannot steal
And then the flirty, flirty guys with their flirty, flirty eyes
Will have to flirt with dollies that are real

When I come home at night she will be waiting
She'll be the truest doll in all this world
I'd rather have a Paper Doll to call my own
Than have a fickle-minded real live girl

I guess I had a million dolls or more
I guess I've played the doll game o'er and o'er
I just quarrelled with Sue, that's why I'm blue
She's gone away and left me just like all dolls do

I'll tell you boy, it's tough to be alone
And it's tough to love a gal that's not your own
I'm through with all of them
I'll never fall again
Say boy, whatcha gonna do?

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