

Cath Carroll

"Poor Little Puppet"

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[CHORUS]

Poor little puppet
He's got her tied to a string
That poor little thing
She does what he wants
Every time he moves his finger
Poor little puppet

Once she had
A mind of her own
She always had a
Certain way with men

But not so long ago
She met that Romeo
And she hasn't been
The same since then

And I doubt if
She ever will again

[Repeat CHORUS]

She's a fool
An ordinary fool
She can't tell the
Evil from the good

I tell her every day
That she should break away
But she never seems to
Listen when she should

I guess it's cause her
Head is made of wood

Hurts me so
To see her pushed around
How I wish that I could
Set her free

Time and time again
I'm broken hearted when
I look into the mirror and see
That little puppet looking back at me

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