

# Paper Doll

46

Words & Music by Johnny S. Black, 1915  
Recorded by The Mills Brothers, 1942

Intro: C/A7/0m7/G/0m7/c

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.

Bridge: (increase tempo)

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 boys, it's tough to be alone;

And it's tough to love a doll that's not your own.

I'm through with all of them, I'll never fall again

Say boy, whatcha gonna do?

(Repeat verse 1)

Coda: (Slower)