

Glad Rag Doll

Johnnie Ray

All dolled up in your glad rags,
But tomorrow may turn to sad rags,
And they call you Glad Rag Doll!

I know that you're admired,
I know that you're desired
But only by the fellows who soon grow tired,
My poor little Glad Rag Doll!

You're just a pretty little toy the boys like to play with,
You're not the kind that they choose to grow old and grey with!

Now don't you make this, this the end dear,
It's never too late to make amends dear,
My poor little Glad Rag Doll!

You're just a pretty little toy the boys like to play with,
You're not the kind
They have on their mind,
You're just a toy for them today,
So listen to the things I say!

Now don't you make this, this the end dear,
It's never too late to make amends dear,
My poor little Glad Rag Doll!