

# China Doll

Slim Whitman

I'm tired of cry-why-yin'  
And all her lie-ie-iein'  
That's why I'm buy-why-in'  
A china doll

Her eyes are blu-you-uer  
Her faults are few-ewer  
Her lips are tru-uer  
My china doll

I'd rather have a doll of clay  
That I could call my own  
Than someone else just like you  
With a heart of stone

She'll never lea-eave me  
She'll not decei-eive me  
And never grie-ieve me  
My china doll

No tears or sor-orrow  
No sad tomorr-orr-orrow  
No one can borrr-orr-ow  
My china doll

Her eyes are blu-you-uer  
Her faults are few-ewer  
Her lips are tru-uer  
My china doll

I'd rather have a doll of clay  
That I could call my own  
Than someone else just like you  
With a heart of stone

She'll never lea-eave me  
She'll not decei-eive me  
And never grie-ieve me  
My china doll