You're made of rags, And scraps and tags, And no one thinks you're real. And when you go, They'll never know, The loneliness I feel. Dance with me, My ragtime queen, Before I set you free. On lonely days, You'll know the ways, That you are just like me. To make your face, I found some lace, And sewed you, every part. To make you feel, That you were real, I gave away my heart. Dance with me, My ragtime queen, Before I set you free. On lonely days, You'll know the ways, That you are just like me. La-la, la, la, la-la, la, la, la.