

# Glad Rag Doll

## The Crazy Otto

Little painted lady with your lovely clothes  
Where are you bound for may I ask?  
What your diamonds cost you everybody knows  
All the world can see behind your mask  
Old doll and in black rags  
Tomorrow may turn to sad rags  
They call her glad rag doll  
Admired, desired by lovers who soon grow tired  
Poor little glad rag doll

You just a pretty toy they like to play with  
You're not the kind they choose to grow old and grey with  
Don't make this the end here  
It's never too late to mend you  
Poor little glad rag doll  
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