China Doll

Bob Bloom

A pistol shot at five o'clock
The bells of heaven ring
Tell me what you done it for
No I won't tell you a thingYesterday I begged you
Before I hit the ground
All I leave behind me
Is only what I foundIf you can abide it
Let the hurdy gurdy play
Stranger ones have come by here
Before they flew awayI will not condemn you
Nor yet would I deny
I would ask the same of you
But failing, will not dieTake up your china doll
It's only fractured
And a little nervous from the fall
La la la la la la la

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