Glad Rag Doll

Chester Gaylord

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
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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/