

# Michael Bublé (Michael Buble), Paper Doll

I'm gonna buy a Paper Doll that I can call my own  
A doll that other fellows cannot steal  
And then the flirty, flirty guys with their flirty, flirty eyes  
Will have to flirt with dollies that are real

When I come home at night she will be waiting  
She'll be the truest doll in all this world  
I'd rather have a Paper Doll to call my own  
Than have a fickle-minded real live girl

I guess I had a million dolls or more  
I guess I've played the doll game o'er and o'er  
I just quarrelled with Sue, that's why I'm blue  
She's gone away and left me just like all dolls do

I'll tell you boy, it's tough to be alone  
And it's tough to love a gal that's not your own  
I'm through with all of them  
I'll never fall again  
Say boy, whatcha gonna do?