

# Roy Drusky, China Doll

Sometimes I go down to old China town and just walk around just wander around  
Wherever lights gleam and blue shadows fall just dreaming a dream of my China doll  
A self China's cold a little blue fan calor pink lips and tiny pale hands  
Oh my China doll my lonely tears fall  
I'll never forget you never forget you my China doll  
Sometimes I go down to old China town and just hang around a port China bound  
And I'd give the word to just leave it all and sail on that port to my China doll