

Slim Whitman, China Doll

I'm tired of crying and all your lying,
That's why I'm buying a china doll.
Her eyes are bluer, her faults are fewer,
Her lips are truer; my china doll.

I'd rather have a doll of clay
That I could call my own,
Than someone else just like you
With a heart of stone.

She'll never leave me.
She'll never grieve me,
I'll never lose her -
My china doll.

I'd rather have a doll of clay
That I could call my own,
Than someone else just like you
With a heart of stone.

She'll never leave me.
She'll never grieve me,
I'll never lose her -
My china doll.