Don't know why
She thinks she loves him
Don't go cry
He's just a toy

She calls it only love Her love it is not pure

She loves a puppet
She loves a puppet
And all that i can do is cry

Got no soul
Only a haircut
He's no man
Barely a boy

Why can't she understand That i am her true love

She loves a puppet She loves a puppet

He's made of flesh and blood His footsteps make a heavy thud His porch light's on But no one's home

I'd love to make her mine But i have to wonder why

She loves a puppet
She loves a puppet
And all that i can do is cry