

Dada, Dorina

Tried to make you happen
Tried to make you real
Tried to make your face
From a broken Ferris wheel

Listen to me, Dori
Listen and you'll hear
A wind that carries lonely
And a wind that carries tears

(oo-wooh) Dorina
(oo-wooh) Dorina
(oo-wooh)

The bartender must be crazy
He's such an irritating host
Every night the same dumb questions
"Where's your pretty little ghost?"

Can't a man imagine?
Can't a man be free?
Can't a man just have one little drink?

(oo-wooh) Dorina
(oo-wooh) Dorina
(oo-wooh)

(solo)

(oo-wooh) Dorina
(oo-wooh) Dorina
(oo-wooh-oo-hoo) Dorina, ooh
(oo-wooh)
Dorina
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Ooh, Dor-dorin-rina