

Revolving Dora

Fountains Of Wayne

Oh yeah
Revolving Dora
Hits the floor alone again
See her spinning, see her grinning at her imaginary friends
She's in her own rotating world
There's something blurry about that girl
Oh yeah
And she's turning out to be
Immune to gravity
She's a lot like you
Not much like me

Oh yeah
Revolving Dora Seems so sure about it all
She knows the score
So long before the morning papers make the call
And she's searching around the dial
For a song that'll make her smile
And she's turning out to be
Immune to gravity
And I don't know the degree
Of her grip on reality
But she sure has got a hold on me
Oh yeah

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