Dolores

The Pied Pipers

How I love the kisses of Dolores
Aye-aye-aye Dolores
Not Marie or Emily or Doris
Only my Dolores

From a balcony above me
She whispers "Love me" and throws a rose
Ah but she is twice as lovely
As the rose she throws

I would die to be with my Dolores
Aye-aye-aye Dolores
I was made to serenade Dolores
Chorus after chorus

Just imagine eyes like moon rise
A voice like music, lips like wine
What a break if I could make Dolores
Mine all mine.

I would die to be with my Dolores
Aye-aye-aye Dolores
I was made to serenade Dolores
Chorus after chorus

Just imagine eyes like moon rise
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