Dorothy

Bichuco

Like the flutter of your fingertips
Like the flickering of light
You've got their bright ideas
But we've got bigger fish to fry
Found you out there on your doorstep
Undressed to the nines
From your Sunday best black and blue velvet dress
Your head's a mess and so is mine
Oh Dorothy, I'm coming home
I hope you're waiting there
I know times have been tough on you
It's all downhill from here
Oh Dorothy, inside that dreadful place
Deep in your heart
It's blackening, I'm racing to your doorway, Dorothy
Dorothy
Like the scratching sounds of insect
Beneath the blades and soil
We'll begin the clock ticking away
To ends as black as oil
Now it's founding in the air
Left it in left field for you to find
Outside of your peripheral
Vision of this never ending night

Oh Dorothy, I'm coming home
I hope you're waiting there
I know times have been tough on you
It's all downhill from here
Oh Dorothy, inside that dreadful place
Deep in your heart
It's blackening, I'm racing to your doorway, Dorothy
Dorothy
It's a strange world, isn't it?
Such strange times to be living in
I had a change of heart tonight
When I watched her walk into the light
It's a strange world, isn't it?
Such strange times to be living in

I had a change of heart tonight
When I watched her walk into the light
I watched her walk into the light
Oh Dorothy, I'm coming home
I hope you're waiting there
I know times have been tough on you
It's all downhill from here
Oh Dorothy, inside that dreadful place
Deep in your heart
It's blackening, I'm racing to your doorway, Dorothy

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/