

Frank Sinatra "Dolores"

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How I love the kisses of Dolores
Oh I love her aye-aye-aye Dolores
Not Marie or Emily or Doris
None of them but only my Dolores, just 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
To be near her aye-aye-aye Dolores
I was made to serenade Dolores
Serenade her 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
To be near her aye-aye-aye Dolores
I was made to serenade Dolores
Serenade her chorus after chorus

Just imagine eyes like moon rise
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