

Tommy Dorsey, Frank Sinatra

"Dolores"

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How I love the kisses of Dolores
Oh, I love her eye, Dolores
Not Marie or Emily or Doris
None of them but 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
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
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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