

Berlin Irving

"Dorando"

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[1st verse:]

I feel-a much-a bad like anything
All the night I nunga canna sleep
It's a my pizon Pasquale
He say we take da car
And see Dorando race a-"Long-a-ship"
Just like the sport, I sell da barbershop
And make da bet Dorando he's a win
Then to Madees-a Square
Pasquale and me go there
And just-a like-a dat, da race begin

[chorus:]

Dorando! Dorando!
He run-a, run-a, run-a, run like anything
One-a, two-a hundred times around da ring
I cry, "Please-a nunga stop!"
Just then, Dorando he's a drop!
Goodbye poor old barber shop
It's no fun to lose da mon
When de son-of-a-gun no run
Dorando
He's a good for not!

[2nd verse:]

Dorando, he's a come around next day
Say, "Gentlemen, I wanna tell-a you
It's a one-a bigga shame
I forgot da man's a-name
Who make me eat da Irish beef-a stew
I ask-a him to give me da spaghett
I know it make me run a-quick-a-quick
But I eat da beef-a stew
And now I tell-a you
Just like da pips it make me very sick

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