

Dorothy Dean - song lyrics

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DOROTHY DEAN.

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Words and Music by Harry Dacre.

For years I've been courting a lady, beautiful Dorothy Dean;
But she has turned out rather shady, although she was once "all serene."
Since Mister Alberto McSpringer brought out his new flying machine,
At Lover's Lane vainly I linger, awaiting Miss Dorothy Dean.

Chorus.

Oh, Dorothy, Dorothy Dean!

Oh, Dorothy, what do you mean?

She's suddenly flown to regions unknown,

Along with a man on his "flying machine!"

Quite early one bright Sunday morning, tricky Miss Dorothy Dean
Arose from her bed, without warning, to sample that flying machine."
With Mister McSpringer to spoon, oh, she rose till no speck could be seen;
They may have reached Venus or Juno, McSpringer and Dorothy Dean- Cho.