

Like the flutter of your fingertips,
Like the flickering of lights,
They'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 beckoning, I'm racing to your doorway Dorothy.
Dorothy.

Like the scratching sounds of insects,
Beneath the blades and soil.
We'll begin the plot to get away,
To ends as black as oil.
Now it's pounding in the ear,
Left in left field for you to find.
Outside of your peripherals 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 beckoning, 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 beckoning, I'm racing to your doorway Dorothy.
Dorothy.