

Doo Wacka Doo

Celtic Thunder

I've been playing some old records
That I found in Grandpa's trunk
Beside a wind-up gramophone
Beneath a pile of junk
And in that dusty attic
I enjoyed a music show
Listening to the melodies
Of eighty years ago

Doo wacka doo wacka doo wacka doo wacka doo
The band would play
Doo wacka doo wacka doo wacka doo wacka doo
They'd danced the night away

I long for all the magic
And the days of cabaret
Bring back those good old melodies of yesterday
Bring back those good old melodies of yesterday

In my youth, I studied music
And it taught me how to sing
"Bella signora"
They took me to the opera
And I loved that kind of thing
But then I'd listen to the stories
That my grandpa used to tell
About the Roaring Twenties
And the songs he knew so well

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The band would play
Doo wacka doo wacka doo wacka doo wacka doo
They'd danced the night away

I long for all the magic
And the days of cabaret
Bring back those good old melodies of yesterday
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Then he'd talk about the flappers
And the way they used to dance
About the bootleg liquor
And the ballrooms of romance
Then, later, in the movies
There's dancing everywhere
My grandpa said he dreamed
That he could move like Fred Astaire

Oh, doo wacka doo wacka doo wacka doo wacka doo
The band would play
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