

## Doringen

Chainsaw

She waited on  
The days were stark  
She tried the trick  
Of praying hard  
But tricks don't work  
Gods play it tough  
This is romance  
No loss - no love  
The lonely knight  
Somewhere in Wales  
Kisses his dear  
Doringen's face  
The trial of love  
Was part of the rite  
I shall dote no more  
Beyond your sight"

Doringen, Doringen  
Your man's miles away  
Left you with prayers  
Mournful to say  
The lonely knight  
Somewhere in Wales  
Kisses his dear  
Doringen's face  
The trial of love  
Was part of the rite  
I shall dote no more  
Beyond your sight  
She will not wait  
Done by a villin  
Thrice in the woods  
Craves it again  
She asks: who cares  
for chilvary?  
Is not dreaming  
Grossly unreal?

Doringen, Doringen  
Your man's miles away  
Looks for adventures  
A most knightly way

Doringen, Doringen  
The fool miles away  
Sold you to devils  
Call it your day  
Doringen, Doringen  
The fool miles away  
Sold you to devils  
Call it your day