

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