

He stood naked outside the door
Handsome with dark eyes flashing
The winds blew straight in off the moor
The sisters stopped their pacing
Through the flickering firelight
Shadows jumped across the floor
Pounding hearts and rushing blood
Romantic thoughts and fears

Dora, Dora, looking in the mirror

Acting out your mothers clothes
Dreaming, dreaming
No-one will ever know

The autumn leaves are falling
Through the dreary evening sky
In St. John's Wood a woman waits
Sitting on a leather sofa
The psychiatrist smiles sadly and licked his lips
As she uncrossed her legs
The ticking of an antique clock
Penetrates the gloom

In the pitch black dungeon
The slaves touched up the black paint
Upstairs the maid took details on the phone
While the minister waited in the bathroom

She's twenty seven and with a lovely figure
Experienced in these careful arts
The purr of an expensive car

In the alleyway outside