

## Revolving Dora

Fountains of Wayne

Oh yeah

Revolving Dora  
Hits the floor alone again  
See her spinning, see her grinning at her imaginary friends  
She's in her own rotating world  
There's something blurry about that girl  
Oh yeah

And she's turning out to be  
Immune to gravity  
She's a lot like you  
Not much like me  
Oh yeah

Revolving Dora Seems so sure about it all  
She knows the score  
So long before the morning papers make the call  
And she's searching around the dial  
For a song that'll make her smile

And she's turning out to be  
Immune to gravity  
And I don't know the degree  
Of her grip on reality  
But she sure has got a hold on me  
Oh yeah