

# 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  
Bring back those good old melodies of yesterday

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  
Doo wacka doo wacka doo wacka doo wacka doo  
They'd danced the night away

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