

## Doris Day

### The Felice Brothers

The bar band is playing summertime where the lights are  
low  
I'm skipping 'round now, bar to bar, wondering where to  
go  
I'm on my way to 'Frisco Bay from a port in New Orleans  
I'm walking 'round to satisfy on account of Ms. Louise

Though I knew she could devour all of my heart in an  
hour  
Even in dreams I'd have  
Though I always knew I would lose her and turn into a  
substance abuser  
Doris Day, you got such a cold-blooded way

I recall the posted wall and the theatre shows  
And the gloomy dressing room and the bullet holes  
"Can I really trust you, dear?" she asked from her  
window sill  
Where she clipped her finger tips and rolled a dollar  
bill

Then she hid a gun in the oven when the two detectives  
were coming  
Offered them coffee and cake  
Then they returned the money she asked for that was  
found on the dashboard  
Oh Doris, dear, it's been such a cold-blooded year

I could lay and watch the swaying curtains in the night  
I could see their witness seated in the station light  
And the rows of bullet holes in a shirt of red and  
white  
I could hear my Doris dear in the sad and silent night

Though I know I'm only human and my death is forever  
looming  
On an unassuming night  
So this breath I'll be repeating while my heart is  
violently beating  
Doris Day, you got such a cold-blooded way

The bar band is packing in and all the dancing's done  
Weatherman gave a bad report - rainy days to come  
If your fare should take you where the city squares are  
dark  
Please relay to Doris Day that I've died in Central  
Park

Where there's smoke or accordians playing in a parlor  
room, she'll be swaying  
Gliding across the wooden floor  
And as the sad awnings are dripping, my stereo will be  
skipping  
Singing, "Doris Day, you got such a cold-blooded way."

Such a terrible dove  
That's my cold-blooded love