

Not To Touch the Earth

The Doors

Not to touch the earth, not to see the sun
Nothing left to do but
Run, run, run
Let's run, let's run House upon the hill, moon is lying still
Shadows of the trees
Witnessing the wild breeze
C'mon baby run with me let's run Run with me
Run with me
Run with me
Let's run The mansion is warm, at the top of the hill
Rich are the rooms and the comforts there
Red are the arms of luxuriant chairs
And you won't know a thing till you get inside Dead President's corpse in the driver's car
The engine runs on glue and tar
Come on along, not goin' very far
To the East to meet the Czar Run with me
Run with me
Run with me
Let's run, whoa! Some outlaws lived by the side of a lake
The minister's daughter's in love with the snake
Who lives in a well by the side of the road
Wake up girl, we're almost home, ya come We should see the gates by mornin'
We should be inside the evenin'
Sun, sun, sun
Burn, burn, burn
Soon, soon, soon
Moon, moon, moon I will get you, soon, soon, soon
I am the Lizard King, I can do anything

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