

The WASP (Texas Radio and the Big Beat)

The Doors

I wanna tell you 'bout Texas Radio and the Big Beat
Comes out of the Virginia swamps
Cool and slow with plenty of precision
With a back beat narrow and hard to master
Some call it heavenly in its brilliance
Others, mean and ruthless of the Western dream
I love the friends I have gathered together on this thin raft
We have constructed pyramids in honor of our escaping
This is the land where the Pharaoh died
The Negroes in the forest brightly feathered
They are saying, "Forget the night
Live with us in forests of azure
Out here on the perimeter there are no stars
Out here we is stoned immaculate"
Now, listen to this and I'll tell you 'bout the heartache
I'll tell you 'bout the heartache and the loss of God
I'll tell you 'bout the hopeless night
The meager food for souls forgot
I'll tell you 'bout the maiden with wrought iron soul
I'll tell you this
No eternal reward will forgive us now for wasting the dawn
I'll tell you 'bout Texas Radio and the Big Beat
Soft, driven slow and mad, like some new language
Now, listen to this and I'll tell you 'bout the Texas
I'll tell you 'bout the Texas Radio
I'll tell you 'bout the hopeless night
Wandering the Western dream
Tell you 'bout the maiden with wrought iron soul

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