

Horse Latitudes

The Doors

When the still sea conspires an armor
And her sullen and aborted
Currents breed tiny monsters
True sailing is deadAwkward instant
And the first animal is jettisoned
Legs furiously pumping
Their stiff green gallopAnd heads bob up
Poise, delicate, pause, consent
In mute nostril agony
Carefully refined and sealed over

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