

The Soft Parade

The Doors

When I was back there in seminary school
There was a person there
Who put forth the proposition
That you can petition the Lord with prayer
Petition the lord with prayer
Petition the lord with prayer
You cannot petition the lord with prayer
Can you give me sanctuary?
I must find a place to hide
A place for me to hide
Can you find me soft asylum?
I can't make it anymore
The man is at the door
Peppermint, miniskirts, chocolate candy
Champion sax and a girl named Sandy
There's only four ways to get unraveled
One is to sleep and the other is travel, da da
One is a bandit up in the hills
One is to love your neighbor 'til
His wife gets home
Catacombs, nursery bones
Winter women
Growing stones
Carrying babies
To the river
Streets and shoes
Avenues
Leather riders
Selling news
The monk bought lunch
Ha ha, he bought a little
Yes, he did
Woo!
This is the best part of the trip
This is the trip, the best part
I really like
What'd he say?
Yeah
Yeah, right

Pretty good, huh

Huh!

Yeah, I'm proud to be a part of this number

Successful hills are here to stay

Everything must be this way

Gentle streets where people play

Welcome to the soft parade

All our lives we sweat and save

Building for a shallow grave

Must be something else we say

Somehow to defend this place

Everything must be this way

Everything must be this way, yeah

The soft parade has now begun

Listen to the engines hum

People out to have some fun

A cobra on my left

Leopard on my right, yeah

The deer woman in a silk dress

Girls with beads around their necks

Kiss the hunter of the green vest

Who has wrestled before

With lions in the night

Out of sight

The lights are getting brighter

The radio is moaning calling to the dogs

There are still a few animals

Left out in the yard

But it's getting harder to describe sailors

To the underfed

Tropic corridor, tropic treasure

What got us this far to this mild equator?

We need someone or something new

Something else to get us through, yeah, c'mon

Callin' on the dogs

Callin' on the dogs

Oh, it's gettin' harder

Callin' on the dogs

Callin' in the dogs

Callin' all the dogs

Callin' on the Gods

You gotta meet me

Too late, baby

Slay a few animals

At the crossroads
Too late
All in the yard
But it's gettin' harder
By the crossroads
You gotta meet me
Oh, we're goin', we're goin' great at the edge of town
Tropic corridor, tropic treasure
Havin' a good time got to come along
What got us this far to this mild equator?
Outskirts of the city
You and I we need someone new
Somethin' new
Somethin' else to get us through
Better bring your gun
Better bring your gun
Tropic corridor, tropic treasure
We're gonna ride and have some fun
When all else fails
We can whip the horse's eyes
And make them sleep
And cry

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