

Strange Days

The Doors

Strange days have found us
Strange days have tracked us down
They're going to destroy our casual joys
We shall go on playing or find a new town, yeah
Strange eyes fill strange rooms
Voices will signal their tired end
The hostess is grinning, her guests sleep from sinning
Hear me talk of sin and you know this is it, yeah
Strange days have found us
And through their strange hours we linger alone
Bodies confused, memories misused
As we run from the day to a strange night of stone

Songwriters

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