Latino Chrome

Jim Morrison

The music was new
black polished chrome
And came over the summer
like liquid night.
The DJ's took pills to stay awake
and play for seven days
They went to the studio
And someone knew him
Someone knew the TV showman
He came to our homeroom party
and played records
And when he left in the hot noon sun
and walked to his car
We saw the chooks had written
F-U-C-K on his windshield
He wiped it off with a rag
and smiling cooly drove away
He's rich. Got a big car.My gang will get you
Scenes of rape in the arroyo
Seduction in cars, abandoned buildings
Fights at the food stand
The dust
the shoes
Open shirts and raised collars
Bright sculptured hair.Hey man, you want girls, pills, grass? C'mon...
I show you good time.
This place has everything. C'mon...
I show you.

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