

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 prayerPetition the lord with prayer
Petition the lord with prayer
You cannot petition the lord with prayerCan you give me sanctuary?
I must find a place to hide
A place for me to hideCan you find me soft asylum?
I can't make it anymore
The man is at the doorPeppermint, 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 daOne is a bandit up in the hills
One is to love your neighbor 'til
His wife gets home
Catacombs, nursery bonesWinter women
Growing stones
Carrying babies
To the riverStreets and shoes
Avenues
Leather riders
Selling newsThe 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 playWelcome to the soft parade
All our lives we sweat and save
Building for a shallow graveMust be something else we say
Somehow to defend this place
Everything must be this way
Everything must be this way, yeahThe 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