

The Ghost Song

The Doors

Awake
Shake dreams from your hair
My pretty child, my sweet one
Choose the day, choose the sign of your day
The days divinity
First thing you see A vast radiant beach in a cool jeweled moon
Couples naked race down by its quiet side
And we laugh like soft, mad children
Smug in the woolly cotton brains of infancy
The music and voices are all around us Choose they croon the ancient ones
The time has come again
Choose now, they croon
Beneath the moon
Beside an ancient lake Enter again the sweet forest
Enter the hot dream
Come with us
Everything is broken up and dances Indians scattered,
On dawns highway bleeding
Ghosts crowd the young childs,
Fragile eggshell mind We have assembled inside,
This ancient and insane theater
To propagate our lust for our life,
And flee the swarming wisdom of the streets. The barns have stormed
The windows kept,
And only one of all the rest
To dance and save us
From the divine mockery of words,
Music inflames temperament. Ooh great creator of being
Grant us one more hour,
To perform our art
And perfect our lives. We need great golden copulations,
When true kings murders
Are allowed to roam free,
A thousand musicians arise from the land
Where are the feast we are promised? One more thing Thank you oh lord
For the white blind light
Thank you oh lord
For the white blind light A city rises from the sea
I had a splitting headache

From witch the feature is maid

Songwriters

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