

# Angels and Sailors

## Jim Morrison & The Doors

Angels and sailors  
Rich girls  
Backyard fences  
Tents Dreams watching each other narrowly  
Soft luxuriant cars  
Girls in garages, stripped  
Out to get liquor and clothes  
Half gallons of wine and six-packs of beer  
Jumped, humped, born to suffer  
Made to undress in the wilderness. I will never treat you mean  
Never start no kind of scene  
I'll tell you every place and person that I've been. Always a playground instructor, never a killer  
Always a bridesmaid on the verge of fame or over  
He maneuvered two girls into his hotel room  
One a friend, the other, the young one, a newer stranger  
Vaguely mexican or puerto rican  
Poor boys thighs and buttock scarred by a father's belt  
She's trying to rise  
Story of her boyfriend, of teenage stoned death games  
Handsome lad, dead in a car  
Confusion  
No connections  
Come 'ere  
I love you  
Peace on earth  
Will you die for me?  
Eat me  
This way  
The end I'll always be true  
Never go out, sneaking out on you, babe  
If you'll only show me far arden again. I'm surprised you could get it up  
He whips her lightly, sardonically, with belt  
Haven't I been through enough? she asks  
Now dressed and leaving  
The spanish girl begins to bleed  
She says her period  
It's catholic heaven  
I have an ancient indian crucifix around my neck  
My chest is hard and brown

Lying on stained, wretched sheets with a bleeding virgin  
We could plan a murder  
Or start a religion.

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