

Gloria (Live At the Matrix)

The Doors

Yeah, right
Did you hear about my baby? She come around
She come round here, her head to the ground?
Come round here just about midnight,
She makes me feel so good, make me feel alright
She come round my street, now
She come to my house
Knock upon my door
Climbing up my stairs, one, two, three
Come on, baby
Here she is in my room, oh boy
Hey, what's your name?
How old are you? Where'd you go to school?
Well, now that we know each other a little bit better
Why don't you come over here and make me feel alright?
Gloria, G L O R I A
Gloria, G L O R I A
Gloria, G L O R I A
Gloria, G L O R I A
You were my queen and I was your fool
Riding home after school
You took me home
To your house
Your father's at work
Your mama's out shopping around
Check me into your room
Show me your thing
Why'd you do it baby?
Getting softer, slow it down, etc
Now you show me your thing
Wrap your legs around my neck
Wrap your arms around my feet
Wrap your hair around my skin
I'm gonna huh, all right, okay, yeah
It's getting harder, It's getting too darn fast, etc
Come on, now, let's get it on
Too late, too late, too late, too late, too late
Make me feel all right
Gloria, G L O R I A
Gloria, G L O R I A
Gloria, G L O R I A
Gloria, G L O R I A
Keep the whole thing going, baby

Songwriters

NAVARRO, ESTHER Published by

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