

Wake Up! (Live Hollywood Bowl 1968)

The Doors

Wake up!
You can't remember where it was
Had this dream stopped?
The snake was pale gold
Glazed and shrunken
We were afraid to touch it
The sheets were hot dead prisons And she was beside me
Old, she's numb
Her dark, red hair
The white soft skin Now, run to the mirror in the bathroom
Look!
She's coming in here
I can't live through each slow century of her moving
I let my cheek slide down
The cool smooth tile
Feel the good cold stinging blood
The smooth hissing snakes of rain...

Songwriters

JOSHUA YUDKIN, CRYSTRAL JEANELL JOHNSON, JAMES M SALAMONE Published by
Lyrics © ARCNESS MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>