

# Whiskey, Mystics and Men

## The Doors

Well I'll tell you a story of whiskey and mystics and men  
And about the believers and how the whole thing began  
First there were women and children obeying the moon  
Then daylight brought wisdom and fever and sickness too soon  
You can try to remind me instead of the other  
you can  
You can help to insure that we all insecure our command  
If you don't give a listen, I won't try to tell your new hand  
This is it, can't you see that we all have our ends in the band?  
And if all of the teachers and preachers of wealth  
were arraigned  
We could see quite a future for me in the literal sands  
And if all of the people could claim to inspect such regret  
Well, we'd have no forgiveness, forgetfulness, faithful remorse  
So, I tell you, I tell you, I tell you we must send away  
We must try to find a new answer instead of a way

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