

# Wake Up!

## The Doors

Wake up, you can't remember where it was  
Has 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  
Ooh, she's not young Her dark red hair, her 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

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