

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

Songwriters

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