

# Awake

## Jim Morrison & The Doors

Awake.

Shake dreams from your hair  
my pretty child, my sweet one.

Choose the day and choose  
the sign of your day  
the day's divinity

First thing you see.A vast radiant beach and  
cooled jeweled moon

Couples naked race down  
by it's quiet side  
And we laugh like soft, mad children  
Smug in the wooly cotton  
brains of infancy

The music and voices are all around us.Choose they croon the Ancient Ones  
the time has come again  
choose now, they croon  
beneath the moon

beside an ancient lakeEnter again the sweet forest  
Enter the hot dream

Come with us  
everything is broken up and dances.Indians scattered,

On dawn's highway bleeding  
Ghosts crowd the young child's,  
Fragile eggshell mindWe have assembled inside,

This ancient and insane theater  
To propagate our lust for our life,

And flee the swarming  
wisdom of the streets.The barns have stormed

The windows kept,  
And only one of all the rest

To dance and save us  
From the divine mockery of words,

Music inflames temperament.Ooh great creator of being  
Grant us one more hour,

To perform our art

And perfect our lives.We need great golden copulations,When the true kings murders  
Are allowed to roam free,  
A thousand magicians arise in the land  
Where are the feast we are promised?One more thingThank you oh lord

For the white blind light  
Thank you oh lord  
For the white blind lightA city rises from the sea  
I had a splitting headache  
From which the future's made

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