

Black Polished Chrome

Jim Morrison & The Doors

The music was new, black polished chrome
And came over the summer like liquid night.
The DJ's took pills to stay awake
And play for seven days. They went to the studio
And someone knew him.
Someone knew the TV showman.
He came to our homeroom party
And played records and when he left
In the hot noon sun
And walked to his car,
We saw the Chooks had written
F-U-C-K on his windshield.
He wiped it off with a white rag
And smiling coolly drove away. He's rich.
Got a big car.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>