

# Dawn's Highway

## Jim Morrison & The Doors

Indians scattered on dawn's highway bleeding  
Ghosts crowd the young child's fragile eggshell mind. Me and my -ah- mother and father - and a grandmother and a grandfather - were driving through the desert, at dawn, and a truck load of Indian workers had either hit another car, or just - I don't know what happened - but there were Indians scattered all over the highway, bleeding to death. So the car pulls up and stops. That was the first time I tasted fear. I musta' been about four - like a child is like a flower, his head is just floating in the breeze, man.

The reaction I get now thinking about it, looking back - is that the souls of the ghosts of those dead Indians... maybe one or two of 'em... were just running around freaking out, and just leaped into my soul. And they're still in there. Indians scattered on dawn's highway bleeding

Ghosts crowd the young child's fragile eggshell mind. Blood in the streets in the town of New Haven  
Blood stains the roofs and the palm trees of Venice  
Blood in my love in the terrible summer

Bloody red sun of Phantastic L.A. Blood screams her brain as they chop off her fingers  
Blood will be born in the birth if a nation  
Blood is the rose of mysterious union

Blood on the rise, it's following me. Indian, Indian what did you die for?  
Indian says, nothing at all.

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