

## Doors

# "Texas Radio And The Big Beat"

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I wanna tell you about Texas Radio and the Big Beat  
Comes out of the Virginia swamps  
Cool and slow with a back beat  
Narrow and hard to master  
Some call it heavenly in it's brilliance  
Others, mean and ruthless of the Western dream  
I love the friends I have gathered together on this thin  
raft  
We've constructed pyramids in honor of our escaping  
This is the land where the Pharaoh died

Children  
The river contains specimens  
The voices of singing women  
Call us on the far shore

And they are saying  
"Forget the Night  
Live with us in Forests of azure"  
Meager food for souls forgot

I tell you this;  
No eternal reward will  
Forgive us now for  
Wasting the dawn

One morning you awoke  
And the strange sun  
And opening your door...

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