The Doors "Black Polished Chrome / Latino Chrome"

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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 rag and smiling cooly drove away He's rich. Got a big car.

My gang will get you
Scenes of rape in the arroyo
Seduction in cars, abandoned buildings
Fights at the food stand
The dust
the shoes
Open shirts and raised collars
Bright sculptured hair.
Hey man, you want girls, pills, grass? C'mon...
I show you good time.
This place has everything. C'mon...
I show you.

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