

## The Doors

# "Curses, Invocations"

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### "Curses, Invocations"

Curses, Invocations  
Weird bate-headed mongrels  
I keep expecting one of you to rise  
Large buxom obese queen  
Garden hogs and cunt veterans  
Quaint cabbage saints  
Shit hoarders and individualists  
Drag strip officials  
Tight lipped losers and  
Lustful fuck salesman  
My militant dandies  
All strange orders of monsters  
Hot on the tail of the woodvine  
We welcome you to our procession

Here come the Comedians  
Look at them smile  
Watch them dance an Indian mile  
Look at them gesture  
How aplomb  
So to gesture everyone  
Words dissemble  
Words be quick  
Words resemble walking sticks  
Plant them they will grow  
Watch them waver so  
I'll always be a word man  
Better then a bird man

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