

The Doors "Hour For Magic"

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resident mockery
give us an hour for magic
We of the purple glove
We of the starling light and velvet hour
We of the arabic pleasure's breed
We of the sundome and the night Give us greed
To believe
A night of Lust
Give us trust in
The Night
Give of color
hundred hues
a rich mandala
for me and you
and your silky
pillowed house
a head, wisdom
and a bed
Troubled decree
Resident mockery
has claimed thee
We used to believe

in the good old days
We still receive
In little ways
The things of Kindness
and unsporting brow
Forget and allow
Did you know freedom exists in a school book
Did you know madmen are running our prison
within a jail, within a gaol
within a white protestant
maelstrom
We're perched headlong on the edge of boredom
We're racing for death on the end of a candle
We're trying for something
That's already found us

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