

## The Doors "Mental Floss"

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All deserters will be shot at 5 o'clock tomorrow morning  
So get yourselves together and quit messing around,  
no more nonsense  
The assassination occurred at 3:30, no one was there  
to witness it  
Even the breviaries had left their tapestries on the  
window  
And we were all silenced by the sad mildew cloud that  
followed around  
I wish I was back in the land of the, of the, aahm uhm

You can't pin that one on me, I didn't do a goddamn  
thing  
I was just standing there then a bunch of guys came up  
And started laying all this shit on me, now what am I  
supposed to do?  
I'm an American! You can't touch me!

Did you know all nuns are 42? And their eyes are blue?  
Did you know all table clothes are white in France?  
Did you know women wear underpants?  
Well, they do

How does a musician imitate the sound of underpants  
sliding  
Over a woman's thighs, down over her ankles  
And over her little toes? And the rings on her toes?  
And her unequipped toe nails?

Lightning struck the magic purse, I didn't do a damn  
thing, man!  
I was just standing there in front of the 'Delicatessen'  
And all these rabbies ran up and a bunch of Indians  
and freaks  
And monsters and [unverified] just started mhmh  
Talking in all these weird languages, what aah, what  
could I say?

Hey, I'm tired of being a freaky musician, I wanna be  
Napoleon!  
Let's have some more wars around here  
What a stinking, shitty little war we have running over

there  
Let's get a big one! A real big one!  
With a lotta killings and bombs and blood

School days, school days  
Good old-fashioned rule days  
School days, school days  
Good old-fashioned rule days

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