

# The Doors "The Wasp"

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I wanna tell you 'bout Texas Radio and the Big Beat  
Comes out of the Virginia swamps  
Cool and slow with plenty of precision  
With a back beat narrow and hard to master

Some call it heavenly in its brilliance  
Others, mean and ruthless of the Western dream  
I love the friends I have gathered together on this thin  
raft  
We have constructed pyramids in honor of our  
escaping  
This is the land where the Pharaoh died

The Negroes in the forest brightly feathered  
They are saying, "Forget the night  
Live with us in forests of azure  
Out here on the perimeter there are no stars  
Out here we is stoned immaculate"

Now, listen to this and I'll tell you 'bout the heartache  
I'll tell you 'bout the heartache and the loss of God  
I'll tell you 'bout the hopeless night  
The meager food for souls forgot  
I'll tell you 'bout the maiden with wrought iron soul

I'll tell you this  
No eternal reward will forgive us now for wasting the  
dawn

I'll tell you 'bout Texas Radio and the Big Beat  
Soft, driven slow and mad, like some new language

Now, listen to this and I'll tell you 'bout the Texas  
I'll tell you 'bout the Texas Radio  
I'll tell you 'bout the hopeless night  
Wandering the Western dream  
Tell you 'bout the maiden with wrought iron soul

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