

## **The Doors**

# **"Whiskey, Mystics And Men"**

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Well I'll tell you a story of whiskey and mystics and men  
And about the believers and how the whole thing began  
First there were women and children obeying the moon  
Then daylight brought wisdom and fever and sickness  
too soon

You can try to remind me instead of the other you can  
You can help to insure that we all insecure our  
command  
If you don't give a listen, I won't try to tell your new  
hand  
This is it, can't you see that we all have our ends in the  
band?

And if all of the teachers and preachers of wealth were  
arraigned  
We could see quite a future for me in the literal sands

And if all of the people could claim to inspect such  
regret  
Well, we'd have no forgiveness, forgetfulness, faithful  
remorse  
So, I tell you, I tell you, I tell you we must send away  
We must try to find a new answer instead of a way

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