

Doors, The

"Dawn's Highway"

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Indians scattered on dawn's highway bleeding
Ghosts crowd the young child's fragile eggshell mind.
Me and my -ah- mother and father - and a
grandmother and a grandfather - were driving through
the desert, at dawn, and a truck load of Indian
workers had either hit another car, or just - I don't
know what happened - but there were Indians scattered
all over the highway, bleeding to death.
So the car pulls up and stops. That was the first time
I tasted fear. I musta' been about four - like a child is
like a flower, his head is just floating in the
breeze, man.
The reaction I get now thinking about it, looking
back - is that the souls of the ghosts of those dead
Indians...maybe one or two of 'em...were just
running around freaking out, and just leaped into my
soul. And they're still in there.
Indians scattered on dawn's highway bleeding
Ghosts crowd the young child's fragile eggshell mind.
Blood in the streets in the town of New Haven
Blood stains the roofs and the palm trees of Venice

Blood in my love in the terrible summer

Bloody red sun of Phantastic L.A.

Blood screams her brain as they chop off her fingers

Blood will be born in the birth of a nation

Blood is the rose of mysterious union

Blood on the rise, it's following me.

Indian, Indian what did you die for?

Indian says, nothing at all.

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