

Doors, The

"Five To One"

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Yeah, c'mon
Love my girl
She lookin' good
C'mon
One more

Five to one, baby
One in five
No one here gets out alive, now
You get yours, baby
I'll get mine
Gonna make it, baby
If we try

The old get old
And the young get stronger
They take our week
And they make it longer
They got the guns
But we got the numbers
Gonna win, yeah
We're takin' over
Come on!

Yeah!

Your ballroom days are over, baby
Night is drawing near
Shadows of the evening crawl across the years
Ya walk across the floor with a flower in your hand
Trying to tell me no one understands
Trade in your hours for a handful dimes
Gonna' make it, baby, in our prime

Come together one more time
Get together one more time
Get together one more time
Get together, aha
Get together one more time!
Get together one more time!
Get together one more time

Get together one more time
Get together, gotta, get together

Ohhhhhhhh!

Hey, c'mon, honey
You won't have along wait for me, baby
I'll be there in just a little while
You see, I gotta go out in this car with these people
and...

Get together one more time
Get together one more time
Get together, got to
Get together, got to
Get together, got to
Take you up in my room and...
Hah-hah-hah-hah-hah
Love my girl
She lookin' good, lookin' real good
Love ya, c'mon

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