

Doors, The

"Mental Floss (Live At The Aquarius Theater, Hollywood, 197)"

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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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