

Doors, The

"Ship Of Fools"

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The human race was dyin' out.
No one left to scream and shout.
People walkin' on the moon.
Smog will get you pretty soon.

Everyone was hangin' out.
Hangin' up and hangin' down.
Hangin' in and holding fast.
Hope our little world will last.

Yeah, along came Mr. Goodtrips
Lookin' for a new a ship.
Come on, people better climb on board.
Come on, baby, now we're goin' home.
Ship of fools.
Ship of fools.

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