

Doors, The

"Stoned Immaculate"

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I'll tell you this...
No eternal reward will forgive us now
For wasting the dawn.

Back in those days everything was simpler and more
confused.

One summer night, going to the pier,
I ran into two young girls.

The blonde one was called Freedom,
The dark one, Enterprise,

We talked and they told me this story:
Now listen to this...

I'll tell you about Texas radio and the Big Beat.

Soft driven, slow and mad

Like some new language,

Reaching your head with the cold, sudden fury
of a divine messenger.

Let me tell you about heartache and the loss of God.

Wandering, wandering in hopeless night.

Out here in the perimeter there are no stars.

Out here we is stoned
Immaculate.

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