

Doors, The

"Strange Days"

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Strange days have found us,
Strange days have tracked us down,
They're going to destroy
Our casual joys,
We shall go on playing
Or find a new town.

Strange eyes fill strange rooms,
Voices will signal their tired end,
The hostess is grinning,
Her guests sleep from sinning,
Hear me talk of sin
And you know this is it.

Strange days have found us
And through their strange hours
We linger alone,
Bodies confused,
Memories misused,
As we run from the day
To a strange night of stone.

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