

Doors, The

"The Crystal Ship"

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Before you slip into unconsciousness
I'd like to have another kiss,
Another flashing chance of bliss,
Another kiss, another kiss.

The days are bright and filled with pain,
Enclose me in your gentle rain.
The time you ran was too insane,
We'll meet again, we'll meet again.

Oh tell me where your freedom lies,
The streets are fields that never die,
Deliver me from reasons why
You'd rather cry, I'd rather fly.

The crystal ship is being filled,
A thousand girls, a thousand thrills,
A million ways to spend your time,
When we get back, I'll drop a line.

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