

Doors, The

"The Ghost Song"

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Artist : Doors, The

Title : The Ghost Song

Awake

Shake dreams from your hair, my pretty child, my
sweet one

Choose the day, and choose the sign of your day,
The day's divinity, first thing you see.

A vast radiant beach and cool jeweled moon

Couples naked race down by its quiet side

And we laugh like soft, mad children,

Smug in the woolly cotton brains of infancy.

The music and voices with all around us.

Choose, they croon, the ancient ones, the time has
come again.

Choose now, they croon, beneath the moon, beside an
ancient lake.

Enter again the sweet forest.

Enter the hot dream, come with us.

Everything is broken up and dances.

Indians scattered on dawn's highway bleeding.

Ghosts crowd the young child's fragile eggshell mind.

We have assembled inside this ancient and insane
theatre

to propagate our lust for life and flee the swarm of
wisdom's restraints.

The barns are stormed, the windows kept

And only one of all the rest

Can dance and save us from the divine mockery of
words.

Music inflames temperament.

Oh, great creator of being

Grant us one more hour

to perform our art and perfect our lives.

We need great golden copulations

When a true king's murderer has been allowed to roam
free

A thousand magicians arise in the land.

Where are the feasts we were promised?

(After a few seconds in the end of the recording Jim

says:

"Thank you oh lord for the white blind light
Thank you oh lord for the white blind light
a city will rise from the sea
I had a splitting headache
from which the futures made")

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