

Doors, The

"The Soft Parade"

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When I was back there in seminary school
There was a person there
Who put forth the proposition
That you can petition the Lord with prayer
Petition the lord with prayer
Petition the lord with prayer
You cannot petition the lord with prayer!

Can you give me sanctuary
I must find a place to hide
A place for me to hide

Can you find me soft asylum
I can't make it anymore
The Man is at the door

Peppermint, miniskirts, chocolate candy
Champion sax and a girl named Sandy
There's only four ways to get unraveled
One is to sleep and the other is travel, da da
One is a bandit up in the hills
One is to love your neighbor 'till
His wife gets home

Catacombs
Nursery bones
Winter women
Growing stones
Carrying babies
To the river

Streets and shoes
Avenues
Leather riders
Selling news
The monk bought lunch

Ha ha, he bought a little
Yes, he did
Woo!
This is the best part of the trip

This is the trip, the best part
I really like
What'd he say?
Yeah!
Yeah, right!
Pretty good, huh
Huh!
Yeah, I'm proud to be a part of this number

Successful hills are here to stay
Everything must be this way
Gentle streets where people play
Welcome to the Soft Parade

All our lives we sweat and save
Building for a shallow grave
Must be something else we say
Somehow to defend this place
Everything must be this way
Everything must be this way, yeah

The Soft Parade has now begun
Listen to the engines hum
People out to have some fun
A cobra on my left
Leopard on my right, yeah

The deer woman in a silk dress
Girls with beads around their necks
Kiss the hunter of the green vest
Who has wrestled before
With lions in the night

Out of sight!
The lights are getting brighter
The radio is moaning
Calling to the dogs
There are still a few animals
Left out in the yard
But it's getting harder
To describe sailors
To the underfed

Tropic corridor
Tropic treasure
What got us this far
To this mild equator?

We need someone or something new
Something else to get us through, yeah, c'mon

Callin' on the dogs
Callin' on the dogs
Oh, it's gettin' harder
Callin' on the dogs
Callin' in the dogs
Callin' all the dogs
Callin' on the gods

You gotta meet me
Too late, baby
Slay a few animals
At the crossroads
Too late
All in the yard
But it's gettin' harder
By the crossroads
You gotta meet me
Oh, we're goin', we're goin' great
At the edge of town
Tropic corridor
Tropic treasure
Havin' a good time
Got to come along
What got us this far
To this mild equator?
Outskirts of the city
You and I
We need someone new
Somethin' new
Somethin' else to get us through
Better bring your gun
Better bring your gun
Tropic corridor
Tropic treasure
We're gonna ride and have some fun

When all else fails
We can whip the horse's eyes
And make them sleep
And cry

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