

The Doors, Angels And Sailors

Angels and sailors
Rich girls
Backyard fences
Tents

Dreams watching each other narrowly
Soft luxuriant cars
Girls in garages, stripped
Out to get liquor and clothes
Half gallons of wine and six-packs of beer
Jumped, humped, born to suffer
Made to undress in the wilderness.

I will never treat you mean
Never start no kind of scene
I'll tell you every place and person that I've been.

Always a playground instructor, never a killer
Always a bridesmaid on the verge of fame or over
He maneuvered two girls into his hotel room
One a friend, the other, the young one, a newer stranger
Vaguely Mexican or Puerto Rican
Poor boys thighs and buttock scarred by a father's belt
She's trying to lie
Story of her boyfriend, of teenage stoned death games
Handsome lad, dead in a car
Confusion
No connections
Come 'ere
I love you
Peace on earth
Will you die for me?
Eat me
This way
The end

I'll always be true
Never go out, sneaking out on you, babe
If you'll only show me Far Arden again.

I'm surprised you could get it up
He whips her lightly, sardonically, with belt
Haven't I been through enough? she asks
Now dressed and leaving
The Spanish girl begins to bleed
She says her period
It's Catholic heaven
I have an ancient Indian crucifix around my neck
My chest is hard and brown
Lying on stained, wretched sheets with a bleeding virgin
We could plan a murder
Or start a religion.