

# The Doors, Black Polished Chrome

The music was new  
black polished chrome  
And came over the summer  
like liquid night.  
The DJ's took pills to stay awake  
and play for seven days  
They went to the studio  
And someone knew him  
Someone knew the TV showman  
He came to our homeroom party  
and played records  
And when he left in the hot noon sun  
and walked to his car  
We saw the chooks had written  
F-U-C-K on his windshield  
He wiped it off with a rag  
and smiling coolly drove away  
He's rich. Got a big car.

My gang will get you  
Scenes of rape in the arroyo  
Seduction in cars, abandoned buildings  
Fights at the food stand  
The dust  
the shoes  
Open shirts and raised collars  
Bright sculptured hair.

Hey man, you want girls, pills, grass? C'mon...  
I show you good time.  
This place has everything. C'mon...  
I show you.