

The Doors, Gloria

(Van Morrison)

Yeah, right.

Did you hear about my baby? She come around,
She come round here, her head to the ground?
Come round here just about midnight,
She makes me feel so good, make me feel all right.
She come round my street, now
She come to my house
Knock upon my door
Climbing up my stairs - one, two, three
Come on baby
Here she is in my room, oh boy
Hey what's your name?
How old are you?
Where'd you go to school?
Well, now that we know each other a little bit better,
Why don't you come over here and make me feel all right!

[Chorus:]

Gloria - g-l-o-r-i-a
Gloria - g-l-o-r-i-a
Gloria - g-l-o-r-i-a
Gloria - g-l-o-r-i-a

You were my queen and I was your fool,
Riding home after school.
You took me home
To your house.
Your father's at work,
Your mama's out shopping around.
Check me into your room.
Show me your thing.
Why'd you do it baby?
Getting softer - slow it down, etc.
Now you show me your thing.
Wrap your legs around my neck,
Wrap your arms around my feet,
Wrap your hair around my skin.
I'm gonna huh - all right, ok, yeah.
It's getting harder - It's getting too darn fast, etc.
Come on, now, let's get it on.
Too late, too late, too late, too late, too late,
Make me feel all right!

[Chorus]

Keep the whole thing going, baby!