

The Doors, Paris Blues

I wish I was a girl of sixteen,
Be the queen of the magazine.
I'd drive around in a great big car.
I'd have a chauffeur like a movie star.
And all night long you could hear me scream.

When you look all around,
Can you believe the shape she's in?
When you look all around,
Can you believe the shape she's in?
Look all around,
Can you believe the shape she's in?

Know where I'm goin',
Can't remember where I've been.
Know right where I'm goin',
Can't remember where I've been.
Goin' to the city of love,
Gonna start my life all over again.

Once I was young,
Now I'm gettin' old.
Once I was warm,
Now I feel cold.
Well I'm goin' overseas,
Gonna grab me some of that gold