

# The Doors, Peace Frog

There's blood in the streets, it's up to my ankles  
She came  
Blood in the streets, it's up to my knee  
She came  
Blood in the streets in the town of Chicago  
She came  
Blood on the rise, it's following me  
Think about the break of day

She came and then she drove away  
Sunlight in her hair

She came  
Blood in the streets runs a river of sadness  
She came  
Blood in the streets it's up to my thigh  
She came  
Yeah the river runs red down the legs of a city  
She came  
The women are crying red rivers of weepin'

She came into town and then she drove away  
Sunlight in her hair

Indians scattered on dawn's highway bleeding  
Ghosts crowd the young child's fragile eggshell mind

Blood in the streets in the town of New Haven  
Blood stains the roofs and the palm trees of Venice  
Blood in my love in the terrible summer  
Bloody red sun of Phantastic L.A.

Blood screams her brain as they chop off her fingers  
Blood will be born in the birth of a nation  
Blood is the rose of mysterious union

There's blood in the streets, it's up to my ankles  
Blood in the streets, it's up to my knee  
Blood in the streets in the town of Chicago  
Blood on the rise, it's following me