

The Doors, The Ghost Song

awake

shake dreams from your hair, my pretty child, my sweet one
choose the day, and choose the sign of your day,
the day's divinity, first thing you see.
a vast radiant beach and cool jewelled moon
couples naked race down by its quiet side
and we laugh like soft, mad children,
smug in the woolly cotton brains of infancy.
the music and voices with all around us.
choose, they croon, the ancient ones, the time has come again.
choose now, they croon, beneath the moon, beside an ancient lake.
enter again the sweet forest.
enter the hot dream, come with us.
everything is broken up and dances.
indian scattered on dawn's highway bleeding.
ghosts crowd the young child's fragile eggshell mind.
we have assembled inside this ancient and insane theatre
to propagate our lust for life and flee the swarm of wisdom's restraints.
the barns are stormed, the windows kept
and only one of all the rest
can dance and save us from the divine mockery of words.
music inflames temperament.
oh, great creator of being
grant us one more hour
to perform our art and perfect our lives.
we make great golden combinations.
when a true king's murderer has been allowed to roam free
a thousand magicians arise in the land.
where are the feasts we were promised?

(after a few seconds in the end of the recording Jim says :
"thank you oh lord for the white blinde light
thank you oh lord for the white blinde light
a city will rise from the sea
i had a spliting headaike
from wich the futere is made")