

# Ghost Song

The Doors

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 in a cool jeweled moon  
Couples naked race down by it's quiet side  
And we laugh like soft, mad children  
Smug in the wooly cotton brains of infancy  
The music and voices are 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.

Indians scattered,  
On dawn's highway bleeding  
Ghosts crowd the young child's,  
Fragile eggshell mind

We have assembled inside,  
This ancient and insane theater  
To propagate our lust for life,  
And flee the swarming wisdom of the streets.

The barns have stormed  
The windows kept,  
And only one of all the rest  
To dance and save us  
From the divine mockery of words,  
Music inflames temperament.

Ooh great creator of being  
Grant us one more hour,  
To perform our art  
And perfect our lives.

We need great golden copulations,

When the true kings murderers  
Are allowed to roam free,  
A thousand magicians arise in the land  
Where are the feast we are promised?