

## L'America

### The Doors

I took a trip down to L'America  
To trade some beads for a pint of gold  
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To trade some beads for a pint of gold  
L'America, L'America, L'America  
L'America, L'America, L'America

Come on people, don't you look so down  
You know the rain man is coming to town  
He'll change your weather, change your luck  
And it'll teach you how to  
Find yourself  
L'America

Friendly strangers came to town  
All the people put them down  
But the women loved their ways  
Come again some other day  
Like the gentle rain  
Like the gentle rain  
That falls

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L'America