

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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