

## The Soft Parade - (live)

The Doors

When I was back there in seminary school  
There was a person there  
Who put forth the proposition  
That you can petition the Lord with prayer  
Petition the lord with prayer  
Petition the lord with prayer  
You cannot petition the lord with prayer!  
Can you give me sanctuary  
I must find a place to hide  
A place for me to hide  
Can you find me soft asylum  
I can't make it anymore  
The Man is at the door  
Peppermint, miniskirts, chocolate candy  
Champion sax and a girl named Sandy  
There's only four ways to get unraveled  
One is to sleep and the other is travel, da da  
One is a bandit up in the hills  
One is to love your neighbor 'till  
His wife gets home  
Catacombs  
Nursery bones  
Winter women  
Growing stones  
Carrying babies  
To the river  
Streets and shoes  
Avenues  
Leather riders  
Selling news  
The monk bought lunch  
Ha ha, he bought a little  
Yes, he did  
Woo!  
This is the best part of the trip  
This is the trip, the best part  
I really like  
What'd he say?  
Yeah!  
Yeah, right!  
Pretty good, huh  
Huh!  
Yeah, I'm proud to be a part of this number  
Successful hills are here to stay  
Everything must be this way  
Gentle streets where people play  
Welcome to the Soft Parade  
All our lives we sweat and save  
Building for a shallow grave  
Must be something else we say  
Somehow to defend this place  
Everything must be this way  
Everything must be this way, yeah  
The Soft Parade has now begun  
Listen to the engines hum  
People out to have some fun  
A cobra on my left

Leopard on my right, yeah  
The deer woman in a silk dress  
Girls with beads around their necks  
Kiss the hunter of the green vest  
Who has wrestled before  
With lions in the night  
Out of sight!  
The lights are getting brighter  
The radio is moaning  
Calling to the dogs  
There are still a few animals  
Left out in the yard  
But it's getting harder  
To describe sailors  
To the underfed  
Tropic corridor  
Tropic treasure  
What got us this far  
To this mild equator?  
We need someone or something new  
Something else to get us through, yeah, c'mon  
Callin' on the dogs  
Callin' on the dogs  
Oh, it's gettin' harder  
Callin' on the dogs  
Callin' in the dogs  
Callin' all the dogs  
Callin' on the gods  
You gotta meet me  
Too late, baby  
Slay a few animals  
At the crossroads  
Too late  
All in the yard  
But it's gettin' harder  
By the crossroads  
You gotta meet me  
Oh, we're goin', we're goin great  
At the edge of town  
Tropic corridor  
Tropic treasure  
Havin' a good time  
Got to come along  
What got us this far  
To this mild equator?  
Outskirts of the city  
You and I  
We need someone new  
Somethin' new  
Somethin' else to get us through  
Better bring your gun  
Better bring your gun  
Tropic corridor  
Tropic treasure  
We're gonna ride and have some fun  
When all else fails  
We can whip the horse's eyes  
And make them sleep  
And cry