

Strange Young Girls

The Mamas and the Papas

Strange young girls
Covered with sadness;
Eyes of innocence
Hiding their madness.
Walking the strip -
Sweet, soft, and placid -
Offering their youth
On the alter of acid.

Thinking these gifts
Were sent by the dove;
All for the trip
Accompanied by love.

Gentle young girls,
Holding hands walking;
Wisdom flows childlike
While softly talking.
Colors surround them
Bejewling their hair;
Visions astound them,
Demanding their share.
Children of Orpheus
Called by the dove -
All for the trip
Accompanied by love.

Thinking these gifts
Were sent by the dove -
All for the trip
Accompanied by love.