

# The Doors, Wake Up

Wake up!  
You can't remember where it was.  
Had this dream stopped?  
The snake was pale gold  
Glazed & shrunken.  
We were afraid to touch it.  
The sheets were hot dead prisons.

And she was beside me.  
Old, she's numb.  
Her dark, red hair,  
The white soft skin.

Now, run to the mirror in the bathroom,  
Look!  
She's coming in here  
I can't live thru each slow century of her moving.  
I let my cheek slide down  
The cool smooth tile  
Feel the good cold stinging blood  
The smooth hissing snakes of rain...