

The Doors, Whiskey, Mystics And Men

Well, I'll tell you a story
Of whiskey and mystics and men,
And about the believers and
How the whole thing began.
First there were women and
Children obeying the moon,
Then daylight brought wisdom
And fever and sickness too soon.
You can try to remind me
Instead of the other, you can.
You can help to insure
That we all insecure our command.
If you don't give a listen,
I won't try to tell your new hand.
This is it; can't you see
That we all have our ends in the band.

And if all of the teachers and
Preachers of wealth were arraigned,
We could see quite a future
For me in the literal sands.
And if all the people
Could claime to inspect such regrets,
Well, we'd have no forgiveness,
Forgetfullness, faithful remorse.
So I tell you, I tell you,
I tell you we must send away.
We must try to find a
New answer instead of a way.