

Jim Morrison, A Feast Of Friends

Wow, Im sick of doubt
Live in the light of certain South
Cruel bindings
The servants have the power
Dog men and their mean women
Pulling poor blankets over our sailors
Im sick of dour faces
Staring at me from the T.V. Tower
I want roses in my garden bower; dig?
Royal babies, rubies
Must now replace aborted
Strangers in the mud
These mutants, blood meal
for the plant thats plowed

They are waiting to take us into the severed garden
Do you know, how pale and wanton thrillful
Comes death in a strange hour
Unannounced, unplanned for
like a scaring over-friendly guest youve brought to bed
Death makes angels of us all and gives us wings
Where we had shoulders, smooth as ravens claws

No more money, no more fancy dress
This other kingdom seems by far the best
Until its other jaw reveals incest
And loose obidience to a vegetable law

I will not go
Prefer a feast of friends
To the giant family