The Doors, Paris Blues

I wish I was a girl of sixteen
Be the queen of the magazine
I'd drive around in a great big car
I'd have a chauffeur like a movie star
And all night long you could hear me scream!

When you look all around, can you believe the shape she's in?
When you look all around, can you believe the shape she's in?
Look all around, can you believe the shape she's in?

Know where I'm goin', can't remember where I've been
Know right where I'm goin', can't remember where I've been
Goin' to the city of love, gonna start my life all over again

Once I was young now I'm gettin' old
Once I was warm, now I feel cold
Well, I'm goin' overseas, gonna grab me some of that gold