

The Doors, Queen Of The Magazines

All right, all right, all right.
All right, come on.
Baby love me.
Baby, she can't care.
Baby love me.
Baby, she cannot care.
Well I wanna tell ya.
She was seventeen.
She was perfect.
Queen of the magazines.
She doesn't care,
What she did.
She didn't give a damn,
What she did.
She was my woman, seventeen.
She was the queen of the magazines, oh right.
I don't know what to tell ya.
She was so good.
Used to feel,
Like I thought she would.