

# The Doors, Stoned Immaculate

I'll tell you this...  
No eternal reward will forgive us now  
For wasting the dawn.

Back in those days everything was simpler and more confused  
One summer night, going to the pier  
I ran into two young girls  
The blonde one was called Freedom  
The dark one, Enterprise  
We talked and they told me this story  
Now listen to this...  
I'll tell you about Texas radio and the big beat  
Soft driven, slow and mad  
Like some new language  
Reaching your head with the cold, sudden fury of a divine messenger  
Let me tell you about heartache and the loss of god  
Wandering, wandering in hopeless night  
Out here in the perimeter there are no stars

Out here we is stoned  
Immaculate.