The Doors, Texas Radio and The Big Beat

I wanna tell you about Texas Radio and the Big Beat
Comes out of the Virginia swamps, cool and slow
With a back beat, narrow and hard to master
Some call it heavenly in its brilliance
Others mean and ruefull of the Western dream
I love the friends I have gathered together on this thin raft
We have constructed pyramids in honor of our escaping
Well, this is the land where the Pharaoh died
Children
The river contains specimens
The voices of singing women call us on the far shore
And they are saying:
Forget the night
Live with us in forests of azure
Meager food for souls forgot
I'll tell you this...
No eternal reward will forgive us now
For wasting the dawn
And one morning you awoke
And the strange sun
And opening your door...