Words & Music by The Doors

With a beat

Well, the clock says it's time to close now;

I guess I'd better go

now;

I'd really like to stay here all

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The cars crawl past all
stuffed with eyes;
Street lights shed their hollow glow;

brain seems bruised with numb surprise.

Still one place to
Still one place to

Let me
Chorus

Em D7 Em D7 Em D7
sleep all night in your soul kit-chen,

D D7 D D7 D D7

your gentle stove.

Em D7 Em D7 Em D7
warm my mind near

D D7 D D7 D D7

your gentle stove.

Em D7 Em D7 Em D7
Turn me out and I'll wan-der, ba-by,

D D7 D D7 D D7

stumbling in the ne-on
groves.

A D6 A D6

Your fingers weave quick mi-na-rets,

A D6 A D6

speaking in se-cret al-pha-bets. I light an-o-ther

ci-ga-rette,
Learn to forget, Learn to forget,
Learn to forget get D.C. to

All night.