THE WASP

Jim Morrison

Medium 4 beat

I want to tell you about Texas Radio and the big beat.

It comes out of the Virginia swamps, cool and slow, with a backbeat, narrow and hard to master.

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some call it heavenly in its brilliance
others, mean and rueful 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.

This is the land where the Pharaoh died.
The Negroes in the forest, brightly feathered, and they are saying:

"Forget the night!
live with us in forests of azure,
out here on the perimeter, there are no stars.

(Sung:)
1. Listen to this I'll tell you about the heart-aches;
2. Listen to this I'll tell you about Texas;

tell you about the heart-ache and the loss of God.
tell you about Texas Radio.

I'll I'll
tell you about the hopeless night, the meager food my soul forgot,
tell you about the hopeless night, the wanderin' the Western dream,
tell you about the maiden with wrought iron soul.

(spooken) I want to tell you about Texas Radio and the big beat,
soft-driven, slow and mad like some new language.
wrought iron soul.