"When I was back there in seminary school, there was a person there who put forth the proposition that you can petition the Lord with prayer... petition the Lord with prayer...petition the Lord with prayer...petition the Lord with prayer.
You cannot petition the Lord with prayer!"

JIM MORRISON

Moderate 4

Am

Can you give me sanctuary?

Am Dm7 E13 Am

I must find a place to hide, a place for me to hide.

Can you find me

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soft asylum? I can't make it anymore; The man is at the door.

Fast (in 2)

Gm7 Abm7 Am7 Bbm7 Am7 Abm7 Gm7 Abm7 Am7

Bbm7 Am7 Eb9 Abmaj7 Ab

Gm7 Abm7 Am7 Bbm7 Am7 Abm7 Gm Abm7 Am

Pepper mint mini skirts, chocolate
Champion sax and a girl named

Bbm7 Am7(b3) Ab7 Gm Abm7 Am7 Bbm7 Am7 E:

candy, Sandy;
1. Abmaj7

Guitar Solo
Bbm7 Eb7 Ab Abmaj7

Gb E♭ Abm7

There's

Gm Abm7 Am7 Bbm7 Am7 Abm7 Gm Abm7 Am7 Bbm7 Am7(b5) A♭7

only four ways to get unraveled;
one is to sleep and the other is

2. Bbm7 Eb7 Abmaj7

travel,
one is a band it up in the hills,

one is to love your neighbor till his

Twice as slowly (in 4)

wife gets home.

Ca-ta-combs, nurse-ry bones, win-ter wo-men

grow-ing stones, carry-ing ba-bies to the riv-er;
Streets and shoes, avenues, leather riders selling news.

The monk bought lunch.

Successful hills are here to stay.

Everything must be this way.

Gentle street where people play.
Welcome to the soft parade.
All our lives we sweat and save,

Building for a shallow grave.
"Must be something else" we say,

"Somehow to defend this place."
Everything must be this way,

everything must be this way.

The soft parade has now begun; listen to the engines hum.
People out to have some fun,

co-bra on my left, leopard on my

right.

Deer woman in a silk dress,
girls with beads around their necks,
kiss the hunter of the green vest who has

wrestled before with lions in the night.

Out of sight!
The lights are getting brighter,
The radio is moaning,
call-in' to the dogs there are still a few animals
left out in the yard, but it's getting harder
to describe sailors
under fed
(Spoken:)

Tropic corridor, tropic treasure. What got us this far, to this mild Equator?

We need someone or something new, something else to get us through.

(Left hand continues same pattern till the end.)

But it's getting
callin' on the dogs, callin' on the dogs,
callin' on the dogs,
callin' on the dogs,
callin' on the dogs.

You gotta

shoot at a few animals left out in the yard.

meet me at the crossroads.

Too late, baby!
but it's gettin' much harder.

Got-ta meet me at the edge of town.

(Half-spoken:) Tropic cor-ri-dor,

You'd better come a-long.

Just you and I.

out-skirts of the cit-y.

We were so a - lone.

tropic treasure.

Better bring your gun.

You'd better bring your gun. (spoken passage)

Better bring your gun.

(Half-spoken:) Tropic cor-ri-dor, tropic treasure.

*(Spoken ad lib over instrumental)*

When all else fails, we can whip the horses' eyes and make them sleep and cry.