

# The Doors, Awake

Shake dreams from your hair  
My pretty child, my sweet one.  
Choose the day and choose the sign of your day  
The day's divinity  
First thing you see.

A vast radiant beach in a cool jeweled moon  
Couples naked race down by it's quiet side  
And we laugh like soft, mad children  
Smug in the wooly cotton brains of infancy  
The music and voices are all around us.  
Choose they croon the Ancient Ones  
The time has come again  
Choose now, they croon  
Beneath the moon  
Beside an ancient lake  
Enter again the sweet forest  
Enter the hot dream  
Come with us  
Everything is broken up and dances.