

The Doors - The Wasp (Texas Radio and the Big Beat)

Tom: Gb

Em
 I want to tell you about Texas Radio and the big beat.
 It comes out of the Virginia swamps,
 cool and slow with rugged precision,
 with a backbeat narrow and hard to master.

Em
 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 honour of our escaping.
 This is the land where the Pharaoh died.

E, F, E, F, G, E, F#, E, F#, A, A#, B,
 E, F#, E, F#, E, F#, G#, G, F#, E, Em.

Em
 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.
 Out here we is stoned immaculate."

Listen to this I'll tell you about the heartaches;
 I'll tell you about heartache and the loss of God.
 I'll tell you about the hopeless night,
 the meager food my soul forgot,
 tell you about the maiden with the wrought i - ron soul.

Em
 I want to tell you about Texas Radio and the big beat,
 soft driven, slow and mad like some new language.

Listen to this I'll tell you about Texas;
 I'll tell you about Texas Ra - di - o.
 I'll tell you about the hopeless night,
 the wanderin' the Western dream,
 tell you about the maiden with the wrought i - ron soul.

E Gb E Gb G

Acordes

