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Jim Morrison's Grave

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College of DuPage

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An excerpt from the album…

Train Station in Seville
Clocks turn slowly as I’m waiting for
My lover to arrive
Half-a-world away
She is waiting
For me to finally come around
Come to my senses
Come inside
She assured me that there is
Plenty of room for all my fears
To be placed in plastic boxes

Midnight train in Florence
Paris by morning at the grave
Of Father
Absinthe wash it down
Never settled, painted pictures
Scrape the cobble
Lovers on the telephone
She’s assured me that there’s
Plenty of gloom and room for me
In tapestries

Dreams dead at the grave
Of Jim Morrison
You may lay the wreath
Beware the thorn of crowns