DOORS
L.A.WOMAN

- Changing 2
- Her Madly 12
- Down So Long 7
- Hiss By My Window 16
- Woman 46
- America 20
- Ninth House 26
- King King Snake 30
- WASP (Texas Radio and the Big Beat) 34
- On The Storm 38
- Door Man 42
I live

down-town,

I live
down-town,

up-town,

I live
down-town,

I live

all-around

I had money.
I had none; I had none;
money,
I had none;

But I never been so broke that I couldn't leave town.
I'm a change-

see me change.
I'm a
I'm the air you breathe, food you eat,

friends you greet in the swarming street.

See me to 2nd Coda

change, see me change.
I live

Coda
A sus4
A9
town.
I'm the

Second Coda
Am
I'm leaving town
on the mid-night train

gonna see me change,

Am
change, change,

Am
change, change,

(Repeat and fade)
BEEN DOWN SO LONG
Words by Jim Morrison Music by The Doors

© COPYRIGHT 1971 DOORS MUSIC CO. ALL RIGHTS FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, NORTHERN IRELAND AND THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND CONTROLLED BY RONDOR MUSIC (LONDON) LIMITED, 10A PARSONS GREEN, LONDON SW6 4TW. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Well, I been down so God - damn long

(8va basso)

Well, I been down so ver - y damn long

that it looks like up to me.
Now, why don't one of you people—

A N.C.

c' - mon ______ and set me free?

I said, warden, warden, warden,

won't you break your lock and key,

I said, warden, warden,
warden, won't you break your lock and

key. Hey,

come along here, mister, c'mon,

and let the poor boy be.

Baby, baby, baby, won't you get
Em down on your knee;

Em Baby, Baby, Baby,

A7 won't you get down on your

Em knee.

Em Bb C’mon, little darlin’,
C'-mon
and give your love to me.

Well, I been

C'-mon,
c'-mon,
c'-mon,
loco

and set me free!
Words by Robby Krieger  
Music by The Doors

© COPYRIGHT 1971 DOORS MUSIC CO. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Bright Rock Beat

Don't you love her mad-ly?
Don't you need her bad-ly?

Don't you love her ways?
Tell me what you say?

Am

D7
Don’t you love her mad - ly?

Want to

be her__daddy?

Don’t you love her face?

Don’t you love her as_she’s walking out the door?

Like she did_one thousand times before.

Tell me
what you say don't you love her as she's walking out the door?

All your love

all your love

all your love

all your love is gone,

So sing a lonely song of a
deep blue dream. Sev-en horses seem to be on the mark.

Oh, don’t you love her?

Don’t you love her as she’s walking out the door?

Don’t you love her mad- ly?

(Repeat and fade)
Cars Hiss By My Window

Words by Jim Morrison  Music by The Doors

© COPYRIGHT 1971 DOORS MUSIC CO. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, NORTHERN IRELAND AND THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND, CONTROLLED BY BONDOR MUSIC (LONDON) LIMITED, 16A PARSONS GREEN, LONDON SW6 4TW.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Slow Blues Beat

The cars hiss by my window__

like the waves__ down on the beach__

The cars hiss by my window__

like the waves__ down on the beach__
I got this girl beside me, but she's out of reach.

Head-lights thru my window shining on the wall,

Head-lights thru my window climbing on the wall,
Can't hear my baby

 tho' I call and call.

 Window starts to tremble with a sonic boom.
Window starts to tremble with a sonic boom.

Cold girl will kill you in a darkened room.
L’AMERICA
Words by Jim Morrison  Music by The Doors

\* COPYRIGHT 1971 DOORS MUSIC CO. ALL RIGHTS FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, NORTHERN IRELAND AND THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND, CONTROLLED BY RONDOR MUSIC (LONDON) LIMITED, USA, PARSONS GREEN, LONDON SW6 4TW. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Start slowly

Getting gradually faster

Medium 4 beat

(with 8va basso)
I took a trip down to l'America
to trade some beads for a pint of gold.
l'America, l'America, l'America, l'America, l'America,

C'mon, people, don't you without 8va

look so down;

You know the rain-man's comin' to town.

He'll change your weather, he'll change your luck,
He'll even reach you to
yourself,

l'A-mer-i-ca.

(with 8va basso)
Friendly strangers came to town,
(without sva basso)

all the people put them down.

But the women loved their ways come again some other.

Like the gentle rain, like the gentle rain that falls.
Getting gradually faster

l’A - m e r - i - c a, l’A - m e r - i - c a, l’A - m e r - i - c a,
HYACINTH HOUSE
Words by Jim Morrison Music by The Doors

Medium beat

What are they doing in the Hy-a-cinth House...what are they doing in the
Hyacinth House to please the Lions this day?

I need a brand new friend who doesn't bother me.

I need someone who, who doesn't trouble me.
Why did you throw the Jack - of - Hearts a - way? It was the only card in the deck that I had left to play.

And I'll say it again, I need a brand new friend,

And I'll brand new friend, the end.
CRAWLING KING SNAKE
Words & Music by John Lee Hooker & Bernard Besman

J.82

N.C.

I. Well I'm the
crawling King Snake
in the room of damned-

I'm the crawling King Snake
in the room of

damned,

you don't mess 'round with my mate, gon-na

6° To Coda Φ

use her for myself.
Verse 2:
Come a' crawling by my window grass is very high
Keep on crawling till the day I die
Crawling King Snake and a room of damned
You'd better give me what I want, gonna crawl no more.

Verse 3: Instrumental

Verse 4:
Come a' crawling baby, crawling round your door
See anything I want, I'm gonna crawl on your floor
Let's crawl in the room of damned
Come on give me what I want, ain't gonna crawl no more.

Verse 5:
Come on crawl, come on crawl
You don't have to get on your hands and knees baby
Crawl all over me
Just like the spider on the wall, we go crawl.

Verse 6:
Well I'm the Crawling King Snake in the room of damned
Call me the Crawling King Snake in the room of damned
You don't mess 'round with my mate
Gonna use her for myself.
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 back beat, narrow and hard to master.
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.
Out here we is stoned-immaculate."

(Sung:)

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

tell you about the heart-ache and the loss of God. I'll
tell you about Texas Radio. I'll
tell you a-bout the hope-less night, the mea-ger food my soul for-got,
tell you a-bout the hope-less night, the wan-der-in' the West-ern dream,
tell you a-bout the maid-en with wrought i-ron soul.

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

Words and Music by The Doors

© COPYRIGHT 1971 DOORS MUSIC CO. ALL RIGHTS FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM, NORTHERN IRELAND, AND THE REPUBLIC OF IRELAND CONTROLLED BY BRENDA MUSIC (LONDON) LIMITED, 10A PARSONS GREEN, LONDON SW6 4TW. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.
Into this house we’re born,
to this world we’re thrown
like a dog without a bone,
actor out on loan.
Riders on the storm.
There’s a
got to love your man.

his brain is
girl, you
squirm-ing like a toad.

got-ta love your man.

Take a long hol-i day

Take him by the hand

let your chil-dren play.

make him un-der stand.

If you

The

give this man a ride, sweet

fam-i-ly will die.

world on you de-pends, our

life will nev-er end. You

Kill-er on the road.

You
got-ta love your man.
2. Girl, you
Riders on the storm
BACK DOOR MAN
Words & Music by Willie Dixon

1. Oh yeah— oh man,
(Verse 2 see block lyric)

I'm a back door man—
I'm a back door man,

the men don't know what your little girls understand.

And all your people, they're trying to sleep,

I'm out to make her with my midnight creep.
To Coda

The men don't know what your little girls understand.

Guitar solo
Verse 2:
You men eat your dinner
Eat your pork and beans
I eat more chicken any man ever seen
Yeah yeah
I'm a back door man
The men don't know
But your little girls understand.

Well I'm a back door man
I'm a back door man
Oh, baby
I'm a back door man
The men don't know
But your little girls understand.
L.A. WOMAN
Words and Music by The Doors

Bright beat
Well, I just got into town about an hour ago.

I took a look around, see which way the wind blow,

Where the little girls in their
Are you a lucky little lady in the city of light?
or just another lost angel.

City of night,

City of night,

City of night,

City of night.

City of night,

City of night.

City of night.
L. A. woman, Sunday afternoon drive thru your sub-urbs

into your blues, into your blue, blue, blues,
I see your hair is burning,
hills are filled with fire;
If they say I never loved you,
you know they are a liar.
Drivin' down the street

free-way

mid-night alleys roam

Cops in cars, the top-less bars,

never saw a woman so a-

52
so alone,
murder madness
let's change the mood from glad to sadness.
Double tempo (slow 4)

Am

Mister

Mojo risin'

Mister Mojo risin'

Mister

(Getting gradually faster and faster)

Mojo risin'  Mister  Mojo risin'

Mister

Mojo risin'  Mister  Mojo risin'

Mister

keep on risin'  Mister  Mojo risin'

Mister
I+-1
\[ I - a \]

\( \text{city of night, city of night,} \)

\( \text{L. A. woman, she's my woman,} \)

\( \text{L. A. woman.} \)

\( \text{L. A. woman.} \)

\( \text{Repeat and fade} \)
The Changeling
Love Her Madly
Been Down So Long
Cars Hiss By My Window
L.A. Woman
L'America
Hyacinth House
Crawling King Snake
The WASP (Texas Radio and the Big Beat)
Riders On The Storm
*Plus bonus song...*
Back Door Man

Every song from this all-time classic album, the last recorded by Jim Morrison and the Doors... plus a bonus song, the blues track ‘Back Door Man’ from their legendary first album. Full arrangements for piano, voice and guitar, including complete lyrics and guitar chord boxes.