

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

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.

E F# E F# G
Listen to this I ll tell you about the heartaches;
E F# E F# A A# B
I ll tell you about heartache and the loss of God.
E F# E F#
I ll tell you about the hopeless night,
C# A C# A
the meager food my soul forgot,
F# G# G F# E Em
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.

E F# E F# G
Listen to this I ll tell you about Texas;
E F# E F# A A# B
I ll tell you about Texas Ra - di - o.

