

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.					

E **F#** **E** **F#**
I ll tell you about the hopeless night,
C# **A** **C#** **A**
the wanderin the Western dream,
F# **G#** **G** **F#** **E** **Em**
tell you about the maiden with the wrought i - ron soul.