

## Ship of Fools

The Doors

The human race was dyin' out.  
No one left to scream and shout.  
People walking on the moon.  
Smog will get you pretty soon.

Everyone was hanging out.  
Hanging up and hanging down.  
Hanging in and holding fast.  
Hope our little world will last.

Yeah, along came Mr. Goodtrips  
Looking for a new a ship.  
Come on, people better climb on board.  
Come on, baby, now we're going home.

Ship of fools, ship of fools.

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