

A
Goran

To a door tripped on a bell
an oriental lady tells ~~me~~

Don't disturb the secret ~~leg~~
inside baldies on their knees

Down ^{E2} the stairs and to the lobby

D7 ~~Left~~ with sandals almost got me

Duch ^A inside a door feel ~~feeling~~

~~found~~ me ~~right~~ ~~prize~~ ~~country~~ money

Run away and fall to land

at the foot of doors with hands

Scramble through ~~and~~ met by towers

Of some sacrificial flowers

To ^D a room where those with knives

Turned and ~~stared~~ ~~from~~ ~~at~~ ~~my~~ ~~eyes~~

Through a hall where some were reading

English for a meeting

D7 ^{E7} Drinking brews to urge their minds

I left the souvenirs behind

and ~~there~~ ^{E2} a crowd of witches ~~assailed~~

D7 Told was safe out on the street

Now back in Dallas I fear to speak

of where I chanced it makes me weak

I found myself in a strange room

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