

Jimi Hendrix, Somewhere

I see fingers, hands and shades of faces,
Reachin' up and not quite touchin' the promised land,
I hear pleas and prayers and a desperate whisper sayin'
Hold on, please give us a helpin' hand,
Yeah, yeah

Way down in the background,
I can see frustrated souls of cities burnin',
And all across the water vapor,
I see weapons barkin' out the stamp of death,
And up in the clouds I can imagine UFO's jumpin themselves, hehe
Laughin' they sayin,
Those people so uptight,
They sure know how to make a mess

Back in the saloon my tears mix and mildew with my drink,
I can't really tell my feet from the stones on the floor,
But as far as I know,
They may even try to wrap me up in cellophane and try and sell me
Brothers help me!
And don't worry about lookin' at the storm
Yeah, yeah