

# Jefferson Starship, Connection

Unused lyrics at beginning of lyric sheet:

Warm....round the hunting fire  
Wrapped in the robes of the dead warrior  
Protected from ferocious winds  
Under the shield of the dead gladiator  
Standing in the darkness of this stagecraft  
All is black I cannot see your faces I need  
Light I want to see your eyes  
Let my voice wash over your faces  
Connection

Connection  
Whoaa ohhh

A hundred thousand years ago  
People livin' in bone white cities  
Comin' and goin' on streets of silver  
Talkin' future history

Then something very strong went wrong  
And suddenly

People gathered round the hunting fires  
(Huddled in caves like animal, not human)  
Round the warmth of the late night fire  
Cities gone, memories fading  
Spend their lives round the late night fire  
Give their souls to the hunting fire  
Seeking each other's company  
Tryin' to remember ancient history

They lost connection  
They lost contact  
They need to touch you  
Reach out across the ages and touch you

Meanwhile somewhere in the 20th century  
A young girl named Phoebe Caulfield  
Plops herself down on the sofa  
Pops open a soda and watches you

She likes to watch murderer talk  
She likes to see them on my TV  
She likes to watch them how they walk  
She likes to hear what they say

It's like a car crash  
Bloody fascination

You wonder how they get their shoes tied  
Sit and stare at the horror there  
She knows you watch them too  
Stranglers, murderers, snipers, terrorists  
Political assassins, crazy ones, cool ones  
All them looking for

Connection  
They lost contact  
They lost direction  
They need sexual, mystical  
Magical, uninterrupted, Peter Gabriel like  
Contact

Here I am

Again inside  
This darkness  
All is black  
I cannot see your future  
Give me light  
I want to see your eyes  
Just a little light  
Inside your future

A small connection  
Connection  
Ah!!!!

I'd like to see Jesus and Mohammad  
On the road to Damascus  
What did you think they would say  
Would they fight with knives clenched in their teeth  
Like Jews and Arabs today  
Or would they walk and speak  
Like philosophers and thinkers  
Amused at each other's insights  
Relishing the brain waves there  
Round the warmth of the hunting fire  
Eager for, hungry for  
They got to have  
You know they love

Connection  
Contact  
Communion  
And let our two great religions  
Cease their senseless struggle  
It only hurts the children  
Connection  
Connection