## Jimi Hendrix Experience, Somewhere

Oh uh, 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, 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 dont worry about lookin at the storm Yeah yeah yeah yeah