

# Jimi Hendrix, Honey Bed

You got me sitting up on the shelf  
While you're out bewitching someone else.  
Do I live, do I die  
Do I laugh, do I cry  
What game am I supposed to lose this time ?

You got chains attached to my head  
You spreading magic honey all in your bed  
What is it you want ?  
Just a puppet that talks  
Or maybe just a lover who makes love to the dead.

Step onto the stage...just a few more minutes...  
Let's see what kind of juggler you really are.  
Say without that whip and those bloody boots  
Which are rented...you actually could become

A morning star...  
But you rang your last bell  
Even your planets, they've gone to hell  
And your world turns to nothing but a bubble  
In a shotgun jar.  
And now you don't know who you really are.

So instead of trying to make me your slave  
Why don't you just...call it a day.  
Either way I'm gonna win  
So save yourself some wind  
Don't make me to be the last to see  
You to your grave...  
Well well, ball and chain...for sale.  
New day come...masters gone to hell...  
Well well, ball and chain...for sale.  
Sunrise come...master's dying in hell...