

Jimi Hendrix, My Friend

Hey, look out for my glass up there, man!
That's my drink, man, that's my drink, alright...
Make it a double, or eh...
Somebody has to sing
Some body will sing?
Somebody will sing, right?

Y'all pass me that bottle,
And I'll sing you all a real song
Yeah!
Let me get my key, ahum!

Well, I'm looking through Harlem
my stomach squeal just a little more
A stagecouch full of feathers and footprints,
pulls up to soap-box door
Now a lady with a pearl-handled necktie
Tied to the driver's fence
breathes in my face,
bourbon and coke possessed words
Haven't I seen you somewhere in hell,
or was it just an accident?"
(You know how I felt then, and so)

Before I could ask "was it the East or West side?"
my feet they howled in pain
The wheels of a bandwagon cut very deep,
but not as deep in my mind as the rain
And as they pulled away I could see her words
Stagger and fall on my muddy tent
Well I picked them up, brushed them off,
to see what they say,
and you wouldn't believe:
'Come around to my room, with the tooth in the middle,
and bring along the bottle and a president'

And eh sometimes it's not so easy, baby
Especially when your only friend,
talks, sees, looks and feels like you,
and you do just the same as him
(Gets very lonely up this road, baby)
(Yeah, hmmm, yeah)
(Got more to say!)

Well I'm riding through LA,
on a bicycle built for fools
And I seen one of my old buddies
And he say, "you don't look the way you usually do"
I say, "well, some people look like a coin-box"
He say, "look like you ain't got no coins to spare"
And I laid back and I thought to myself, and I said this:
I just picked up my pride from underneath the pay phone,
and combed this breath right out of my hair
And sometimes it's not so easy
Especially when your only friend
talk, sees, looks and feels like you,
and you do just the same as him

just got out of a Scandinavian jail,
and I'm on my way straight home to you
But I feel so dizzy I take a quick look in the mirror,
to make sure my friend's here with me too
And you know good well I don't drink coffee,
so you fill my cup full of sand

And the frozen tea leaves on the bottom
Sharing lipstick around the broken edge
And my coat that you let your dog lay by the fire on
And your cat he attacked me from his pill-box ledge
And I thought you were my friend too
Man, my shadow comes in line before you
I'm finding out that it's not so easy
Specially when your only friend
Talks, looks, sees and feels like you,
and you do the same just like him

(Lord it's so lonely here, hmmm, yeah)
Yeah!
(Pass me that bottle over there...)
Yeah, yeah, okay...