

Jimi Hendrix, 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 yeah