

Joan Jett And The Blackhearts, Up From The Skies

(J. Hendrix)

I just wanna talk to you, I wanna do you no harm
I just wanna know about your different lives
And just where people born
I heard some of you got your families
Living in cages tall and cold
Some--just stay there and dust away past the age of old
Is this true, please let me talk to you
I just wanna know about the rooms behind your minds
Do I see vacuum there or am I going blind
Or is it just the remains the vibrations
Of actions long ago
A face like love the world and let your fancy flow
Is this true, please let me talk to you, let me talk to you
I have lived here before the days of ice
And of course this why I am so concerned
And I come back to find the stars displaced
And the smell of a world that's burnt
A smell of the world that is burnt yeah
Maybe it's just a change of climate,
I could dig it baby
I just want to see, so
Where do I purchase my ticket
I just like to have a plane--side seat
I wanna know about the new mother earth
I wanna hear and see everything
I wanna hear and see everything
I wanna hear and see everything
Ah shucks,
If my mother could see me now