

Young Girl, Sunday Blues

Jefferson Airplane

(Marty Balin & Paul Kantner)

Copyright 1967, 1968 Icebag Corp. In my heart I have a feeling,
and I don't know what I'm gonna do.

Oh, what a beautiful world, the world;
What should I do? What should I do?

Don't you know what I have found?

Maybe you've found it too. Today is made up of yesterday and tomorrow;
Young Girl Sunday Blues, and all her sorrow. One side of me is filled with brightness,
No matter what I might say.

The days are made with waterfall colors,
Couldn't I make you stay?

If rain slides down the sides of my face,
Must be a rainy day. But I get lost in yesterday and tomorrow, tomorrow;
Young Girl Sunday Blues, and all her sorrow. I walk beside you laughing, and I'm high:

Don't try to touch me with words.

When I tell you I dream, it might seem like silence,
But so much can be heard.

I think of things that loving you brings,
Maybe my thing is her. Today is made up of yesterday and tomorrow;
Young Girl Sunday Blues, and all her sorrow; Ah, come into my mind.

Let yourself wander free and easy.

Ah, come into my life, Sunday blues girl,
Young and new girl.

You're the only true girl here
Can please me.

I said, please me, yeah!

Please me!

Please me!

Please me!

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