

Third Week In the Chelsea

Jefferson Airplane

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by Jorma Kaukonen Sometimes I feel like i am leaving life behind

My hands are moving faster than the movement of my mind

Thoughts and generations of my dreams are yet unborn

So we go on moving trying to make this image real

I hope that I will find them 'fore my moving gets too worn

Straining every nerve not knowing what we really feel

If only I could live to see the dawning of the dawn Straining every nerve ending and everybody sees

That what they read in the Rolling Stone has really come to be

And trying to avoid a taste of that reality Showed to me a face I didn't know at all

On an early New York mornin' a mirror in the hall

When I looked into the mouth there was nothing left inside

Lines were drawn around a pair of eyes that opened wide So I walked into the little room and whistled like a sigh

As dawn light closed around me my head was still in gear

Thinking thoughts of playing more and singing loud and clear

Trying to reach a friend somewhere and make that person smile

Maybe pull myself away from that old lonesome mile That often comes to haunt me in the morning

All my friends keep telling me that it would be a shame

To break up such a grand success and tear apart a name

Emptiness ain't where it's at and neither's feeling pain Time is getting late now and the sun is getting low

But all I know is what I feel whenever I'm not playin'

Well now what is going to happen now is anybody's guess

If I can't spend my time with love I guess I need a rest

And sunshine's waiting for me a little further down the road My body's getting tired of carryin' another's load

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