Third Week In The Chelsea

Jefferson Airplane

Third Week in the Chelsea
by Jorma KaukonenSometimes 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 dawnStraining 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 realityShowed 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 wideSo 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 mileThat 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 painTime 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 roadMy body's getting tired of carryin' another's load

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