

Somewhere

Jimi Hendrix

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,
Oh,Lord, 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,baby,
I see weapons barkin' out the sting of death,
And up in the clouds I can imagine UFOs 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 sawdust on the floor,
But as far as I know, they may even try to wrap me up in cellophane and try and sell me
Brother sell me, and don't worry about lookin at the score
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah

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