

# Third Week in the Chelsea

## Jefferson Airplane

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  
I hope that I will find them 'fore my moving gets too worn  
If only I could live to see the dawning of the dawn  
So we go on moving trying to make this image real  
Straining every nerve not knowing what we really feel  
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  
On an early New York mornin' a mirror in the hall  
Showed to me a face I didn't know at all  
Lines were drawn around a pair of eyes that opened wide  
When I looked into the mouth there was nothing left inside  
So I walked into the little room and whistled like a  
sigh  
As dawn light closed around me now 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  
But all I know is what I feel whenever I'm not playin'  
Emptiness ain't where it's at and neither's feeling pain  
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  
Time is getting late now and the sun is getting low  
My body's getting tired of carryin' another's load  
And sunshine's waiting for me a little further down the road

Songwriters

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