If 6 Was 9

Jimi Hendrix

Yeah)
(Sing a song, brother)
If the sun refused to shine,
I don't mind, I don't mind.
(Yeah)
If the mountains fell in the sea,
Let it be, it ain't me.
Got my own world to live through
And I ain't gonna copy you.
Now, if 6 turned up to be 9,
I don't mind, I don't mind.
If all the hippies cut off their hair,
I don't care, I don't care.
Did, 'cos I got my own world to live through
And I ain't gonna copy you.

White-collar conservatives flashing down the street
Pointing their plastic finger at me.
They're hoping soon my kind will drop and die,
But I'm gonna wave my freak flag high . . . HIGH!
Hah, hah
Falling mountains just don't fall on me
Point on mister Buisnessman,
You can't dress like me.
Nobody know what I'm talking about
I've got my own life to live
I'm the one that's gonna have to die
when it's time for me to die
So let me live my life the way I want to.
Yeah . . .
Sing on brother,
Play on brother . . .

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