

Jimi Hendrix, Look Over Yonder

Look over yonder, here come the blues
Pretending they're good guys powered by fools
I can see 'em comin'
Wearing a blue armored coat
You're sittin' there with your violence
Hittin' wrong notes

Look over yonder, he's comin' my way
When he's around,
I never have a happy day

(You even bust my guitar strings)

Look over yonder...

Look over yonder
Well, he's talkin' to my babe
They found my peace pipe on her
Now they're draggin' her away
Lord knows we don't need a devil like him beatin' us around
Well, he's knockin' on my door
Now my house is tumbling down

Don't you come no closer
The path is getting colder
Get away from my door, babe
Unless you wanna start another war

Look over yonder...