

# Jimi Hendrix, Somewhere

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'  
Hold on, 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 vapor,  
I see weapons barkin' out the stamp of death,  
And up in the clouds I can imagine UFO's jumpin themselves, hehe  
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 stones on the floor,  
But as far as I know,  
They may even try to wrap me up in cellophane and try and sell me  
Brothers help me!  
And don't worry about lookin' at the storm  
Yeah, yeah