

# Joan Jett And The Blackhearts, Up From The Skies

(J. Hendrix)

I just wanna talk to you, I wanna do you no harm  
I just wanna know about your different lives  
And just where people born  
I heard some of you got your families  
Living in cages tall and cold  
Some--just stay there and dust away past the age of old  
Is this true, please let me talk to you  
I just wanna know about the rooms behind your minds  
Do I see vacuum there or am I going blind  
Or is it just the remains the vibrations  
Of actions long ago  
A face like love the world and let your fancy flow  
Is this true, please let me talk to you, let me talk to you  
I have lived here before the days of ice  
And of course this why I am so concerned  
And I come back to find the stars displaced  
And the smell of a world that's burnt  
A smell of the world that is burnt yeah  
Maybe it's just a change of climate,  
I could dig it baby  
I just want to see, so  
Where do I purchase my ticket  
I just like to have a plane--side seat  
I wanna know about the new mother earth  
I wanna hear and see everything  
I wanna hear and see everything  
I wanna hear and see everything  
Ah shucks,  
If my mother could see me now