

SOMEWHERE

hendrix

Oh, uh, I see fingers and hands and shades of faces
Reachin' up and not quite touchin' the promised land
I hear pleas and prayers and a desperate whisper sayin'
"Oh, Lord, please give us a helping hand"
Yeah, yeah

Way down in the background
I can see frustrated souls of cities burning
And all across the water, oh
I see weapons barking out the sting of death
And up in the clouds I can imagine UFOs chucklin' to themselves, hahaha
Laughing they sayin'
"Those people so uptight, they sure know how to make a mess"
Hey, yeah, yeah

Back in the saloon my tears mix with mildew with my drink
I can't really tell my feet from the sawdust on the floor
But as far as I know
They may even try to wrap me up in cellophane and sell me
Brothers, help me, and don't worry about lookin' at the score
Yeah, yeah, yeah