

Jefferson Airplane - Third Week In The Chelsea

Tom: D D Fm Sometimes I feel like I am leaving life behind G Em My hands are movin' faster than the movement of my mind Em G Thoughts and generations of my dreams of my dreams are yet unborn Hope that I can find them 'fore my movin' gets too worn G G D Em If only I could live to see the dawning of the dawn (4x) Repeat throughout song

So we go on moving trying to make this image real Straining every nerve not knowing what we really feel Straining every nerve ending and everybody sees That what they read in the Rolling Stone has really come to be If I can't spend my time with love I guess I need a rest And trying to avoid a taste of that reality

On an early New York mornin' a mirror in the hall Showed to me a face I didn't know at all Lines were drawn around a pair of eyes that opened wide When I looked into the mouth there was nothing left inside So I walked into the little room and whistled like a sigh

As dawn light closed around me my head was still in gear Thinking thoughts of playing more and singing loud and clear Trying to reach a friend somewhere and make that person smile Maybe pull myself away from that old lonesome mile That often comes to haunt me in the morning

All my friends keep telling me that it would be a shame Em Bm To break up such a grand success and tear apart a name BmBut all I know is what I feel whenever I'm not playin' Fm Emptiness ain't where it's at and neither's feeling pain

Well now what is going to happen now is anybody's guess Time is getting late now and the sun is getting low My body's getting tired of carryin' another's load And sunshine's waiting for me a little further down the road

(outro) D G (4x) D A G Em G D

Acordes

