

# Jefferson Airplane - Third Week In The Chelsea

Tom: D

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

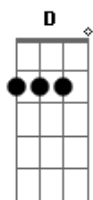
As dawn light closed around me my head was still in gear  
 Thinking thoughts of playing more and singing loud and clear  
 Trying to reach a friend somewhere and make that person smile  
 Maybe pull myself away from that old lonesome mile  
 That often comes to haunt me in the morning

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

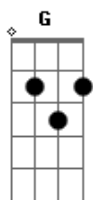
Well now what is going to happen now is anybody's guess  
 If I can't spend my time with love I guess I need a rest  
 Time is getting late now and the sun is getting low  
 My body's getting tired of carryin' another's load  
 And sunshine's waiting for me a little further down the road

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

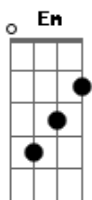
## Acordes



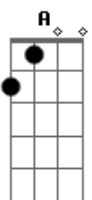
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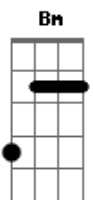
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