

## Watchtower

### "The Return Of Jimi Hendrix"

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I dreamed about Jimi Hendrix  
He came back for one day  
Was born weepin' out of an egg  
The mid-wife said  
And straight away began to pray  
With lifted head

He spent the early hours  
Communing with the morning stars  
And then he came over to my house  
Where he tried out my guitar

He was young and black and beautiful  
Big eyed, perfect skin an'  
He played my guitar like a lightning storm  
Like twirlin' feathers in the wind  
He could make it sound like the end of the world  
A fire, the flick of a knife  
He could squeeze it slow and masterful  
Like the hand that brought the world to life

Together we strolled in sculptured gardens  
Passed the sleepy afternoon  
Maids were dartin' back and forth  
From a window came a violin tune  
Angels, dressed as nurses toyed with playin' cards  
Looters sprung from prisons filled the yard

A yellow sun hung low and dawned,  
And as it dipped  
Jimi stood up straight, grinned  
And shook his velvet hips

Callin' himself King Electric  
In the evening he went wild  
Played on a dozen stages  
In the clubs of New York -  
Lit the city end to end  
Wired it up, fired it up  
Scarved, bejewelled, long-legged, snake-limbed  
Athletic, driven, dangerous

He made all Manhattan shake  
And every street and sidewalk quake  
His stratocaster caused the mighty Empire State  
To vibrate  
His whammy bar caused shock-eyed punks from  
Hackensack and Yonkers  
Raised on speed, metal and rap  
To enter trance and levitate

He played Purple Haze and Pyramid,  
Voodoo Child and Sin-E,  
Up From the Skies and Storm Free  
In King Tut's Wah-Wah hut

He did a forty-two minute  
Cosmic rise in future shocks  
Star Spangled Banner  
In the back of CBGB's

He stopped every clock in New York state  
And every heart that heard him  
And time itself was beaten and confused  
And fell lamb-like under the spell of his fabulous  
flashing fingers

He played an encore at the Bitter End  
A heartburst Little Wing  
Even the waiters cried  
And then we fell outside  
And in the dusty dawn of Bleeker street  
A sweet rain fell  
And Jimi died

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