

Waterboys

"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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