

## Hot Tuna

### "Third Week In The Chelsea"

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Sometimes I feel like I am leaving life behind  
My hands are moving faster  
Than the moving of my mind  
Thoughts and generations of my dreams are yet  
unborn  
I hope that I can find them before my moving gets too  
worn  
If only I can live to see the dawning of the dawn.

So we go on living trying to make this image real  
Straining every nerve not knowing what we really feel  
Strainign every nerve and making everybody see  
What they read in Rolling Stone has really come to be  
And trying to avoid the tast of that reality.

On an early New York morning 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 them I felt nothing left inside.  
So I walked into a little room that whistled like a sigh.

As dawn's light closed around me you know my head  
was still in gear  
Thinking thoughts of playing more  
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 it would be a shame  
To break up such a grand success, tear apart a name.  
But all I know is what I feel whenever I'm not playing  
Emptiness ain't where it's at, neither's feeling pain.

Well now what is gonna 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 bearing another's load

And sunshine's waiting for me a little further down the  
road.

(Jorma Kaukonen)  
(Originally on Jefferson Airplane's "Bark")

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