

## Jefferson Airplane

### "Third Week In Chelsea"

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Third Week in the Chelsea  
by Jorma Kaukonen

Sometimes I feel like i am leaving life behind  
My hands are moving faster than the movement of my  
mind  
Thoughts and generations of my dreams are yet  
unborn  
So we go on moving trying to make this image real  
I hope that I will find them 'fore my moving gets too  
worn  
Straining every nerve not knowing what we really feel  
If only I could live to see the dawning of the dawn

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

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

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  
Emptiness ain't where it's at and neither's feeling pain

Time is getting late now and the sun is getting low  
But all I know is what I feel whenever I'm not playin'  
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  
And sunshine's waiting for me a little further down the  
road My body's getting tired of carryin' another's load

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