

Jimi Hendrix

"Ball And Chain For Sale"

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1.

You got me sitting up on the shelf
While you're out bewitching someone else.
Do I live, do I die
Do I laugh, do I cry
What game am I supposed to loose this time ?

2.

You got chains attached to my head
You spreading magic honey all in your bed
What is it you want ?
Just a puppet that talks
Or maybe just a lover who makes love to the dead.

Step onto the stage...just a few more minutes...
Let's see what kind of juggler you really are.
Say without that whip and those bloody boots
Which are rented...you actually could become
A morning star...

But you rang your last bell
Even your planets, they've gone to hell
And your world turns to nothing but a bubble
In a shotgun jar.
And now you don't know who you really are.

3.

So instead of trying to make me your slave
Why don't you just...call it a day.
Either way I'm gonna win
So save yourself some wind
Don't make me to be the last to see
You to your grave...
Well well, ball and chain...for sale.
New day come...masters gone to hell...
Well well, ball and chain...for sale.
Sunrise come...master's dying in hell...

