

Jefferson Starship, The "Connection"

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Unused lyrics at beginning of lyric sheet:
Warm.....round the hunting fire
Wrapped in the robes of the dead warrior
Protected from ferocious winds
Under the shield of the dead gladiator
Standing in the darkness of this stagecraft
All is black I cannot see your faces I need
Light I want to see your eyes
Let my voice wash over your faces
Connection

Connection
Whoaa ohhh

A hundred thousand years ago
People livin' in bone white cities
Comin' and goin' on streets of silver
Talkin' future history

Then something very strong went wrong
And suddenly

People gathered round the hunting fires
(huddled in caves like animal, not human)
Round the warmth of the late night fire
Cities gone, memories fading
Spend their lives round the late night fire
Give their souls to the hunting fire
Seeking each other's company
Tryin' to remember ancient history

They lost connection
They lost contact
They need to touch you
Reach out across the ages and touch you

Meanwhile somewhere in the 20th century
A young girl named phoebe caulfield
Plops herself down on the sofa
Pops open a soda and watches you

She likes to watch murderer talk
She likes to see them on my tv
She likes to watch them how they walk
She likes to hear what they say

It's like a car crash
Bloody fascination

You wonder how they get their shoes tied
Sit and stare at the horror there
She knows you watch them too
Stranglers, murderers, snipers, terrorists
Political assassins, crazy ones, cool ones
All them looking for

Connection
They lost contact
They lost direction
They need sexual, mystical
Magical, uninterrupted, peter gabriel like
Contact

Here I am
Again inside
This darkness
All is black
I cannot see your future
Give me light
I want to see your eyes
Just a little light
Inside your future

A small connection
Connection
Ah!!!!

I'd like to see jesus and mohammad
On the road to damascus
What did you think they would say
Would they fight with knives clenched in their teeth
Like jews and arabs today
Or would they walk and speak
Like philosophers and thinkers
Amused at each other's insights
Relishing the brain waves there
Round the warmth of the hunting fire
Eager for, hungry for
They got to have
You know they love

Connection

Contact
Communion
And let our two great religions
Cease their senseless struggle
It only hurts the children
Connection
Connection

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