

Music B27 Listening Guide: Volume One

History of Rock and Roll - Kris Tiner, Instructor

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Roots of Rock: From Africa to the Delta

“Juku Te Nte Sorola” – Foday Musa Suso, kora and vocal (1976) *West African jali song*

This song is well known in Mali. Suso learned it while traveling there with his teacher. The title translates as “My enemies cannot hurt me.” In sauta tuning (equivalent to lydian mode).

“Akpoka” – Ewe Ensemble from Ghana (2002) *West African dance-drumming*

Gankogui - iron double bell

Axatse - gourd shaker strung with beads

Kagan - slender, high-pitched supporting drum (the “heartbeat”)

Kidi - medium size supporting drum (answers the lead drum)

Sogo - lead drum (sometimes a low-pitched supporting drum)

Gboba and Atsimevu - larger lead drums

TRANSLATION

L: Awu to ee awu to ee,

L: In order to kill the buffalo,

R: Awu to afo mafo gbe dzi o.

R: The foot cannot stamp on the grass.

L: Wofia da ee a ee,

L: But they rather provoke confrontations,

R: Woyina da fia da ee.

R: They go around provoking confrontations,

Agbe me luguno yina da fia da,

Crazy people in life go around provoking confrontations.

Avu male ekpofo vi o.

However a dog cannot catch the child of a leopard.

Adela de tu lolo be yawu ee.

The hunter has brought a big gun to shoot the buffalo.

Awu to ee awu to ee,

But in order to kill the buffalo,

Awu to afo mafo gbe dzi o.

The foot cannot stamp on the grass.

COMMENTARY

This song, played here for Akpoka, is originally from the Afa repertory. Nowadays many Afa songs are sung for both Akpoka and Agbadza dances. The song text describes a situation where a person, or even a family, is trying to show off their powers by intimidating people whom they perceive to be weaker. Furthermore, the song uses the metaphor of a dog, who may have an intimidating bark, but this will not be enough to tackle a truly strong animal, such as the leopard.

Translation and commentary from www.cepafrica.org

“Rosie” – C.B. & Axe Gang (1947) *work song*

Performed by prisoners at the State Penitentiary in Parchman, Mississippi. Recorded by Alan Lomax.

Be my woman, gal I'll be your man (3X)
Every Sunday's dollar in your hand
In your hand, lordy, in your hand
Every Sunday's dollar in your hand

Stick to the promise, gal, that you made me (3X)
Wasn't going to marry till ah, I go free
I go free, lordy, I go free
Wasn't gonna marry till ah, I go free

Well, Rosie, oh lord, gal (2X)

When she walks she reels and rocks behind (2X)
Ain't that enough to worry a convict's mind? (2X)

Well, Rosie, oh lord, gal (2X)

Be my woman, gal I'll be your man (3X)
Every Sunday's dollar in your hand

Well, Rosie, oh lord, gal (3X)

When she walks she reels and rocks behind (2X)
Ain't that enough to worry a convict's mind?

“Early in the Mornin’” – 22, Hard Hair, Little Red & Tangle Eye (1947) *work song*

Performed by prisoners at the State Penitentiary in Parchman, Mississippi. Recorded by Alan Lomax.

Well, it's early in the mor-in the mornin'
Baby, when I rise, Lordy mama,
Well, it's early every mor-in the mornin'
A-baby when I rise well-a.
Well-a, when I rise, well-a,
Well-a it's early in the mor-in the mornin'
Baby, when I rise, Lordy baby,
You have-it's I have a misery, Berta,
Wa-, in my right side, well-a,
R-in-a my right side, Lordy baby,
R-in-a my right side, Lordy sugar.
Well it's I have a misery, Berta,
R-in a my right side, well-a.

Chorus:

Well-a, it's-a, Lordy, Ro-Lordy-Berta,
Well, it's Lord (you keep a-talkin'), babe,
Well, it's Lord, Ro-Lordy-Rosie,
Well, it's, o Lord, Gal, well-a.

Well-a, whosonever told it, that he told a,
He told a dirty lie, babe.
Well-a, whosonever told it, that he told a,
He told a dirty lie, well-a.

Well-a, whosonever told it, that he told a,
He told a dirty lie, babe.
Well the eagle on the dollar-quarter,
He gonna rise and fly, well-a.
He gonna rise and fly, sugar,
He gonna rise and fly, well-a.
Well the eagle on the dollar-quarter,
He gonna rise and fly, well-a.

(Chorus)

Well, rocks 'n gravel make-a,
Make a solid road, sugar.
Well-a, it takes-a rocks-a, gravel make-a,
To make a solid road, well-a.
It takes-a rocks-a, gravel make a,
To make a solid road, well-a.
It takes a good-lookin' woman to make-a,
To make a good-lookin' whore, well-a.
It takes a good-lookin' woman, Lord, Baby,
To make a good-lookin' whore, Lord, sugar.
It takes a good lookin' woman to make-a,
To make a good lookin' whore, well-a.

(Chorus)

Boys, the peckerwood a-peckin' on the
On the schoolhouse door, sugar.
Well, the peckerwood a-peckin' on the
R-on the schoolhouse door, well-a.
Well, the peckerwood a-peckin' on the
On the schoolhouse door, sugar.
Well he pecks so hard, Lordy, baby,
Until his pecker got sore, well-a.
Until his pecker got sore, Lordy, baby,
Until his pecker got sore, Lord, sugar.
Well he pecks so hard, Lord, mama,
Until his pecker got sore, well-a.

(Chorus)

Well, I hain't been to Georgia, boys, but,
Well, it's I been told, sugar.
Well, I hain't been to Georgia, Georgia,
But, it's I been told, well-a.
Well, I hain't been to Georgia, Georgia,
But, it's I been told, Lord, mama.
Well the Georgia women,
Got a sweet jelly roll, well.
They got a sweet jelly roll, mama,
They got a sweet jelly roll, sugar.
Well the Georgia, they's got a,
Got a sweet jelly roll, well...

“Arwhoolie (Cornfield Holler)” – **Thomas J. Marshall** (1939) *field holler*
Marshall was a student at Mount Beulah College in Edwards, Mississippi.

Oh...
I won't be here long
Oh, oh...
Oh, dark gonna catch me here,
Dark gonna catch me here
Oh, oh...

“John the Revelator” – **Son House** (1965) *gospel-blues*

Tell me who's that writin'? John the Revelator
Tell me who's that writin'? John the Revelator
Tell me who's that writin'? John the Revelator
Wrote the book of the seven seals

Who's that writin'? John the Revelator
Tell me who's that writin'? John the Revelator
Well who's that writin'? John the Revelator
Wrote the book of the seven seals

You know God walked down in the cool of the day
Called Adam by his name
And he refused to answer
Because he's naked and ashamed

Who's that writin'? John the Revelator...

You know Christ had twelve apostles
And three he led away
He said, "Watch with me one hour,
'till I go yonder and pray."

Tell me who's that writin'? John the Revelator

Christ came on Easter morning
Mary and Martha was down to see
"Go tell my disciples
To meet me in Galilee."

Tell me who's that writin'? John the Revelator

“Death Letter Blues” – **Son House** (1965) *delta blues*

I got a letter this mornin, how do you reckon it read?
It said, "Hurry, the gal you love is dead"
I got a letter this mornin, mm-ah, how do you reckon it read?
You know, it said, "Hurry, hurry, how come the gal you love is dead?"

So, I grabbed up my suitcase, took off down the road
When I got there she was layin' on a coolin' board
I grabbed up my suitcase, and I said I took off down the road
I said, but when I got there she was layin on a coolin' board

Well, I walked up right close, looked down in her face
Said, good ol' gal got to lay here 'til Judgment Day
I walked up right close, and I said I looked down in her face
I said the good ol' girl, got to lay here 'til Judgment Day

Looked like there was 10,000 people standin' round the buryin' ground
I didn't know I loved her 'til they laid her down
Looked like 10,000 were standin' round the buryin' ground
You know I didn't know that I loved her 'til they damn laid her down

Well, I fold up my arms, I slowly walked away
I said, "Farewell honey, I'll see you Judgment Day"
Yeah, oh, yes, I walked away
I said, "Farewell, farewell, and I'll see you Judgment Day"

You know I didn't feel so bad, 'til the good ol' sun went down
I didn't have a soul to throw my arms around
I didn't feel so bad, until the good ol' sun went down
Mm-hmm, mm-hmm

You know, it's so hard to love someone don't love you
Ain't satisfaction, don't care what you do
Yeah, it's so hard to love someone don't love you
You know you don't get any satisfaction, don't care what you do

Well I got up this mornin', the break of day
Just huggin' the pillow where she used to lay
I said soon this mornin', mm-yes at the break of day
You know I was huggin' the pillow mm-where my good gal used to lay

I got up this mornin', feelin' round for my shoes
You know, I must-a had the walkin' blues
Soon this mornin', ah feelin' round for my shoes
Yeah and I know bout that, I must-a had the walkin' blues

Ah, hush, thought I heard her call my name
It wasn't so loud, so nice and plain
Yeah, mm-hmm, mm-hmm...

“Walkin’ Blues” – Robert Johnson, guitar and vocal (1936) *delta blues*

I woke up this mornin' feelin' round for my shoes
Know 'bout I got these old walkin' blues
Woke up this mornin' feelin' round oh, for my shoes
But you know 'bout that I got these old walkin' blues

Lord, I feel like blowin' my old lonesome home
Got up this mornin', my little Bernice was gone
Lord, I feel like blowin' my lonesome home
Well, I got up this mornin' woah-all I had was gone

Well-ah leave this morn' if I have to, woah ride the blind, ah
I've been mistreated and I don't mind dyin'
Leavin' this morn', ah, I have to ride a blind
Babe, I been mistreated baby, and I don't mind dyin'

Well, some people tell me that the worried blues ain't bad
Worst old feelin' I most ever had
Some people tell me that these old worried old blues ain't bad
It's the worst old feelin' I most ever had

She got Elgin movement from her head down to her toes
Break in on a dollar most anywhere she goes, ooooh, ooooooh,
To her head down to her toes
SPOKEN: Oh, honey!
Lord, she break in on a dollar most anywhere she goes

“Country Blues (Number One)” – Muddy Waters, guitar and vocal (1941) *delta blues*

I get late on in the evenin' child, I feel like, like blowin' my home
I woke up this morning to find my, my little baby gone
Late on in the evenin' man, man, I feel like, like blowin' my home
Well I woke up this mornin' baby, to find my little baby gone

Well now, some folks say the worried, whoah blues ain't bad
That's the miseriest feelin' child I most, most ever had
Some folks tell me man not to, worry, old blues ain't bad
Well that's the misery old feelin' honey now, ooh well gall I most ever had

Well, brooks run into the ocean, the ocean run in, into the sea
If I don't find my baby somebody gonna, goin' bury me, hmm
Brooks run into the ocean child an', ocean, run into the sea
Well if I don't find my baby now, ooh well gal you gonna have to bury me

Yeah, minutes seem like hours and hours seem like days
Seems like my baby would stop her, her low down ways
Minutes seem like hours, child, and hours seem like days
Yeah, seems like my woman now, hoo-well gal, she might stop her low down ways

SPOKEN: Well all right play that thing, man!

Well now I'm leavin' this mornin' if I had-a, whoa ride the blind
I feel mistreated, girl, you know now, I don't mind dyin'
Leavin' this mornin' till I had-a, now ride the blind
Yeah I been mistreated baby now, baby, and I don't mind dyin'

“I Can't Be Satisfied” – Muddy Waters (1948) *Chicago blues*

Well I'm goin' away to leave
Won't be back no more
Goin' back down south, child
Don't you want to go?
Woman I'm troubled, I be all worried in mind
Well baby I just can't be satisfied
And I just can't keep from cryin'

Well I feel like snappin'
Pistol in your face
I'm gonna let some graveyard
Lord be her resting place

Woman I'm troubled, I be all worried in mind
Well baby I can't never be satisfied
And I just can't keep from cryin'

Well now all in my sleep
Hear my doorbell ring
Looking for my baby
I didn't see not a doggone thing
Woman I was troubled, I was all worried in mind
Well honey I couldn't never be satisfied
And I just couldn't keep from cryin'

Well I know my little old babe
She gonna jump and shout
That old train be late man, Lord
And I come walking out
I be troubled, I be all worried in mind
Well honey ain't no way in the world for me to be satisfied
And I just can't keep from crying

“(I’m Your) Hoochie Coochie Man” – Muddy Waters (1954) *Chicago blues*

Written by Willie Dixon

The gypsy woman told my mother, before I was born
You got a boy-child comin', he gonna be a son-of-a-gun
He gonna make pretty womens, jump and shout
Then the world wanna know, what it's all about
But you know I'm here, everybody knows I'm here
Well you know I'm the Hoochie-Coochie Man, everybody knows I'm here

I got a black cat bone, I got a mojo too
I got a John the Conqueror, I got to mess wit' you
I'm gonna make you girls, lead me by my hand
Then the world'll know, I'm the Hoochie-Coochie Man
But you know I'm here, everybody knows I'm here
Well you know I'm the Hoochie-Coochie Man, everybody knows I'm here

On the seventh hour, on the seventh day
On the seventh month, the seventh doctor say:
“He was born for good luck, and that you'll see”
I got seven hundred dollars, and don't you mess with me
But you know I'm here, everybody knows I'm here
Well you know I'm the Hoochie-Coochie Man, everybody knows I'm here

“Feel Like Going Home” – Muddy Waters (1963) *Chicago blues*

Well gettin' late on in the evenin' I feel like, like blowin' my home
Well I woke up this morning all I had, I had was gone
Late on in the evenin' child, I feel like, like blowin' my home
Well, woke up this mornin', all I had was gone

Well, brooks run into the ocean, the ocean run in, into the sea
If I don't find my baby somebody goin' sure bury me, an'
Brooks run into the ocean boys, ah, and the ocean now look here, run into the sea
Now, don't find my baby, somebody sure goin' bury me

Well, minutes seem like hours and hours begin to seem like days
Seems like my baby would stop her, her old evil ways, an'
Minutes seem like hours, and hour seems like days
Well, seems like my baby, hoo-well boy will stop her low down ways

Minstrelsy, Vaudeville, and Classic Blues

“Nobody” – Bert Williams (1913) *Vaudeville*

From the 1906 Broadway musical Abyssinia. This is Williams' remake of his original 1906 recording.

When life seems full of clouds and rain,
And I am full of nothin' and pain,
Who soothes my thumping, bumping brain, hmm?
[pause] Nobody.

When winter comes with snow and sleet,
And me with hunger and cold feet,
Who says, “Here's twenty-five cents, go ahead and get somethin' to eat, go on why don't ya, huh!”
[pause] Nobody.

I ain't never done nothin' to Nobody.
I ain't never got nothin' from Nobody, no time.
So, until I get somethin' from somebody sometime,
I'll never do nothin' for Nobody, no time.

When I was in that railroad wreck,
And thought I'd cashed in my last check,
Who took the engine off my neck?
[pause] Nobody.

One time when things was looking bright,
I started to whittle on a stick one night,
Who cried out, “Stop now, that's dynamite!”
[pause] Not a soul.

I ain't never done nothin' to Nobody...

“Black Eye Blues” – Ma Rainey (1928) *classic blues*

Down in Hogan's Alley lived Miss Nancy Ann
Always fussin', squabbling with her man
Then I heard Miss Nancy say
“Why do you treat your gal that way?”

I went down the alley, other night
Nancy and her man had just had a fight
He beat Miss Nancy 'cross the head
When she rose to her feet, she said:

“You low down alligator, just watch me, sooner or later
Gonna catch you with your britches down
You 'buse me and you cheat me, you dog around and beat me
Still I'm gonna hang around

“Take all my money, blacken both of my eyes
Give it to a, another woman, come home and tell me lies
You low down alligator, just watch me sooner or later
Gonna catch you with your britches down
I mean, gonna catch you with your britches down.”

“Lost Your Head Blues” – Bessie Smith (1926) *classic blues*

I was with you baby, when you didn't have a dime
I was with you baby, when you didn't have a dime
Now since you got plenty money, you have throwed your good gal down

Once ain't for always, two ain't for twice
Once ain't for always, two ain't for twice
When you get a good gal, you better treat her nice

When you were lonesome, I tried to treat you kind
When you were lonesome, I tried to treat you kind
But since you've got money, it's done changed your mind

I'm gonna leave baby, ain't gonna say goodbye
I'm gonna leave baby, ain't gonna say goodbye
But I'll write you and tell you the reason why

Days are lonesome, nights are long
Days are lonesome, nights are so long
I'm a good ol' gal, but I've just been treated wrong

“Put It Right Here (Or Keep It Out There)” – Bessie Smith (1928) *classic blues*

I've had a man for fifteen years, give him his room and board
Once he was like a Cadillac, now he's like an old, worn-out Ford
He never brought me a lousy dime and put it in my hand
So there'll be some changes from now on, according to my plan

He's got to get it, bring it, and put it right here,
Or else he's goin' to keep it out there
If he must steal it, beg it, or borrow it somewhere,
Long as he gets it, I don't care

I'm tired of buyin' pork chops to grease his fat lips
And he has to find another place for to park his old hips
He must get it, and bring it, and put it right here,
Or else he's goin' to keep it out there

The bee gets the honey and brings it to the comb
Else he's kicked out of his home sweet home
To show you that they brings it, watch the dog and the cat
Everything even brings it, from a mule to a gnat

The rooster gets the worm and brings it to the hen
That oughta be a tip to all you no-good men
The groundhog even brings it and puts it in his hole
So my man is got to bring it, dog gone his soul

He's got to get it, bring it, and put it right here,
Or else he's gonna keep it out there
If he must steal it, beg it, borrow it somewhere,
Long as he gets it, child, I don't care

I'm gonna tell him like the Chinaman when you don't bring him check
You don't get him laundry, if you break him damn neck
You got to get it, bring it, and put it right here,
Or else you gonna keep it out there

“Billie's Blues” – Billie Holiday (1944) *jazz vocal*

I love my man, I'm a liar if I say I don't
I love my man, I'm a liar if I say I don't
But I'll quit my man, I'm a liar if I say I won't

I've been your slave, baby, every since I've been your babe
I've been your slave, every since I've been your babe
But before I'll be your dog, I'll see you in your grave

My man wouldn't give me no breakfast, wouldn't give me no dinner
Squawked about my supper then he put me outdoors
Had the nerve to lay a matchbox on my clothes
I didn't have so many but I had a long, long ways to go

I ain't good lookin', and my hair ain't curled
I ain't good lookin', and my hair ain't curled
But my mother she give me somethin, it's goin' to carry me through this world

Some men like me 'cause I'm happy, some 'cause I'm snappy
Some call me honey others think I've got money
Some say, “Billie, baby you're built for speed”
Now if you put that all together, makes me everything a good man needs

Early Country and Rockabilly

“Blue Yodel No. 1 (T for Texas)” – Jimmie Rodgers (1927) *hillbilly*

T for Texas, T for Tennessee
T for Texas, T for Tennessee
T for Thelma, that gal that made a wreck out of me-hee
Odelay-hee-oh-lay-hee-ay-lay-hee!

If you don't want me, mama, you sure don't have to stall
Lord, lord, if you don't want me, mama, you sure don't have to stall
'Cause I can get more women than a passenger train can haul
Odelay-hee-oh-lay-hee-ay-lay-hee!

I'm gonna buy me a pistol just as long as I'm tall
Lord, lord, I'm gonna buy me a pistol just as long as I'm tall
I'm gonna shoot poor Thelma, just to see her jump and fa-hall
Odelay-hee-ay-lay-hee-oh-lay-hee!

I'm goin' where the water drinks like cherry wine (SPOKEN: Sing 'em boy, Sing 'em!)
Lord, I'm goin' where the water drinks like cherry wine
'Cause the Georgia water tastes like turpenti-hine
Odelay-hee-ay-lay-hee-oh-lay-hee!

[guitar interlude]

I'm gonna buy me a shotgun with a great long shiny barrel
Gonna buy me a shotgun with a great long shiny barrel
I'm gonna shoot that rounder that stole away my ga-ha-ha-ha-ha-hal
Odelay-hee-ay-lay-hee-oh-lay-hee!

[guitar interlude]

Rather drink muddy water, sleep in a hollow log
Rather drink muddy water and sleep in a hollow log
Than to be in Atlanta treated like a dirty do-og
Odelay-hee-ay-lay-hee-oh-lay-hee!

“Move It On Over” – **Hank Williams Sr.** (1947) *country*

Came in last night at half past ten
That baby of mine wouldn't let me in
So move it on over (move it on over)
Move it on over (move it on over)
Move over little dog cause the big dog's moving in

She's changed the lock on our front door
And my door key don't fit no more
So get it on over (move it on over)
Scoot it on over (move it on over)
Move over skinny dog cause the fat dog's moving in

This dog house here is mighty small
But it's better than no house at all
So ease it on over (move it on over)
Drag it on over (move it on over)
Move over old dog cause a new dog's moving in

[electric guitar solo]

She told me not to play around
But I done let the deal go down
So pack it on over (move it on over)
Tote it on over (move it on over)
Move over nice dog cause a mad dog's moving in

She warned me once, she warned me twice
But I don't take no one's advice
So scratch it on over (move it on over)
Shake it on over (move it on over)
Move over short dog cause tall dog's moving in

[steel guitar solo]

She'll crawl back to me on her knees
I'll be busy scratching fleas
So slide it on over (move it on over)
Sneak it on over (move it on over)
Move over good dog cause a mad dog's moving in

Remember pup, before you whine
That side's yours and this side's mine
So shove it on over (move it on over)
Sweep it on over (move it on over)
Move over cold dog cause a hot dog's moving in.

“Cold, Cold Heart” – Hank Williams Sr. (1950) *country*

I try so hard my dear to show that you're my every dream.
Yet you're afraid each thing I do is just some evil scheme
A memory from your lonesome past keeps us so far apart
Why can't I free your doubtful mind and melt your cold, cold heart?

Another love before my time made your heart sad and blue
And so my heart is paying now for things I didn't do
In anger unkind words are said that make the teardrops start
Why can't I free your doubtful mind and melt your cold, cold heart?

You'll never know how much it hurts to see you sit and cry
You know you need and want my love, yet you're afraid to try
Why do you run and hide from life, to try it just ain't smart
Why can't I free your doubtful mind and melt your cold, cold heart?

There was a time when I believed that you belonged to me
But now I know your heart is shackled to a memory
The more I learn to care for you, the more we drift apart
Why can't I free your doubtful mind and melt your cold, cold heart?

“I'll Never Get Out Of This World Alive” – Hank Williams Sr. (1952) *country*

Now you're lookin' at a man that's gettin' kinda mad
I had lots of luck but it's all been bad
No matter how I struggle and strive
I'll never get out of this world alive

My fishin' pole's broke the creek is full of sand
My woman run away with another man
No matter how I struggle and strive
I'll never get out of this world alive

A distant uncle passed away and left me quite a batch
And I was living high until that fatal day
A lawyer proved I wasn't borned
I was only hatched

Everything's agin' me and it's got me down
If I jumped in the river I would prob'ly drown
No matter how I struggle and strive
I'll never get out of this world alive

[steel guitar + fiddle break]

These shabby shoes I'm wearin' all the time
Is full of holes and nails
And brother if I stepped on a worn out dime
I bet a nickel I could tell you if it was heads or tails

I'm not gonna worry wrinkles in my brow
'Cause nothin's ever gonna be alright nohow
No matter how I struggle and strive
I'll never get out of this world alive

“It Wasn't God Who Made Honky Tonk Angels” – Kitty Wells (1952) *country*

As I sit here tonight, the jukebox playing
The tune about the wild side of life
As I listen to the words you are saying
It brings memories when I was a trustful wife

It wasn't God who made Honky Tonk angels
As you said in the words of your song
Too many times married men think they're still single
That has caused many a good girl to go wrong

[fiddle solo]

It's a shame that all the blame is on us women
It's not true that only you men feel the same
From the start most every heart that's ever broken
Was because there always was a man to blame

It wasn't God who made Honky Tonk angels
As you said in the words of your song
Too many times married men think they're still single
That has caused many a good girl to go wrong

“Folsom Prison Blues” – Johnny Cash (1955) *Memphis rockabilly*

I hear the train a comin', it's rollin' 'round the bend,
And I ain't seen the sunshine since, I don't know when.
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison, and time keeps draggin' on.
But that train keeps a-rollin', on down to San Antone.

When I was just a baby, my Mama told me, "Son,
Always be a good boy, don't ever play with guns,"
But I shot a man in Reno, just to watch him die.
When I hear that whistle blowin', I hang my head and cry.

[guitar solo]

I bet there's rich folks eatin', in a fancy dining car,
They're probably drinkin' coffee, and smokin' big cigars,
Well I know I had it comin', I know I can't be free.
But those people keep a-movin', and that's what tortures me.

[guitar solo]

Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,
I bet I'd move it on a little farther down the line,
Far from Folsom Prison, that's where I want to stay.
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my blues away.

Rhythm and Blues to Early Rock and Roll

“(Mama) He Treats Your Daughter Mean” – Ruth Brown (1953) *rhythm and blues*

Mama, he treats your daughter mean
Mama, he treats your daughter mean
Mama, he treats your daughter mean
He's the meanest man I've ever seen

Mama he treats me badly
Makes me love him madly
Mama he takes my money
Makes me call him honey

Mama, he can't be trusted
Makes me so disgusted
All of my friends say they don't understand
What's the matter with this man

I tell you mama, he treats your daughter mean
Mama, he treats your daughter mean
Mama, he treats your daughter mean
He's the meanest man I've ever seen

Mama, this man is lazy
Almost drives me crazy
Mama, he makes me squeeze him
Still my squeeze don't please him

Mama, my heart is aching
I believe it's breaking
Mama, I've stood 'bout all that I can stand
What's the matter with this man?

I tell you Mama, he treats your daughter mean
Mama, he treats your daughter mean
Mama, he treats your daughter mean
He's the mean, meanest man I've ever seen

“Hound Dog” – Big Mama Thornton (1952) *rhythm and blues*

You ain't nothin but a hound dog, been snooping round my door
You ain't nothin but a hound dog, been snooping round my door
You can wag your tail but I ain't gonna feed you no more

You told me you was high class, but I can see through that
Yes, you told me you was high class, but I can see through that
And daddy I know you ain't no real cool cat

You ain't nothin but a hound dog, been snooping round my door
You just a old hound dog, been snooping round my door
You can wag your tail but I ain't gonna feed you no more
Oh, play that thing boy...

[3-chorus guitar solo with "encouragement" from Big Mama]

You made me feel so blue, you made me weep and moan
You made me feel so blue, and you made me weep and moan
'Cause you ain't lookin' for a woman, all you lookin' is for a home

You ain't nothin but a hound dog, been snooping round my door
You ain't nothin but a hound dog, been snooping round my door
You can wag your tail but I ain't gonna feed you no more
O-wooooo!

"Shake, Rattle and Roll" – **Big Joe Turner** (1954) *rhythm and blues*

Get outta that bed, wash your face and hands
Get outta that bed, wash your face and hands
Well, you get in that kitchen, make some noise with the pots and pans

Well, you wear low dresses, the sun comes shining through
Well, you wear low dresses, the sun comes shining through
I can't believe my eyes all that mess belongs to you

I believe to my soul you're a devil in nylon hose
I believe to my soul you're a devil in nylon hose
Well, the harder I work, the faster my money goes

I said, shake, rattle and roll, shake, rattle and roll
Shake, rattle and roll, shake, rattle and roll
Well, you won't do right to save your doggone soul

[baritone sax solo]

I'm like a one-eyed cat peeping in a seafood store
I'm like a one-eyed cat peeping in a seafood store
Well, I can look at you and tell you ain't no child no more

Ah, shake, rattle and roll, shake, rattle and roll
Shake, rattle and roll, shake, rattle and roll
Well, you won't do right to save your doggone soul

I said, over the hill and way down underneath
I said, over the hill and way down underneath
You make me roll my eyes, Baby, make me grit my teeth

I said, shake, rattle and roll, shake, rattle and roll
Shake, rattle and roll, shake, rattle and roll
Well, you won't do nothin' to save your doggone soul

Shake, rattle and roll!

“Shake, Rattle and Roll” – **Bill Haley and His Comets** (1954) *rock and roll*

Get out from that kitchen and rattle those pots and pans
Get out from that kitchen and rattle those pots and pans
Well, roll my breakfast, 'cause I'm a hungry man

I said shake, rattle and roll, I said shake, rattle and roll
I said shake, rattle and roll, I said shake, rattle and roll
Well you never do nothin' to save your doggone soul

Wearin' those dresses, your hair done up so nice
Wearin' those dresses, your hair done up so nice
You look so warm, but your heart is cold as ice

I said shake, rattle and roll, I said shake, rattle and roll
I said shake, rattle and roll, I said shake, rattle and roll
Well you never do nothin' to save your doggone soul

[saxophone riffs for one chorus, band responds: *GO!*]

I'm like a one-eyed cat, peepin' in a seafood store
I'm like a one-eyed cat, peepin' in a seafood store
I can look at you till you don't love me no more

I believe you're doin' me wrong and now I know
I believe you're doin' me wrong and now I know
The more I work, the faster my money goes

I said shake rattle and roll, I said shake rattle and roll
I said shake rattle and roll, I said shake rattle and roll
Well you never do nothin' to save your doggone soul

Shake rattle and roll!

“(We’re Gonna) Rock Around the Clock” – **Bill Haley and His Comets** (1955) *rock and roll*

One, two, three o'clock, four o'clock rock
Five, six, seven o'clock, eight o'clock rock
Nine, ten, eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock rock
We're gonna rock around the clock tonight

Put your glad rags on and join me hon'
We'll have some fun when the clock strikes one
We're gonna rock around the clock tonight
We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'till broad daylight
We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight

When the clock strikes two, three and four
If the band slows down we'll yell for more
We're gonna rock around the clock tonight
We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'till broad daylight
We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight

[guitar solo by Danny Cedrone]

When the chimes ring five, six, and seven
We'll be right in seventh heaven
We're gonna rock around the clock tonight
We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'till broad daylight
We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight

When it's eight, nine, ten, eleven too
I'll be goin' strong and so will you
We're gonna rock around the clock tonight
We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'till broad daylight
We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight

[sax + guitar instrumental break]

When the clock strikes twelve we'll cool off then
Start rockin' 'round the clock again
We're gonna rock around the clock tonight
We're gonna rock, rock, rock, 'till broad daylight
We're gonna rock, gonna rock around the clock tonight

“Tutti Frutti” – Little Richard (1955) *rock and roll*

Little Richard's original lyrics: “Tutti Frutti, good booty / If it don't fit, don't force it / You can grease it, make it easy...”

A-wop-bop-a-loo-mop-a-lop-bom-bom!

Tutti Frutti, all rooty [5x]
A-wop-bop-a-loo-mop-a-lop-bom-bom!

I got a girl named Sue, she knows just what to do
I got a girl named Sue, she knows just what to do
She rock to the east, she rock to the west
But she's the gal that I love best

Tutti Frutti...

I got a girl named Daisy, she almost drives me crazy
I got a girl named Daisy, she almost drives me crazy
She knows how to love me, yes indeed
Boy you don't know what she do to me

Tutti Frutti, all rooty [5x]
A-wop-bop-a-loo-mop, ooowwww!

[tenor saxophone solo]

Tutti Frutti...

I got a girl named Daisy...

Tutti Frutti, all rooty [5x]
A-wop-bop-a-loo-mop-a-lop-bam-boom!

“Long Tall Sally” – Little Richard (1956) *rock and roll*

Gonna tell Aunt Mary 'bout Uncle John, he claims he has the misery but he has a lotta fun.
Oh baby, ye-e-e-es baby, woo-o-o-oh baby, havin' me some fun tonight, yeah!

Well, long tall Sally she's built for speed, she got everything that Uncle John need
Oh baby, ye-e-e-es baby, woo-o-o-oh baby, havin' me some fun tonight, yeah!

Well, I saw Uncle John with baldhead Sally. He saw Aunt Mary comin' and he ducked back in the alley.
Oh baby, ye-e-e-es baby, woo-o-o-oh baby, havin' me some fun tonight, yeah! Owwww!

[tenor saxophone solo]

Well, long tall Sally she's built for speed, she got everything that Uncle John need
Oh baby, ye-e-e-es baby, woo-o-o-oh baby, havin' me some fun tonight, yeah!

Well, I saw Uncle John with bald head Sally. He saw Aunt Mary comin' and he ducked back in the alley.
Oh baby, ye-e-e-es baby, woo-o-o-oh baby, havin' me some fun tonight, yeah!

We gonna have some fun tonight, we gonna have some fun tonight, woooo!
Have some fun tonight, everything's all right, have some fun, have me some fun tonight.

Hail, Hail Rock and Roll

“Maybellene” – Chuck Berry (1955) *rock and roll*

Maybellene, why can't you be true
Oh Maybellene, why can't you be true
You done started doin' the things you used to do

As I was motorvatin' over the hill
I saw Maybellene in a Coup de Ville
A Cadillac a-rollin' on the open road
Nothin' outrun my V8 Ford
The Cadillac doin' about ninety-five
And we's bumper to bumper, rollin' side by side
Maybellene ...

The Cadillac pulled up to a hundred and four
The Ford got hot and wouldn't do no more
It then got cloudy and started to rain
I tooted my horn for the passin' lane
The rainwater blowin' all under my hood
I knew that was doin' my motor good
Maybellene...

[guitar solo by Chuck Berry]

Maybellene...

The motor cooled down, the heat went down
And that's when I heard that highway sound
The Cadillac sittin' like a ton of lead
A hundred and ten half a mile ahead
Cadillac lookin' like it's sittin' still
And I caught Maybellene at the top of the hill
Maybellene...

“School Day” – Chuck Berry (1957) *rock and roll*

Up in the mornin' and out to school
The teacher is teachin' the golden rule
American history and practical math
You studyin' hard and hopin' to pass
Workin' your fingers right down to the bone
And the guy behind you won't leave you alone

Ring, ring goes the bell
The cook in the lunchroom's ready to sell
You're lucky if you can find a seat
You're fortunate if you have time to eat
Back in the classroom, open your books
Gee, but the teacher don't know how mean she looks

Soon as three o'clock rolls around
You finally lay your burden down
Close up your books, get out of your seat
Down the halls and into the street
Up to the corner and 'round the bend
Right to the juke joint, you go in

Drop the coin right into the slot
You've gotta hear somethin' that's really hot
With the one you love, you're makin' romance
All day long you've been wantin' to dance,
Feeling the music from head to toe
Round and round and round you go

[guitar solo by Chuck Berry]

Drop the coin right into the slot...

Hail, hail rock and roll
Deliver me from the days of old
Long live rock and roll
The beat of the drums, loud and bold
Rock, rock, rock and roll
The feelin' is there, body and soul.

“Sweet Little Sixteen” – Chuck Berry (1958) *rock and roll*

They're really rockin' in Boston, and Pittsburgh, P. A.
Deep in the heart of Texas, and 'round the Frisco Bay
All over St. Louis, and down in New Orleans
All the cats wanna dance with Sweet Little Sixteen

Sweet Little Sixteen, she's just got to have
About half a million framed autographs
Her wallet's filled with pictures, she gets 'em one by one
Becomes so excited, watch her, look at her run, boy

Oh mommy, mommy, please may I go
It's such a sight to see somebody steal the show

Oh daddy daddy, I beg of you
Whisper to mommy it's all right with you

Cause they'll be rockin' on Bandstand in Philadelphia P.A.
Deep in the heart of Texas, and 'round the Frisco Bay
All over St. Louis, way Down in New Orleans
All the cats wanna dance with Sweet Little Sixteen

[piano solo]

Cause they'll be rockin' on Bandstand...

Sweet Little Sixteen, she's got the grown up blues
Tight dresses and lipstick, she's sportin' high heel shoes
Oh, but tomorrow morning she'll have to change her trend
And be sweet sixteen, and back in class again

'Cause they'll be rockin' in Boston, and Pittsburgh, P.A. ...

“That’s All Right Mama” – Elvis Presley (1954) *Memphis rockabilly*

Well, that's all right, mama
That's all right for you
That's all right mama, just any way you do
Well, that's all right, that's all right,
That's all right now mama, any way you do

Well mama she done told me,
Papa done told me too
'Son, that gal your foolin' with, she ain't no good for you'
But, that's all right, that's all right.
That's all right now mama, any way you do

[guitar solo by Scotty Moore]

I'm leaving town, baby
I'm leaving town for sure
Well, then you won't be bothered with me hanging 'round your door
But that's all right, that's all right,
That's all right now mama, any way you do

“Heartbreak Hotel” – Elvis Presley (1956) *rock and roll*

Well, since my baby left me, well I found a new place to dwell.
Well, its down at the end of lonely street, that heartbreak hotel where I'll be,
I'll be so lonely baby, well I'm so lonely, I'll be so lonely, I could die.

Although it's always crowded, you still can find some room,
For broken hearted lovers to cry there in their gloom, they'll be so...
Heartbreak is so lonely baby, Heartbreak is so lonely, they'll be so lonely, they could die.

Now, the bellhop's tears keep flowin', and the desk clerks dressed in black.
Well they been so long on lonely street, they'll never, they'll never look back, and they get so...
And they get so lonely baby, well they're so lonely, and they're so lonely, they could die.

Well now, if your baby leaves ya, and you got a tale to tell,
Well just take a walk down lonely street to heartbreak hotel where you will be...
...be so lonely baby, well you'll be lonely, you'll be so lonely, you could die.

[guitar solo + piano solo]

Although its always crowded, you still can find some room,
For broken hearted lovers to cry there in their gloom, they'll be so...
Well they get so lonely baby, well they're so lonely, they'll be so lonely, they could die.

“Don't Be Cruel” – Elvis Presley (1956) *rock and roll*

You know I can be found
Sitting home all alone
If you can't come around
At least please telephone
Don't be cruel to a heart that's true

Baby, if I made you mad
For something I might have said
Please, let's forget my past
The future looks bright ahead
Don't be cruel to a heart that's true
I don't want no other love
Baby it's just you I'm thinking of, mmm

Don't stop thinking of me
Don't make me feel this way
Come on over here and love me
You know what I want you to say
Don't be cruel to a heart that's true
Why should we be apart?
I really love you baby, cross my heart

Let's walk up to the preacher
And let us say I do
Then you'll know you'll have me
And I'll know that I'll have you
Don't be cruel to a heart that's true
I don't want no other love
Baby it's just you I'm thinking of

Don't be cruel to a heart that's true
Don't be cruel to a heart that's true
I don't want no other love
Baby it's just you I'm thinking of

“Hound Dog” – Elvis Presley (1956) *rock and roll*

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog c-cryin' all the time
You ain't nothin' but a hound dog cryin' all the time
Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine

Well they said you was high classed, well, that was just a lie
Yeah they said you was high classed, well, that was just a lie
Yeah, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you ain't no friend of mine

Gospel and Early Soul

“I’m Coming Home” – The Staple Singers (1959) *gospel*

Tell a-heaven, now you tell heaven
I am comin’, I’m comin’ on home
Home one day, just tell my heaven, my heavenly king, just tell him that I’m comin’ on the mornin’ train
Tell a-heaven, whoah-oh tell heaven
I am comin’, hey I’ll be home one day
Tell heaven I’m comin’ on home one day

Tell the father, now you tell father
I am comin’, I’m comin’ on home
Home one day, yeah I been ‘buked, Lord I been scorned, yeah I been talked about sure as you born
Tell the father, whoah-oh tell father
I am comin’, yeah I’ll be home one day
Tell father I’m comin’ on home one day

O’er the river, Lord knows the river
Where the sun, that evenin’ sun
Will never go down, cross on my shoulder, sword in my hand, I’m goin’ down fightin’ in my Jesus’ name
(Well) the river, whoah-over the river
Where the sun, that evenin’ sun go down
Lord knows the sun will never go down

I’m gonna choose, Lord I’m gonna choose
Choose my seat, gonna choose my seat
And sit down, Lord I’m gonna choose my seat and sit down, gonna ask my Lord for my starry crown
Then I’m gonna write my Lord a letter, gonna tell him this world ain’t gettin’ no better
Then I’m gonna call him on my phone, tell Jesus I need you in my home
Tell heaven, yeah-hey tell heaven
I am comin’, hey I’ll be home one day
Tell heaven I’m comin’ on home one day

Lord my burdens, Lord knows my burdens
Seem so heavy, so hard to bear
Hard to bear, Lord knows my burdens seem hard to bear, Lord when I get to heaven, I got a crown to wear
All my burdens, whoah-oh my burdens
Seem so heavy, Lord knows they’re hard to bear
You know my burdens seem hard to bear

Tell my mother, now you tell mother
I am comin’, I’m comin’ on home
Home one day, just tell my mother now don’t she cry, she know her little child was born to die
Tell mother, whoah-oh tell mother
I am comin’, hey-ey I’ll be home one day
Tell mother I’m comin’ on home one day

Mm-mm, mm-hmm mm-hmm-ah
Ooh-hoo, mm-hmm mm-hmm-ah
Ooh-hoo, I haven’t been to heaven but I’ve been told the streets in a-heaven they shine like gold
Tell heaven, whoah-oh tell heaven
I am comin’, hey I’ll be home one day
Tell heaven I’m comin’ on home one day

“God Put A Rainbow In The Sky” – Mahalia Jackson (1959) *gospel*

God put a rainbow in the sky, a rainbow in the sky, a rainbow in the sky [repeat]
It looked like the sun wasn't gonna shine any more
God put a rainbow in the sky

CALL: When God shut Noah in the grand old ark

RESPONSE: God put a rainbow in the sky

CALL: The sun grew dim and the day was dark

RESPONSE: God put a rainbow in the sky

“Hallelujah I Love Her So” – Ray Charles (1956) *early soul*

Let me tell you 'bout a girl I know
She is my baby and she lives next door
Every mornin' 'fore the sun comes up
She brings me coffee in my favorite cup
That's why I know, yes, I know
Hallelujah, I just love her so

When I'm in trouble and I have no friend
I know she'll go with me until the end
Everybody asks me how I know
I smile at them and say, "She told me so"
That's why I know, oh, I know
Hallelujah, I just love her so

Now, if I call her on the telephone
And tell her that I'm all alone
By the time I count from one to four
I hear her [KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK] on my door

In the evening when the sun goes down
When there is nobody else around
She kisses me and she holds me tight
And tells me, "Daddy, everything's all right"
That's why I know, yes, I know
Hallelujah, I just love her so

[tenor saxophone solo]

Now, if I call her on the telephone
And tell her that I'm all alone
By the time I count from one to four
I hear her [KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK] on my door

In the evening when the sun goes down
When there is nobody else around
She kisses me and she holds me tight
And tells me, "Daddy, everything's all right"
That's why I know, yes, I know
Hallelujah, I just love her so
Oh, hallelujah
Don't you know, I just love her so
She's my little woman, waitin' all this time
Babe, I'm a little fool for you, little girl, mm-hmmm...

“Drown in My Own Tears” – Ray Charles (1956) *early soul*

It brings a tear into my eyes
When I begin to realize
I've cried so much since you've been gone,
I guess I'll drown in my own tears

I sit and cry just like a child
My pouring tears are runnin' wild
If you don't think you'll be home soon
I guess I'll drown, oh yes, in my own tears

I know it's true, mm-hmm, into each life
Some rain, rain must pour
I'm so blue here without you
It keeps raining more and more

Why can't you come on home
Oh yes, so I won't be all alone
If you don't think you'll be home soon
I guess I'll (drown in my own tears)
Ooh, don't let me (drown in my own tears)
When I'm in trouble, baby (drown in my own tears)
Oh, yeah, me and don't let me (drown in my own tears)
I guess I'll drown in my own tears
Oh, mmm

“What'd I Say, Parts I & II” – Ray Charles (1959) *Atlantic soul*

Hey mama, don't you treat me wrong
Come and love your daddy all night long
All right now, hey hey, all right

See the girl with the diamond ring
She knows how to shake that thing
All right now now now, hey hey, hey hey

Tell your mama, tell your pa
I'm gonna send you back to Arkansas
Oh yes, ma'm, you don't do right, don't do right

When you see me in misery
Come on baby, see about me
Now yeah, all right, all right, aw play it, boy

When you see me in misery
Come on baby, see about me
Now yeah, hey hey, all right

See the girl with the red dress on
She can do the Birdland all night long
Yeah yeah, what'd I say, all right

Well, tell me what'd I say, tell me what'd I say right now [repeat]

And I wanna know, baby I wanna know right now [repeat]

[spoken interlude]

Uh (uh) oh (oh) uh (uh) oh (oh) uh (uh) oh (oh) uuuh
One more time (just one more time) [repeat]

Huh (huh) ho (ho) huh (huh) ho (ho) huh (huh) ho (ho) huuuh
Make me feel so good (make me feel so good) [repeat]

Huh (huh) ho (ho) huh (huh) ho (ho) huh (huh) ho (ho) huuuh
Said it's all right (baby it's all right) [repeat]

Woah! Shake that thing now (baby shake that thing)
Baby shake that thing now (baby shake that thing) [repeat]

Woah! I feel all right now yeah (make me feel all right)
Said I feel all right now (make me feel all right) [repeat]

“How Far Am I from Canaan?” – Sam Cooke with the Soul Stirrers (1952) *gospel*

I am standing on the Jordan
Gazing 'cross life's stormy tide
There I'll rest my heavy burden
'Till all doubts and fears, Lord, subside, whoah yes

I can hear the angels singing
I can see, Lord, them 'round the throne
Well I can hear, I hear the saints, child, oh singin', hmmm,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah now, now 'tis done, oh yes

[double time]

Tell me how far am I from Canaan?
Lord, how far am I from Canaan?
Well, while the angels singing and the joybell ringing and glory!
Lord, how far am I from Canaan?

Lord, over there we'll shout, "Trouble's over!" (2x)
Well, while the angels singing and the joybell ringing and glory!
Lord, how far am I from Canaan?

Lord up there I'll meet my mother (2x)
Well, while the angels singing and the joybell ringing and glory!
Lord, how far am I from Canaan?

Lord, when I get on home, my savior I'll join
Well, I'll shout, God knows I'm going to, well, shout, hey!
Lord, God knows I wanna know how far am I from Canaan?

“You Send Me” – Sam Cooke (1957) *early soul / pop ballad*

Darling you send me
I know you send me
Darling you send me
Honest you do, honest you do, honest you do, whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh

You thrill me
I know you, you, you, you thrill me
Darling you, you, you, you thrill me
Honest you do

At first I thought it was infatuation
But ooh, it's lasted so long
Now I find myself wanting
To marry you and take you home
Whoa-oh-oh-oooh-oh-oh

You, you, you, you send me
I know you send me
I know you send me
Honest you do

(You send me) Whoa-oh-oh, whenever I'm with you
(You send me) I know, I know, I know when I'm near you
(You send me) Mmm hmm, mmm hmm, honest you do, honest you do, whoa-oh-oh, I know-oh-oh-oh

(You thrill me) I know, I know, I know, when you hold me
(You thrill me) Whoa-oh-oh-oh-oh, whenever you kiss me
(You thrill me) Mmm hmm, mmm hmm, honest you do

At first I thought it was infatuation
But ooh, it's lasted so long
Now I find myself wanting
To marry you and take you home

I know, I know, I know, you, you, you, you send me
I know you send me, whoa-oh-oh-oh
You you you you send me
Honest you do

“A Change Is Gonna Come” – Sam Cooke (1964) *soul*

I was born by the river in a little tent
Oh and just like the river I've been running ever since
It's been a long, a long time coming
But I know a change gonna come, oh yes it will

It's been too hard living but I'm afraid to die
'Cause I don't know what's up there beyond the sky
It's been a long, a long time coming
But I know a change gonna come, oh yes it will

I go to the movie and I go downtown
Somebody keep telling me don't hang around

It's been a long, a long time coming
But I know a change gonna come, oh yes it will

Then I go to my brother
And I say brother help me please
But he winds up knockin' me
Back down on my knees

Ohhhhhhhhh...

There been times that I thought I couldn't last for long
But now I think I'm able to carry on
It's been a long, a long time coming
But I know a change gonna come, oh yes it will

“In the Midnight Hour” – Wilson Pickett (1965) *Atlantic soul*

I'm gonna wait till the midnight hour
That's when my love comes tumbling down
I'm gonna wait till the midnight hour
When there's no one else around
I'm gonna take you girl and hold you
And do all the things I told you
In the midnight hour, yes I am, oh yes I am
One more thing I just want to say right here

I'm gonna wait till the stars come out
And see that twinkle in your eyes
I'm gonna wait till the midnight hour
That's when my love begins to shine
You're the only girl I know
That really loves me so
In the midnight hour, oh yeah, in the midnight hour
Yeah, alright, play it for me one time

[instrumental break]

I'm gonna wait till midnight hour
That's when my love comes tumbling down
Im gonna wait, way in the midnight hour
Thats when my love begins to shine
Just you and I, oh baby
Just you and I
Nobody around baby, just, you and I, all right
You know what, I'm gonna hold you, in my arms
Just you and I, oh yeah, in the midnight hour
Oh baby, in the midnight hour

“I’ve Come A Long Way” – Wilson Pickett (1968) *Atlantic soul*

Written by Bobby Womack

I've come a long, long, long, long way, oh yes, I did
Since I found a love, mm-hmm, since I found a love
But wait a minute, there's one more thing
It was so hard, hard, yeah, oh yeah
But I've come a long, such a long, long ways
Let me tell y'all, by the stars above
Let me say that one more time, by the stars above
I used to look here and there, here, there, everywhere
But one day that woman walked into my life, oh yeah
She said, "Don't worry, baby, I'm goin' make everything all right"
She went on and she smoothed out all the rough roads, uh huh
With her lots of lovin' and secure, oh yes, she did
And she gave me somethin' to live for
I can tell the world, yeah (By the stars above)
I've come a long (Long)
Long way (Long way)
Ahh, sometime I'm gonna cry tears of water
They came runnin' out, oh yeah

Music B27 Listening Guide: Volume Two

History of Rock and Roll - Kris Tiner, Instructor

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Dylan and the Folk Scene

“This Land is Your Land” – **Woody Guthrie** (1944) *folk*

This land is your land, and this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me

As I went walking that ribbon of highway
And I saw above me that endless skyway
I saw below me that golden valley
This land was made for you and me

I roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
All around me a voice was a-sounding
This land was made for you and me

There was a big high wall there that tried to stop me
Sign was painted, said private property
But on the back side it didn't say nothin'
This land was made for you and me

When the sun come shining, then I was strolling
And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
A voice was chanting, as the fog was lifting
This land was made for you and me

This land is your land, and this land is my land
From California to the New York Island
From the Redwood Forest to the Gulf Stream waters
This land was made for you and me.

“I Ain't Got No Home” – **Woody Guthrie** (1940) *folk*

I ain't got no home, I'm just a-roamin' 'round,
Just a wandrin' worker, I go from town to town.
And the police make it hard wherever I may go
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.
My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road,
A hot and dusty road that a million feet have trod;
Rich man took my home and drove me from my door
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Was a-farmin' on the shares, and always I was poor;
My crops I lay into the banker's store.
My wife took down and died upon the cabin floor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Now as I look around, it's mighty plain to see
This world is such a great and a funny place to be;
Oh, the gamblin' man is rich an' the workin' man is poor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

“Little Boxes” – Pete Seeger, vocal and banjo (1963) *folk*
Originally written and recorded by Malvina Reynolds in 1962.

Little boxes on the hillside
Little boxes made of ticky tacky
Little boxes, little boxes
Little boxes all the same
There's a green one and a pink one
And a blue one and a yellow one
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same

And the people in the houses
All went to the university
And they all got put in boxes
Little boxes all the same
And there's doctors and there's lawyers
And business executives
And they all get put in boxes
And they all come out the same

And they all play on the golf course
And drink their martini dry
And they all have pretty children
And the children go to school
And the children go to summer camp
And then to the university
And they all get put in boxes
And they come out all the same

And the boys go into business
And marry and raise a family
And they all get put in boxes
Little boxes all the same
There's a green one and a pink one
And a blue one and a yellow one
And they're all made out of ticky tacky
And they all look just the same

“Blowin’ in the Wind” – Bob Dylan (1963) *folk*

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, and how many times must the cannonballs fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

Yes, and how many years can a mountain exist
Before it is washed to the sea?
Yes, and how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head
And pretend that he just doesn't see?
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

Yes, and how many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, and how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, and how many deaths will it take 'till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

“Only A Pawn In Their Game” – Bob Dylan (1964) *folk*

A bullet from the back of a bush took Medgar Evers' blood.
A finger fired the trigger to his name.
A handle hid out in the dark
A hand set the spark
Two eyes took the aim
Behind a man's brain
But he can't be blamed
He's only a pawn in their game.

A South politician preaches to the poor white man,
"You got more than the blacks, don't complain.
You're better than them, you been born with white skin," they explain.
And the Negro's name
Is used it is plain
For the politician's gain
As he rises to fame
And the poor white remains
On the caboose of the train
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game.

The deputy sheriffs, the soldiers, the governors get paid,
And the marshals and cops get the same,
But the poor white man's used in the hands of them all like a tool.
He's taught in his school
From the start by the rule

That the laws are with him
To protect his white skin
To keep up his hate
So he never thinks straight
'Bout the shape that he's in
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game.

From the poverty shacks, he looks from the cracks to the tracks,
And the hoof beats pound in his brain.
And he's taught how to walk in a pack
Shoot in the back
With his fist in a clinch
To hang and to lynch
To hide 'neath the hood
To kill with no pain
Like a dog on a chain
He ain't got no name
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game.

Today, Medgar Evers was buried from the bullet he caught.
They lowered him down as a king.
But when the shadowy sun sets on the one
That fired the gun
He'll see by his grave
On the stone that remains
Carved next to his name
His epitaph plain:
Only a pawn in their game.

“Mr. Tambourine Man” – **Bob Dylan** (1965) *folk*

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you

Though I know that evenin's empire has returned into sand
Vanished from my hand
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet
I have no one to meet
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me...

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip
My toes too numb to step
Wait only for my boot heels to be wanderin'
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade
Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way
I promise to go under it

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me...

Though you might hear laughin', spinnin', swingin' madly across the sun
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run
And but for the sky there are no fences facin'
And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind
I wouldn't pay it any mind
It's just a shadow you're seein' that he's chasing

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me...

Then take me disappearin' through the smoke rings of my mind
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves
The haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves
Let me forget about today until tomorrow

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me...

“Like A Rolling Stone” – **Bob Dylan** (1965) *folk rock*

Once upon a time you dressed so fine
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?
People'd call, say, "Beware doll, you're bound to fall"
You thought they were all kiddin' you
You used to laugh about
Everybody that was hangin' out
Now you don't talk so loud
Now you don't seem so proud
About having to be scrounging for your next meal.

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be without a home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

You've gone to the finest school all right, Miss Lonely
But you know you only used to get juiced in it
And nobody has ever taught you how to live out on the street
And now you find out you're gonna have to get used to it
You said you'd never compromise
With the mystery tramp, but now you realize
He's not selling any alibis
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
And say, do you want to make a deal?

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
A complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

You never turned around to see the frowns on the jugglers and the clowns
When they all did tricks for you
You never understood that it ain't no good
You shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you
You used to ride on the chrome horse with your diplomat
Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat
Ain't it hard when you discover that
He really wasn't where it's at
After he took from you everything he could steal.

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people
They're drinkin', thinkin' that they got it made
Exchanging all kinds of precious gifts and things
But you'd better lift your diamond ring, you'd better pawn it babe
You used to be so amused
At Napoleon in rags and the language that he used
Go to him now, he calls you, you can't refuse
When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose
You're invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal.

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

“Fourth Time Around” – Bob Dylan (1966) *folk*

When she said, “Don't waste your words, they're just lies”
I cried she was deaf
And she worked on my face until breaking my eyes
And saying, “What else you got left?”
It was then that I got up to leave but she said, “Don't forget,
Everybody must give something back for something they get”

I stood there and hummed, I tapped on her drum
I asked her, “How come?”
And she buttoned her boot and straightened her suit
Then she said, “Don't be cute”
So I forced my hands in my pockets and felt with my thumbs
And gallantly handed her my very last piece of gum

She threw me outside, I stood in the dirt
Where everyone walked
But, when finding out I'd forgotten my shirt
I went back and knocked
I waited in the hallway as she went to get it and I tried to make sense
Out of that picture of you in your wheelchair that leaned up against...

Her Jamaican rum, and when she did come
I asked her for some
She said, "No, dear" I said, "Your words are not clear,
You'd better spit out your gum"
She screamed till her face got so red, then she fell on the floor
I covered her up and then went and looked through her drawer

And when I was through, I filled up my shoe
And brought it to you
And you, you took me in, you loved me then
You didn't waste time
And I, I never took much, I never asked for your crutch
Now don't ask for mine

"All Along The Watchtower" – Bob Dylan (1968) *folk rock*

"There must be some way out of here," said the joker to the thief,
"There's too much confusion, I can't get no relief.
Businessmen, they drink my wine, plowmen dig my earth,
None of them along the line know what any of it is worth."

"No reason to get excited," the thief, he kindly spoke,
"There are many here among us who feel that life is but a joke.
But you and I, we've been through that, and this is not our fate,
So let us not talk falsely now, the hour is getting late."

All along the watchtower, princes kept the view
While all the women came and went, barefoot servants, too
Outside in the distance a wildcat did growl,
Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl

Beach Boys, Beatles, and the Stones

"Surfin' U.S.A." – The Beach Boys (1963) *surf rock*

If everybody had an ocean, across the U.S.A.
Then everybody'd be surfin', like Californ-i-a
You'd seem 'em wearing their baggies, huarachi sandals too
A bushy bushy blonde hairdo, surfin' U.S.A.

You'd catch 'em surfin' at Del Mar (Inside outside U.S.A.)
Ventura County line (Inside outside U.S.A.)
Santa Cruz and Trestles (Inside outside U.S.A.)
Australia's Narrabeen (Inside outside U.S.A.)
All over Manhattan (Inside outside U.S.A.)
And down Doheny way (Inside outside)
Everybody's gone surfin', surfin' U.S.A.

We'll all be planning out a route, we're gonna take real soon
We're waxing down our surfboards, we can't wait for June
We'll all be gone for the summer, we're on surf-ari to stay
Tell the teacher we're surfin', surfin' U.S.A.

Haggerty's and Swami's (Inside outside U.S.A)
Pacific Palisades (Inside outside U.S.A)
San Onofre and Sunset (Inside outside U.S.A)
Redondo Beach L.A. (Inside outside U.S.A.)
All over La Jolla (Inside outside U.S.A.)
At Waimea Bay (Inside outside)
Everybody's gone surfin', surfin' U.S.A.

[instrumental break]

Everybody's gone surfin', surfin' U.S.A. [repeat]

“God Only Knows” – The Beach Boys (1966) *rock*

I may not always love you
But long as there are stars above you
You never need to doubt it
I'll make you so sure about it
God only knows what I'd be without you

If you should ever leave me
Though life would still go on believe me
The world could show nothing to me
So what good would living do me
God only knows what I'd be without you

[instrumental/scat interlude]

And god only knows what I'd be without you
If you should ever leave me
Though life would still go on believe me
The world could show nothing to me
So what good would living do me
God only knows what I'd be without you
God only knows what I'd be without you
God only knows...

“I Just Wasn't Made For These Times” – The Beach Boys (1966) *rock*

I keep looking for a place to fit in where I can speak my mind
I've been trying hard to find the people that I won't leave behind
They say I got brains, but they ain't doing me no good
I wish they could
Each time things start to happen again
I think I got something good goin' for myself
But what goes wrong?

Sometimes I feel very sad
Sometimes I feel very sad (Can't find nothin' I can put my heart and soul into)
Sometimes I feel very sad (Can't find nothin' I can put my heart and soul into)
I guess I just wasn't made for these times

Every time I get the inspiration to go change things around
No one wants to help me look for places where new things might be found
Where can I turn when my fair weather friends cop out?
What's it all about?

Each time things start to happen again
I think I got something good goin' for myself
But what goes wrong?

Sometimes I feel very sad
Sometimes I feel very sad (Can't find nothin' I can put my heart and soul into)
Sometimes I feel very sad (Can't find nothin' I can put my heart and soul into)
I guess I just wasn't made for these times

I guess I just wasn't made for these times...

“Good Vibrations” – The Beach Boys (1966) *rock*

I, I love the colorful clothes she wears
And the way the sunlight plays upon her hair
I hear the sound of a gentle word
On the wind that lifts her perfume through the air

I'm pickin' up good vibrations, she's giving me excitations...
Ooh-bop-bop, good vibrations, bop-bop, excitations...
Good, good, good, good vibrations...

Close my eyes
She's somehow closer now
Softly smile, I know she must be kind
When I look in her eyes
She goes with me to a blossom world

I'm pickin' up good vibrations, she's giving me excitations...
Ooh-bop-bop, good vibrations, bop-bop, excitations...
Good, good, good, good vibrations...

Ahhhhhhh!
Ah my, my what elation!
I don't know where but she sends me there
Ah my, my what a sensation!
Ah my, my what elations!
Ah my, my what...

Gotta keep those lovin' good vibrations a-happenin' with her
Gotta keep those lovin' good vibrations a-happenin' with her
Gotta keep those lovin' good vibrations a-happenin'...

Ahhhhhhhh!

Good, good, good, good vibrations...
Ooh-bop-bop, good vibrations, bop-bop, excitations...
I'm pickin' up good vibrations, she's giving me excitations...

Na-na-na-na-na...
Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba...
Do-do-do-do-do...

[polyphonic scat section fades out to theremin hook]

“Surf’s Up” – The Beach Boys (1966-1971) *progressive rock*

A diamond necklace played the pawn
Hand in hand some drummed along, oh
To a handsome mannered baton
A blind class aristocracy
Back through the opera glass you see
The pit and the pendulum drawn
Columnated ruins domino
Canvass the town and brush the backdrop
Are you sleeping?

Hung velvet overtaken me
Dim chandelier awaken me
To a song dissolved in the dawn
The music hall a costly bow
The music all is lost for now
To a muted trumpeter swan
Columnated ruins domino
Canvass the town and brush the backdrop
Are you sleeping, Brother John?

Dove nested towers the hour was
Strike the street quicksilver moon
Carriage across the fog
Two-Step to lamp lights cellar tune
The laughs come hard in Auld Lang Syne
The glass was raised, the fired-roast
The fullness of the wine, the dim last toasting
While at port adieu or die
A choke of grief heart hardened I
Beyond belief a broken man too tough to cry

Surf's Up, mm-mm
Aboard a tidal wave
Come about hard and join
The young and often spring you gave
I heard the word
Wonderful thing
A children's song

Child, child, child, child, child...
A child is the father of the man...

A children's song
Have you listened as they played?
Their song is love
And the children know the way
Na na na na na na na na...

Child, child, child, child, child
That's why the child is the father to the man
Child, child, child, child, child...

“I Want To Hold Your Hand” – **The Beatles** (1963) *British rock*

Written by John Lennon & Paul McCartney

Oh yeah, I'll tell you something I think you'll understand
When I say that something, I wanna hold your hand
I wanna hold your hand, I wanna hold your hand

Oh, please, say to me you'll let me be your man
And please, say to me you'll let me hold your hand
Now let me hold your hand, I wanna hold your hand

And when I touch you I feel happy, inside
It's such a feeling that my love I can't hide
I can't hide, I can't hide

Yeah you, got that something, I think you'll understand
When I say that something, I wanna hold your hand
I wanna hold your hand, I wanna hold your hand

And when I touch you I feel happy, inside
It's such a feeling that my love I can't hide
I can't hide, I can't hide

Yeah you, got that something, I think you'll understand
When I feel that something, I wanna hold your hand
I wanna hold your hand, I wanna hold your hand

“Norwegian Wood (This Bird Has Flown)” – **The Beatles** (1965) *British rock*

Written by John Lennon & Paul McCartney; lead vocal: John Lennon

I once had a girl, or should I say, she once had me...
She showed me her room, isn't it good, Norwegian wood?

She asked me to stay and she told me to sit anywhere,
So I looked around and I noticed there wasn't a chair.

I sat on a rug, biding my time, drinking her wine
We talked until two and then she said, "It's time for bed"

[sitar solo by George Harrison]

She told me she worked in the morning and started to laugh.
I told her I didn't and crawled off to sleep in the bath

And when I awoke, I was alone, this bird had flown
So I lit a fire, isn't it good, Norwegian wood.

“Tomorrow Never Knows” – **The Beatles** (1966) *British rock / psychedelic rock*

Written by John Lennon

Turn off your mind, relax and float down stream
It is not dying, it is not dying
Lay down all thought, surrender to the void
It is shining, it is shining
That you may see the meaning of within
It is being, it is being

That love is all and love is everyone
It is knowing, it is knowing
That ignorance and hate may mourn the dead
It is believing, it is believing
But listen to the color of your dreams
It is not living, it is not living
Or play the game, existence to the end
Of the beginning, of the beginning, of the beginning...

“A Day In The Life” – The Beatles (1967) *British rock*

Written by John Lennon & Paul McCartney

I read the news today, oh boy
About a lucky man who made the grade
And though the news was rather sad
Well I just had to laugh
I saw the photograph

He blew his mind out in a car
He didn't notice that the lights had changed
A crowd of people stood and stared
They'd seen his face before
Nobody was really sure
If he was from the House of Lords

I saw a film today, oh boy
The English Army had just won the war
A crowd of people turned away
But I just had to look
Having read the book

I'd love to turn you on...

Woke up, fell out of bed
Dragged a comb across my head
Found my way downstairs and drank a cup
And looking up I noticed I was late

Found my coat and grabbed my hat
Made the bus in seconds flat
Found my way upstairs and had a smoke
And somebody spoke and I went into a dream...

I heard the news today, oh boy
Four thousand holes in Blackburn, Lancashire
And though the holes were rather small
They had to count them all
Now they know how many holes it takes
To fill the Albert Hall

I'd love to turn you on...

“Revolution 1” – **The Beatles** (1968) *British rock*

Written by John Lennon

You say you want a revolution
Well, you know
We all want to change the world
You tell me that it's evolution
Well, you know
We all want to change the world
But when you talk about destruction
Don't you know that you can count me out, in
Don't you know it's gonna be all right (Oh shoo-bee-do-wah) ...

You say you got a real solution
Well, you know
We'd all love to see the plan (Oh shoo-bee-do-wah)
You ask me for a contribution
Well, you know
We're all doing what we can (Oh shoo-bee-do-wah)
But if you want money for people with minds that hate
All I can tell is brother you'll have to wait
Don't you know it's gonna be all right (Oh shoo-bee-do-wah) ...

You say you'll change the constitution
Well, you know
We'd all love to change your head (Oh shoo-bee-do-wah)
You tell me it's the institution
Well, you know
You'd better free your mind instead (Oh shoo-bee-do-wah)
But if you go carrying pictures of Chairman Mao
You ain't going to make it with anyone anyhow
Don't you know it's gonna be all right (Oh shoo-bee-do-wah) ...

“(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction” – **The Rolling Stones** (1965) *British rock*

Written by Mick Jagger & Keith Richards

I can't get no satisfaction
I can't get no satisfaction
'Cause I try and I try and I try and I try
I can't get no, I can't get no

When I'm drivin' in my car
And a man comes on the radio
He's tellin' me more and more
About some useless information
Supposed to fire my imagination
I can't get no, oh no no no
Hey hey hey, that's what I say

I can't get no satisfaction
I can't get no satisfaction
'Cause I try and I try and I try and I try
I can't get no, I can't get no

When I'm watchin' my TV
And a man comes on and tells me
How white my shirts can be
But he can't be a man 'cause he doesn't smoke
The same cigarettes as me
I can't get no, oh no no no
Hey hey hey, that's what I say

I can't get no satisfaction
I can't get no girl reaction
'Cause I try and I try and I try and I try
I can't get no, I can't get no

When I'm ridin' round the world
And I'm doin' this and I'm signin' that
And I'm tryin' to make some girl
Who tells me baby better come back later next week
'Cause you see I'm on a losing streak
I can't get no, oh no no no
Hey hey hey, that's what I say

I can't get no, I can't get no
I can't get no satisfaction
No satisfaction, no satisfaction, no satisfaction

“Street Fighting Man” – The Rolling Stones (1968) *British rock*

Written by Mick Jagger & Keith Richards, sitar and tamboura: Brian Jones

Everywhere I hear the sound of marching, charging feet, boy
'Cause summer's here and the time is right for fighting in the street, boy
Well then what can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock 'n' roll band
Cause in sleepy London town
There's just no place for a street fighting man, no!

Hey! Think the time is right for a palace revolution
But where I live the game to play is compromise solution
Well then what can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock 'n' roll band
'Cause in sleepy London town
There's just no place for a street fighting man, no!
Get down!

Hey! Said my name is called disturbance
I'll shout and scream, I'll kill the king, I'll rail at all his servants
Well then what can a poor boy do
Except to sing for a rock 'n' roll band
Cause in sleepy London town
There's just no place for a street fighting man, no!
Get down!

“You Can’t Always Get What You Want” – The Rolling Stones (1969) *British rock*

Written by Mick Jagger & Keith Richards, feat. The London Bach Choir

CHOIR: I saw her today at the reception
A glass of wine in her hand
I knew she would meet her connection
At her feet was her footloose man

No, you can't always get what you want
You can't always get what you want [2x]
And if you try sometime you find
You get what you need

[guitar & horn interlude]

JAGGER: I saw her today at the reception
A glass of wine in her hand
I knew she was gonna meet her connection
At her feet was her footloose man

You can't always get what you want [3x]
But if you try sometimes you might find
You get what you need

And I went down to the demonstration
To get my fair share of abuse
Singing, “We're gonna vent our frustration
If we don't we're gonna blow a 50-amp fuse,” sing it to me now...

You can't always get what you want [3x]
But if you try sometimes, well you just might find
You get what you need, oh baby, yeah, yeah...

I went down to the Chelsea drugstore
To get your prescription filled
I was standing in line with Mr. Jimmy
And man, did he look pretty ill
We decided that we would have a soda
My favorite flavor, cherry red
I sung my song to Mr. Jimmy
Yeah, and he said one word to me, and that was “dead”, I said to him:

You can't always get what you want [3x]
But if you try sometimes you just might find
You get what you need, oh yes! Woo!

[instrumental/choral interlude]

You get what you need, yeah! Oh baby! Oh yeah!

I saw her today at the reception
In her glass was a bleeding man
She was practiced at the art of deception
Well I could tell by her blood-stained hands

You can't always get what you want [3x]
But if you try sometimes you just might find, you just might find
You get what you need, oh yeah!

You can't always get what you want [3x]
But if you try sometimes you just might find, you just might find
You get what you need, ah yes...

Soul Power

“Dancing In The Street” – **Martha and The Vandellas** (1964) *Motown soul*

Calling out around the world, are you ready for a brand new beat?
Summer's here and the time is right for dancing in the street
They're dancing in Chicago, down in New Orleans, in New York City
All we need is music, sweet music,
There'll be music everywhere
There'll be swinging, swaying, and records playing,
Dancing in the street
Oh it doesn't matter what you wear, just as long as you are there
So come on every guy, grab a girl,
Everywhere, around the world
There'll be dancing, they're dancing in the street

This is an invitation, across the nation, a chance for folks to meet
There'll be laughing, singing, and music swinging, dancing in the street
Philadelphia P.A., Baltimore and D.C. now, can't forget the Motor City,
All we need is music, sweet music
There'll be music everywhere
There'll be swinging, swaying, and records playing,
Dancing in the street
Oh it doesn't matter what you wear, just as long as you are there
So come on every guy, grab a girl,
Everywhere, around the world
They're dancing, dancing in the street

Way down in L.A., every day they're dancing in the street
Lets form a big strong line, and get in time,
We're dancing in the street
Across the ocean blue, me and you,
We're dancing in the street

“The Tears Of A Clown” – **Smokey Robinson & The Miracles** (1967) *Motown soul*

Lyrics by Smokey Robinson, music by Stevie Wonder and Hank Cosby

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah...
Now if there's a smile on my face
It's only there trying to fool the public
But when it comes down to fooling you
Now honey that's quite a different subject
But don't let my glad expression
Give you the wrong impression
Really I'm sad, Oh I'm sadder than sad
You're gone and I'm hurtin' so bad
Like a clown I pretend to be glad

Now there's some sad things known to man
But ain't too much sadder than the tears of a clown
When there's no one around, mmm-hmm, oh yeah, baby...

Now if I appear to be carefree
It's only to camouflage my sadness
And honey to shield my pride I try
To cover this hurt with a show of gladness

But don't let my show convince you
That I've been happy since you
Decided to go, oh I need you so
I'm hurt and I want you to know
But for others I put on a show, ooh-hoo-oo-oh...

Now there's some sad things known to man
But ain't too much sadder than the tears of a clown
When there's no one around, oh yeah...

Just like Pagliacci did
I try to keep my surface hid
Smiling in the public eye
But in my lonely room I cry the tears of a clown
When there's no one around, oh yeah, baby
Now if there's a smile on my face
Don't let my glad expression
Give you the wrong impression
Don't let this smile I wear
Make you think that I don't care
Really I'm sad, hurtin' so bad...

“What’s Going On” – Marvin Gaye (1971) *Motown soul*

Mother, mother, there's too many of you crying
Brother, brother, brother, there's far too many of you dying
You know we've got to find a way to bring some lovin' here today, yeah

Father, father, we don't need to escalate
You see, war is not the answer, for only love can conquer hate
You know we've got to find a way to bring some lovin' here today

Picket lines and picket signs
Don't punish me with brutality
Talk to me, so you can see
Oh, what's going on, what's going on
Ya, what's going on, ah what's going on

Right on, baby...

Mother, mother, everybody thinks we're wrong
Oh, but who are they to judge us, simply because our hair is long
Oh, you know we've got to find a way to bring some understanding here today, oh-oh

Picket lines and picket signs...

“Please, Please, Please” – James Brown (1956) *soul*

Please, please, please, please (please, please don't go)
Please, please, please (please, please don't go)
Darlin' please don't go
I love you so (please, please don't go)

Baby, you did me wrong (you know you done me wrong)
Well, well, you done me wrong (you know you done me wrong)
Know you done, done me wrong, well, oh well
You took my love, and now you're gone (please, please don't go)

Please, please, please, please...

I just want to hear you say I, I, I (please, please don't go)
I, I, I, I, I (please, please don't go)
Darlin' please don't go, oh, oh yeah, oh
I love you so (please, please don't go)

Baby, take my hand (please, please don't go)
I want to be your lover man, oh yes, good God almighty (please, please don't go)
Honey please, don't, well, oh well, go
I love you so (please, please don't go)

Please don't go... (please, please don't go) [repeat]

“Papa’s Got A Brand New Bag” – James Brown (1965) *funk*

Come here sister, papa's in the swing
He ain't too hip, about that new breed babe
He ain't no drag
Papa's got a brand new bag

Come here mama, and dig this crazy scene
He's not too fancy, but his line is pretty clean
He ain't no drag
Papa's got a brand new bag

He's doing the Jerk
He's doing the Fly
Don't play him cheap 'cause you know he ain't shy
He's doing the Monkey, the Mashed Potato, Jump back Jack, See you later alligator.

Come here sister, papa's in the swing
He ain't too hip now, but I can dig that new breed babe
He ain't no drag
He's got a brand new bag

Oh papa! He's doing the Jerk
Papa! He's doing the Jerk
He's doing the twist, just like this,
He's doing the Fly ev'ry day and ev'ry night
The thing's, like the Boomerang.
Hey, come on
Hey Hey, come on
Hey Hey, he's ... tight, out of sight
Come on, see what you know...

“Lost Someone” – James Brown (1963) *soul ballad*

Recorded live at the Apollo Theater in Harlem

I said if you leave me I go crazy
'Cause I know it's true now
You got the power, and I want you to try me
'Cause I don't mind
Don't leave me bewildered

'Cause this old heart can't stand no more
And if you leave me, if you leave me, there's only one thing I can't do now
There's only one thing I can say
There is only one thing I can do now
There's only one thing I can say
There's only one thing I can say

I lost someone, my love
Someone who's greater than the stars above
Someone who I need
Someone who don't let my heart bleed
Someone, that's the one
That's the someone, that's the someone that I lost

Don't go to strangers, come on home to me
I'll love you tomorrow, I'll love you today
Help me, help me, I'm so weak
Ah gee whiz, I love you, I'm so weak
I'll love you tomorrow [4X]
But oh yeah [3X]
Come on now [3X]
Sometime I get a little trouble [2X]
But let me hear you say yeah [2X]
Say it a little bit louder [2X]
I'll love you tomorrow, I love...
I want you to come on [2X]
I need your love so bad now [2X]
I just want you to come on over
I'll love you tomorrow [9X]
Audience member: "James, you're an asshole!"
But, I'm so weak [10X]
Help me somebody [3X]
I'll love you tomorrow

I, I lost someone, a million to one
Ten thousand people under my father's sun
Who need someone
Someone, the only one
That the someone who needs someone now
Under the sun to care for
To care for, just that someone now, mmm yeah

And I got something I want tell everybody
And I got something I want everybody to understand now
You know we all make mistakes sometimes
And the only way we can correct our mistakes
We got to try one more time
So I got to sing this song to you one more time
And I want you to know I'm not singing this song for myself now
I'm not singing this song only for myself now
I'm singin' it for you too
And when I say something that make you feel good inside
When I say that little thing
I say that little part that might sting you in your heart now
I want to hear you scream
I want to hear you say OW! [2X]

Don't just say ow, say OW!
And I believe my work will be done
OW! OW!
I'll love you tomorrow
Just like I love you today
I'm so weak
And don't take my heart away, OW!
But come on, come on
Ah gee whiz, I love you
And don't go strangers
But come on home to me
Come on home to me
And I don't want you to go to see my next door neighbor
But I'll feel a little better if you come home to me
You don't have to tell me
But I believe somebody over here loves someone
And I believe somebody out here loves someone
Audience member: "Yeah, you baby! You! Yeah, you!"
And I believe, I believe somebody over there loves someone
I said it's getting a little cold outside
I wonder, do you know what I'm talking about?
I said it's getting a little cold outside
And, everybody needs somebody [3X]
You know I like to sing this song
Audience member: "Go on, sing your song..."
I said I like to sing this song
Audience member: "Go on, sing your song..."
It makes me think about the good things [3X]
OW! OW! OW!
Mmmmm... Shucks!
I feel alright
I feel so good I want to scream
Audience member: "Go on, do it..."
I want to scream
Audience member: "Go on, scream..."
I feel just like I want to scream
Audience member: "Go on, scream..."
But AAAAGGHHH!
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, OW!

"Say It Loud, I'm Black and I'm Proud" – James Brown (1968) funk

Uh! With your bad self!

Say it loud: I'm black and I'm proud! (2X)

Look a'here,
Some people say we've got a lot of malice, some say it's a lot of nerve
But I say we won't quit moving until we get what we deserve
We have been 'buked and we have been scorned
We have been treated bad, talked about, as sure as you're born
But just as sure as it takes two eyes to make a pair, heh
Brother we can't quit until we get our share

Say it loud: I'm black and I'm proud! (2X)

One more time!
Say it loud: I'm black and I'm proud!

I worked on jobs with my feet and my hand
But all the work I did was for the other man
Now we demand the chance to do things for ourselves
We're tired of beatin' our head against the wall and workin' for someone else

Say it loud: I'm black and I'm proud! (4X)

Oww! Oo-wee, you're killin' me
All right, uh, you're outta sight
All right, so tough, you're tough enough
Oo-wee, uh, you're killin' me, oh!

Say it loud: I'm black and I'm proud! (2X)

Now, we demand the chance to do things for ourselves
We're tired of beatin' our heads against the wall and workin' for someone else
Look a'here it's one more thing I got to say right here
Now, now we're people, we're like the birds and the bees
But we'd rather die on our feet than keep livin' on our knees

Say it loud: I'm black and I'm proud! (4X)

Uh, all right now, Lord
You know we can do the boogaloo
Now we can say we do the funky Broadway
Now we do, huh, sometimes we dance, we sing and we talk
You know I do like to do the camel walk
Alright now, heh, alright, alright now, hah

Say it loud: I'm black and I'm proud! (2X)

Let me hear ya!

Say it loud: I'm black and I'm proud! (2X)

Now we demand the chance to do things for ourself
We're tired of beatin' our heads against the wall and workin' for someone else, huh
You know we're people too, we're like the birds and the bees
But we'd rather die on our feet than keep livin' on our knees

Say it loud: I'm black and I'm proud! (2X)

Let me hear ya, huh!

Say it loud: I'm black and I'm proud! (2X)

Uh! Oo-wee, you're killin' me
All right, uh, you're outta sight
All right, you're outta sight
Oo-wee, ohhh Lord, oo-wee, you're killin' me
Oo-wee! Oo-wee! Oo-wee! Oo-ow!

Say it loud: I'm black and I'm proud! (2X)

Good God I feel it

Say it loud: I'm black and I'm proud! (2X)

“(Sittin’ On) The Dock Of The Bay” – Otis Redding (1967) *Stax soul*

Sittin' in the morning sun
I'll be sittin' when the evening comes
Watching the ships roll in
Then I watch them roll away again, yeah
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay
Watchin' the tide roll away, ooh
I'm just sittin' on the dock of the bay
Wastin' time

I left my home in Georgia
Headed for the Frisco Bay
Cuz I've had nothing to live for
And look like nothing's gonna come my way
So, I'm just gon' sit on the dock of the bay
Watchin' the tide roll away, ooh
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay
Wastin' time

Looks like nothing's gonna change
Everything still remains the same
I can't do what ten people tell me to do
So I guess I'll remain the same, listen

Sittin' here resting my bones
And this loneliness won't leave me alone, listen
Two thousand miles I roam
Just to make this dock my home, now
I'm just gon' sit at the dock of the bay
Watching the tide roll away, ooh
I'm sittin' on the dock of the bay
Wastin' time

“Respect” – Otis Redding (1965) *Stax soul*

What you want, honey you got it
And what you need, baby you got it
All I'm askin' is for a little respect when I come home
Hey now, hey hey hey, yeah now

Do me wrong honey, if you wanna
You can do me wrong, honey while I'm gone
But all I'm askin' is for a little respect when I come home
Ooh yeah now, hey hey hey, yeah now

Hey little girl, you're so sweeter than honey
And I'm about to just give you all my money
But all I'm askin', hey
Is a little respect when I come home, hey hey... yeah now

Hey little girl, you are sweeter than honey...

Respect is what I want, respect is what I need...
Got to got to have it...

“Respect” – Aretha Franklin (1967) *Atlantic soul*

(oo) What you want
(oo) Baby, I got
(oo) What you need
(oo) Do you know I got it?
(oo) All I'm askin'
(oo) Is for a little respect when you come home (just a little bit)
Hey baby (just a little bit) when you get home
(just a little bit) mister (just a little bit)

I ain't gonna do you wrong while you're gone
Ain't gonna do you wrong (oo) 'cause I don't wanna
(oo) All I'm askin'
(oo) Is for a little respect when you come home (just a little bit)
Baby (just a little bit) when you get home (just a little bit)
Yeah (just a little bit)

I'm about to give you all of my money
And all I'm askin' in return, honey
Is to give me my profits
When you get home (just a, just a, just a, just a)
Yeah baby (just a, just a, just a, just a)
When you get home (just a little bit)
Yeah (just a little bit)

[instrumental break/saxophone solo]

Ooo, your kisses (oo)
Sweeter than honey (oo)
And guess what? (oo)
So is my money (oo)
All I want you to do (oo) for me
Is give it to me when you get home (re, re, re ,re)
Yeah baby (re, re, re ,re)
Whip it to me (respect, just a little bit)
When you get home, now (just a little bit)

R-E-S-P-E-C-T
Find out what it means to me
R-E-S-P-E-C-T
Take care, T-C-B

Oh (sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me)
A little respect (sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me)
Whoa, babe (just a little bit)
A little respect (just a little bit)
I get tired (just a little bit)
Keep on tryin' (just a little bit)
You're runnin' out of foolin' (just a little bit)
And I ain't lyin' (just a little bit)
(re, re, re, re) 'spect
When you come home (re, re, re ,re)
Or you might walk in (respect, just a little bit)
And find out I'm gone (just a little bit)
I got to have (just a little bit)
A little respect (just a little bit)

“Chain Of Fools” – Aretha Franklin (1967) *Atlantic soul*

Oh-ho-ho... that's the sound of a worried, a worried mind
Ha-ha-ha... that's the sound of havin' a good time
Mm-hmm... that's the sound of pain

Chain, chain, chain... chain of fools

Lord look down here, see a worried mind
Chains of love, oh how they bind
For five long years, I thought you were my man
But I found out I'm just a link in your chain, ooh

Chain, chain, chain... chain of fools

You got me where you want me, I ain't nothing but your fool
You treated me mean, oh you treated me cruel
Every chain has got a weak link
I might be weak child, but I'll give you strength, oh yeah

Chain, chain, chain... chain of fools

You told me to leave you alone
My father said come on home
My doctor said take it easy
Whole bunch of lovin' is much too strong
I'm added to your

Chain, chain, chain... chain of fools

Oh, one of these mornings the chain is gonna break
But up until then, yeah, I'm gonna take all I can take, oh yeah

Chain, chain, chain... chain of fools

Kozmic Blues, Psychedelia, and Avant-Garde

“Piece of My Heart” – Janis Joplin w/Big Brother & The Holding Company (1968) *hard rock*

Oh, come on, come on, come on, come on

Didn't I make you feel like you were the only man?
Yeah, and didn't I give you nearly everything that a woman possibly can?
Honey, you know I did!
And each time I tell myself that I, well I think I've had enough
But I'm gonna show you, baby, that a woman can be tough

I want you to come on, come on, come on, come on and take it!
Take another little piece of my heart now, baby
Oh, oh, break it!
Break another little bit of my heart now, darling, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh, oh, have a!
Have another little piece of my heart now, baby
Well you know you got it if it makes you feel good, oh yes indeed

You're out on the streets looking good
And baby deep down in your heart I guess you know that it ain't right
Never, never, never, never, never, never hear me when I cry at night
Babe, and I cry all the time!
But each time I tell myself that I, well I can't stand the pain
But when you hold me in your arms, I'll sing it once again

I said come on, come on, come on, come on and take it!
Take another little piece of my heart now, baby
Oh, oh, break it!
Break another little bit of my heart now, darling, yeah
Oh, oh, have a!
Have another little piece of my heart now, baby
Well you know you got it, child, if it makes you feel good.

I need you to come on, come on, come on, come on and take it!
Take another little piece of my heart now, baby
Oh, oh, break it!
Break another little bit of my heart, now darling, yeah, come on now
Oh, oh, have a!
Have another little piece of my heart now, baby
You know you got it, whoah take it!
Take another little piece of my heart now, baby
Oh, oh, break it!
Break another little bit of my heart, now darling, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Oh, oh, have a!
Have another little piece of my heart now, baby, hey
You know you got it, child, if it makes you feel good

“Purple Haze” – The Jimi Hendrix Experience (1967) *psychedelic rock*

Purple haze all in my brain
Lately things, they don't seem the same
Actin' funny, but I don't know why
'Scuse me while I kiss the sky

Purple haze all around
Don't know if I'm comin' up or down
Am I happy or in misery?
Whatever it is, that girl put a spell on me

Help me, help me, oh, no, no...
Hammerin', talkin' bout heart n...s-soul
I'm talkin' about hard stuff
If everybody's still around... if...
So far out my mind
Something's happening, something's happening...
Ooo, ahhh...
Yeah!

Purple haze all in my eyes
Don't know if its day or night
You got me blowin', blowin' my mind
Is it tomorrow, or just the end of time?

Oh, help me
Ahh, yea-yeah, purple haze, yeah
Oh, no, oh, help me
Purple haze, tell me, baby, tell me
I can't go on like this
Purple haze
You're makin' me blow my mind...mama
Purple haze, n-no, nooo
Purple haze, no, its painful, baby

“Red House” – The Jimi Hendrix Experience (1966) *electric blues*

There's a red house over yonder, that's where my baby stays, yeah
There's a red house over yonder, baby, that's where my baby stays
Well I ain't been home to see my baby in about uh, ninety-nine and one half days
'Bout time to see her

But wait a minute, something's wrong, the key won't unlock this door
Wait a minute something's wrong, baby, the key won't unlock the door, yeah
I got a bad, bad feeling that my baby don't live here no more
She didn't tell me nothin' about it either, that's alright I still got my guitar, look out baby...

I might as well go on back down, way back across yonder, over the hill
I might as go back over yonder, way back over yonder across the hill, *that's where I came from*
'Cause if my baby don't love me no more, I know her sister will

“All Along The Watchtower” – The Jimi Hendrix Experience (1968) *psychedelic rock*

“There must be some kind of way out of here,” said the joker to the thief,
“There's too much confusion, I can't get no relief.
Businessmen they drink my wine, plowmen dig my earth,
None will level on the line, nobody of it is worth.” Hey, hey!

“No reason to get excited,” the thief he kindly spoke,
“There are many here among us who feel that life is but a joke, but huh
But you and I, we've been through that, and this is not our fate,
So let us not talk falsely now, the hour is getting late.” Hey!

All along the watchtower, princes kept the view
While all the women came and went, barefoot servants too, but huh
Outside in the cold distance a wildcat did growl,
Two riders were approachin', and the wind began to howl. Hey! Oh!

All along the watchtower!
Hear you sing around the watch...
Gotta beware, gotta beware I will
Yeah, oh baby, all along the watchtower!

“Machine Gun” – Jimi Hendrix w/Band of Gypsies (1970) *funk rock*

Recorded live at the Fillmore East in New York City on January 1, 1970.

Hendrix's spoken intro: “Happy New Year first of all. I hope we have about a million or two million more of them, if we can get over this summer, yeh-he-he. We'd like to dedicate this one to um, to the draggy scene that's goin' on, all the soldiers that are fighting in Chicago and Milwaukee and New York. Oh yes, and all the soldiers fighting in Vietnam. Like to do a thing called Machine Gun...”

Machine gun, tearing my body all apart
Machine gun, yeah, tearing my body all apart

Evil man make me kill you, evil man make you kill me
Evil man make me kill you, even though we're only families apart

Well I pick up my axe and fight like a farmer, you know what I mean?
Hey, and your bullets keep knocking me down

Hey I pick up my axe and fight like a farmer now
Yeah, but you still blast me down to the ground

Same way you shoot me down baby
You'll be going just the same, three times the pain
And your own self to blame
Hey, machine gun

[extended guitar solo]

I ain't afraid of your mess no more, babe, I ain't afraid no more
After a while your, your cheap talk don't even cause me pain, so let your bullets fly like rain
'Cause I know all the time you're wrong baby, and you'll be goin' just the same
Yeah machine gun, tearing my family apart, yeah yeah, alright, tearing my family apart

[guitar solo]

Buddy Miles: Don't you shoot him down, he's about to leave here
Don't you shoot him down, he's got to stay here
He ain't going nowhere, he's been shot down to the ground
Oh where he can't survive, no no

[guitar solo]

"Yeah, that's what we don't wanna hear any more, alright?"
"No bullets." "At least here." "No guns, no bombs..."

"Who Are The Brain Police?" – Frank Zappa & The Mothers of Invention (1966) *avant-garde*

What will you do if we let you go home,
And the plastic's all melted, and so is the chrome?
WHO ARE THE BRAIN POLICE?

What will you do when the label comes off,
And the plastic's all melted, and the chrome is too soft?
WAAAAHHHHHH!

I think I'm gonna die, I think I'm gonna die, I think I'm going to die, I think I'm going to die...

WHO ARE THE BRAIN POLICE?
What will you do if the people you knew
Were the plastic that melted, and the chromium too?
WHO ARE THE BRAIN POLICE?

[kazoo solo]

“Go Cry On Somebody Else’s Shoulder” – Frank Zappa & The Mothers of Invention (1966) *avant-garde*

*A year ago today
Was when you went away
But now you come back knocking on my door
And you say you're back to stay,
But I say...*

Go cry on somebody else's shoulder
I'm somewhat wiser now, and one whole year older
I sure don't need you now, and I don't love you anymore

You cheated me baby, and told some dirty lies about me
Fooled around with all those other guys, that's why I had to set you free
I sure don't need you now, and I don't love you anymore

A year ago today you went away
And now you come back crying, crying “Darlin’ please, let me in!”
But I don't need you, no, I don't love you anymore
So go lean on, go cry on somebody else's door

Go cry on somebody else's shoulder
I'm somewhat wiser now, and one whole year older
I sure don't need you now, and I don't love you anymore, *oh my darling!*

*Go ahead and cry
Go ahead and let the tears fall out of your eye
Let 'em fall on your dress
Who cares if it makes a mess?
I gave you my high school ring
At the root beer stand
We had a teenage love, baby
I thought it was sharp
It was really so grand, but*

You cheated me baby, and told some dirty lies about me
Fooled around with all those other guys, that's why I had to get my khakis pressed
I sure don't need you now, and I don't love you anymore

*Baby, I love you so much, darling
Why don't you dig me?
I dig you, but you don't dig me
I don't understand what it is
I, I had my car reupholstered
I got my hair processed
I got a nice pompadour job on it
I bought a new pair of shoes
I got some new khakis and I met you, you know,
And we went out to get a Coca-Cola...*

Expansions and Contradictions

“Everyday People” – Sly and the Family Stone (1968) *funk*

Sometimes I'm right and I can be wrong
My own beliefs are in my song
The butcher, the banker, the drummer and then
Makes no difference what group I'm in
I am everyday people, yeah, yeah

There is a blue one who can't accept the green one
For living with a fat one, trying to be a skinny one
And different strokes for different folks
And so on and so on and scooby dooby doo
Ohh sha sha, we got to live together!

I am no better and neither are you
We are the same, whatever we do
You love me, you hate me, you know me and then
You can't figure out the bag I'm in
I am everyday people, yeah, yeah

There is a long hair that doesn't like the short hair
For being such a rich one that will not help the poor one
And different strokes for different folks
And so on and so on and scooby dooby doo
Ohh sha sha, we got to live together!

There is a yellow one that won't accept the black one
That won't accept the red one that won't accept the white one
And different strokes for different folks
And so on and so on and scooby dooby doo
Ohh sha sha, I am everyday people

“Thank You (Falettinme Be Mice Elf Agin)” – Sly and the Family Stone (1970) *funk*

Lookin' at the devil, grinnin' at his gun
Fingers start shakin', I begin to run
Bullets start chasin', I begin to stop
We begin to wrestle, I was on the top

I want to thank you falettinme be mice elf agin
Thank you falettinme be mice elf agin

Stiff all in the collar, fluffy in the face
Chit chat chatter tryin', stuffy in the place
Thank you for the party, but I could never stay
Many thangs on my mind, words in the way

I want to thank you falettinme be mice elf agin
Thank you falettinme be mice elf agin

Dance to the music, all nite long
Everyday people, sing a simple song
Mama's so happy, mama start to cry
Papa still singin', you can make it if you try

I want to thank you falettinme be mice elf agin
(Different strokes for different folks, yeah)
Thank you falettinme be mice elf agin

Flamin' eyes of people fear, burnin' into you
Many men are missin' much, hatin' what they do
Youth and truth are makin' love, dig it for a starter, now
Dyin' young is hard to take, sellin' out is harder

Thank you falettinme be mice elf agin
I want to thank you falettinme be mice elf agin...

“Family Affair” – Sly and the Family Stone (1971) *funk*

It's a family affair, it's a family affair...

One child grows up to be somebody that just loves to learn
And another child grows up to be somebody you'd just love to burn
Mom loves the both of them, you see, it's in the blood
Both kids are good to Mom, “Blood's thicker than mud”

It's a family affair, it's a family affair

Newlywed a year ago, but you're still checking each other out, hey
Nobody wants to blow, nobody wants to be left out, uh huh
You can't leave, 'cause your heart is there
But you can't stay, 'cause you been somewhere else!
You can't cry, 'cause you'll look broke down
But you're cryin' anyway 'cause you're all broke down!

It's a family affair, it's a family affair...

“Freddie's Dead (Theme from *Superfly*)” – Curtis Mayfield (1972) *funk*

Hey, hey, love, love, yeah, yeah, uh huh

Freddie's dead, that's what I said
Let the man rap a plan, said he'd see him home
But his hope was a rope, and he should've known

It's hard to understand
There was love in this man
I'm sure all would agree
That his misery was his woman and things
Now Freddie's dead, that's what I said

Everybody's misused him
Ripped him up and abused him
Another junkie plan
Pushin' dope for the man
A terrible blow, but that's how it goes
Ah, Freddie's on the corner now
If you wanna be a junkie, wow
Remember Freddie's dead

We're all built up with progress
But sometimes I must confess
We can deal with rockets and dreams
But reality, what does it mean?
Ain't nothing said
'Cause Freddie's dead

Hey, hey, love, love...
Freddie's dead

All I want is some peace of mind
With a little love I'm trying to find
This could be such a beautiful world
With a wonderful girl
Ooh I need a woman, child
Don't wanna be like Freddie now
'Cause Freddie's dead

Hey, hey, yeah, yeah...
If you don't try, you're gonna die

Why can't we brothers
Protect one another
No one's serious
And it makes me furious
Don't be misled
Just think of Fred

Everybody's misused him
Ripped him up and abused him
Another junkie plan
Pushin' dope for the man
Ah, Freddie's on the corner now
If you wanna be a junkie, why
Remember Freddie's dead

Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Freddie's dead...

“The Jungle Line” – Joni Mitchell (1975) folk / singer-songwriter

Features a field recording of the African Drummers of Burundi overdubbed with Moog synthesizer, guitar, and vocals.

Rousseau walks on trumpet paths
Safaris to the heart of all that jazz
Through I-bars and girders, through wires and pipes
The mathematic circuits of the modern nights

Through huts, through Harlem, through jails and gospel pews
Through the class on Park and the trash on Vine
Through Europe and the deep, deep heart of Dixie blue
Through savage progress cuts the jungle line

In a low-cut blouse she brings the beer
Rousseau paints a jungle flower behind her ear
Those cannibals of shuck and jive
They'll eat a working girl like her alive

With his hard-edged eyes and his steady hand
He paints the cellar full of ferns and orchid vines
And he hangs a moon above a five-piece band
He hangs it up above the jungle line

The jungle line, the jungle line
Screaming in a ritual of sound and time
Floating, drifting on the air-conditioned wind
And drooling for a taste of something smuggled in

Pretty women funneled through valves and smoke
Coy and bitchy, wild and fine
And charging elephants and chanting slaving boats
Charging, chanting down the jungle line

There's a poppy wreath on a soldier's tomb
There's a poppy snake in the dressing room
Poppy poison, poppy tourniquet
It slithers away on brass like mouthpiece spit

And metal skin and ivory birds
Go steaming up to Rousseau's vines
They go steaming up to Brooklyn Bridge
Steaming, steaming, steaming up the jungle line

“Sweet Bird” – Joni Mitchell (1975) *folk / singer-songwriter*

Out on some borderline, some mark of in between
I lay down golden in time, and woke up vanishing

Sweet bird you are briefer than a falling star
All these vain promises on beauty jars, oh
Somewhere with your wings on time you must be laughing

Behind our eyes, calendars of our lives
Circled with compromise
Sweet bird of time and change, you must be laughing
Up on your feathers laughing

Golden in time, cities under the sand
Power, ideals and beauty fading in everyone's hands

Give me some time, I feel like I'm losing mine
Out here on this horizon line
With the earth spinning and the sky forever rushing

No one knows
They can never get that close
Guesses at most
Guesses based on what each set of time and change is touching
Guesses based on what each set of time and change is touching
Guesses based on what each set of time and change is touching
Guesses based on what each set of time and change is touching
Guesses based on what each set of time and change is touching...

“Chelsea Hotel #2” – Leonard Cohen (1974) *folk / singer-songwriter*

I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel
You were talkin' so brave and so sweet
Givin' me head on the unmade bed
While the limousines wait in the street

Those were the reason and that was New York
We were runnin' for the money and the flesh
And that was called love for the workers in song
Probably still is for those of them left

Ah, but you got away, didn't you babe
You just turned your back on the crowd
You got away, I never once heard you say
I need you, I don't need you
I need you, I don't need you
And all of that jiving around

I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel
You were famous, your heart was a legend
You told me again you preferred handsome men
But for me you would make an exception

And clenching your fist for the ones like us
Who are oppressed by the figures of beauty
You fixed yourself, you said, “Well, never mind,
We are ugly but we have the music”

And then you got away, didn't you baby
You just turned your back on the crowd
You got away, I never once heard you say
I need you, I don't need you
I need you, I don't need you
And all of that jiving around

I don't mean to suggest that I loved you the best
I can't keep track of each fallen robin
I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel
That's all, I don't even think of you that often

“Starman” – David Bowie (1972) *glam rock*

Didn't know what time it was and the lights were low
I leaned back on my radio
Some cat was layin' down some rock 'n' roll 'lotta soul, he said
Then the loud sound did seem to fade
Came back like a slow voice on a wave of phase
That weren't no D.J. that was hazy cosmic jive

There's a starman waiting in the sky
He'd like to come and meet us
But he thinks he'd blow our minds
There's a starman waiting in the sky
He's told us not to blow it

'Cause he knows it's all worthwhile
He told me
Let the children lose it
Let the children use it
Let all the children boogie

I had to phone someone so I picked on you
Hey, that's far out so you heard him too!
Switch on the TV we may pick him up on channel two
Look out your window I can see his light
If we can sparkle he may land tonight
Don't tell your poppa or he'll get us locked up in fright

There's a starman waiting in the sky
He'd like to come and meet us
But he thinks he'd blow our minds
There's a starman waiting in the sky
He's told us not to blow it
'Cause he knows it's all worthwhile
He told me
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There's a starman waiting in the sky
He's told us not to blow it
'Cause he knows it's all worthwhile
He told me
Let the children lose it
Let the children use it
Let all the children boogie

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la...

“Cry To Me” – Bob Marley & The Wailers (1976) reggae

Cry to me, now
You gonna cry to me, yeah
You're gonna walk back through the heartaches
You're gonna walk back through the pain
Shed those lonely teardrops
The reaction of your cheating game
You got to cry to me, now
You're gonna cry, cry, cry to me, yeah
Lord knows how I get from the heartaches
Lord that leadeth me, yeah
And now I'm by the still water
You've got to cry to me, yeah
You gonna cry to me now
You got to cry, cry, cry to me, yeah
You're gonna spend those lonely hours
You're gonna shed those lonely tears

Walk back through the heartaches
Walk back through the pain
Shed those lonely teardrops
The reaction of your cheating game
You're gonna to cry to me, now
You got to cry, cry, cry to me, yeah, saying
(Walk back through the heartaches) Know, know, know, know how I get from the heartaches
(Walk back through the pain) Lord that leadeth me, yeah
(Shed those lonely teardrops) But now I'm by the still water
(Reaction of your cheating game) Gonna cry to me now, hey!
(Cry to me) Cry
(Cry to me) Cry

“War” – Bob Marley & The Wailers (1976) reggae

Derived from a speech given by Ethiopian Emperor Haile Selassie I to the United Nations General Assembly in 1963.

Until the philosophy which hold one race superior
And another inferior
Is finally and permanently
Discredited and abandoned
Everywhere is war, me say war

That until there no longer
First class and second class citizens of any nation
Until the color of a man's skin
Is of no more significance than the color of his eyes
Me say war

That until the basic human rights
Are equally guaranteed to all without regard to race
This a war

That until that day
The dream of lasting peace
World citizenship
Rule of international morality
Will remain in but a fleeting illusion to be pursued but never attained
Now everywhere is war, war

And until the ignoble and unhappy regimes that hold our brothers in Angola,
In Mozambique, South Africa,
Sub-human bondage have been toppled,
Totally destroyed
Well, everywhere is war
Me say war

War in the east, war in the west
War up north, war down south
War, war, rumors of war
And until that day the African continent will not know peace
We Africans will fight, we find it necessary
And we know we shall win
As we are confident in the victory of good over evil
Good over evil, yeah!

“Billie Jean” – Michael Jackson (1982) *pop*

She was more like a beauty queen from a movie scene
I said don't mind, but what do you mean, I am the one
Who will dance on the floor in the round
She said I am the one, who will dance on the floor in the round
She told me her name was Billie Jean, as she caused a scene
Then every head turned with eyes that dreamed of being the one
Who will dance on the floor in the round
People always told me be careful what you do
And don't go around breaking young girls' hearts
And mother always told me be careful of who you love
And be careful what you do 'cause the lie becomes the truth, hey

Billie Jean is not my lover
She's just a girl who claims that I am the one
But the kid is not my son
She says I am the one, but the kid is not my son

For forty days and forty nights
The law was on her side
But who can stand when she's in demand
Her schemes and plans
'Cause we danced on the floor in the round
So take my strong advice, just remember to always think twice
(Don't think twice, don't think twice)
She told my baby we'd danced till three, then she looked at me
Then showed a photo my baby cried his eyes were like mine (oh, no!)
'Cause we danced on the floor in the round, baby
People always told me be careful what you do
And don't go around breaking young girls' hearts
But she came and stood right by me
Just the smell of sweet perfume
I guess it happened much too soon
She called me to her room, hey

Billie Jean is not my lover
She's just a girl who claims that I am the one
But the kid is not my son
Billie Jean is not my lover
She's just a girl who claims that I am the one
But the kid is not my son
She says I am the one, but the kid is not my son

She says I am the one, but the kid is not my son
Billie Jean is not my lover
She's just a girl who claims that I am the one
But the kid is not my son
She says I am the one, but the kid is not my son
She says I am the one,
You know what you did (she says he is my son) breaking my heart babe
She says I am the one
Billie Jean is not my lover
Billie Jean is not my lover...