

Listening Guide for Music B27 - History of American Popular Music

Bakersfield College - Kris Tiner, Instructor

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Roots of Rock: From Africa to the Delta

1. “Simbun Sa” – Salieu Suso, kora and vocal (1993) *West African griot song*

Simbun Ba was a great patron who loved music. He was always inviting many musicians to play and many guests to hear them. *“If you want to meet a great man, if you want to eat good food, drink good drink, anything and everything good, go to see Simbun Ba.”*

2. “Devil Got My Woman” – Skip James, guitar and vocal (1968) *delta blues*

You know I'd rather be the old devil, to be that woman's man
I'd rather be the devil, to be that woman's man
You know I'd rather be the devil, than to be that woman's man

You know I'm so sorry,
You know I'm so sorry, that I ever fell in love with you
Because you know you don't treat me, baby like you used to do

You know I laid down last night,
You know I laid down last night, and I tried to take me some rest
But my mind got to ramblin', like a wild geese from the west.

You know the woman that I love,
The woman that I loved, I stoled her from my best friend
But you know, he done got lucky, and he done got her back again

You know I used to cut your kindlin'
You know I used to cut your kindlin, baby, then I made you some fire
Then I would tote all your water, way way way from the boggy brier

You know my baby, she don't drink whiskey,
My baby, she don't drink no whiskey, and I know she ain't crazy bout 'wine
Now it wasn't nothin' but the old devil, he done changed my baby's mind

You know I could be right,
You know I could be right, then again I could be wrong
But it wasn't nothin' but the devil, he done got my baby and he done gone

3. "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 maḍo 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 ḍa fia da ee.

R: They go around provoking confrontations,

Agbe me lugunḍ yina ḍa fia da,

Crazy people in life go around provoking confrontations.

Avu male ekpoḍe 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 maḍo 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 reprinted from www.cepafrika.org

4. "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?**

5. "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, whosenever told it, that he told a,
He told a dirty lie, babe.

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

Classic Blues to Urban Blues

6. "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."

7. "Lost Your Head Blues" – **Bessie Smith** (1926) *classic blues* p. 9

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

8. "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, oohh, ooooooh,
To her head down to her toes
SPOKEN: Oh, honey!
Lord, she break in on a dollar most anywhere she goes

9. "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'

10. "(I'm Your) Hoochie Coochie Man" – **Muddy Waters** (1954) *Chicago blues* p. 22
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

11. "Back Door Man" – **Howlin' Wolf** (1960) *Chicago blues*
Written by Willie Dixon

I am, a back door man
I am, a back door man
Well the, men don't know, but the little girls understand

When everybody's tryin' to sleep
I'm somewhere making my, midnight creep
In the morning, when the rooster crow
Something tell me, I got to go

I am, a back door man
I am, a back door man
Well the, men don't know, but little girls understand

They, take me to the doctor, shot full o' holes
Nurse cried, "Please save the soul"
Killed him for murder, first degree
Judge's wife cried, "Let the man go free"

I am, a back door man
I am, a back door man
Well the, men don't know, but little girls understand

Stand out there, cop's wife cried, "Don't take him down"
Rather be dead, six feet in the ground
When you come home you can eat, pork and beans
I eats mo' chicken, any man seen

I am, a back door man
I am, a back door man

12. “Bo Diddley” – **Bo Diddley** (1955) *rhythm and blues* p. 26

Bo Diddley bought his babe a diamond ring,
If that diamond ring don't shine,
He gonna take it to a private eye,
If that private eye can't see
He'd better not take the ring from me.

Bo Diddley caught a nanny goat,
To make his pretty baby a Sunday coat,
Bo Diddley caught a bearcat,
To make his pretty baby a Sunday hat.

Mojo come to my house, a black cat bone,
Take my baby away from home,
Ugly ole mojo, where ya been,
Up your house, and gone again.

Bo Diddley, Bo Diddley have you heard?
Mah-hy pretty baby said she wasn't for it.

Hillbilly, Country, and Rockabilly

13. “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!

14. "Cold, Cold Heart" – **Hank Williams Sr.** (1950) *country*

I tried 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?

15. "I'll Never Get Out Of This World Alive" – **Hank Williams Sr.** (1952) *country* p. 41

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.

Ev'rything'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.

[instrumental 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.

16. "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

17. "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

18. "Shake, Rattle and Roll" – **Big Joe Turner** (1954) *rhythm and blues* p. 46

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!

19. "Shake, Rattle and Roll" – **Bill Haley and His Comets** (1954) *rock and roll* p. 46

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!

20. "Hound Dog" – **Big Mama Thornton** (1952) *rhythm and blues* p. 50

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!

21. "Hound Dog" – **Elvis Presley** (1956) *rock and roll* p. 50

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.

22. "Not Fade Away" – **Buddy Holly and the Crickets** (1957) *rock and roll* p. 108

I'm a-gonna tell you how it's gonna be
You gonna give your love to me
I wanna love you night and day
You know my love'll not fade away
Well you know my love'll not fade away

My love-a bigger than a Cadillac
I try to show it and you're drivin' me back
Your love for me it got to be real
A-for you to know just how I feel
A love for real and not fade away

[rhythm guitar interlude]

I'm a-gonna tell you how it's gonna be
A-you gonna give your love to me
A love to last more than one day
A love is love and not fade away
A love is love and not fade away

Chuck Berry and Little Richard

23. "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...

24. "School Day" – **Chuck Berry** (1957) *rock and roll* p. 59

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.

25. “Tutti Frutti” – **Little Richard** (1955) *rock and roll* p. 72

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 [2x]

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 [2x]

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!

Spirituals, Gospel, and Soul

26. “Wade In The Water” – **Fannie Lou Hamer & Congregation** (1963) *spiritual*

Recorded during a mass meeting for civil rights in Greenwood, Mississippi

Wade in the water, wade in the water, children,
Wade in the water, God's gonna trouble the water

CALL: Well, some say Peter and some say Paul

RESPONSE: God's gonna trouble the water

CALL: There ain't but the one, God made us all

RESPONSE: God's gonna trouble the water

Wade in the water...

CALL: You can hinder me here and you can hinder me there

RESPONSE: God's gonna trouble the water

CALL: But the Lord in heaven will hear my prayer

RESPONSE: God's gonna trouble the water

Wade in the water...

27. "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**

28. "God Put A Rainbow In The Sky" – **Mahalia Jackson** (1959)

God put a rainbow in the sky, a rainbow in the sky, a rainbow in the sky
God put a rainbow in the sky, a rainbow in the sky, a rainbow in the sky
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

29. "How Far Am I from Canaan?" – **Sam Cooke with the Soul Stirrers** (1952) *gospel* p. 31

I am standing on the Jordan
Gazing 'cross the 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?

30. "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

31. "What'd I Say, Parts 1 & 2" – **Ray Charles** (1959) *soul* p. 86

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]

32. "Respect" – **Aretha Franklin** (1967) *Atlantic soul* p. 90

(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)

Soul Power: Funk and the Music of Protest

33. "Please, Please, Please" – James Brown (1956) *soul* p. 87

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]

34. "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)

35. "What's Going On" – **Marvin Gaye** (1971) *Motown soul* p. 95

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...

Right on, baby...

36. "Stare and Stare" – **Curtis Mayfield** (1971) *funk*
Recorded live at the Bitter End nightclub in New York City.

Stare and stare
I look across the aisle at the process he wears
While people sitting back diggin' my nappy hair
A sister standing, and no one even care
We're all just riding with our nose in the air

Another stop on the bus
Some people boarding, different color than us
They hate to mingle, but no one makes a fuss
The thing about it, there's no one here we can trust

Of all the Sunday times of preaching
Where are the folks that the scripts been reachin'
They're hard to find, like it's a crime to do of good and brotherhood
Seems no one will and the only thrill is doing bad, and that's kind of sad

So all I'm trying to say
Is what a way, what a way to waste the day
The black and the ofay working the same jobs for the pay
But it seems here lately we have nothing to say

[guitar solo]

Of all the Sunday times of preaching...

So all I'm trying to say
Is what a way, what a way to waste the day
The black and the ofay working the same jobs for the pay
But it seems here lately we have nothing to say

We just stare and stare
I look across the aisle at the process he wears
While people sitting back diggin' my nappy hair
A sister standing, and no one even care

37. "Thank You (Falettinme Be Mice Elf Agin)" – **Sly and the Family Stone** (1970) *funk* p. 250

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 is 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...

60s Rock, The British Invasion

38. "Be My Baby" – **The Ronettes w/Phil Spector** (1963) *pop* p. 76

The night we met I knew I needed you so
And if I had the chance I'd never let you go
So won't you say you love me? I'll make you so proud of me
We'll make 'em turn their heads every place we go

So won't you, please? (Be my, be my baby)
Be my little baby (My one and only baby)
Say you'll be my darlin' (Be my, be my baby)
Be my baby now, whoa-oh-oh-oh (My one and only baby)

I'll make you happy, baby, just wait and see
For every kiss you give me, I'll give you three
Oh, since the day I saw you, I have been waiting for you
You know I will adore you 'till eternity

So won't you, please (Be my, be my baby) ...

39. "Surfin' U.S.A." – **The Beach Boys** (1963) *surf rock* p. 79

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]

40. "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...

41. "I Want To Hold Your Hand" – **The Beatles** (1963) *British rock* p. 101

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

42. "Norwegian Wood (This Bird Has Flown)" – **The Beatles** (1965) *British rock* p. 103

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.

43. "(I Can't Get No) Satisfaction" – **The Rolling Stones** (1965) *British rock* p. 109

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

44. "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, no
You can't always get what you want, tell ya baby
You can't always get what you want, no
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...

Bob Dylan and the Folk Scene

45. "Blowin' in the Wind" – **Bob Dylan**, guitar, harmonica, vocal (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

46. "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?

47. "A Case of You" – **Joni Mitchell with James Taylor** (1971) *singer/songwriter*

Just before our love got lost you said
I am as constant as a northern star
And I said, constantly in the darkness, where's that at?
If you want me I'll be in the bar
On the back of a cartoon coaster
In the blue TV screen light
I drew a map of Canada, oh, Canada
With your face sketched on it twice

Oh, you are in my blood like holy wine
You taste so bitter and so sweet
Oh, I could drink a case of you, darling
And I would still be on my feet
Oh I would still be on my feet

Oh I am a lonely painter
I live in a box of paints
I'm frightened by the devil
And I'm drawn to those ones that ain't afraid
I remember that time you told me,
You said, love is touching souls
Surely you touched mine
'Cause part of you pours out of me
In these lines from time to time

Oh, you're in my blood like holy wine
You taste so bitter and so sweet
Oh, I could drink a case of you, darling
Still I'd be on my feet
I would still be on my feet

I met a woman
She had a mouth like yours
She knew your life
She knew your devils and your deeds
And she said,
Go to him, stay with him if you can
But be prepared to bleed

Oh, but you are in my blood you're my holy wine
You're so bitter, bitter and so sweet
Oh, I could drink a case of you darling
Still I'd be on my feet
I would still be on my feet
Mmm-mmm...

Hendrix, Psychedelia and Beyond

48. "Red House" – **The Jimi Hendrix Experience** (1966) *electric blues* p. 127

There's a red house over yonder, that's where my baby stays
Lord, there's a red house over yonder, Lord, that's where my baby stays
I ain't been home to see my baby in ninety-nine and one half days

Wait a minute something's wrong here, the key won't unlock this door
Wait a minute something's wrong, Lord, have mercy this key won't unlock this door
SPOKEN: Somethin's goin' on here
I have a bad, bad feeling that my baby don't live here no more
SPOKEN: That's alright, I still got my guitar, look out now...

Well, I might as well go back over yonder, way back up on the hill
SPOKEN: That's something to do
Lord, I might as well go back over yonder, way back yonder 'cross the hill
'Cause if my baby don't love me no more, I know her sister will

49. "All Along The Watchtower" – **The Jimi Hendrix Experience** (1968) *psychedelic rock* p. 154

"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!

50. "Heroin" – **The Velvet Underground** (1966) *proto-punk* p. 233

I don't know just where I'm going
But I'm gonna try for the kingdom, if I can
'Cause it makes me feel like I'm a man
When I put a spike into my vein
And I tell ya, things aren't quite the same
When I'm rushing on my run
And I feel just like Jesus' son
And I guess that I just don't know
And I guess that I just don't know

I have made the big decision
I'm gonna try to nullify my life
'Cause when the blood begins to flow
When it shoots up the dropper's neck
When I'm closing in on death
And you can't help me, not you guys
Or all you sweet girls with all your sweet talk
You can all go take a walk
And I guess I just don't know
And I guess that I just don't know

I wish that I was born a thousand years ago
I wish that I'd sail the darkened seas
On a great big clipper ship
Going from this land here to that
In a sailor's suit and cap
Away from the big city
Where a man can not be free
Of all of the evils of this town
And of himself, and those around
Oh, and I guess that I just don't know
Oh, and I guess that I just don't know

Heroin, be the death of me
Heroin, it's my wife and it's my life
Because a mainer to my vein
Leads to a center in my head
And then I'm better off than dead
Because when the smack begins to flow
I really don't care anymore
About all the Jim-Jim's in this town
And all the politicians makin' busy sounds
And everybody puttin' everybody else down
And all the dead bodies piled up in mounds

'Cause when the smack begins to flow
Then I really don't care anymore
Ah, when that heroin is in my blood
And that blood is in my head
Then thank God that I'm as good as dead
And thank your God that I'm not aware
And thank God that I just don't care
And I guess I just don't know
Oh, and I guess I just don't know