

## **WEEK 2 LYRICS**

### **How High the Moon by Les Paul and Mary Ford (1953)**

Somewhere there's music  
How faint the tune  
Somewhere there's heaven  
How high the moon  
There is no moon above  
When love is far away too  
Until it comes true  
That you love me as I love you  
Somewhere there's music  
How near, how far  
Somewhere there's heaven  
It's where you are  
The darkest night would shine  
If you would come to me soon  
Until you will, how still my heart  
How high the moon  
Ahh  
Somewhere there's music  
How faint the tune  
Somewhere there's heaven  
How high the moon  
The darkest night would shine  
If you would come to me soon  
Until you will, how still my heart  
How high the moon

### **Got My Mojo Workin by Muddy Waters (1957)**

Got my mojo working, but it just won't work on you  
Got my mojo working, but it just won't work on you  
I want to love you so bad, I don't know what to do  
Going down to Louisiana to get me a mojo hand  
Going down to Louisiana to get me a mojo hand  
I'm gonna have all you women under my command  
Got my mojo working  
Got my mojo working  
Got my mojo working  
Got my mojo working  
Got my mojo working, but it just won't work on you  
I got a gypsy woman givin' me advice  
I got a gypsy woman givin' me advice  
I got a whole lotta tricks keepin' her around

**Rocket '88' by Jackie Brenston & His Delta Cats (Ike Turner) (1957)**

You woman have heard of jalopies  
You heard the noise they make  
Let me duce you to my Rocket '88  
Yes, it's great, just won't wait  
Everybody likes my Rocket '88  
Baby, we'll will ride in style movin' all along  
V-8 motor and this modern design  
Black convertible top and the girls don't mind  
Sportin' with me, ridin' all around town for joy  
Blow your horn, rocket, blow your horn  
Step in my rocket and don't be late  
We're pullin' out about a half past eight  
Goin' on the corner and havin' some fun  
Takin' my rocket on a long, hot run  
Ooh, goin' out, oozin' and cruisin' and havin' fun  
Now that you've ridden in my Rocket '88  
I'll be around every night about eight  
You know it's great, don't be late  
Everybody likes my Rocket '88  
Girls will ride in style movin' all along

**Rock Around the Clock by Bill Haley & His Comets (Max C. Freedman and James E. Myers aka "Jimmy De Knight") (1952)**

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

### **Johnny B. Goode by Chuck Berry (1958)**

Deep down in Louisiana close to New Orleans  
Way back up in the woods among the evergreens  
There stood a log cabin made of earth and wood  
Where lived a country boy named Johnny B. Goode  
Who never ever learned to read or write so well  
But he could play a guitar just like a-ringin' a bell  
Go go  
Go Johnny go go  
Go Johnny go go  
Go Johnny go go  
Go Johnny go go  
Johnny B. Goode  
He used to carry his guitar in a gunny sack  
Go sit beneath the tree by the railroad track  
Oh, the engineers would see him sitting in the shade  
Strumming with the rhythm that the drivers made  
The people passing by they would stop and say  
"Oh my what that little country boy could play"  
Go go  
Go Johnny go go  
Go Johnny go go  
Go Johnny go go  
Go Johnny go go  
Johnny B. Goode  
His mother told him "someday you will be a man  
And you will be the leader of a big old band  
Many people coming from miles around  
To hear you play your music when the sun go down  
Maybe someday your name will be in lights  
Saying "Johnny B. Goode tonight"  
Go go  
Go Johnny go  
Go go go Johnny go

Go go go Johnny go  
Go go go Johnny go  
Go  
Johnny B. Goode

**Sweet Little Sixteen by Chuck Berry (1958)**

They're really rockin' in Boston  
In Pittsburgh, PA  
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 a half a million  
Framed autographs  
Her wallet filled with pictures  
She gets 'em one by one  
Become 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  
Philadelphia, PA  
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

Cause they'll be rockin' on Bandstand  
Philadelphia, PA  
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, oh  
Sweet little sixteen

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

Well, they'll be rockin' in Boston  
Pittsburgh, PA  
Deep in the heart of Texas  
And round the Frisco Bay  
Way out in St. Louis  
Way down to New Orleans  
All the cats wanna dance with  
Sweet little sixteen

### **Surfin' USA by The Beach Boys (1963)**

If everybody had an ocean  
Across the U. S. A.  
Then everybody'd be surfin'  
Like Californi-a  
You'd seem 'em wearing their baggies  
Huarache sandals too  
A bushy bushy blonde hairdo  
Surfin' U. S. A.

You'd catch 'em surfin' at Del Mar  
Ventura County line  
Santa Cruz and Trestle  
Australia's Narrabeen  
All over Manhattan  
And down Doheny Way

Everybody's gone surfin'  
Surfin' U.S.A.

We'll all be planning that 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 surfari to stay  
Tell the teacher we're surfin'  
Surfin' U. S. A.

Haggerties and Swamies  
Pacific Palisades  
San Onofre and Sunset  
Redondo Beach L. A.  
All over La Jolla  
At Wa'imea Bay

Everybody's gone surfin'  
Surfin' U.S.A.

Everybody's gone surfin'  
Surfin' U.S. A.

Everybody's gone surfin'  
Surfin' U.S.A.

### **Mama He Treats Your Daughter Mean by Ruth Brown (1952)**

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  
He makes me so disgusted  
All of my friends 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 squeezes don't please him

Mama my heart is aching  
I believe it's breaking  
I've stood 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 meanest man I've ever seen

### **That's Alright Mama by Elvis Presley (1946)**

Well, that's alright, mama, that's alright for you  
That's alright mama, just anyway you do  
Well, that's alright, that's alright  
That's alright now mama, anyway you do  
Mama she done told me, papa done told me too  
"Son, that gal you're foolin' with, she ain't  
No good for you" but that's alright, that's alright  
That's alright now mama, anyway you do  
I'm leaving town, baby, I'm leaving town for sure  
Well, then you won't be bothered with me hanging  
'Round your door, well, that's alright, that's alright  
That's alright now mama, anyway you do

### **Hey Memphis by LaVern Baker (1961)**

Hey Memphis, won't you? Hey Memphis, won't you?  
Hey Memphis, won't you kiss me once or twice?  
Make me feel so nice, I'd never run  
Hey Memphis, I won't do what my big sister done

Well, you dated my big sister  
You took her to a show  
You went for some candy, along came Jim Dandy  
And they snuck right out of the door

Hey Memphis, won't you? Hey Memphis, won't you?  
Hey Memphis, won't you kiss me once or twice?  
Make me feel so nice, I'd never run  
Hey Memphis, I won't do what my big sister done  
Every time you saw my sister  
She had somebody new  
She's mean and she's evil like that little ol' boll weevil  
But I won't do the same to you

Hey Memphis, won't you? Hey Memphis, won't you?  
Hey Memphis, won't you kiss me once or twice?  
Make me feel so nice, I'd never run  
Hey Memphis, I won't do what my big sister done

Well, you used to pull my pigtails  
And punch my turned-up nose  
But I've been a-growing and baby, it's been showing  
From my head down to my toes

Hey Memphis, won't you? Hey Memphis, won't you?  
Hey Memphis, won't you kiss me once or twice?  
And make me feel so nice, I'd never run  
Whoa, hey Memphis, I won't do what my big sister done

Hey Memphis, I won't do what my big sister done  
Ah, hey Memphis, I won't do what my big sister done

### **Little Sister by Elvis Presley (1961)**

Little sister, don't you  
Little sister, don't you  
Little sister, don't you kiss me once or twice  
And say it's very nice  
And then you run  
Little sister, don't you  
Do what your big sister does  
Well, I dated your big sister  
And I took her to a show  
I went for some candy  
Along came Jim Dandy  
And they snuck right out of the door  
Little sister, don't you  
Little sister, don't you  
Little sister, don't you kiss me once or twice  
And say it's very nice  
And then you run  
Little sister, don't you  
Do what your big sister does  
Ev'ry time I see your sister  
Well, she's got somebody new  
She's mean, and she's evil  
Like that old Boll Weevil  
Guess I'll try my luck with you  
Little sister, don't you  
Little sister, don't you



Little sister, don't you kiss me once or twice  
And say it's very nice  
And then you run  
Little sister, don't you  
Do what your big sister does  
Well, I used to pull your pigtails  
And pinch your turned-up nose  
But you been a-growin'  
And baby, it's been showin'  
From your head down to your toes  
Little sister, don't you  
Little sister, don't you  
Little sister, don't you kiss me once or twice  
And say it's very nice  
And then you run  
Little sister, don't you  
Do what your big sister done  
Little sister, don't you  
Do what your big sister done  
Little sister, don't you  
Do what your big sister done

### **That'll Be the Day by Buddy Holly (1956)**

Well, that'll be the day, when you say goodbye  
Yes, that'll be the day, when you make me cry  
You say you're gonna leave, you know it's a lie  
'Cause that'll be the day when I die  
Well, you give me all your loving and your turtle doving  
All your hugs and kisses and your money too  
Well, you know you love me baby, until you tell me, maybe  
That some day, well I'll be through  
Well, that'll be the day, when you say goodbye  
Yes, that'll be the day, when you make me cry  
You say you're gonna leave, you know it's a lie  
'Cause that'll be the day when I die  
Well, that'll be the day, when you say goodbye  
Yes, that'll be the day, when you make me cry  
You say you're gonna leave, you know it's a lie  
'Cause that'll be the day when I die  
Well, when Cupid shot his dart he shot it at your heart  
So if we ever part and I leave you  
You sit and hold me and you tell me boldly  
That some day, well I'll be blue  
Well, that'll be the day, when you say goodbye  
Yes, that'll be the day, when you make me cry

You say you're gonna leave, you know it's a lie  
'Cause that'll be the day when I die  
Well, that'll be the day, woo ho  
That'll be the day, woo ho  
That'll be the day, woo ho  
That'll be the day

### **Bo Diddley by Bo Diddley (1955)**

[Verse 1]

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

[Verse 2]

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

[Verse 3]

Mojo come to my house, you black cat bone  
Take my baby away from home  
Ugly ole mojo, where you been  
Up your house and gone again  
Bo Diddley, Bo Diddley have you heard?  
My pretty baby said she wasn't for it

### **Whole Lotta Shakin' by Jerry Lee Lewis (1958)**

Come along my baby, whole lotta shakin' goin' on  
Yes, I said come along my baby, baby you can't go wrong  
We ain't fakin', while lotta shakin' goin' on  
Well, I said come along my baby, we got chicken in the barn  
Woo-huh, come along my baby, really got the bull by the horn  
We ain't fakin', whole lotta shakin' goin' on  
Well, I said shake, baby, shake  
I said shake, baby, shake  
I said shake it, baby, shake it  
And then shake, baby, shake  
Come on over, whole lotta shakin' goin' on  
Oh, let's go!  
Alright

Well, I said come along my baby, we got chicken in the barn  
Whose barn? What barn? My barn  
Come along my baby, really got the bull by the horn  
We ain't fakin', whole lotta shakin' goin' on  
Easy now  
Shake it  
Ah, shake it, baby  
Yeah  
You can shake it one time for me  
Ye-ah-ha-ah, I said come on over, baby  
Whole lotta shakin' goin' on  
Now, let's get down real low one time now  
Shake, baby, shake  
All you gotta do, honey, is kinda stand in one spot  
Wiggle around just a little bit, that's when you got it, yeah  
Come on baby, whole lotta shakin' goin' on  
Now let's go one time  
Shake it baby, shake, shake it baby, shake  
Woo, shake baby, come on babe, shake it, baby, shake  
Come on over, whole lotta shakin' goin' on

### **Tutti Frutti by Little Richard (1957)**

Bop bopa-a-lu a whop bam boo  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
Tutti frutti, woo  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
A whop bop-a-lu a whop bam boo  
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 rocks to the west  
But she's the girl that I know best  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
Tutti frutti, woo  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
A whop bop-a-lu a whop bam boo  
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 you're doin' to me  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
Tutti frutti, woo

Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
A whop bop-a-lu a whop oww  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
Tutti frutti, woo  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
A whop bop-a-lu a whop bam boo  
Got a girl named Daisy, she almost drives me crazy  
Got a girl named Daisy, she almost drives me crazy  
She knows how to love me, yes indeed  
Boy, you don't know what you're doin' to me  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
Tutti frutti, woo  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
Tutti frutti, oh Rudy  
A whop bop-a-lu a whop bam boo