

## Week 4 Lyrics

### Drinkin' Wine Spo-Dee-O-Dee by Stick McGhee and J. Mayo Williams (1949)

Down in New Orlean, where everything is fine  
All them cats is drinkin' that wine  
Drinking that mess to their delight  
When they gets drunk, start singing all night  
Drinkin' wine spo-dee-o-dee, drinkin' wine, bop ba  
Wine spo-dee-o-dee, drinkin' wine, bop ba  
Wine spo-dee-o-dee, drinkin' wine, bop ba  
Pass that bottle to me  
Drinking that mess to their delight  
When they gets drunk, start fighting all night  
Knocking down windows and tearin' out doors  
Drinkin' half a gallons and callin' for more  
Drinkin' wine spo-dee-o-dee, drinkin' wine, bop ba  
Wine spo-dee-o-dee, drinkin' wine, bop ba  
Wine spo-dee-o-dee, drinkin' wine, bop ba  
Pass that bottle to me  
Hoy, hoy, hoy  
Wine, wine, wine, Elderberry  
Wine, wine, wine, or Sherry  
Wine, wine, wine, Blackberry  
Wine, wine, wine, half an' half  
Wine, wine, wine, oh boy  
Pass that bottle to me  
If you wanna get along in New Orleans town  
Buy some wine and pass it all around  
Age runs up for tonight  
All those cats they love sweet wine  
Drinkin' wine spo-dee-o-dee, drinkin' wine, bop ba  
Wine spo-dee-o-dee, drinkin' wine, bop ba  
Wine spo-dee-o-dee, drinkin' wine, bop ba  
Pass that bottle to me  
Hoy, hoy  
Wine, wine, wine, Elderberry  
Wine, wine, wine, or Sherry  
Wine, wine, wine, Blackberry  
Wine, wine, wine, half an' half  
Wine, wine, wine, oh boy  
Pass that bottle to me  
Drink that slop  
That's what I'm talkin' about  
Ah, drink it  
Sneaky Pete

Now down on Rampart street at Willy's Den  
He wasn't selling but a little gin  
One cat wanted a bottle of wine  
He hit that cat for a dollar and a dime  
Drinkin' wine spo-dee-o-dee, drinkin' wine, bop ba  
Wine spo-dee-o-dee, drinkin' wine, bop ba  
Wine spo-dee-o-dee, drinkin' wine, bop ba  
Pass that bottle to me  
Hoy, hoy  
Wine, wine, wine, Elderberry  
Wine, wine, wine, or Sherry  
Wine, wine, wine, Blackberry  
Wine, wine, wine, half an' half  
Wine, wine, wine, oh boy  
Pass that bottle to me  
I've got a nickel, have you got a dime  
Let's get together and get a little wine  
Some [Incomprehensible]  
And some [Incomprehensible]  
Oh when you're buying sharing, now you're doing things smart  
Drinkin' wine spo-dee-o-dee, drinkin' wine, bop ba  
Wine spo-dee-o-dee, drinkin' wine, bop ba  
Wine spo-dee-o-dee, drinkin' wine, bop ba  
Pass that bottle to me

**Teardrops From My Eyes by Ruth Brown, written by Rudolph Toombs (1950)**

Every time it rains, I think of you  
And that's the time I feel so blue  
When the rain starts to falling, my love comes tumbling down  
And it's raining teardrops from my eyes  
Well, if you see clouds here in my eyes  
It's just because you said good-bye  
Although the sun is shining, there's no summer skies  
Still it's raining teardrops from my eyes  
Remember the night you told me our love would always be  
I wouldn't be blue and lonely, well, if you'd come back to me  
Every single cloud would disappear  
I'd wear a smile if you were here  
So, baby, won't you hurry, because I need you so  
And it's raining teardrops from my eyes  
Remember the night you told me our love would always be  
I wouldn't be blue and lonely, well, if you'd come back to me  
Every single cloud would disappear  
I'd wear a smile if you were here  
So, baby, won't you hurry, 'cause I miss you so

And it's raining teardrops from my eyes  
Source: Musixmatch  
Songwriters: Rudolph Toombs

**What I Say by Ray Charles (1959)**

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  
Hey hey  
Hey hey  
Tell your mama, tell your pa  
I'm gonna send you back to Arkansas, oh yes m'am  
You don't do right  
Don't do right  
Oh, 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  
Tell me what'd I say  
Tell me what'd I say right now  
Tell me what'd I say  
Tell me what'd I say  
And I wanna know  
Baby, I wanna know right now  
And I wanna know  
Baby, I wanna know right now, yeah  
And I wanna know  
Baby I wanna know, yeah

**Under the Boardwalk by The Drifters, written by Arthur Resnick and Kenny Young (1964)**

Oh, when the sun beats down and burns the tar up on the roof  
And your shoes get so hot you wish your tired feet were fire proof  
Under the boardwalk, down by the sea, yeah  
On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be

Out of the sun  
 (Under the boardwalk) We'll be havin' some fun  
 (Under the boardwalk) People walking above  
 (Under the boardwalk) We'll be fallin' in love  
 (Under the boardwalk) Yeah (boardwalk)  
 From the park you hear the happy sound of the carousel  
 You can almost taste the hot dogs and french fries they sell, yes you can  
 Under the boardwalk, down by the sea, yeah  
 On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be  
 Out of the sun  
 (Under the boardwalk) We'll be havin' some fun  
 (Under the boardwalk) People walking above  
 (Under the boardwalk) We'll be fallin' in love  
 (Under the boardwalk) Yeah (boardwalk)  
 Yeah, under the boardwalk, down by the sea, yeah  
 On a blanket with my baby is where I'll be  
 Out of the sun  
 (Under the boardwalk) We'll be havin' some fun  
 (Under the boardwalk) People walking above  
 (Under the boardwalk) We'll be fallin' in love  
 (Under the boardwalk) Yeah (boardwalk)

**Mack the Knife by Bobby Darin, written by Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill (1928)**

Oh the shark, babe, has such teeth, dear  
 And he shows them pearly white  
 Just a jackknife has old Macheath, babe  
 And he keeps it outta sight

You know when that shark bites with his teeth, babe  
 Scarlet billows start to spread  
 Fancy gloves, though, wears ol' Macheath, babe  
 So there's never, never a trace of red

Now, on the side walk, ooh Sunday morning, uh huh  
 Lies a body just oozing life, eek  
 And someone's sneaking 'round the corner  
 Could that someone be Mack the Knife?  
 There's a tugboat down by the river, don't you know  
 Where a cement bag's just a-drooping on down  
 Oh, that cement is just, it's there for the weight, dear  
 Five'll get ya ten, ol' Mackie's back in town

Now did ya hear 'bout Louie Miller? He disappeared, babe  
 After drawing out all his hard earned cash  
 And now Macheath spends just like a sailor

Could it be our boy's done something rash?

Now, Jenny Diver, ho ho, Suky Tawdry  
Ooh, Miss Lotte Lenya and ol' Lucy Brown  
Oh, the line forms on the right, babe  
Now that Mackie's back in town

I said, Jenny Diver, woah, Suky Tawdry  
Look out, Miss Lotte Lenya and ol' Lucy Brown  
Yes, that line forms on the right, babe  
Now that Mackie's back in town  
Look out ol' Mackie is back

### **Maybellene by Chuck Berry (1955)**

Maybellene, why can't you be true?  
Oh, Maybellene, why can't you be true?  
You done started doing the things you used to do  
As I was motivatin' over the hill  
I saw Maybellene in a Coupé de Ville  
A Cadillac a-rollin on the open road  
Nothin' will outrun my V-8 Ford  
The Cadillac doin' 'bout 95  
She bumper to bumper, rollin' side by side  
Maybellene, why can't you be true?  
Oh, Maybellene, why can't you be true?  
You done started back doin' the things you used to do  
The Cadillac pulled up at 104  
The Ford got hot and wouldn't do no more  
It done got cloudy and started to rain  
I tooted my horn for the passin' lane  
The rain water blowin' all under my hood  
I knew that wasn't doin' my motor good  
Maybellene, why can't you be true?  
Oh, Maybellene, why can't you be true?  
You done started back doin' the things you used to do  
Oh, Maybellene, why can't you be true?  
Oh, Maybellene, why can't you be true?  
You done started back doin' the things you used to do  
The motor cooled down, the heat went down  
And that's when I heard that highway sound  
Cadillac sittin' like toad on a lake  
A 110, a half mile ahead  
The Cadillac lookin' like it's sittin' still  
And I caught Maybellene at the top of the hill  
Maybellene, why can't you be true?

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

### **The Back Door Man by Willie Dixon (1960)**

I-I-I am the, the backdoor man  
I-I-I am, the backdoor man  
Well, the men don't know  
But the little girls they understand

When everybody is-a tryin' to sleep  
I'm-a somewhere makin' my midnight creep  
An ev'ry mo'nin when the rooster crows  
He's tellin' me that it's the time to go

I am, the backdoor man  
I am, the backdoor man  
Well, the men don't know  
But the little girls they understand  
[Instrumental]

Well, they took me to the doctor  
Shot full of holes  
The nurse she cried, "Save his soul"  
I was 'cused of murder in first degree  
The judge wife cried, "Let the man go free"

I am, the backdoor man  
I am, the backdoor man  
Well, the men don't know  
But the little girls they understand

[Instrumental]

I was accused a-murder in the first degree  
The judge wife cried, "Let the man go free"  
The cop's wife cried, "Don't take him down  
I'd-a rather be in six feet of ground"

I am, the backdoor man  
I am, the backdoor man  
Well, the men don't know  
But the little girls they understand

### **Eyesight to the Blind by Sonny Boy Williamson (1951)**

You've talking about your woman, I wish to God, man, that you could see mine  
You're talking about your woman, I wish to God that you could see mine  
Every time the little girl start to loving, she bring eyesight to the blind  
Lord, her daddy must been a millionaire, 'cause I can tell by the way she walk  
Her daddy must been a millionaire, because I can tell by the way she walk  
Every time she start to loving, the deaf and dumb begin to talk  
I remember one Friday morning, we was lying down across the bed  
Man in the next room a-dying, stopped dying and lift up his head, and said

"Lord, ain't she pretty, and the whole state know she fine!"  
Every time she start to loving, she bring eyesight to the blind  
(Spoken: All right and all right, now. Lay it on me, lay it on me, lay it  
On me, Oh lordy, what a woman, what a woman! )  
Yes, I declare she's pretty and the whole state knows she's fine  
Man, I declare she's pretty, God knows I declare she's fine  
Every time she starts to loving, whoo, she brings eyesight to the blind  
(I've got to get out of here, now, let's go, let's go, let's go now)

### **How Many More Years by Howlin' Wolf (1951)**

How many more years?  
Have I got to let you dog me around  
How many more years?  
Oh, I got to let you dog me around  
I'd soon rather be dead  
Sleeping six feet in the ground  
I'm gonna fall on my knees  
I'm gonna raise up my right hand  
I'm gonna fall on my knees  
I'm gonna raise up my right hand  
Say, I'd feel much better, darlin'  
If you'd just only understand  
I'm goin' upstairs  
I'm gonna bring back down my clothes  
I'm goin' upstairs  
I'm gonna bring back down my clothes, do them all  
If anybody ask about me  
Just tell 'em I walked out on

### **Sail Away by Etta James, written by Randy Newman (1972)**

In America you get food to eat  
Won't have to run through the jungle  
And scuff up your feet

You just sing about Jesus and drink wine all day  
It's great to be an American  
Ain't no lion or tiger, ain't no mamba snake  
Just the sweet watermelon and the buckwheat cake  
Ev'rybody is as happy as a man can be  
Climb aboard, little wog, sail away with me  
Sail away, sail away  
We will cross the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay  
Sail away, sail away  
We will cross the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay  
In America every man is free  
To take care of his home and his family  
You'll be as happy as a monkey in a monkey tree  
You're all gonna be an American  
Sail away, sail away  
We will cross the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay  
Sail away, sail away  
We will cross the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay

**Do You Love Me by The Contours, written by Berry Gordy (1962)**

You broke my heart  
'Cause I couldn't dance  
You didn't even want me around  
And now I'm back  
To let you know  
I can really shake 'em down  
Do you love me?  
(I can really move)  
Do you love me?  
(I'm in the groove)  
Now do you love me?  
(Do you love me)  
Now that I can dance  
(Dance)  
Watch me now, hey  
(Work, work)  
Ah, work it all baby  
(Work, work)  
Well, you're drivin' me crazy  
(Work, work)  
With a little bit of soul now  
(Work)  
I can mash-potato  
(I can mash-potato)  
And I can do the twist



(I can do the twist)  
Now tell me baby  
(Tell me baby)  
Do you like it like this  
(Do you like it like this)  
Tell me  
(Tell me)  
Tell me  
Do you love me?  
(Do you love me)  
Now, do you love me?  
(Do you love me)  
Now, do you love me?  
(Do you love me)  
Now that I can dance  
(Dance)  
Dance  
Watch me now, hey  
(Work, work)  
Ah, shake it up, shake it  
(Work, work)  
Ah, shake 'em, shake 'em down  
(Work, work)  
Ah, little bit of soul now  
(Work)  
Ah, shake it, shake it baby  
(Work, work)  
Ah, you're driving me crazy  
(Work, work)  
Ah, don't get lazy  
(Work)  
I can mash-potato  
(I can mash-potato)  
I can do the twist  
(I can do the twist)  
Well now tell me baby  
(Tell me baby)  
Do you like it like this  
(Do you like it like this)  
Tell me  
(Tell me)  
Tell me  
Do you love me?  
(Do you love me?)  
Do you love me?  
(Do you love me?)

Do you love me?  
(Do you love me?)  
(Now, now, now)  
I'm working hard baby  
(Work, work)  
Well, you're driving me crazy  
(Work, work)  
And don't you get lazy  
(Work)  
Ah, hey hey baby  
(Work, work)  
Well, you're driving me crazy  
(Work, work)  
Oh don't get lazy  
(Work)

**Please Mr. Postman by The Marvellettes, written by Brian Holland, Freddie Gorman, Georgia Dobbins, Robert Bateman, William Garret (1961)**

Wait Mister Postman  
Oh yeah  
(Is there a letter in your bag for me) Please, Please Mister Postman  
(Why's it been a very long time) Oh yeah  
(Since I heard from this boyfriend of mine)  
There must be some word today  
From my boyfriend so far away  
Please Mister Postman, look and see  
Is there a letter, a letter for me  
I've been standin' here waitin' Mister Postman  
So patiently, for just a card, or just a letter  
Sayin' he's returnin' home to me  
Please Mister Postman (Mister Postman, look and see) Oh yeah  
(Is there a letter in your bag for me?) Please Please Mister Postman  
(Why's it been a very long time) Oh yeah  
(Since I heard from this boyfriend of mine)  
So many days you passed me by  
You saw the tears standin' in my eye  
You wouldn't stop to make me feel better  
By leavin' me a card or a letter  
Please Mister Postman look and see (Postman postman)  
Is there a letter oh yeah in your bag for me? (Postman postman)  
You know its been so long (Postman postman)  
Yes since I heard from this boyfriend of mine (Postman postman)  
You better wait a minute, wait a minute  
Oh you better wait a minute  
Please please Mister Postman (Wait a minute Mister Postman)

Please check and see just one more time for me  
You better wait, wait a minute  
Wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute  
Please Mister Postman  
Deliver de letter the sooner de better  
Wait a minute, wait a minute  
Wait a minute, please Mister Postman  
Wait a minute, wait a minute oh oh

**You Can't Hurry Love by The Supremes, written by Holland/Dozier/Holland (1966)**

I need love, love to ease my mind  
I need to find, find someone to call mine  
But mama said you can't hurry love  
No you just have to wait  
She said love don't come easy  
It's a game of give and take  
You can't hurry love  
No, you just have to wait  
You gotta trust, give it time  
No matter how long it takes  
But how many heartaches must I stand  
Before I find a love to let me live again  
Right now the only thing that keeps me hanging on  
When I feel my strength, yeah, it's almost gone  
I remember mama said  
No, you just have to wait  
She said love don't come easy  
It's a game of give and take  
How long must I wait? How much more can I take?  
Before loneliness will 'cause my heart, heart to break  
No, I can't bear to live my life alone  
I grow impatient for a love to call my own  
But when I feel that I, I can't go on  
These precious words keeps me hanging on  
I remember mama said  
No, you just have to wait  
She said love don't come easy  
It's a game of give and take  
You can't hurry love  
No, you just have to wait  
She said trust, give it time  
No matter how long it takes (gotta wait)  
No love, love don't come easy  
But I keep on waiting, anticipating for that  
Soft voice to talk to me at night

For some tender arms to hold me tight  
I keep waiting, I keep on waiting (give and take)  
But it ain't easy, it ain't easy when mama said  
You can't hurry love  
No, you just have to wait  
She said trust, give it time  
No matter how long it takes  
You can't hurry love  
No, you just have to wait  
She said love don't come easy  
It's a game of give and take  
You can't hurry love  
No, you just have to wait  
Mama said just give it time

**Ain't Too Proud to Beg by The Temptations, written by Norman Whitfield and Edward Holland Jr. (1966)**

I know you wanna leave me  
But I refuse to let you go  
If I have to beg and plead for your sympathy  
I don't mind, 'cause you mean that much to me  
Ain't too proud to beg and you know it (sweet darlin')  
Please don't leave me girl (don't you go)  
Ain't too proud to plead, baby, baby  
Please don't leave me, girl (don't you go)  
Now I heard a cryin' man  
Is half a man, with no sense of pride  
But if I have to cry to keep you  
I don't mind weepin' if it'll keep you by my side  
Ain't too proud to beg, sweet darlin'  
Please don't leave me girl (don't you go)  
Ain't too proud to plead, baby, baby  
Please don't leave me girl (don't you go)  
If I have to sleep on your doorstep  
All night and day  
Just to keep you from walkin' away  
Let your friends laugh, even this I can stand  
'Cause I wanna keep you, any way I can  
Ain't too proud to beg (sweet darlin')  
Please don't leave me girl (don't you go)  
Ain't too proud to plead, baby, baby  
Please don't leave me girl (don't you go)  
Now I've gotta love so deep, in the pit of my heart  
And each day it grows more and more  
I'm not ashamed to come, and plead to you baby

If pleadin' keeps you from, walkin' out that door  
Ain't too proud to beg and you know it (sweet darlin')  
Please don't leave me girl (don't you go)  
Ain't too proud to plead, baby, baby  
Please don't leave me girl (don't you go)  
Baby, baby, baby, baby, baby (sweet darling')

**Reach Out, I'll Be There by The Four Tops, written by Holland/Dozier/Holland (1966)**

Now if you feel that you can't go on  
Because all of your hope is gone  
And your life is filled with much confusion  
Until happiness is just an illusion  
And your world around is crumblin' down  
Darling, reach out, come on girl, reach on out for me  
Reach out, reach out for me  
I'll be there, with a love that will shelter you  
I'll be there, with a love that will see you through  
When you feel lost and about to give up  
'Cause your best just ain't good enough  
And you feel the world has grown cold  
And you're drifting out all on your own  
And you need a hand to hold  
Darling, reach out, come on girl, reach out for me  
Reach out, reach out for me  
I'll be there, to love and comfort you  
And I'll be there, to cherish and care for you  
I'll be there, with a love that will see you through  
I'll be there to love and comfort you  
I can tell the way you hang your head  
You're without love and now you're afraid  
And through your tears you look around  
But there's no peace of mind to be found  
I know what you're thinkin'  
You're alone now, no love of your own  
But darling, reach out, come on girl, reach out for me  
Reach out  
Just look over your shoulder  
I'll be there, to give you all the love you need  
And I'll be there, you can always depend on me  
I'll be there, to give you all the love you need  
I'll be there, you can always depend on me  
I'll be there

**What's Going On by Marvin Gaye, Renaldo Benson, Alfred Cleveland (1971)**

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)  
What's going on (What's going on)  
What's going on (What's going on)  
What's going on (What's going on)  
Right on, baby  
Right on, baby  
Right on  
Mother, mother  
Everybody thinks we're wrong  
Oh, but who are they to judge us  
Simply 'cause our hair is long  
Oh, you know we've got to find a way  
To bring some understanding here today  
Picket lines and picket signs  
Don't punish me with brutality  
Come on talk to me  
So you can see  
What's going on (What's going on)  
Yeah, what's going on (What's going on)  
Tell me what's going on (What's going on)  
I'll tell you, what's going on (What's going on)  
Right on, baby, right on  
Right on, baby  
Right on, baby, right on