

Week 6 Lyrics

I Don't Want To Go Home by Steve Van Zandt (1976)

I know that it's getting late
But I don't want to go home
I am in no hurry baby time can wait
I don't want to go home
Listen to the man sing his song
I don't want to go home
I don't mind baby to stay alnight long
Cause I don't want to go home
Listen baby
I know we had to try
To reach up and touch the sky baby
What ever happened to you and I
That I don't want to go home
Look at all the people staying
Saying I don't want to go home
In the night
I don't want to go home
I know the words to the song I feel
I don't want to go home
I know it's talking about the way I feel
I don't want to go home
Listen baby
I know we had to try
To reach up and touch the sky baby
What ever happened to you and I
That I don't want to go home
I want to hear people laughing
And having a good time
I want to know why she told me she had to go
Why did she leave me lonely
I know it's time to go
But I don't want to go home
You don't play the blues soft and low
Cause I don't want to go home
Listen baby
I know we had to try
To reach up and touch the sky baby
What ever happened to you and I
That I don't want to go home

Havin' A Party performed by Southside Johnny, written by Sam Cooke (1962)

We're havin' a party
Dancin' to the music
Played by the DJ
On the radio
The Cokes are in the icebox
Popcorn's on the table
Me and my baby
We're out here on the floor
So Mr, Mr. DJ
Keep those records playin'
'Cause I'm a-havin' such a good time
Dancin' with my baby
Everybody's swingin'
Sally's doin' the twist now
If you take requests I've
Got a few for you
Play that song called "Soul Twist"
Play that one called "I Know"
Don't forget the "Mashed Potatoes"
No other songs will do
Let me tell you Mr, Mr. DJ
Keep those records playin'
'Cause I'm a-havin' such a good time
Dancin' with my baby
Havin' a party, yeah
Everybody's swingin', oh we're
Dancin' to the music, yeah
On the radio
Oh, we're havin' a party, man
Everybody's swingin'
We're dancin' to the music, yeah
On the radio
Tell 'em one more time
We're havin' a party, yeah
And everybody's swingin'
Oh, we're dancin' to the music, yeah
On the radio
Tell you
We're havin' a party

Talk to Me performed by Southside Johnny, written by Bruce Springsteen (1978)

Well every night I see a light up in your window
But every night you won't answer your door
But although you won't ever let me in
From the street I can see your silhouette sittin' close to him
What must I do?
What does it take?
To get you to
Talk to me
Until the night is over
Come on, baby
Talk to me
Well until the night is over
I got a full week's pay
And, baby, I've been working hard each day
I'm not asking for the world you see
I'm just asking, girl
Talk to me
Well late at night I hear the music that you're playing soft and low
Yes and late at night I see the two of you swayin' so close
I don't understand, darling, what was my sin?
Why am I down here below while you're up there with him?
What did I do?
What did I say?
What must I pay?
To get you to
Talk to me
Until the night is over
Little darling, won't you
Talk to me
Well until the night is over
Yea yea yea
I got a full week's pay
And baby I've been working hard each day
I'm not asking for the world you see
I'm just asking girl
Talk to me
I don't understand, darling, what was my sin?
Why am I down here below while you're up there with him?
What did I do?
What did I say?
What must I pay?
To get you to
Talk to me
Until the night is over

Come on, baby
Talk to me
Well until the night is over
Yea yea yea
I got a full week's pay
And baby
I've been working hard each day
I'm not asking for the world you see
I'm down on my bended knees
I'm just asking darling please won't you
Talk to me
Until the night is over
Come on talk to me
Until the night is over
Talk to me
Till the sun comes up

Because the Night performed by Nils Lofgren, written by Bruce Springsteen and Patti Smith (1978)

Take me now, baby, here as I am
Pull me close, try and understand
Desire is hunger is the fire I breathe
Love is a banquet on which we feed
Come on now, try and understand
The way I feel when I'm in your hands
Take my hand, come undercover
They can't hurt you now
Can't hurt you now, can't hurt you now
Because the night belongs to lovers
Because the night belongs to lust
Because the night belongs to lovers
Because the night belongs to us
Have I doubt when I'm alone
Love is a ring, the telephone
Love is an angel disguised as lust
Here in our bed until the morning comes
Come on now, try and understand
The way I feel under your command
Take my hand as the sun descends
They can't touch you now
Can't touch you now, can't touch you now
Because the night belongs to lovers
Because the night belongs to lust
Because the night belongs to lovers
Because the night belongs to us

With love we sleep
With doubt the vicious circle
Turns and burns
Without you, oh, I cannot live
Forgive, the yearning burning
I believe it's time, too real to feel
So touch me now, touch me now, touch me now
Because the night belongs to lovers
Because the night belongs to lust
Because the night belongs to lovers
Because the night belongs to us
Because tonight there are two lovers
If we believe in the night we trust
Because the night belongs to lovers
Because the night belongs to lust
Because the night
Belongs to lovers
Because the night
Belongs to us
'Cause we believe tonight we're lovers
'Cause we believe, in the night we trust
Because the night belongs to lovers

That's What Makes Us Great by Bruce Springsteen, Joe Grushecky (2018)

They come from everywhere
A longing to be free
They come to join us here
From sea to shining sea
And they all have a dream
As people always will
To be safe and warm
In that shining city on the hill
Some wanna slam the door
Instead of opening the gate
Aw, let's turn this thing around
Before it gets too late
It's up to me and you
Love can conquer hate
I know this to be true
That's what makes us great
Don't tell me a lie
And sell it as a fact
I've been down that road before
And I ain't goin' back
And don't you brag to me

That you never read a book
I never put my faith
In a con man and his crooks
I won't follow down that path
And tempt the hands of fate
Aw, let's turn this thing around
Before it gets too late
It's up to me and you
Love can conquer hate
I know this to be true
That's what makes us great
In the quiet of the night
I lie here wide awake
And I ask myself
Is there a difference I can make?
It's up to me and you
Love can conquer hate
I know this to be true
That's what makes us great

One Guitar by Willie Nile (2010)

It is the middle of the night right in the middle of the street
It could be uptown, downtown but I can feel the beat
There is a marchin' drum there is a song unsung
It could be your dream, my dream it's not the only one
I'm a soldier marchin' in an army
Got no gun to shoot
But what I got is one guitar
I got this one guitar
I see the risin' smoke I hear a heartbreak joke
Hey all my brothers and sisters I think it's time we spoke
I've only got six strings but like a bell they ring
Its like a jet plane, insane crashin' in my brain
I'm a soldier marchin' in an army
Got no gun to shoot
But what I got is one guitar
I got this one guitar
And it goes... na na na...
So if you get knocked down you gotta take a stand
For all the outcast, dead last who need a helping hand
So get your tambourines and turn your arms up loud
And raise your voices, voices up above this crowd

New York is Rockin' by Willie Nile (2020)

Well baby, let me come and take you out tonight
Where the music is a pumping and the lights are bright
When the whistle blows and the workday's done
We gonna get the party started and have some fun
I'll meet you after midnight, baby, don't be late
Down around the corner at the Empire State
The kids are getting down up in the Bronx tonight
Times Square is lit up like it's broad daylight
They're kickin' out the jams down in ol' Bay Ridge
The joint is really jumpin' on the Brooklyn Bridge
All the hippies boppin' down on Avenue A
Put your red dress on, baby, we're on our way
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York

(New York is rockin' tonight)

Well Sinatra's singing 'bout those little town blues
Baryshnikov is putting on his blue suede shoes
Bird is boppin' down on Fifty-Second Street
The Ramones at CBGB's got 'em on their feet
Pavarotti's playing up at Carnegie Hall
Yeah, everybody's swingin' and havin' a ball
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York

(New York is rockin' tonight)

They really got it shakin' in Jamaica, Queens
Wall Street is dressing up in old blue jeans
They're jumpin' at the Garden for the New York Knicks
The Islanders and Rangers go their hockey sticks
The Bombers in the Bronx and the Mets at Shea
Giants and Jets are up and ready to play
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York

(New York is rockin' tonight)

The Staten Island Ferry's rockin' all night long
From Soho to Harlem hear 'em singing along

The boys are steppin' out down on Christopher Street
In Bed-Stuy they're rockin' to a new jack beat
Well give our regards to ol' Broadway
'Cause New York is rockin' and it's here to stay
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York
(New York is rockin' tonight)
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York
(New York is rockin' tonight)
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York, New York is rockin'
New York
(New York is rockin' tonight)

Beautiful Now by James Maddock (2011)

Saw a picture of you today taken years before I found you
Your face was like a cloudless sky sparks of angels flew around you
Your hair tumbled long like waves, went crashing on your brow
You were beautiful then but your way more beautiful now

Your eyes were like a hearth fire, and your lips were soft and wet
An early morning breeze was blowing through this desert when we met
I'm not being fatalistic, I'm just recalling how
You were beautiful then but you're way more beautiful now

As I look down the carousel of years, baby there you are,
A dancer crying salty tears, a vagabond and a star
The slayer of mediocrity, of every sacred cow
You were beautiful then, but you're way more beautiful now

By waters edge a spirit flashes
Just beyond my reach.
From beach to promenade and back
From promenade to beach
The ghost of golden hair
The ghost of silver jeans

The slender fleeting phantom
Of you at seventeen

From sleep I fall to waking. As I awake I find,
A distant wave still breaking on the west coast of my mind
Time casts its great illusion, such glimpses we're allowed
You were beautiful then but you're way more beautiful now

The '59 Sound by Brian Fallon (2008)

Well I wonder which song they're gonna play when we go
I hope it's something quiet and minor and peaceful and slow
When we float out into the ether into the everlasting arms
I hope we don't hear Marley's chains we forged in life
'Cause the chains I've been hearin' now for most of my life
And the chains I've been hearin' now for most of my life
Did you hear the '59 sound
Coming through on Grandmama's radio?
Did you hear the rattlin' chains
In the hospital walls?
Did you hear the old gospel choir
When they came to carry you over?
Did you hear your favorite song
One last time?
And I wonder, were you scared when the metal hit the glass?
See I was playing a show down the road when your spirit left your body
And they told me on the front lawn, I'm sorry I couldn't go
But I still know the song and the words and her name and the reasons
And I know 'cause we were kids and we used to hang
And I know 'cause we were kids and we used to hang
Did you hear the '59 sound
Coming through on Grandmama's radio?
Did you hear the rattlin' chains
In the hospital walls?
Did you hear the old gospel choir
When they came to carry you over?
Did you hear your favorite song
One last time?
Young boys, young girls
Young boys, young girls
Ain't supposed to die on a Saturday night
Ain't supposed to die on a Saturday night
Well they ain't supposed to die on a Saturday night
Ain't supposed to die on a Saturday night
Did you hear the '59 sound
Coming through on Grandmama's radio?

Did you hear the rattlin' chains
In the hospital walls?
Did you hear the old gospel choir
When they came to carry you over?
Did you hear your favorite song
One last time?
Young boys, young girls
Young boys, young girls

Meet Me at the End of the World by Jesse Malin (2019)

Well I'm up on 24th street and I'm looking at a life
Standing on a corner watching people passing by
I used to be somebody man, I used to be someone
Now I'm feeling like a bullet in the chamber of a gun
I said hey, tell me what you're gonna do now
You're acting like you never been had
You're saying it's the end of the world again
When it all blows up
When it all goes down
When it makes you sick
But you're still around
When you ain't too pure
And you ain't too proud
When it all blows up
And it all blows down
Orpheus descending in the middle of the night
Well I'm standing by the speakers and I somehow feel alright
There's girls on lower Broadway in the summer and the smoke
I feel I'm at the wrong end man, of someone else's joke
I said hey, tell me what you want me to do
I feel like I got nowhere to go
Meet me at the end of the world again
When it all blows up
And it all goes down
When it sucks your soul
But you hang around
When you ain't too poor
And you ain't too proud
When it all blows up
And it all blows down
Alright
When it all blows up
And it all goes down
When it makes you sick
But you're still around

And you ain't too pure
And you ain't too proud
Just to get your kicks
In a lovesick town
When it all blows up
And it all blows down
And your late night friends

Don't come around
But the time is right
And the time is now
When it all blows up
And it all goes down