

## **A History of Rock 'n Roll—Week 9 Lyrics**

### **Radio Radio—Elvis Costello (1978)**

I was tuning in the shine on the late night dial  
Doing anything my radio advised  
With every one of those late night stations  
Playing songs bringing tears to my eyes  
I was seriously thinking about hiding the receiver  
When the switch broke 'cause it's old  
They're saying things that I can hardly believe  
They really think we're getting out of control  
Radio is a sound salvation  
Radio is cleaning up the nation  
They say you better listen to the voice of reason  
But they don't give you any choice 'cause they think that it's treason  
So you had better do as you are told  
You better listen to the radio  
I wanna bite the hand that feeds me  
I wanna bite that hand so badly  
I want to make them wish they'd never seen me  
Some of my friends sit around every evening  
And they worry about the times ahead  
But everybody else is overwhelmed by indifference  
And the promise of an early bed  
You either shut up or get cut up; they don't wanna hear about it  
It's only inches on the reel-to-reel  
And the radio is in the hands of such a lot of fools  
Tryin' to anesthetize the way that you feel  
Radio is a sound salvation  
Radio is cleaning up the nation  
They say you better listen to the voice of reason  
But they don't give you any choice 'cause they think that it's treason  
So you had better do as you are told  
You better listen to the radio  
Wonderful radio  
Marvelous radio  
Wonderful radio  
Radio, radio

### **Jimmie Standing in the Rain—Elvis Costello (2010)**

Third-class ticket in his pocket  
Punching out the shadows underneath the sockets  
Tweed coat turned up against the fog  
Slow coaches rolling o'er the moor

Between the very memory  
And approaches of war  
Stale bread curling on a luncheon counter  
Loose change lonely, not the right amount  
Forgotten man of an indifferent nation  
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station  
Somebody's calling you again  
The sky is falling  
Jimmie's standing in the rain  
Nobody wants to buy a counterfeited prairie lullaby in a colliery town  
The hip flask and fumbled skein of some stage door Josephine is all he'll get now  
Eyes going in and out of focus  
Mild and bitter from tuberculosis  
Forgotten man  
Indifferent nation  
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station  
Somebody's calling you again  
The sky is falling  
Jimmie's standing in the rain  
Her soft breath was gentle on his neck  
If he could choose the time to die  
Then he would come and go like this  
Underneath a painted sky  
She woke up and called him "Charlie" by mistake  
And then in shame began to cry  
Tarnished silver band peels off a phrase  
And then warms their hands around the brazier  
Forgotten man  
Indifferent nation  
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station  
Somebody's calling you again  
It's finally dawning  
Jimmie's standing in the rain  
Brilliantine glistening  
Your soft plaintive whistling  
And your wan wandering smile  
Died down at The Hippodrome  
Now you're walking off to jeers, the lonely sound of jingling spurs,  
The "toodle-oo" and "Oh, my dears" down at "The Argyle"  
Vile vaudevillians applaud sobriety  
There's no place for a half-cut cowboy in polite society  
Forgotten man  
Indifferent nation  
Waiting on a platform at a Lancashire station  
Somebody's calling you again  
It's finally dawning

Jimmie's standing in the rain  
Somebody's calling you again  
It's finally dawning

### **Under Lime—Elvis Costello (2018)**

It's a long way down from the high horse you're on  
When you stumble and then you're thrown  
Yeah, the last time we saw him, he was out in the rain  
Watching that train roll down the track  
Now he's back in showbiz  
Trying to make a comeback  
We know that he's desperate  
And we know that he's broke  
He's the mystery guest we'll puncture  
They told a young girl with a clipboard  
"Just keep him amused"  
"Whatever you do, don't tell him your name"  
"Whatever you think, don't let him drink"  
Under lime, under lime, under lime  
He whistles out of tune  
His words don't always rhyme  
But we will be right back  
We're almost out of time  
Down a long corridor, he's trying to impress  
He was helping a showgirl fasten up her dress  
And the clock on the wall tick-tocked the time away  
And the band starts to play  
In the violent strip of an undressing room  
She loosened his grip and started  
Tell me your story if you feel so inclined  
He was a mess, almost resigned  
Though she could guess, I think you will find  
She thought "Oh, you know, I wouldn't mind"  
He asked her boyfriend's name  
Then her whole family tree  
She thought, "I can't believe  
It's happening to me"  
And upset, said "Hey, Pet, would you kindly pass that pill  
And allow me to just dictate my dying will"  
And the clock on the wall tick-tocked the time away  
And the band starts to play  
Jimmie was dreaming as she uncrossed her legs  
He shuttered his eyes discreetly  
And he thought of a drummer and considered a snare  
But the beat of his heart said, "Don't even start"

His conscience was bare, it said "Don't even dare"  
She's completely unaware  
She forced a laugh or a sign  
At every alibi  
Once every crime was confessed  
He buttoned up his vest  
Said "Hey gal, you're a pal, you've really been a sport"  
And you don't get a record if you never get caught  
And the clock on the wall tick-tocked the time away  
And the band starts to play  
It's a long way down from that high horse you're on  
It's a long way back, 'less you cover your track  
Or you bury your crime  
Under lime, under lime, under lime, under lime  
It's a long way down from that high horse you're on  
It's a long way back, 'less you cover your track  
Or you bury your crime  
Under lime, under lime, under lime, under lime  
It's a long way down from that high horse you're on  
It's a long way back, 'less you cover your track  
'Cause you bury your crime  
Under lime, under lime, under lime

### **Once in a Lifetime—Talking Heads (1980)**

And you may find yourself living in a shotgun shack  
And you may find yourself in another part of the world  
And you may find yourself behind the wheel of a large automobile  
And you may find yourself in a beautiful house, with a beautiful wife  
And you may ask yourself, "Well, how did I get here?"  
Letting the days go by, let the water hold me down  
Letting the days go by, water flowing underground  
Into the blue again, after the money's gone  
Once in a lifetime, water flowing underground  
And you may ask yourself, "How do I work this?"  
And you may ask yourself, "Where is that large automobile?"  
And you may tell yourself, "This is not my beautiful house"  
And you may tell yourself, "This is not my beautiful wife"  
Letting the days go by, let the water hold me down  
Letting the days go by, water flowing underground  
Into the blue again, after the money's gone  
Once in a lifetime, water flowing underground  
Same as it ever was, same as it ever was  
Same as it ever was, same as it ever was  
Same as it ever was, same as it ever was  
Same as it ever was, same as it ever was

Water dissolving and water removing  
There is water at the bottom of the ocean  
Under the water, carry the water  
Remove the water from the bottom of the ocean  
Water dissolving and water removing  
Letting the days go by, let the water hold me down  
Letting the days go by, water flowing underground  
Into the blue again, into the silent water  
Under the rocks and stones, there is water underground  
Letting the days go by, let the water hold me down  
Letting the days go by, water flowing underground  
Into the blue again, after the money's gone  
Once in a lifetime, water flowing underground  
You may ask yourself, "What is that beautiful house?"  
You may ask yourself, "Where does that highway go to?"  
And you may ask yourself, "Am I right, am I wrong?"  
And you may say to yourself, "My God, what have I done?"  
Letting the days go by, let the water hold me down  
Letting the days go by, water flowing underground  
Into the blue again, into the silent water  
Under the rocks and stones, there is water underground  
Letting the days go by, let the water hold me down  
Letting the days go by, water flowing underground  
Into the blue again, after the money's gone  
Once in a lifetime, water flowing underground  
Same as it ever was, same as it ever was  
Same as it ever was, look where my hand was  
Time isn't holding up, time isn't after us  
Same as it ever was, same as it ever was  
Same as it ever was, same as it ever was  
Same as it ever was, same as it ever was (I couldn't get no rest)  
Same as it ever was, hey let's all twist our thumbs  
Here comes the twister  
Letting the days go by (same as it ever was, same as it ever was)  
Letting the days go by (same as it ever was, same as it ever was)  
Once in a lifetime, let the water hold me down  
Letting the days go by, water flowing underground

### **Everybody's Coming to My House—David Byrne (2018)**

I wish I was a camera  
I wish I was a postcard  
I welcome you to my house  
You didn't have to go far  
A house and a garden  
There are, there's plants and trees

Make a, a closer inspection  
If you get, get down on your knees  
Now everybody's coming to my house  
And I'm never gonna be alone  
And everybody's coming to my house  
And they're never gonna go back home  
I'm pointing and describing  
And I can be your guide  
The skin is just a roadmap  
The view is very nice  
Imagine looking at a picture  
Imagine driving in a car  
Imagine rolling down the window  
Imagine opening the door  
Everybody's coming to my house  
Everybody's coming to my house  
I'm never gonna be alone  
And they're never gonna go back home  
We're only tourists in this life  
Only tourists but the view is nice  
And we're never gonna go back home  
No we're never gonna go back home (all right)  
We're only tourists in this life  
Only tourists but the view is nice  
Now everybody's coming to my house  
And I'm never gonna be alone  
And everybody's coming to my house  
And they're never gonna go back home  
Everybody is coming to my house  
Everybody is coming to my house  
I'm never gonna be alone  
And I'm never gonna go back home

**Sail Away—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

**Putin—Randy Newman (2017)**

Putin puttin' his pants on  
One leg at a time  
You mean he's just like a regular fella, huh?  
He ain't nothing like a regular fella  
Putin puttin' his hat on  
Hat size number nine  
"You sayin' Putin's gettin' big headed?"  
Putin's head's just fine  
He can drive his giant tractor  
Across the Trans-Siberian plain  
He can power a nuclear reactor  
With the left side of his brain  
And when he takes his shirt off  
He drives the ladies crazy  
When he takes his shirt off  
Makes me wanna be a lady  
It's the Putin Girls!  
Putin if you put it when you put it where you put it  
Putin if you put it will you put it next to me?  
Putin if you put it when you put it where you put it  
Putin if you put it will you put it next to me?  
Now Putin hates the Putin girls  
'Cause he hates vulgarity  
And he loves his mother country  
And he loves his family  
He and his ex-wife Lyudmila  
Are riding along the shore of the beautiful new Russian Black Sea  
Let's listen in, a great man is speaking  
We fought a war for this?  
I'm almost ashamed  
The Mediterranean  
Now there's a resort worth fighting for  
If only the Greeks or the Turks

Would start to sniff around  
I'd bring the hammer down  
So quick their woolly heads would spin  
Woolly head, woolly head, woolly head  
Or, wait a minute  
Even better  
What if the Kurds got in the way?  
Hey! Kurds and way, curds and whey!  
Sometimes a people is greater than their leader  
Germany, Kentucky, and France  
Sometimes a leader towers over his country  
One shot at glory, they don't get a second chance  
I dragged these peasants kicking and screaming  
Into the 21st century  
I thought they'd make it  
I must have been dreaming  
These chicken farmers and file clerks gonna be the death of me  
I can't do it  
Sure, you can  
I can't do it  
Yeah, you can  
What makes you say that girls?  
Tell you why, 'cause you're the Putin man  
Who whipped Napoleon?  
We did!  
Who won World War II?  
The Americans!  
That's a good one ladies  
It's our turn to sit in the comfy chair  
And you're the man gonna get us there!  
I don't know, Lenin couldn't do it  
I don't know, Stalin couldn't do it  
Now they couldn't do it  
Why you think I can?  
You're gonna lead our people to the Promised Land  
You're right, 'cause, Goddamn, I'm the Putin Man

**1952 Vincent Black Lightning—Richard Thompson (1991)**

Says Red Molly, to James, "Well that's a fine motorbike.  
A girl could feel special on any such like."  
Says James, to Red Molly, "My hat's off to you.  
It's a Vincent Black Lightning, 1952.  
And I've seen you on the corners and cafes, it seems.  
Red hair and black leather, my favorite color scheme."

And he pulled her on behind,  
And down to Boxhill,  
They'd Ride.  
Says James, to Red Molly, "Here's a ring for your right hand.  
But I'll tell you in earnest I'm a dangerous man;  
For I've fought with the law since I was seventeen.  
I've robbed many a man to get my Vincent machine.  
And now I'm twenty-one years, I might make twenty-two.  
And I don't mind dyin' but for the love of you.  
But if fate should break my stride, then I'll give you my Vincent, To Ride."  
"Come down Red Molly, " called Sargent McQuade.  
"For they've taken young James Aidee for Armed Robbery.  
Shotgun blast hit his chest, left nothing inside.  
Oh, come down, Red Molly, to his dying bedside."  
When she came to the hospital, there wasn't much left.  
He was runnin' out of road. He was runnin' out of breath.  
But he smiled, to see her cry.  
And said, "I'll give you my Vincent.  
To Ride."  
Said James, "In my opinion, there's nothing in this world  
Beats a '52 Vincent and a Redheaded girl.  
Now Nortons and Indians and Greavsies won't do.  
Oh, they don't have a Soul like a Vincent '52."  
Well he reached for her hand and he slipped her the keys.  
He said, "I've got no further use...for these.  
I see Angels on Ariels in leather and chrome,  
Swoopin' down from Heaven to carry me home."  
And he gave her one last kiss and died.  
And he gave her his Vincent.  
To Ride.

### **Storm Won't Come—Richard Thompson (2018)**

I'm longing for a storm to blow through town  
And blow these sad old buildings down  
Fire to burn what fire may  
And rain to wash it all away  
But the storm won't come  
But the storm won't come  
I'm longing for the storm  
But the storm won't come  
There's a smell of death where I lay my head  
So I'll go to the storm instead  
I'll seek it out, stand in the rain  
Thunder and lightning, and I'll scream my name

But it's never the same  
But it's never the same  
The storm must come to me  
And the storm won't come  
Not a leaf is stirred, nor dust is blown  
There is no storm, so I'll make my own  
Paint up the walls and I'll burn what's rotten  
Throw out all the old and the half-forgotten  
But I'm not as strong  
But I'm not as strong  
As the wind and the rain  
And the storm won't come  
But the storm won't come  
And the storm won't come  
I'm longing for the storm  
But the storm won't come

### **Starman—David Bowie (1972)**

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

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

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

There's a starman waiting in the sky

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

La, la, la, la-la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la-la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la-la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la-la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la-la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la-la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la-la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la-la, la, la, la  
La, la, la, la-la, la, la, la

### **Lazarus—David Bowie (2016)**

Look up here, I'm in heaven  
I've got scars that can't be seen  
I've got drama, can't be stolen  
Everybody knows me now  
Look up here, man, I'm in danger  
I've got nothing left to lose  
I'm so high it makes my brain whirl  
Dropped my cell phone down below  
Ain't that just like me?  
By the time I got to New York  
I was living like a king  
There I'd used up all my money  
I was looking for your ass  
This way or no way

You know, I'll be free  
Just like that bluebird  
Now, ain't that just like me?  
Oh, I'll be free  
Just like that bluebird  
Oh, I'll be free  
Ain't that just like me?

### **Runaround Sue—Dion (1961)**

Here's my story, it's sad but true  
It's about a girl that I once knew  
She took my love then ran around  
With every single guy in town  
Yeah, I should have known it from the very start  
This girl will leave me with a broken heart  
Now listen people what I'm telling you  
A keep away from a Runaround Sue yeah  
I might miss her lips and the smile on her face  
The touch of her hair and this girl's warm embrace  
So if you don't want to cry like I do  
A keep away from a Runaround Sue  
Ah, she likes to travel around  
She'll love you and she'll put you down  
Now people let me put you wise  
Sue goes out with other guys  
Here's the moral and the story from the guy who knows  
I fell in love and my love still grows  
Ask any fool that she ever knew, they'll say  
Keep away from a Runaround Sue  
Yeah, keep away from this girl  
I know, know what she'll do  
Keep away from Sue  
She likes to travel around, yeah  
She'll love you and she'll put you down  
Now people let me put you wise  
She goes out with other guys  
Here's the moral and the story from the guy who knows  
I fell in love and my love still grows  
Ask any fool that she ever knew, they'll say  
Keep away from a Runaround Sue, yeah  
Stay away from that girl  
Don't you know what she'll do now

## **Song for Sam Cooke (Here in America)—Dion (2020)**

We traveled this land back in nineteen sixty-two  
We played the places that were home to me and you  
We drove to Memphis, we rocked a set  
We walked the streets at night and smoked a cigarette  
Here in America  
Here in America  
There was so much I didn't know  
About the way that life could go  
Here in America  
Down the block I saw the people stop and stare  
You did your best to make a Yankee boy aware  
I never thought about the color of your skin  
I never worried 'bout the hotel I was in  
Here in America (woah)  
Here in America (in America)  
But the places I could stay  
They all made you walk away  
Here in America  
You were the man who earned the glory and the fame  
But cowards felt that they could call you any name  
You were the star, standing in the light  
That won you nothing on a city street at night  
Here in America  
Here in America  
You were told that we were free  
This land is made for you and me  
Here in America  
You stayed more steady than a backbeat on a drum  
You told me you believed a change was gonna come  
You sang for freedom, but lived life free  
I saw it in your smile and in your dignity  
Here in America  
Here in America  
A preacher's kid you'd always be  
Singing the truth to set us free  
Here in America  
Here in America  
You were a star when you were standing on a stage  
I look back on it, I feel a burning rage  
You sang "You Send Me, " I sang "I Wonder Why"  
I still wonder, you were way too young to die  
Here in America  
Here in America  
Hey Sam, I wish that you were near

I wish that you were here  
Here in America  
Here in America  
America  
In America  
Here in America

**Sugar Man—Rodriguez (1970)**

Sugar man, won't you hurry  
Cause I'm tired of these scenes  
For a blue coin won't you bring back  
All those colors to my dreams  
Silver magic ships you carry  
Jumpers, coke, sweet Mary Jane  
Sugar man met a false friend  
On a lonely dusty road  
Lost my heart when i found it  
It had turned to dead black coal  
Silver magic ships you carry  
Jumpers, coke, sweet Mary Jane  
Sugar man you're the answer  
That makes my questions disappear  
Sugar man cause I'm weary  
Of those double games I hear  
Sugar man  
Sugar man, won't you hurry  
Cause I'm tired of these scenes  
For a blue coin won't you bring back  
All those colors to my dreams  
Silver magic ships you carry  
Jumpers, coke, sweet Mary Jane  
Sugar man met a false friend  
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