

## Lyrics—Week 3

### Mr. Tambourine Man by Bob Dylan (1965)

Hey! Mr. Tambourine man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you  
Though I know that evening's empire has returned into sand  
Vanished from my hand  
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping  
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet  
I have no one to meet  
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you  
Take me on a trip upon your magic swirling ship  
My senses have been stripped  
My hands can't feel to grip  
My toes too numb to step  
Wait only for my boot heels to be wandering  
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade  
Into my own parade  
Cast your dancing spell my way, I promise to go under it  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you  
Though you might hear laughing, spinning, swinging madly across the sun  
It's not aimed at anyone  
It's just escaping on the run  
And but for the sky there are no fences facing  
And if you hear vague traces of skipping reels of rhyme  
To your tambourine in time  
It's just a ragged clown behind  
I wouldn't pay it any mind  
It's just a shadow you're seeing that he's chasing  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you  
And take me disappearing through the smoke rings of my mind  
Down the foggy ruins of time  
Far past the frozen leaves

The haunted frightened trees  
Out to the windy beach  
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow  
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky  
With one hand waving free  
Silhouetted by the sea  
Circled by the circus sands  
With all memory and fate  
Driven deep beneath the waves  
Let me forget about today until tomorrow  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey! Mr. Tambourine man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you

### **Maggie's Farm by Bob Dylan (1965)**

I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
Well, I wake up in the morning  
Fold my hands and pray for rain  
I got a head full of ideas  
That are drivin' me insane  
It's a shame  
The way she makes me  
Scrub the floor  
I ain't gonna work on, nah  
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more  
Nah, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more  
Well, he hands you a nickel  
And he hands you a dime  
And he asks you with a grin  
If you're havin' a good time  
Then he fines you every time you slam the door  
I ain't gonna work for, nah  
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more  
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more  
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more  
Well, he puts his cigar  
Out in your face just for kicks  
His bedroom window  
It is made out of bricks  
The National Guard stands around his door  
I ain't gonna work, nah  
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more  
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more  
Well, she talks to all the servants  
About man and God and law  
And everybody says  
She's the brains behind pa  
She's sixty-eight, but she says she's twenty-four  
I ain't gonna work for, nah  
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more  
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more  
Well I try my best  
To be just like I am  
But everybody wants you  
To be just like them  
They sing while they slave and just get bored  
I ain't gonna work on, nah  
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more

### **I Want to Hold Your Hand by The Beatles (1963)**

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've 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've 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  
I wanna hold your hand

### **A Day in the Life by The Beatles (1967)**

[Verse 1: John Lennon]  
I read the news today, oh boy  
About a lucky man who made the grade  
And though the news was rather sad  
Well, I just had to laugh  
I saw the photograph  
He blew his mind out in a car  
He didn't notice that the lights had changed  
A crowd of people stood and stared  
They'd seen his face before  
Nobody was really sure if he was from the House of Lords

[Verse 2: John Lennon]  
I saw a film today, oh boy  
The English Army had just won the war  
A crowd of people turned away  
But I just had to look  
Having read the book  
I'd love to turn you on

[Bridge: Paul McCartney]  
\*Alarm clock rings\*  
Woke up, fell out of bed  
Dragged a comb across my head  
Found my way downstairs and drank a cup  
And looking up I noticed I was late  
Found my coat and grabbed my hat  
Made the bus in seconds flat  
Found my way upstairs and had a smoke  
And somebody spoke and I went into a dream

[Verse 3: John Lennon]

I read the news today, oh boy  
4,000 holes in Blackburn, Lancashire  
And though the holes were rather small  
They had to count them all  
Now they know how many holes it takes to fill the Albert Hall  
I'd love to turn you on

**Not Fade Away by The Rolling Stones (Buddy Holly) (1957)**

I'm gonna tell you how it's gonna be  
You're gonna give your love to me  
I'm gonna love you night and day  
Well love is love and not fade away  
Well love is love and not fade away  
My love bigger than a Cadillac  
I try to show it and you're drivin' me back  
Your love for me has got to be real  
For you to know just how I feel  
Love is real and not fade away  
Well love is real and not fade away  
I'm gonna tell you how it's gonna be  
You're gonna give your love to me  
Love to last more than one day  
Well love is love and not fade away  
Well love is love and not fade away  
Well love is love and not fade away  
Love, love is love and not fade away  
Not fade away  
Not fade away

**You Can't Always Get What You Want by The Rolling Stones (1969)**

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  
You can't always get what you want  
But if you try sometime you find  
You get what you need  
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  
You can't always get what you want  
You can't always get what you want  
But if you try sometimes, well, 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 fifty-amp fuse"  
You can't always get what you want  
You can't always get what you want  
You can't always get what you want  
But if you try sometimes, well, you just might find  
You get what you need  
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  
You can't always get what you want  
You can't always get what you want  
But if you try sometimes you just might find  
You get what you need  
You get what you need, yeah, oh baby  
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  
You can't always get what you want  
You can't always get what you want  
But if you try sometimes you just might find  
You just might find  
You get what you need  
You can't always get what you want  
You can't always get what you want  
You can't always get what you want  
But if you try sometimes you just might find  
You just might find  
You get what you need, oh yeah

## Fun Fun Fun by The Beach Boys (1964)

Well she got her daddy's car  
And she cruised through the hamburger stand now  
Seems she forgot all about the library  
Like she told her old man now  
And with the radio blasting  
Goes cruising just as fast as she can now  
And she'll have fun fun fun  
'Til her daddy takes the T-bird away  
(Fun fun fun 'til her daddy takes the T-bird away)  
Well the girls can't stand her  
'Cause she walks looks and drives like an ace now  
(You walk like an ace now you walk like an ace)  
She makes the Indy 500 look like a Roman chariot race now  
(You look like an ace now you look like an ace)  
A lotta guys try to catch her  
But she leads them on a wild goose chase now  
(You drive like an ace now you drive like an ace)  
And she'll have fun fun fun  
'Til her daddy takes the T-bird away  
(Fun fun fun 'til her daddy takes the T-bird away)  
Well you knew all along  
That your dad was gettin' wise to you now  
(You shouldn't have lied now you shouldn't have lied)  
And since he took your set of keys  
You've been thinking that your fun is all through now  
(You shouldn't have lied now you shouldn't have lied)  
But you can come along with me  
'Cause we gotta a lot of things to do now  
(You shouldn't have lied now you shouldn't have lied)  
And we'll have fun fun fun now that daddy took the T-bird away  
(Fun fun fun now that daddy took the T-bird away)  
And we'll have fun fun fun now that daddy took the T-bird away  
(Fun fun fun now that daddy took the T-bird away)  
(Wo wo wo wo woo woo woo)  
(Fun fun now that daddy took the T-bird away)  
(Fun fun now that daddy took the T-bird away)  
(Fun fun now that daddy took the T-bird away)  
(Fun fun now that daddy took the T-bird away)  
(Fun fun now that daddy took the T-bird away)  
(Fun fun now that daddy took the T-bird away)

## Good Vibrations by The Beach Boys (1966)

I-I love the colorful clothes she wears  
And the way the sunlight plays upon her hair  
I hear the sound of a gentle word  
On the wind that lifts her perfume through the air  
I'm pickin' up good vibrations  
She's giving me the excitations (oom bop bop)  
I'm pickin' up good vibrations (good vibrations, oom bop bop)  
She's giving me the excitations (excitations, oom bop bop)  
I'm pickin' up good vibrations (oom bop bop)  
She's giving me the excitations (excitations, oom bop bop)  
I'm pickin' up good vibrations (oom bop bop)  
She's giving me the excitations (excitations)  
Close my eyes, she's somehow closer now  
Softly smile, I know she must be kind  
When I look in her eyes  
She goes with me to a blossom world  
I'm pickin' up good vibrations  
She's giving me excitations (oom bop bop)  
I'm pickin' up good vibrations (good vibrations, oom bop bop)  
She's giving me excitations (excitations, oom bop bop)  
Good, good, good, good vibrations (oom bop bop)  
She's giving me excitations (excitations, oom bop bop)  
Good, good, good, good vibrations (oom bop bop)  
She's giving me excitations (excitations)  
Ah, ah, my my, what elation  
I don't know where but she sends me there  
Oh, my my, what a sensation  
Oh, my my, what elation  
Oh, my my, what  
Gotta keep those lovin' good vibrations a-happenin' with her  
Gotta keep those lovin' good vibrations a-happenin' with her  
Gotta keep those lovin' good vibrations a-happenin'  
Good, good, good, good vibrations (oom bop bop)  
She's giving me the excitations (excitations, oom bop bop)  
I'm pickin' up good vibrations  
Na na na na na, na na na  
Na na na na na, na na na (bop bop-bop-bop-bop, bop)  
Do do do do do, do do do (bop bop-bop-bop-bop, bop)  
Do do do do do, do do do (bop bop-bop-bop-bop, bop)



### **All Along the Watchtower by Jimi Hendrix (Bob Dylan cover) (1967)**

There must be some kind of way outta here  
Said the joker to the thief  
There's too much confusion  
I can't get no relief  
Business men, they drink my wine  
Plowmen dig my earth  
None will level on the line  
Nobody offered his word  
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, uh, but you and I, we've been through that  
And this is not our fate  
So let us stop talkin' falsely now  
The hour's getting late, hey  
Hey  
All along the watchtower  
Princes kept the view  
While all the women came and went  
Barefoot servants, too  
Well, uh, outside in the cold distance  
A wildcat did growl  
Two riders were approaching  
And the wind began to howl, hey  
All along the watchtower  
All along the watchtower

### **My Generation by The Who (1965)**

People try to put us d-down (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
Just because we get around (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
Things they do look awful c-c-cold (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
I hope I die before I get old (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
This is my generation  
This is my generation, baby  
Why don't you all f-fade away (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
Don't try to dig what we all s-s-s-say (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
I'm not trying to 'cause a big s-s-sensation (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
I'm just talkin' 'bout my g-g-g-generation (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
My generation  
This is my generation, baby

Why don't you all f-fade away (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
And don't try to d-dig what we all s-s-say (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
I'm not trying to 'cause a b-big s-s-sensation (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
I'm just talkin' 'bout my g-g-generation (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
This is my generation  
This is my generation, baby  
My my my generation  
People try to put us d-down (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
Just because we g-g-get around (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
Things they do look awful c-c-cold (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
Yeah, I hope I die before I get old (talkin' 'bout my generation)  
This is my generation  
This is my generation, baby  
My my my generation  
this is my generation  
(Talkin' 'bout my generation) this is my generation  
(Talkin' 'bout my generation) this is my generation  
(Talkin' 'bout my generation) this is my generation  
(Talkin' 'bout my generation) this is my generation  
(Talkin' 'bout my generation) this is my generation  
(Talkin' 'bout my generation) this is my generation

### **Break on Through by The Doors (1967)**

You know the day destroys the night  
Night divides the day  
Tried to run  
Tried to hide  
Break on through to the other side  
Break on through to the other side  
Break on through to the other side, yeah  
We chased our pleasures here  
Dug our treasures there  
But can you still recall  
The time we cried  
Break on through to the other side  
Break on through to the other side  
Yeah  
C'mon, yeah  
Everybody loves my baby  
Everybody loves my baby  
She get high  
She get high  
She get high  
She get high, yeah  
I found an island in your arms

Country in your eyes  
Arms that chain us  
Eyes that lie  
Break on through to the other side  
Break on through to the other side  
Break on through, ow  
Oh, yeah  
Made the scene  
Week to week  
Day to day  
Hour to hour  
The gate is straight  
Deep and wide  
Break on through to the other side  
Break on through to the other side  
Break on through  
Break on through  
Break on through  
Break on through  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

### **The Weight by The Band (1968)**

I pulled into Nazareth, was feelin' about half past dead  
I just need some place where I can lay my head  
"Hey, mister, can you tell me where a man might find a bed?"  
He just grinned and shook my hand, "no" was all he said  
Take a load off Fanny  
Take a load for free  
Take a load off Fanny  
And (and) (and) you put the load right on me  
(You put the load right on me)  
I picked up my bag, I went lookin' for a place to hide  
When I saw Carmen and the Devil walkin' side by side  
I said, "Hey, Carmen, come on let's go downtown"  
She said, "I gotta go but my friend can stick around"  
Take a load off Fanny  
Take a load for free  
Take a load off Fanny  
And (and) (and) you put the load right on me  
(You put the load right on me)  
Go down, Miss Moses, there's nothin' you can say  
It's just ol' Luke and Luke's waitin' on the Judgment Day  
"Well, Luke, my friend, what about young Anna Lee?"  
He said, "Do me a favor, son, won'tcha stay and keep Anna Lee company?"

Take a load off Fanny  
Take a load for free  
Take a load off Fanny  
And (and) (and) you put the load right on me  
(You put the load right on me)  
Crazy Chester followed me and he caught me in the fog  
He said, "I will fix your rack if you'll take Jack, my dog"  
I said, "Wait a minute, Chester, you know I'm a peaceful man"  
He said, "That's okay, boy, won't you feed him when you can"  
Yeah, take a load off Fanny  
Take a load for free  
Take a load off Fanny  
And (and) (and) you put the load right on me  
(You put the load right on me)  
Catch a cannon ball now to take me down the line  
My bag is sinkin' low and I do believe it's time  
To get back to Miss Fanny, you know she's the only one  
Who sent me here with her regards for everyone  
Take a load off Fanny  
Take a load for free  
Take a load off Fanny  
And (and) (and) you put the load right on me  
(You put the load right on me)

**Be My Baby by The Ronettes (Ellie Greenwich, Jeff Berry, Phil Spector) (1963)**

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, my one and only baby  
Wha oh oh oh  
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 'til eternity  
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, my one and only baby  
Wha oh oh oh oh

So come on and, 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, my one and only baby  
Wha oh oh oh  
Be my, be my baby, be my little baby  
My one and only baby, oh oh  
Be my, be my baby, oh  
My one and only baby, wha oh oh oh oh  
Be my, be my baby, oh  
My one and only baby, oh  
Be my, be my baby, oh  
Be my baby now