

## Lyrics for Week 4, Cover Me

### Respect by Otis Redding (1965)

What you want, honey, you got it  
And what you need, baby, you've got it  
All I'm asking  
For a little respect when I come home, hey now  
Hey hey hey, yeah now  
Do me wrong, honey, if you wanna to  
You can do me wrong honey, while I'm gone  
But all I'm asking  
Is for a little respect when I come home, ooh, yeah now  
Hey hey hey, yeah now  
Hey little girl, you're so sweet, little honey  
And I'm about to, just give you all of my money  
And all I'm asking, hey  
A little respect when I come home, hey hey  
Hey hey hey, yeah now  
Hey little girl, you're sweeter then honey  
And I'm about to give you all of my money  
But all I want you to do  
Is just give it, give it  
Respect when I come home, hey hey now  
Hey hey hey, yeah now  
Respect is what I want from you  
Respect is what I need  
Respect is what I want  
Respect is what I need  
Got to, got to have it  
Got to, got to have it  
Got to, got to have it  
Got to, got to have it  
Talkin'  
Give us, give us, give us, give us  
Give us, give us, give us, give us  
Give us, give us some baby, everything I need

### Respect (Aretha's Version) (1967)

What you want, baby, I got it  
What you need, do you know I got it?  
All I'm askin' is for a little respect when you get home  
(Just a little bit) Hey, baby  
(Just a little bit) When you get home  
(Just a little bit) Mister

(Just a little bit)  
I ain't gon' do you wrong while you're gone  
Ain't gon' do you wrong 'cause I don't wanna  
All I'm askin' is for a little respect when you come home  
(Just a little bit) Baby  
(Just a little bit) When you get home  
(Just a little bit) Yeah  
(Just a little bit)  
I'm about to give you all of my money  
And all I'm askin' in return, honey  
Is to give me my propers when you get home  
Yeah, baby  
(Just a, just a, just a, just a) When you get home  
(Just a little bit) Yeah  
(Just a little bit)  
Ooh, your kisses, sweeter than honey  
And guess what? So is my money  
All I want you to do for me, is give it to me when you get home  
Yeah, baby  
(Re, re, re, re) Whip it to me  
(Respect, just a little bit) When you get home, now  
(Just a little bit)  
R-E-S-P-E-C-T  
Find out what it means to me  
R-E-S-P-E-C-T  
Take care, TCB, oh  
A little respect  
(Sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me)  
Whoa, babe  
A little respect  
(Just a little bit) I get tired  
(Just a little bit) Keep on tryin'  
(Just a little bit) You're runnin' out of fools  
(Just a little bit) And I ain't lyin'  
(Just a little bit)  
Start when you come home  
(Re, re, re, respect) Or you might walk in  
(Just a little bit) And find out I'm gone  
(Just a little bit) I gotta have  
(Just a little bit) A little respect

### **Proud Mary by Creedence Clearwater Revival (1969)**

Left a good job in the city  
Workin' for the man ev'ry night and day  
And I never lost one minute of sleepin'

Worryin' 'bout the way things might have been  
Big wheel keep on turnin'  
Proud Mary keep on burnin'  
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river  
Cleaned a lot of plates in Memphis  
Pumped a lot of pain down in New Orleans  
But I never saw the good side of the city  
'Til I hitched a ride on a river boat queen  
Big wheel keep on turnin'  
Proud Mary keep on burnin'  
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river  
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river  
If you come down to the river  
Bet you gonna find some people who live  
You don't have to worry 'cause you have [if you got] no money  
People on the river are happy to give  
Big wheel keep on turnin'  
Proud Mary keep on burnin'  
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river  
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river  
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river  
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river  
Rollin', rollin', rollin' on the river

### **All Along The Watchtower by Bob Dylan (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

### **With A Little Help From My Friends by The Beatles (1967)**

What would you think if I sang out of tune  
Would you stand up and walk out on me?  
Lend me your ears and I'll sing you a song  
And I'll try not to sing out of key  
Oh I get by with a little help from my friends  
Mm I get high with a little help from my friends  
Mm gonna try with a little help from my friends  
What do I do when my love is away?  
(Does it worry you to be alone?)  
How do I feel by the end of the day?  
(Are you sad because you're on your own?)  
No I get by with a little help from my friends  
Mm I get high with a little help from my friends  
Mm gonna try with a little help from my friends  
(Do you need anybody?)  
I need somebody to love  
(Could it be anybody?)  
I want somebody to love  
(Would you believe in a love at first sight?)  
Yes I'm certain that it happens all the time  
(What do you see when you turn out the light?)  
I can't tell you, but I know it's mine  
Oh I get by with a little help from my friends  
Mm I get high with a little help from my friends  
Oh I'm gonna try with a little help from my friends  
(Do you need anybody?)  
I just need someone to love  
(Could it be anybody?)  
I want somebody to love  
Oh I get by with a little help from my friends  
Mm gonna try with a little help from my friends  
Oh I get high with a little help from my friends  
Yes I get by with a little help from my friends  
With a little help from my friends

## Me and Bobby McGee by Kris Kristofferson (1969)

Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for a train  
When I's feelin' near as faded as my jeans  
Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained  
And rode us all the way into New Orleans  
I pulled my harpoon out of my dirty red bandana  
I's playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues  
Windshield wipers slappin' time  
I's holdin' Bobby's hand in mine  
We sang every song that driver knew  
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose  
Nothin', it ain't nothin' honey, if it ain't free  
And feelin' good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues  
You know feelin' good was good enough for me  
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee  
From the Kentucky coal mines to the California sun  
Yeah, Bobby shared the secrets of my soul  
Through all kinds of weather, through everything we done  
Yeah, Bobby baby kept me from the cold  
One day up near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip away  
He's lookin' for that home and I hope he finds it  
Well, I'd trade all my tomorrows for one single yesterday  
To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine  
Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose  
Nothin', and that's all that Bobby left me  
Well, feelin' good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues  
And feelin' good was good enough for me  
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee, yeah  
La da da, la da daa, la da daa da daa daa  
La da da da daa dadada Bobby McGee-ah  
La li daa da daa daa, la da daa da daa  
La la laa la daada Bobby McGee-ah yeah  
La di da, ladida la dida la di daa, ladida la dida la di daa  
Hey now Bobby now now Bobby McGee yeah  
Lo lo lo lolo lo lo laa, lololo lo lolo lo lolo lo la laa  
Hey now Bobby now now Bobby McGee yeah  
Lord, I called him my lover, I called him my man  
I said I called him my lover, did the best I can  
C'mon, hey now Bobby now, hey now Bobby McGee, yeah  
Lo lo Lord, a Lord, a Lord, a Lord, a Lord, a Lord, a Lord, oh  
Hey, hey, hey, Bobby McGee, Lord

## **You Keep Me Hangin' On by Holland/Dozier/Holland (1966)**

Set me free, why don't cha, babe?  
Get out my life, why don't cha, babe?  
'Cause you don't really love me  
You just keep me hangin' on  
You don't really need me  
But you keep me hangin' on  
Why do you keep a-comin' around  
Playin' with my heart?  
Why don't you get out of my life  
And let me make a new start?  
Lettin' me get over you  
The way you've gotten over me, hey  
Set me free, why don't cha, babe?  
Let me be, why don't cha, babe?  
'Cause you don't really love me  
You just keep me hangin' on  
Now, you don't really want me  
You just keep me hangin' on  
You say, although we broke up  
You still wanna be just friends  
But how can we still be friends  
When seein' you only breaks my heart again?  
And there ain't nothin' I can do about it  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, set me free, why don't cha babe?  
Whoa, whoa, whoa, get out my life, why don't cha babe?  
Set me free, why don't cha babe?  
Get out my life, why don't cha babe?  
You claim you still care for me  
But your heart and soul needs to be free  
And now that you've got your freedom  
You wanna still hold on to me  
You don't want me for yourself  
So let me find somebody else, hey  
Why don't you be a man about it and set me free?  
Now, you don't care a thing about me, you're just usin' me  
Go on, get out, get out of my life  
And let me sleep at night, please  
'Cause you don't really love me  
You just keep me hangin' on

### **I Will Always Love You by Dolly Parton (1973)**

If I should stay  
I would only be in your way  
So I'll go but I know  
I'll think of you every step of the way  
And I will always love you  
I will always love you  
You  
My darling, you  
Mmm-mm  
Bittersweet memories –  
That is all I'm taking with me  
So good-bye  
Please don't cry:  
We both know I'm not what you, you need  
And I... will always love you  
I... will always love you  
You, ooh  
I hope life treats you kind  
And I hope you have all you've dreamed of  
And I'm wishing you joy and happiness  
But above all this, I wish you love  
And I... will always love you  
I will always love you  
I will always love you  
I will always love you  
I will always love you  
I, I will always love you  
You  
Darling, I love you  
I'll always  
I'll always love you  
Ooh  
Ooh

### **Try A Little Tenderness by Jimmy Campbell/Reg Connelly/Harry Woods (1933)**

Oh she may be weary  
Them young girls they do get wearied  
Wearing that same old shaggy dress, yeah, yeah  
But when she gets weary  
Try a little tenderness, yeah, yeah  
You know she's waiting  
Just anticipating  
The thing that you'll never, never, never, never possess, yeah, yeah

But while she's there waiting  
Without them try a little tenderness  
That's all you got to do  
It's not just sentimental no, no, no  
She has her grief and care, yeah, yeah, yeah  
But the soft words they are spoke so gentle, yeah  
It makes it easier, easier to bear, yeah  
You won't regret it no, no  
Young girls they don't forget it  
Love is their whole happiness, yeah, yeah, yeah  
But it's all so easy  
All you got to do is try  
Try a little tenderness  
Yeah  
All you got to do is, man, hold her when you wanna  
Squeeze her, don't tease her, never leave her  
Get to her, got, got, got to try a little tenderness, yeah, yeah  
You got to know how to love her, man  
Don't be surprised, man  
You got to squeeze her, don't tease her, never leave  
You got to hold her, brother, something, man  
Try a little tenderness, yeah, yeah, yeah  
You got to grab her gently, man  
Don't bruise her, no, no  
You got to love her, tease her, don't squeeze her  
You got to try, na na na na na  
Try, try a little tenderness, yeah  
Watch her groove  
You got to know what to do, man  
Take this advice  
You gotta love, squeeze, don't tease

### **Alison by Elvis Costello (1977)**

Oh it's so funny to be seeing you after so long, girl.  
And with the way you look I understand  
That you were not impressed.  
But I heard you let that little friend of mine  
Take off your party dress.  
I'm not going to get too sentimental  
Like those other sticky valentines,  
'Cause I don't know if you are loving some body.  
I only know it isn't mine.  
Alison, I know this world is killing you.  
Oh, Alison, my aim is true.  
Well I see you've got a husband now.



Did he leave your pretty fingers lying  
In the wedding cake?  
You used to hold him right in your hand.  
Bet he took all he could take.  
Sometimes I wish that I could stop you from talking  
When I hear the silly things that you say.  
I think somebody better put out the big light,  
'Cause I can't stand to see you this way.  
Alison, I know this world is killing you.  
Oh, Alison, my aim is true.  
My aim is true.