

Lyrics for Week 6, Cover Me

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

Turn Turn Turn by Pete Seeger (1959)

To everything (turn, turn, turn)
There is a season (turn, turn, turn)
And a time to every purpose, under heaven
A time to be born, a time to die
A time to plant, a time to reap
A time to kill, a time to heal
A time to laugh, a time to weep
To everything (turn, turn, turn)
There is a season (turn, turn, turn)
And a time to every purpose, under heaven
A time to build up, a time to break down
A time to dance, a time to mourn
A time to cast away stones, a time to gather stones together
To everything (turn, turn, turn)
There is a season (turn, turn, turn)
And a time to every purpose, under heaven
A time of love, a time of hate
A time of war, a time of peace
A time you may embrace, a time to refrain from embracing
To everything (turn, turn, turn)
There is a season (turn, turn, turn)
And a time to every purpose, under heaven
A time to gain, a time to lose
A time to rend, a time to sew
A time for love, a time for hate
A time for peace, I swear it's not too late

All I Really Want To Do by Bob Dylan (1964)

Now I ain't lookin' to compete with you
Beat on, cheat on, mistreat you
Simplify you, classify you
Deny, defy, mystify you
All I really want to do
Is baby, be friends with you
Baby, be friends with you
Now I ain't lookin' to fight with you
Frighten you or uptighten you
Drag you down or drain you down
Chain you down or bring you down
All I really want to do
Is baby, be friends with you
Baby, be friends with you
I ain't lookin' to block you up
Dock or rock or lock you up
Analyze you, categorize you
Finalize or advertise you
All I really want to do, yeah
Is baby, be friends with you
Baby, be friends with you
I don't want to straight-face you
Race or chase or track or trace you
Or disgrace you or displace you
Or define you or confine you
All I really want to do, yeah
Is baby, be friends with you
Baby, be friends with you
Now I don't want to meet your kin
Make you spin or do you in
Or select you or dissect you
Or inspect you or reject you
All I really want to do
Is baby, be friends with you
Baby, be friends with you

It Ain't Me Babe by Bob Dylan (1964)

Go away from my window
Leave at your own chosen speed
I'm not the one you want, babe
I'm not the one you need
You say you're lookin' for someone
Who's never weak but always strong

To protect you and defend you
Whether you are right or wrong
Someone to open each and every door
But it ain't me, babe
No, no, no, it ain't me, babe
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe
Go lightly from the ledge, babe
Go lightly on the ground
I'm not the one you want, babe
I will only let you down
You say you're lookin' for someone
Who will promise never to part
Someone to close his eyes for you
Someone to close his heart
Someone who will die for you and more
But it ain't me, babe
No, no, no, it ain't me babe
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe
Go melt back in the night
Everything inside is made of stone
There's nothing in here moving
And anyway I'm not alone
You say you're looking for someone
Who'll pick you up each time you fall
To gather flowers constantly
And to come each time you call
A lover for your life and nothing more
But it ain't me, babe
No, no, no, it ain't me, babe
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe

Happy Together by Alan Gordon and Garry Bonner (1967)

Imagine me and you, I do
I think about you day and night, it's only right
To think about the girl you love and hold her tight
So happy together
If I should call you up, invest a dime
And you say you belong to me and ease my mind
Imagine how the world could be, so very fine
So happy together
I can't see me lovin' nobody but you
For all my life
When you're with me, baby the skies'll be blue
For all my life
Me and you and you and me

No matter how they toss the dice, it had to be
The only one for me is you, and you for me
So happy together
I can't see me lovin' nobody but you
For all my life
When you're with me, baby the skies'll be blue
For all my life
Me and you and you and me
No matter how they toss the dice, it had to be
The only one for me is you, and you for me
So happy together
Ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba-ba
Ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba-ba
Me and you and you and me
No matter how they toss the dice, it had to be
The only one for me is you, and you for me
So happy together
So happy together
How is the weather
So happy together
We're happy together
So happy together
Happy together
So happy together
So happy together (ba-ba-ba-ba ba-ba-ba-ba)

She'd Rather Be With Me by Alan Gordon and Garry Bonner (1967)

Some girls
Love to run around
Love to handle everything they see
But my girl
Has more fun around
And you know she'd rather be with me
Me oh my (me oh my, I'm a lucky guy)
Lucky guy is what I am
Tell you why you'll understand
She don't fly although she can
Some boys (some boys)
Love to run around
They don't think about the things they do
But this boy (this boy)
Wants to settle down
And you know he'd rather be with you
Me oh my (my)
Lucky guy is what I am (my)

Tell you why you'll understand (my)
She don't fly although she can (my)
Some girls (some girls)
Love to run around
Love to handle everything they see
But my girl (my girl)
Has more fun around
And you know she'd rather be with
Yeah, she'd rather be with
You know she'd rather be with me
You know she'd rather be with me
(Rah, bah, ba, bah, bah, bah)
You know she'd rather be with me
(Rah, bah, ba, bah, bah, bah)
You know she'd rather be with me
(Rah, bah, ba, bah, bah, bah)

One by Harry Nilsson (1967)

One is the loneliest number that you'll ever do
Two can be as bad as one
It's the loneliest number since the number one
No is the saddest experience you'll ever know
Yes, it's the saddest experience you'll ever know
Because one is the loneliest number that you'll ever do
One is the loneliest number that you'll ever know
It's just no good anymore since you went away
Now, I spend my time just making rhymes of yesterday
Because one is the loneliest number that you'll ever do
One is the loneliest number that you'll ever know
One is the loneliest number
One is the loneliest number
One is the loneliest number that you'll ever do
One is the loneliest number, much, much worse than two
One is a number divided by two
One
One is the loneliest number

Joy To The World by Hoyt Axton (1971)

Jeremiah was a bullfrog
Was a good friend of mine
I never understood a single word he said
But I helped him a-drink his wine
And he always had some mighty fine wine
Singin' joy to the world

All the boys and girls now
Joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea
Joy to you and me
And if I were the king of the world
Tell you what I'd do
I'd throw away the cars and the bars and the war
Make sweet love to you
Sing it now, joy to the world
All the boys and girls
Joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea
Joy to you and me
You know I love the ladies
Love to have my fun
I'm a high life flyer and a rainbow rider
A straight shootin' son-of-a-gun
I said a straight shootin' son-of-a-gun
Joy to the world
All the boys and girls
Joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea
Joy to you and me
Joy to the world
All the boys and girls
Joy to the world
Joy to you and me
Joy to the world
All the boys and girls
Joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea
Joy to you and me
Joy to the world
Joy to you and me
Joy to the world
All the boys and girls now
Joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea
Joy to you and me
Joy to the world
All the boys and girls
Joy to the fishes in the deep blue sea
Joy to you and me
Joy to the world
All the boys and girls

Try A Little Tenderness by 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

Last Train To Clarksville by Bobby Hart and Tommy Boyce (1966)

Take the last train to Clarksville
And I'll meet you at the station
You can be here by four thirty
'Cause I've made your reservation
Don't be slow
Oh, no, no, no
Oh, no, no, no

'Cause I'm leavin' in the morning
And I must see you again
We'll have one more night together
'Til the morning brings my train
And I must go
Oh, no, no, no
Oh, no, no, no
And I don't know
If I'm ever coming home
Take the last train to Clarksville
I'll be waiting at the station
We'll have time for coffee flavored kisses
And a bit of conversation
Oh, no, no, no
Oh, no, no, no
Take the last train to Clarksville
Now I must hang up the phone
I can't hear you in this
Noisy railroad station, all alone
I'm feelin' low
Oh, no, no, no
Oh, no, no, no
And I don't know
If I'm ever coming home
Take the last train to Clarksville
And I'll meet you at the station
You can be here by four thirty
'Cause I made your reservation
Don't be slow
Oh, no, no, no
Oh, no, no, no
And I don't know
If I'm ever coming home
Take the last train to Clarksville
Take the last train to Clarksville
Take the last train to Clarksville
Take the last train to Clarksville

I'm A Believer by Neil Diamond (1966)

I thought love was only true in fairy tales
Meant for someone else but not for me
Love was out to get me
That's the way it seemed
Disappointment haunted all of my dreams
Then I saw her face, now I'm a believer

Not a trace of doubt in my mind
I'm in love
I'm a believer, I couldn't leave her if I tried
I thought love was more or less a giving thing
Seems the more I gave the less I got
What's the use in tryin'
All you get is pain?
When I needed sunshine, I got rain
Then I saw her face, now I'm a believer
Not a trace of doubt in my mind
I'm in love
I'm a believer, I couldn't leave her if I tried
Oh
Oh, love was out to get me
Now, that's the way it seemed
Disappointment haunted all of my dreams
Then I saw her face, now I'm a believer
Not a trace of doubt in my mind
I'm in love
I'm a believer, I couldn't leave her if I tried
Yes, I saw her face, now I'm a believer
Not a trace of doubt in my mind
Said, I'm a believer, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (I'm a believer)
Said, I'm a believer, yeah (I'm a believer)
I said, I'm a believer, yeah (I'm a believer)

Pleasant Valley Sunday by Carole King and Gerry Goffin (1967)

The local rock group down the street
Is trying hard to learn their song
They serenade the weekend squire
Who just came out to mow his lawn
Another pleasant valley Sunday
Charcoal burning everywhere
Rows of houses that are all the same
And no one seems to care
See Mrs. Gray, she's proud today
Because her roses are in bloom
And Mr. Green, he's so serene
He's got a TV in every room
Another pleasant valley Sunday
Here in status symbol land
Mothers complain about how hard life is
And the kids just don't understand
Creature comfort goals, they only numb my soul
And make it hard for me to see

(Ah ah ah) ah thoughts all seem to stray to places far away
I need a change of scenery
Ta ta ta ta, ta ta ta ta
Ta ta ta ta, ta ta ta ta
Another pleasant valley Sunday
Charcoal burning everywhere
Another pleasant valley Sunday
Here in status symbol land
Another pleasant valley Sunday (a pleasant valley Sunday)
Another pleasant valley Sunday (a pleasant valley Sunday)
Another pleasant valley Sunday (a pleasant valley Sunday)
Another pleasant valley Sunday (a pleasant valley Sunday)
Another pleasant valley Sunday (a pleasant valley Sunday)

Go Where You Wanna Go by John Phillips (1965)

You gotta go where you want to go
Do what you want to do
With whoever you want to do it with
You don't understand
That a girl like me can love just one man
Three thousand miles, that's how far you'll go
And you said to me "please don't follow"
'Cause you gotta go where you want to go
Do what you want to do
With whoever you want to do it with
You don't understand
That a girl like me can love just one man
You've been gone a week, and I tried so hard
Not to be the cryin' kind
Not to be the girl you left behind

Sweet Blindness by Laura Nyro (1968)

let's go down by the grapevine
drink my dady's wine
get happy
down by the grapevine
drink my daddy's wine
get happy
happy
oh sweet blindness
a little magic
a little kindness
oh sweet blindness
all over me

four leaves on a clover
I'm just a bit of a shade hung over
come on baby do a slow float
you're a good lookin' riverboat
and aint that sweet-eyed blindness good to me
down by the grapevine
drink my dady's wine
good mornin
down by the grapevine
drink my daddy's wine
good mornin
Mornin!
oh sweet blindness
a little magic
a little kindness
oh sweet blindness
all over me
please don't tell my mother
I'm a saloon and a moonshine lover
come on baby do a slow float
you're a good lookin riverboat
and ain't that sweet eyed blindness good to me
(don't ask me cause I)
ain't gonna tell you what I've been drinkin'
ain't gonna tell you what I've been drinkin'
ain't gonna tell you what I've been drinkin'
wine
of wonder
Wonder!
(by the way)
sweet blindness
a little magic
a little kindness
oh sweet blindness
all over me
don't let daddy hear it
he don't believe in the gin mill spirit
come on baby do a slow float
you a good lookin' riverboat
and ain't that sweet eyed blindness good to me
good to me
now ain't that sweet eyed blindness good to me

One Less Bell To Answer by Burt Bacharach and Hal David (1967)

One less bell to answer
One less egg to fry
One less man to pick up after
I should be happy
But all I do is cry (Cry, cry, no more laughter)
Oh, I should be happy (Oh, why did he go)
I only know that since he left my life's so empty
Though I try to forget, it just can't be done
Each time the doorbell rings I still run (I still run)
I don't know how in the world to stop thinking of him
Cause I still love him so (Love him so)
I end each day the way I start out crying my heart out
Oh, one less man to pick up after
No more laughter, no more love
Since he went, oh, he went away (He went away)
(One less bell to answer) Why did he leave me
(Oh, why, why did he leave)
Now I've got one less egg to fry (One less bell to answer)
One less egg to fry (Oh, why, why did he leave)
And all I do is cry
(One less bell to answer) Because a man told me goodbye
(Oh, why, why did he leave)
Somebody tell me please (One less bell to answer)
Where did he go, why did he go (Oh, why, why did he leave)
How could he leave me

You Don't Have To Say You Love Me by Giuseppe Donaggio/Simon Napier-Bell/Vito Pallavicini/Vicki Heather Wickham (1966)

When I said I needed you
You said you would always stay
It wasn't me who changed but you and now you've gone away
Don't you see that now you've gone
And I'm left here on my own
That I have to follow you and beg you to come home
You don't have to say you love me just be close at hand
You don't have to stay forever I will understand
Believe me, believe me I can't help but love you
But believe me I'll never tie you down
Left alone with just a memory
Life seems dead and quite unreal
All that's left is loneliness there's nothing left to feel
You don't have to say you love me just be close at hand
You don't have to stay forever

I will understand believe me, believe me
You don't have to say you love me just be close at hand
You don't have to stay forever
I will understand, believe me, believe me

Son Of A Preacher Man by John Hurley and Ronnie Wilkins (1968)

Billy Ray was a preacher's son
And when his daddy would visit he'd come along
When they gathered around and started talkin'
That's when Billy would take me walkin'
Out through the back yard we'd go walkin'
Then he'd look into my eyes
Lord knows, to my surprise
The only one who could ever reach me
Was the son of a preacher man
The only boy who could ever teach me
Was the son of a preacher man
Yes, he was, he was, ooh, yes, he was
Bein' good isn't always easy
No matter how hard I try
When he started sweet-talkin' to me
He'd come and tell me "Everything is all right"
He'd kiss and tell me "Everything is all right"
Can I get away again tonight?
The only one who could ever reach me
Was the son of a preacher man
The only boy who could ever teach me
Was the son of a preacher man
Yes, he was, he was, ooh, Lord knows, he was (yes, he was)
How well I remember
The look that was in his eyes
Stealin' kisses from me on the sly
Takin' time to make time
Tellin' me that he's all mine
Learnin' from each other's knowin'
Lookin' to see how much we've grown and
The only one who could ever reach me
Was the son of a preacher man
The only boy who could ever teach me
Was the son of a preacher man
Yes, he was, he was, oh, yes, he was
(The only one who could ever reach me)
He was the sweet-talkin' son of a preacher man
(The only boy who could ever teach me)
Was the son of a preacher man

(The only one who could ever reach me)
Was the sweet-talkin' son of a preacher man
(The only one who could ever reach me)
(Was the son of a preacher man)
(The only one who could ever reach me)
(Was the son of a preacher man)

Both Sides Now by Joni Mitchell (1969)

Bows and flows of angel hair and ice cream castles in the air
And feather canyons everywhere, I've looked at clouds that way
But now they only block the sun, they rain and snow on everyone
So many things I would have done, but clouds got in my way
I've looked at clouds from both sides now
From up and down and still somehow
It's cloud's illusions I recall
I really don't know clouds at all
Moons and Junes and Ferris wheels the dizzy dancing way you feel
When every fairy tale comes real, I've looked at love that way
But now it's just another show, you leave 'em laughin' when you go
And if you care don't let them know, don't give yourself away
I've looked at love from both sides now
From win and lose and still somehow
It's love's illusions I recall
I really don't know love at all
Tears and fears and feeling proud, to say, "I love you" right out loud
Schemes and dreams and circus crowds, I've looked at life that way
But now old friends are acting strange, they shake their heads,
They say I've changed
But something's lost but something's gained in living every day
I've looked at life from both sides now
From give and take and still somehow
It's life's illusions I recall
I really don't know life at all

Suzanne by Leonard Cohen (1966)

Suzanne takes you down to her place near the river
You can hear the boats go by, you can spend the night forever
And you know that she's half-crazy but that's why you want to be there
And she feeds you tea and oranges that come all the way from China
And just when you mean to tell her that you have no love to give her
Then he gets you on her wavelength
And she lets the river answer that you've always been her lover
And you want to travel with her, and you want to travel blind
And you know that she will trust you

For you've touched her perfect body with your mind
And Jesus was a sailor when he walked upon the water
And he spent a long time watching from his lonely wooden tower
And when he knew for certain only drowning men could see him
He said all men will be sailors then until the sea shall free them
But he himself was broken, long before the sky would open
Forsaken, almost human, he sank beneath your wisdom like a stone
And you want to travel with him, and you want to travel blind
And you think you maybe you'll trust him
For he's touched your perfect body with her mind
Now, Suzanne takes your hand and she leads you to the river
She's wearing rags and feathers from Salvation Army counters
And the sun pours down like honey on our lady of the harbor
And she shows you where to look among the garbage and the flowers
There are heroes in the seaweed, there are children in the morning
They are leaning out for love and they will lean that way forever
While Suzanne holds her mirror
And you want to travel with her, and you want to travel blind
And you know that you can trust her
For she's touched your perfect body with her mind

Gentle On My Mind by John Hartford (1966)

It's knowing that your door is always open
And your path is free to walk
That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag
Rolled up and stashed behind your couch
And it's knowing I'm not shackled
By forgotten words and bonds
And the ink stains that are dried upon some line
That keeps you on the back roads
By the rivers of my memory
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind
It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy
Planted on their columns now that bind me
Or something that somebody said
Because they thought we fit together walking
It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing
Or forgiving when I walk along some railroad track and find
That you're moving on the back roads
By the rivers of my memory
And for hours you're just gentle on my mind
Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines
And the junkyards and the highways come between us
And some other woman's cryin' to her mother
'Cause she turned and I was gone

I still might run in silence tears of joy might stain my face
And the summer sun might burn me 'til I'm blind
Oh but not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the back roads
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind
I dip my cup of soup back from a gurglin'
Cracklin' caldron in some train yard
My beard a roughenen, coal piled
And a dirty hat pulled low across my face
Through cupped hands 'round the tin can
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find
That you're waiting from the back roads
By the rivers of my memories
Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind
Gentle on my mind
You are gentle on my mind