

A Look at Lyrics—Week 10—Lyrics

Blue Moon by The MarceIs, written by Lorenz Hart and Richard Rodgers (1934)

(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-dang-a-dang-dang)
(Ba-ding-a-dong-ding)
Blue moon, moon, moon, blue moon (dip-de-dip-dip)
Moon, moon, moon, blue moon (dip-de-dip-dip)
Moon, moon, moon, blue moon (dip-de-dip-dip)
(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-dang-a-dang-dang)
(Ba-ding-a-dong-ding)
Blue moon (moon, moon, moon, blue moon)
You saw me standing alone (dip-de-dip-dip, moon, moon, moon, blue moon)
Without a dream in my heart (dip-de-dip-dip, moon, moon, moon, blue moon)
Without a love of my own (dip-de-dip-dip) (ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-dang-a-dang-dang)
(Ba-ding-a-dong-ding)
Blue moon (moon, moon, moon, blue moon)
You knew just what I was there for (dip-de-dip-dip, moon, moon, moon, blue moon)
You heard me saying a prayer for (dip-de-dip-dip, moon, moon, moon, blue moon)
Someone I really could care for (dip-de-dip-dip, ooh ah, wow-wow-wow)
And then there suddenly appeared before me (do-do, doo, do-do, doo)
The only one my arms will ever hold (do-do, doo, do-do, doo)
I heard somebody whisper, "Please adore me" (do-do, doo, do-do, doo)
And when I looked, the moon had turned to gold, ooh (ahh)
Blue moon (moon, moon, moon, blue moon)
Now I'm no longer alone (dip-de-dip-dip, moon, moon, moon, blue moon)
Without a dream in my heart (dip-de-dip-dip, moon, moon, moon, blue moon)
Without a love of my own (dip-de-dip-dip)
(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-dang-a-dang-dang)
(Ba-ding-a-dong-ding)
Ooh, ooh, ooh (dip-de-dip-dip, moon, moon moon, blue moon, moon, moon, blue moon)
(Dip-de-dip-dip, moon, moon, moon, blue moon)
(Moon, moon, moon, blue moon dip-de-dip-dip)

(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-dang-a-dang-dang)
(Ba-ding-a-dong-ding blue moon)
Ahh, ahh, ahh (blue moon, moon, moon, blue moon)
(Dip-de-dip-dip, moon, moon, moon, blue moon)
(Dip-de-dip-dip, moon, moon, moon, blue moon)
(Dip-de-dip-dip)
(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-bom-a-bom-bom)
(Ba-dang-a-dang-dang)
(Ba-ding-a-dong-ding)
Blue moon Writer/s:

Be-Bop-a-Lula by Gene Vincent and His Blue Caps (1956)

Well be-bop-a-Lula she's my baby
Be-bop-a-Lula I don't mean maybe
Be-bop-a-Lula she's my baby
Be-bop-a-Lula I don't mean maybe
Be-bop-a-Lula she's my baby doll
My baby doll, my baby doll
Well she's the girl in the red blue jeans
She's the queen of all the teens
She's the one that I know
She's the woman that loves me so
Say be-bop-a-Lula she's my baby
Be-bop-a-Lula I don't mean maybe
Be-bop-a-Lula she's my baby doll
My baby doll, my baby doll
Let's rock!
Well now she's the one that's got that beat
She's the woman with the flyin' feet
She's the one that walks around the store
She's the one that gets more more more
Be-bop-a-Lula she's my baby
Be-bop-a-Lula I don't mean maybe
Be-bop-a-Lula she's my baby doll
My baby doll, my baby doll
Let's rock again, now!
Well be-bop-a-Lula she's my baby
Be-bop-a-Lula I don't mean maybe
Be-bop-a-Lula she's my baby
Be-bop-a-Lula I don't mean maybe

Be-bop-a-Lula she's my baby doll
My baby doll, my baby doll

Tutti Frutti by Little Richard (1957)

Wop bop a loo bop a lop bom bom
Tutti frutti, oh rootie
A wop bop a loo bop a lop ba ba
I got a gal, named Sue, she knows just what to do
I got a gal, named Sue, she knows just what to do
She rock to the East, she rock to the West
But she's the gal that I love best
Tutti frutti, oh rootie
Tutti frutti, oh rootie, ooh
Tutti frutti, oh rootie
Tutti frutti, oh rootie
Tutti frutti, oh rootie
A wop bop a loo bop a lop bom bom
I got a gal, named Daisy, she almost drives me crazy
Got a gal, named Daisy, she almost drives me crazy
She knows how to love me, yes indeed
Boy you don't know what she do to me
Tutti frutti, oh rootie
Tutti frutti, oh rootie, ooh
Tutti frutti, oh rootie
Tutti frutti, oh rootie
Tutti frutti, oh rootie
Wop bop a loo bop, ow
Oh tutti frutti, oh rootie
Tutti frutti, oh rootie, ooh
Tutti frutti, oh rootie
Tutti frutti, oh rootie
Tutti frutti, oh rootie
A wop bop a loo bop a lop bom bom
I got a gal, named Daisy, she almost drive me crazy
Got a gal, named Daisy, she almost drive me crazy
She knows how to love me, yes indeed
Boy you don't know what she do to me
Tutti frutti, oh rootie
Tutti frutti, oh rootie, ooh
Tutti frutti, oh rootie
Tutti frutti, oh rootie

Tutti frutti, oh rootie
A wop bop a loo bop a lop bam boom

Rama Lama Ding Dong by The Edsels (1957)

Rama Lam (Ding Dong)
Rama Lam (Ding Ding Dong)
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding Dong
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding Dong
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding Dong
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding Dong
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding
Ooh, ah, ooh
I've got a girl named
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Ding Dong
She's everything to me
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Ding Dong
I never set her free
'Cause she's mine, oh mine
Oh, oh, oh
I've got a girl named
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Ding Dong
She's fine to me
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Ding Dong
You won't believe
That she's mine, oh mine
I love her, love her, love her so
And I'll never, never let her go
One thing is certain
She's mine, oh mine (she's mine, she's mine)
All of the time
I've got a girl named
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Ding Dong
She's everything to me
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Ding Dong
I never set her free
'Cause she's mine, oh mine
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding Dong
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding Dong
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding Dong
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding

Ooh, ah, ooh
Rama Lama (Ding Dong)
Rama Lama (Ding Ding Dong)
I've got a girl named
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Ding Dong
I never let her go
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Ding Dong
I love her, love her so
And she's mine, oh mine
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding Dong
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding Dong
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding Dong
Rama Lama, Rama Lama Lama Ding
Ooh, ah, ooh

Witch Doctor by David Seville (1958)

I told the witch doctor I was in love with you
I told the witch doctor you didn't love me too!
And then the witch doctor he told me what to do
He said that
Ooh eeh ooh aah aah
ting tang wallawalla bingbang
Ooh eeh ooh aah aah
Ting tang wallawalla bingbang
I told the witch doctor you didn't love me too!
I told the witch doctor you didn't love me nice!
And then the witch doctor he gave me this advice
He said that
Ooh eeh ooh aah aah
ting tang wallawalla bingbang
Ooh eeh ooh aah aah
Ting tang wallawalla bingbang
Yeah you've been keeping love from me
And that's not very smart!
So I went out and found myself
Someone who'd tell me how to win your heart!
My friend the witch doctor he told me what to say
My friend the witch doctor he told me what to do
I know that you'll be mine when I say this to you, whoa!
Ooh eeh ooh aah aah
ting tang wallawalla bingbang
Ooh eeh ooh aah aah
Ting tang wallawalla bingbang

Shimmy, Shimmy, Ko-Ko-Bop by Little Anthony and the Imperials (1959)

Oh, oh oh oh oh oh oh oh – ah
Oh, oh oh oh oh oh oh oh – ah
Shimmy shimmy ko-ko-bop
Shimmy shimmy bop (ahh)
Shimmy shimmy ko-ko-bop
Shimmy shimmy bop (ahh)
Sittin' in a native hut
All alone and blue
Sittin' in a native hut
Wonderin' what to do
Along came a native girl
Did a native dance
It was like in paradise
Put me in a trance
Goin' shimmy shimmy ko-ko-bop
Shimmy shimmy bop
Shimmy shimmy ko-ko-bop
Shimmy shimmy bop
Joined her in her dancin' spree
Felt my spine a-tingle
Held her tight and close to me
Man, I'm glad I'm single
Then she showed me what to do
First I was amazed
Soon I learned a step or two
Put me in a daze
Goin' shimmy shimmy ko-ko-bop
Shimmy shimmy bop
Shimmy shimmy ko-ko-bop
Shimmy shimmy bop
Shimmy shimmy ko-ko-bop
Shimmy shimmy bop
You can do the ko-ko bop
Now's no time to stop
Left foot forward
Right one back
Bring them side by side
Syncopate your last two steps
Now you're gonna glide
Keep along the rhythm track
Girls please show 'em how
Now you start to arch your back
Man, you got it now

Goin' shimmy shimmy ko-ko-bop
Shimmy shimmy bop, oh
Shimmy shimmy ko-ko-bop
Shimmy shimmy bop
Shimmy shimmy ko-ko-bop
Shimmy shimmy bop
Shimmy shimmy ko-ko-bop
Shimmy shimmy bop
Shimmy shimmy ko-ko-bop
Shimmy shimmy ahhhhh

Wang Dang Doodle by Koko Taylor, written by Willie Dixon (1960)

Tell automatic slim
Tell razor totin' jim
Tell butcher knife totin' annie
Tell fast talkin' fanny
Tonight we're gonna pitch a ball
Down to that union hall
Gonna romp and tromp 'till midnite
We're gonna fuss and fight 'till daylight
We're gonna pitch a wang dang doodle all night long
Tell poodle I'll tell him here
Tell albert I'll see him near
Tell old pistol pete
Everybody gonna meet
Tonight we need no rest
We're really gonna throw a mess
We're gonna break out all the windows
Gonna kick down all the doors
We're gonna pitch a wang dang doodle all night long
Tell fats and washboard sam
That everybody's gonna jam
Just shake it boxcar joe
We got sawdust on the floor
Tell chicken head till I die
We're gonna have a time
When the fish head fills the air
Be snuff juice everywhere
We're gonna pitch a wang dang doodle all night long

Who Put the Bomp (In the Bomp, Bomp Bomp) by Barry Mann (1961)

I'd like to thank the guy
Who wrote the song
That made my baby

Fall in love with me
Who put the bomp in the bomp bah bomp bah bomp
Who put the ram in the rama lama ding dong
Who put the bop in the bop shoo bop shoo bop
Who put the dip in the dip da dip da dip
Who was that man
I'd like to shake his hand
He made my baby fall in love with me (yeah)
When my baby heard
"Bomp bah bah bomp bah bomp bah bomp bah bomp bomp"
Every word went right into her heart
And when she heard them singin'
"Rama lama lama lama, rama ding dong"
She said we'd never have to part
So
Who put the bomp in the bomp bah bomp bah bomp
Who put the ram in the rama lama ding dong
Who put the bop in the bop shoo bop shoo bop
Who put the dip in the dip da dip da dip
Who was that man
I'd like to shake his hand
He made my baby fall in love with me (yeah)
Each time that we're alone
Boogity boogity boogity boogity boogity boogity shoo
Sets my baby's heart all aglow
And every time we dance to
Dip da dip da dip dip da dip da dip
She always says she loves me so
So
Who put the bomp in the bomp bah bomp bah bomp
Who put the ram in the rama lama ding dong
Who put the bop in the bop shoo bop shoo bop
Who put the dip in the dip da dip da dip
Who was that man
I'd like to shake his hand
He made my baby fall in love with me (yeah)

Da Doo Ron Ron by The Crystals, written by Ellie Greenwich/Jeff Barry (1963)

I met him on a Monday and my heart stood still
Da doo ron-ron-ron, Da doo ron-ron
Somebody told me that his name was Bill
Da doo ron-ron-ron, Da doo ron-ron
Yeah, my heart stood still
Yes, his name was Bill
And when he walked me home

Da doo ron-ron-ron, Da doo ron-ron
I knew what he was doing when he caught my eye
Da doo ron-ron-ron, Da doo ron-ron
He looked so quiet but my oh my
Da doo ron-ron-ron, Da doo ron-ron
Yeah, he caught my eye
Yes, oh my, oh my
And when he walked me home
Da doo ron-ron-ron, Da doo ron-ron
He picked me up at seven and he looked so fine
Da doo ron-ron-ron, Da doo ron-ron
Someday soon I'm gonna make him mine
Da doo ron-ron-ron, Da doo ron-ron
Yeah, he looked so fine,
Yes, I'll make him mine
And when he walked me home
Da doo ron-ron-ron, Da doo ron-ron
Yeah-yeah-yeah-yeah...
Da-doo-ron-ron
Da-doo-ron-ron...

Surfing Bird by The Trashmen (1963)

A-well-a everybody's heard about the bird
B-b-b-bird, b-bird's the word
A-well, a bird, bird, bird, bird is the word
A-well, a bird, bird, bird, well-a bird is the word
A-well, a bird, bird, bird, b-bird's the word
A-well, a bird, bird, bird, well-a bird is the word
A-well, a bird, bird, b-bird is the word
A-well, a bird, bird, bird, b-bird's the word
A-well, a bird, bird, bird, well-a bird is the word
A-well, a bird, bird, b-bird's the word
A-well-a don't you know about the bird?
Well, everybody knows that the bird is the word
A-well-a-bird, bird, b-bird's the word, a-well-a
A-well-a everybody's heard about the bird
Bird, bird, bird, b-bird's the word
A-well, a bird, bird, bird, b-bird's the word
A-well, a bird, bird, bird, b-bird's the word
A-well, a bird, bird, b-bird's the word
A-well, a bird, bird, bird, b-bird's the word
A-well-a don't you know about the bird?

Well, everybody's talking about the bird!
A-well-a bird, bird, b-bird's the word
A-well-a bird, surfing bird, brr, brr, ah, ah
Ah, bap-a-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pa-pap
Ma-ma-mow, pa-pa, ma-ma-mow, pa-pa
Ma-ma-ma-ma-mow, pa-pa, ma-ma-mow, pa-pa
Ma-ma-ma-ma-mow, pa-pa, ma-ma-mow, pa-pa
Ma-ma-mow, pa-pa, ma-ma-mow, pa-pa
Ma-ma-mow, pa-pa, ma-ma-mow, pa-pa
Ma-ma-mow, ma-ma-mow, pa-pa
Ma-ma-mow, ma-ma-mow, pa-pa
Ma-ma-ma-ma, ma-ma-mow
Ma-ma-ma-ma, ma-ma-mow
Ma-ma-mow, pa-pa, ma-ma-mow, pa-pa
Ma-ma-mow, pa-pa, ma-ma-mow
A-well-a don't you know about the bird?
Well, everybody knows that the bird is the word
A-well, a bird, bird, b-bird's the word
A-well-a mow, mow, pa-pa, ma-ma-mow, pa-pa
Ma-ma-mow, ma-ma, mow, pa-pa

Do Wah Diddy Diddy by Manfred Mann, written by Ellie Greenwich/Jeff Barry (1964)

There she was just a-walkin' down the street, singin'
'Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do'
Snappin' her fingers and shufflin' her feet, singin'
'Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do'
She looked good (Looked good)
She looked fine (Looked fine)
She looked good, she looked fine
And I nearly lost my mind
Before I knew it she was walkin' next to me, singin'
'Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do'
Holdin' my hand just as natural as can be, singin'
'Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do'
We walked on (Walked on)
To my door (My door)
We walked on to my door
Then we kissed a little more
Whoa-oh, I knew we was falling in love

Yes, I did
And so I told her all the things
I'd been dreamin' of
Now we're together nearly every single day, singin'
'Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do'
A-we're so happy, and that's how we're gonna stay, singin'
'Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do'
Well, I'm hers (I'm hers)
She's mine (She's mine)
I'm hers, she's mine
Wedding bells are gonna chime
Whoa-oh, I knew we was falling in love
Yes, I did
And so I told her all the things
I'd been dreamin' of
Now we're together nearly every single day, singin'
'Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do'
A-we're so happy, and that's how we're gonna stay, singin'
'Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do'
Well, I'm hers (I'm hers)
She's mine (She's mine)
I'm hers, she's mine
Wedding bells are gonna chime
Whoa-oh-oh-oh, oh yeah
Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do, we'll sing it
Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do, oh yeah, oh, oh yeah
Do wah diddy diddy dum diddy do

Wooly Bully by Sam the Sham and the Pharaohs (1964)

Uno dos, one two tres quatro
Ay, wooly bully
Watch it now, watch it
Here he comes, here he comes
Watch it now, he get 'cha
Matty told Hatty
About a thing she saw
Had two big horns
And a wooly jaw
Wooly bully
Wooly bully, yeah drive
Wooly bully
Wooly bully
Wooly bully
Hatty told Matty
Let's don't take no chance

Let's not be L-seven
Come and learn to dance
Wooly bully
Wooly bully
Wooly bully
Wooly bully
Wooly bully
Watch it now, watch it watch it watch it
Ay, ay, drive, drive, drive
Matty told Hatty
That's the thing to do
Get you someone really
Pull the wool with you
Wooly bully
Wooly bully
Wooly bully
Wooly bully
Wooly bully
Watch it now, watch it, here he comes
You got it, you got it

**Iko Iko by The Dixie Cups, written by Barbara Hawkins/Rosa Hawkins/Joan Johnson
(1965)**

My grandma and your grandma
Were sittin' by the fire
My grandma told your grandma
"I'm gonna set your flag on fire"
Talkin' 'bout
Hey now (hey, now)
Hey now (hey, now)
Iko, iko, un-day
Jock-a-mo fee-no ai na-né
Jock-a-mo fee na-né
Look at my king all dressed in red
Iko, iko, un-day
I betcha five dollars, he'll kill you dead
Jock-a-mo fee na-né
Talkin' 'bout
Hey, now (hey, now)
Hey, now (hey, now)
Iko, iko, un-day
Jock-a-mo fee-no ai na-né
Jock-a-mo fee na-né
My flag boy and your flag boy
Sittin' by the fire

My flag boy told your flag boy
"I'm gonna set your flag on fire"
Talkin' 'bout
Hey, now (hey, now)
Hey, now (hey, now)
Iko, iko, un-day
Jock-a-mo fee-no ai na-né
Jock-a-mo fee na-né
See that guy all dressed in green?
Iko, iko, un-day
He's not a man, he's a lovin' machine
Jock-a mo fee na-né
Talkin' 'bout
Hey, now (hey, now)
Hey, now (hey, now)
Iko, iko, un-day
Jock-a-mo fee-no ai na-né
Jock-a-mo fee na-né
Talkin' 'bout
Hey, now
Hey, now (hey, now)
Iko, iko, un-day (oh, oh-oh)
Jock-a-mo fee-no ai na-né
Jock-a-mo fee na-né
Jock-a-mo fee na-né (yes, indeed)
Jock-a-mo fee na-né (iko)
Jock-a-mo fee na-né

Fa Fa Fa Fa Fa (Sad Song) by Otis Redding (1966)

Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa
Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa
I keep singin' them sad sad song y'all,
Sad song is of all I know.
I keep singin' them sad sad song y'all,
Sad song is all I know.
It has a sweet melody, tonight,
Anybody can sing it, any all time
It got to your heart, put you in a groove,
And when you sing this song, it will make your whole body move
It goes
Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa
Your turn
I'll turn
Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa
Your turn now

All my life I've been singin' them sad song
Trying to get my message to you.
But you see, only song y'all, I can sing
And when I can you singing, my message will be to you
It goes
Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa
Your turn now
It's a lovely song y'all,
Sweet music honey,
It feels to life over,
It tells a story over,
You got to get your message
A stone message honey
A lovely line baby
I've been wanting a line. watch it
Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa
Your turn
Everybody it's good
Everybody
Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa
One more time
Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa
Throw me the line y'all
Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa-Fa

Oogum Boogum by Brenton Wood (1967)

Oogum, oogum, boogum, boogum
Boogum, now, baby, you're castin' your spell on me
I say, oogum, oogum, boogum, boogum
Boogum, now, baby, you're castin' you're spell on me
You got me doin' funny things like a clown
Just look at me

When you wear your high-heeled boots
With your hip-hugger suit
It's all right, you're outta sight
And you wear that cute miniskirt
With your brother's sloppy shirt
I admit it, girl, that I can dig it
Well, then I says

Oogum, oogum, boogum, boogum
Boogum, now, baby, you're castin' your spell on me
I say, oogum, oogum, boogum, boogum
Boogum, now, baby, you're castin' you're spell on me

You got me doin' funny things like a clown
Just look at me

When you wear your bell bottom pants
I just stand there in a trance
I can't move, you're in the groove
Would you believe, little girl
That I'm crazy 'bout you?
Now go on, now, with your bad self

Ooh-ooh, my, my, my baby's got that spell on me
Ooh-ooh, now, mercy, mercy on me
Huh, alright

When you wear those big earrings
Long hair, and things
You got style, girl, that sure is wild
And you wear that cute trench coat
And you're standin' and posin'
You got soul, you got too much soul
I just says

Ooga-ga-boo-say, ooga-ga-boo-say
Ooga-ga-boo, now, castin' your spell on me
But I says, ooga-ga-boo-say, ooga-ga-boo-say
Ooga-ga-boo, now, castin' your spell on me
I says, ooga-ga-boo-say, ooga-ga-boo-say
Ooga-ga-boo, now, castin' your spell on me, woo

I says, ooga-ga-boo-say, ooga-ga-boo-say
Ooga-ga-boo, now, castin' your spell on me, huh
I says, I says, ooga-ga-boo-say, ooga-ga-boo-say
Ooga-ga-boo, now, castin' your spell on me
(Oogum, oogum, boogum, boogum)
(Boogum, now, baby, now, castin' my spell on you)...

Mrs. Robinson by Simon & Garfunkel (1968)

And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson
Jesus loves you more than you will know
Whoa, whoa, whoa
God bless you, please, Mrs. Robinson
Heaven holds a place for those who pray
Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey
We'd like to know a little bit about you for our files

We'd like to help you learn to help yourself
Look around you, all you see are sympathetic eyes
Stroll around the grounds until you feel at home
And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson
Jesus loves you more than you will know
Whoa, whoa, whoa
God bless you, please, Mrs. Robinson
Heaven holds a place for those who pray
Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey
Hide it in a hiding place where no one ever goes
Put it in your pantry with your cupcakes
It's a little secret, just the Robinson's affair
Most of all, you've got to hide it from the kids
Coo, coo, ca-choo, Mrs. Robinson
Jesus loves you more than you will know
Whoa, whoa, whoa
God bless you, please, Mrs. Robinson
Heaven holds a place for those who pray
Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey
Sitting on a sofa on a Sunday afternoon
Going to the candidates debate
Laugh about it, shout about it
When you've got to choose
Every way you look at this, you lose
Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?
Our nation turns its lonely eyes to you
Woo, woo, woo
What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson?
Joltin' Joe has left and gone away
Hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey

Ob-La-Di Ob-La-Da by The Beatles (1968)

Desmond has a barrow in the marketplace
Molly is the singer in a band
Desmond says to Molly, "Girl, I like your face"
And Molly says this as she takes him by the hand
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da
Life goes on, brah
La, la, how the life goes on
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da
Life goes on, brah
La, la, how the life goes on

Desmond takes a trolley to the jeweler's store
Buys a 20 carat golden ring (ring)
Takes it back to Molly waiting at the door
And as he gives it to her, she begins to sing (sing)
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da (la, la, la, la, la, la)
Life goes on, brah (la, la, la, la, la, la)
La, la, how the life goes on
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da (la, la, la, la, la, la)
Life goes on, brah (la, la, la, la, la, la)
La, la, how the life goes on (yeah)
In a couple of years
They have built a home, sweet home
With a couple of kids running in the yard
Of Desmond and Molly Jones (ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha)
Happy ever after in the market place
Desmond lets the children lend a hand (arm, leg)
Molly stays at home and does her pretty face
And in the evening, she still sings it with the band (yes)
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da
Life goes on, brah
La, la, how the life goes on (hey)
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da
Life goes on, brah
La, la, how the life goes on
In a couple of years
They have built a home, sweet home
With a couple of kids running in the yard
Of Desmond and Molly Jones (hey)
Happy ever after in the market place
Molly lets the children lend a hand
Desmond stays at home and does his pretty face
And in the evening, she's a singer with the band (yeah)
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da
Life goes on, brah
La, la, how the life goes on (hey)
Ob-la-di, ob-la-da
Life goes on, brah
La, la, how the life goes on
And if you want some fun
Take Ob-la-di-bla-da
Thank you

My Ding-a-Ling by Chuck Berry, written by Dave Bartholomew (1972)

We got to do our alma matter, we must do our alma matter

When I was a little bitty boy
My grandmother bought me a cute little toy
Silver bells hanging on a string
She told me it was my ding-a-ling-a-ling, oh

My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling, I want you to play with my ding-a-ling!
My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling, I want you to play with my ding-a-ling!
Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful!

Hmm, and then mama took me to grammar school
But I stopped off in the vestibule
Every time that bell would ring
Catch me playing with my ding-a-ling-a-ling, oh

My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling, I want you to play with my ding-a-ling!
My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling, I want you to play with my ding-a-ling!

Oh, that is beautiful
You know what I heard, I heard
I heard two girls over here singing in harmony, that's all right, honey
This is a free country, live like you wanna live, baby!
Yeah, ain't nobody gonna knock it, doll, mm-mm
Yeah, freedom
Yes sir, there's one guy right over here singin' "mine" too, that's all right, brother!
Yes sir, you got a right, baby, ain't nobody gonna bother you, tell you

Once I was climbing the garden wall
I slipped and had a terrible fall
I fell so hard I heard bells ring
But held on to my ding-a-ling-a-ling

My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling, I want you to play with my ding-a-ling!
My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling, I want you to play with my ding-a-ling!

Hmm, you know that's future parliament out there singin'?
Oh yeah! (yeah!)

Hmm, once I was swimming 'cross turtle creek
Man, them snappers all around my feet
Sure was hard swimming 'cross that thing
With both hands holding my ding-a-ling

Oh, my ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling, I want you to play with my ding-a-ling!
My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling, I want you to play with my ding-a-ling!

That's so beautiful
I think it's a beautiful little song, really I do
And guess what, everybody's still not singing
There's a few right down front here that's not singing
We're gonna dedicate this verse to those who will not sing, yes sir

Hmm, this here song it ain't so sad
The cutest little song you ever had
Those of you who will not sing
You must be playing with your own ding-a-ling

My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling, I want you to play with my ding-a-ling!
My ding-a-ling, my ding-a-ling, I want you to play with my ding-a-ling!

Oh, your own, ding-a-ling, your own ding-a-ling, we saw you playing with your ding-a-ling
Oh, my ding-a-ling, everybody sing, I want to play with my, everybody

My ding-a-ling, oh, my, ding-a-ling
Slow down, I want to play, everybody, with my ding-a-ling!

De Do Do Do, De Da Da Da by The Police (1980)

Don't think me unkind
Words are hard to find
They're only cheques I've left unsigned
From the banks of chaos in my mind
And when their eloquence escapes me
Their logic ties me up and rapes me
De do do do, de da da da
Is all I want to say to you
De do do do, de da da da
Their innocence will pull me through
De do do do, de da da da
Is all I want to say to you
De do do do, de da da da
They're meaningless and all that's true
Poets, priests and politicians
Have words to thank for their positions
Words that scream for your submission
And no one's jamming their transmission
'Cause when their eloquence escapes you
Their logic ties you up and rapes you
De do do do, de da da da
Is all I want to say to you
De do do do, de da da da

Their innocence will pull me through
De do do do, de da da da
Is all I want to say to you
De do do do, de da da da
They're meaningless and all that's true
De do do do, de da da da
Is all I want to say to you
De do do do, de da da da
Their innocence will pull me through
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