

## A Look at Lyrics—Week 10—Lyrics

### Blue Moon by The Marceles, 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  
Tutti frutti, oh rootie  
Tutti frutti, oh rootie  
Tutti frutti, oh rootie  
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 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 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-pap  
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, 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-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  
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