

Week 5 Lyrics

Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds by The Beatles (1967)

Picture yourself in a boat on a river
With tangerine trees and marmalade skies
Somebody calls you, you answer quite slowly
A girl with kaleidoscope eyes
Cellophane flowers of yellow and green
Towering over your head
Look for the girl with the sun in her eyes
And she's gone
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Ah
Follow her down to a bridge by a fountain
Where rocking horse people eat marshmallow pies
Everyone smiles as you drift past the flowers
That grow so incredibly high
Newspaper taxis appear on the shore
Waiting to take you away
Climb in the back with your head in the clouds
And you're gone
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Ah
Picture yourself on a train in a station
With plasticine porters with looking glass ties
Suddenly someone is there at the turnstile
The girl with the kaleidoscope eyes
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Ah
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Ah
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds
Lucy in the sky with diamonds

I Am The Walrus by The Beatles (1967)

I am he as you are he as you are me
And we are all together
See how they run like pigs from a gun
See how they fly
I'm crying
Sitting on a corn flake
Waiting for the van to come
Corporation T-shirt, stupid bloody Tuesday
Man you've been a naughty boy
You let your face grow long
I am the egg man
They are the egg men
I am the walrus
Goo goo g'joob
Mister City policeman sitting
Pretty little policemen in a row
See how they fly like Lucy in the sky, see how they run
I'm crying, I'm crying
I'm crying, I'm crying
Yellow matter custard
Dripping from a dead dog's eye
Crabalocker fishwife, pornographic priestess
Boy, you've been a naughty girl, you let your knickers down
I am the egg man
They are the egg men
I am the walrus
Goo goo g'joob
Sitting in an English garden
Waiting for the sun
If the sun don't come you get a tan
From standing in the English rain
I am the egg man (now good sir)
They are the egg men (a poor man, made tame to fortune's blows)
I am the walrus
Goo goo g'joob, goo goo goo g'joob (good pity)
Expert, texpert choking smokers
Don't you think the joker laughs at you (ho ho ho, hee hee hee, hah hah hah)
See how they smile like pigs in a sty, see how they snide
I'm crying
Semolina Pilchard
Climbing up the Eiffel tower
Elementary penguin singing Hare Krishna
Man, you should have seen them kicking Edgar Allen Poe
I am the egg man

They are the egg men
I am the walrus
Goo goo g'joob, goo goo goo g'joob
Goo goo g'joob, goo goo goo g'joob, goo
Joob, joob, jooba
Jooba, jooba, jooba
Joob, jooba
Joob, jooba
Umpa, umpa, stick it up your jumper (jooba, jooba)
Umpa, umpa, stick it up your jumper
Everybody's got one (umpa, umpa)
Everybody's got one (stick it up your jumper)
Everybody's got one (umpa, umpa)
Everybody's got one (stick it up your jumper)
Everybody's got one (umpa, umpa)
Everybody's got one (stick it up your jumper)
Everybody's got one (umpa, umpa)
Everybody's got one (stick it up your jumper)
Everybody's got one (umpa, umpa)
Everybody's got one (stick it up your jumper)
Everybody's got one (umpa, umpa)
Slave
Thou hast slain me
Villain, take my purse
If I ever
Bury my body
The letters which though find'st about me
To Edmund Earl of Gloucester
Seek him out upon the British Party
O untimely death
I know thee well
A serviceable villain, as duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire
What, is he dead?
Sit you down, Father, rest you

Golden Slumbers by The Beatles (1969)

Once there was a way
To get back homeward
Once there was a way
To get back home
Sleep, pretty darling
Do not cry
And I will sing a lullaby
Golden slumbers fill your eyes

Smiles awake you when you rise
Sleep, pretty darling
Do not cry
And I will sing a lullaby
Once there was a way
To get back homeward
Once there was a way
To get back home
Sleep, pretty darling
Do not cry
And I will sing a lullaby

White Rabbit by Jefferson Airplane (1967)

One pill makes you larger
And one pill makes you small
And the ones that mother gives you
Don't do anything at all
Go ask Alice
When she's ten feet tall
And if you go chasing rabbits
And you know you're going to fall
Tell 'em a hookah-smoking caterpillar
Has given you the call
Call Alice
When she was just small
When the men on the chessboard
Get up and tell you where to go
And you've just had some kind of mushroom
And your mind is moving low
Go ask Alice
I think she'll know
When logic and proportion
Have fallen sloppy dead
And the White Knight is talking backwards
And the Red Queen's off with her head
Remember what the dormouse said
Feed your head
Feed your head

Tales of Brave Ulysses by Cream (1967)

You thought the leaden winter
Would bring you down forever
But you rode upon a steamer
To the violence of the sun

And the colours of the sea
Bind your eyes with trembling mermaids
And you touch the distant beaches
With tales of brave Ulysses
How his naked ears were tortured
By the sirens sweetly singing
For the sparkling waves are calling you
To kiss their white laced lips
And you see a girl's brown body
Dancing through the turquoise
And her footprints make you follow
Where the sky loves the sea
And when your fingers find her
She drowns you in her body
Carving deep blue ripples
In the tissues of your mind
Tiny purple fishes
Run laughing through your fingers
And you want to take her with you
To the hard land of the winter
Her name is Aphrodite
And she rides a crimson shell
And you know you cannot leave her
For you touched the distant sands
With tales of brave Ulysses
How his naked ears were tortured
By the sirens sweetly singing
Tiny purple fishes
Run laughing through your fingers
And you want to take her with you
To the hard land of the winter

Brief Candles by The Zombies (1968)

There she sits her hands are held
Tight around her glass
She only needs to be alone
She knows this mood will pass
To realize that she was strong
And he too weak to stay
And to realize that she is better off this way
Brief candles in her mind
Bright and tiny gems of memory
Brief candles burn so fine
Leaves a light inside where she can see
What makes it all worthwhile

Her sadness makes her smile
His alone girl fades away
Left out on a limb
Finds he needs her more because
She's no more need for him
He understood so very well
The things she had to say
Soon he'll understand that he is better off this way
Brief candles in his mind
Bright and tiny gems of memory
Brief candles burn so fine
Leaves a light inside where he can see
What makes it all worthwhile
His sadness makes him smile
In the corner see his face
The man just sips his drink
Not one feeling does he show
Far too numb to think
He does not say a single word
No word of love to say
Maybe he will soon believe he's better off this way
Brief candles in his mind
Bright and tiny gems of memory
Brief candles burn so fine
Leaves a light inside where he can see
What makes it all worthwhile
His sadness makes him smile

Sympathy For The Devil by The Rolling Stones (1968)

Please allow me to introduce myself
I'm a man of wealth and taste
I've been around for a long, long years
Stole million man's soul an faith
And I was 'round when Jesus Christ
Had his moment of doubt and pain
Made damn sure that Pilate
Washed his hands and sealed his fate
Pleased to meet you
Hope you guess my name
But what's puzzling you
Is the nature of my game
Stuck around St. Petersburg
When I saw it was a time for a change
Killed Tsar and his ministers
Anastasia screamed in vain

I rode a tank
Held a general's rank
When the blitzkrieg raged
And the bodies stank
Pleased to meet you
Hope you guess my name, oh yeah
Ah, what's puzzling you
Is the nature of my game, oh yeah
I watched with glee
While your kings and queens
Fought for ten decades
For the gods they made
I shouted out
Who killed the Kennedys?
When after all
It was you and me
Let me please introduce myself
I'm a man of wealth and taste
And I laid traps for troubadours
Who get killed before they reached Bombay
Pleased to meet you
Hope you guessed my name, oh yeah
But what's puzzling you
Is the nature of my game, oh yeah, get down, baby
Pleased to meet you
Hope you guessed my name, oh yeah
But what's confusing you
Is just the nature of my game
Just as every cop is a criminal
And all the sinners saints
As heads is tails
Just call me Lucifer
'Cause I'm in need of some restraint
So if you meet me
Have some courtesy
Have some sympathy, and some taste
Use all your well-learned politesse
Or I'll lay your soul to waste, mm yeah
Pleased to meet you
Hope you guessed my name, mm yeah
But what's puzzling you
Is the nature of my game, mm mean it, get down
Woo, who
Oh yeah, get on down
Oh yeah
Aah yeah

Tell me baby, what's my name?
Tell me honey, can ya guess my name?
Tell me baby, what's my name?
I tell you one time, you're to blame
What's my name
Tell me, baby, what's my name?
Tell me, sweetie, what's my name?

Ramble On by Led Zeppelin (1969)

Leaves are falling all around
It's time I was on my way
Thanks to you I'm much obliged
For such a pleasant stay
But now it's time for me to go
The autumn moon lights my way
For now I smell the rain
And with it pain
And it's headed my way
Ah, sometimes I grow so tired
But I know I've got one thing I got to do
Ramble on
And now's the time, the time is now
To sing my song
I'm goin' 'round the world, I got to find my girl
On my way
I've been this way ten years to the day
Ramble on
Gotta find the queen of all my dreams
Got no time for spreadin' roots
The time has come to be gone
And though our health we drank a thousand times
It's time to ramble on
Ramble on
And now's the time, the time is now
To sing my song
I'm going 'round the world, I got to find my girl
On my way
I've been this way ten years to the day
I gotta ramble on
I gotta find the queen of all my dreams
I ain't tellin' no lie
Mine's a tale that can't be told
My freedom I hold dear
How years ago in days of old
When magic filled the air

'T was in the darkest depths of Mordor
I met a girl so fair
But Gollum, and the evil one
Crept up and slipped away with her
Her, her, yeah
Ain't nothing I can do, no
I guess I keep on rambling
I'm gonna, yeah, yeah, yeah
Sing my song (I gotta find my baby)
I gotta ramble on, sing my song
Gotta work my way around the world baby, baby
Ramble on, yeah
Doo, doo, doo, doo, doo, my baby
Doo, doo, doo, doo
Doodoo doodoo doodoo doodoo doodoo
I gotta keep searching for my baby
(Baby, baby, baby, baby, baby, baby)
I gotta keep-a-searchin' for my baby
(My, my, my, my, my, my, my baby)
Yeah yeah, yeah yeah, yeah yeah yeah
Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah
I can't find my bluebird
I listen to my bluebird sing
I can't find my bluebird
I keep rambling, baby
I keep rambling, baby

Rocket Man by Elton John (1972)

She packed my bags last night pre-flight
Zero hour 9:00 a.m.
And I'm gonna be high
As a kite by then
I miss the Earth so much I miss my wife
It's lonely out in space
On such a timeless flight
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
'Til touchdown brings me 'round again to find
I'm not the man they think I am at home
Oh, no, no, no
I'm a rocket man
Rocket man, burning out his fuse up here alone
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
'Til touchdown brings me 'round again to find
I'm not the man they think I am at home
Oh, no, no, no

I'm a rocket man
Rocket man, burning out his fuse up here alone
Mars ain't the kind of place to raise your kids
In fact it's cold as hell
And there's no one there to raise them
If you did
And all this science
I don't understand
It's just my job five days a week
A rocket man
A rocket man
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
'Til touchdown brings me 'round again to find
I'm not the man they think I am at home
Oh, no, no, no
I'm a rocket man
Rocket man, burning out his fuse up here alone
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
'Til touchdown brings me 'round again to find
I'm not the man they think I am at home
Oh, no, no, no
I'm a rocket man
Rocket man, burning out his fuse up here alone
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
And I think it's gonna be a long, long time
And I think it's gonna be a-

Don't Stand So Close to Me by The Police (1980)

Young teacher, the subject
Of schoolgirl fantasy
She wants him so badly
Knows what she wants to be
Inside him, there's longing
This girl's an open page
Book marking, she's so close now
This girl is half his age
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so

Don't stand so close to me
Her friends are so jealous
You know how bad girls get
Sometimes it's not so easy
To be the teacher's pet
Temptation, frustration
So bad it makes him cry
Wet bus stop, she's waiting
His car is warm and dry
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Loose talk in the classroom
To hurt they try and try
Strong words in the staff room
The accusations fly
It's no use, he sees her
He starts to shake and cough
Just like the old man in
That book by Nabokov
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me

Moon Over Bourbon Street by Sting (1985)

There's a moon over bourbon street tonight
I see faces as they pass beneath the pale lamplight
I've no choice but to follow that call
The bright lights the people and the moon and all
I pray everyday to be strong
For I know what I do must be wrong

Oh you'll never see my shade or hear the sound of my feet
While there's a moon over bourbon street
It was many years ago that I became what I am
I was trapped in this life like an innocent lamb
Now I can never show my face at noon
And you'll only see me walking by the light of the moon
The brim of my hat hides the eye of a beast
I've the face of a sinner but the hands of a priest
Oh you'll never see my shade or hear the sound of my feet
While there's a moon over bourbon street
She walks everyday through the streets of New Orleans
She's innocent and young from a family of means
I have stood many times outside her window at night
To struggle with my instinct in the pale moonlight
How could I be this way when I pray to god above
I must love what I destroy and destroy the thing I love
Oh you'll never see my shade or hear the sound of my feet
While there's a moon over bourbon street

Yertle The Turtle by Red Hot Chili Peppers (1985)

Look at that turtle go, bro
On a far away island of Salamasond
I saw Yertle the turtle was king of the pond
A nice little pond, it was clean it was neat
The water was warm, there was plenty to eat
Until one day the king of them all
Decided the kingdom he ruled was too small
I'm a ruler of all that I see
But I don't see enough and that's the trouble with me
With this stone for a throne, I am too low down
I cannot look down upon the places beyond
So, Yertle the turtle king lifted his hand
And Yertle the turtle king gave a command
He ordered all the turtles onto one another's back
He piled them high into a ten turtle stack
I'm Yertle the turtle, the things I now rule
I'm a king of a cow, I'm a king of a mule
Look at that turtle go, bro
Then down from below in the great turtle stack
Came a burp from a plain little turtle named Mack
Just part of the throne, this burping little turtle looked up and said
"I beg your pardon king Yertle
I've pains in my back, my shoulders and my knees
How long must we stand here your majesty?"
"Silence!" The king of the turtles barked back

To the bad burping little turtle named Mack
"I'm Yertle the turtle, oh, marvelous me
For I am ruler of all that I see!"
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
(Wow!)
(Look at that turtle go)
Yertle, Yertle the turtle (bro)
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle
Yertle, Yertle the turtle

Red Right Hand by Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds (1994)

Take a little walk to the edge of town
and go across the tracks
Where the viaduct looms,
like a bird of doom
As it shifts and cracks
Where secrets lie in the border fires,
in the humming wires
Hey man, you know
you're never coming back
Past the square, past the bridge,
past the mills, past the stacks
On a gathering storm comes
a tall handsome man
in a dusty black coat with
a red right hand

He'll wrap you in his arms,
tell you that you've been a good boy
He'll rekindle all the dreams
it took you a lifetime to destroy
He'll reach deep into the hole,

heal your shrinking soul,
but there won't be a single thing
that you can do
He's a god, he's a man,
he's a ghost, he's a guru
They're whispering his name
through this disappearing land
But hidden in his coat
is a red right hand

You don't have no money?
He'll get you some
You don't have no car?
He'll get you one
You don't have no self-respect,
you feel like an insect
Well don't you worry buddy,
'cause here he comes
Through the ghettos and the barrio
and the bowery and the slum
A shadow is cast wherever he stands
Stacks of green paper in his
red right hand

You'll see him in your nightmares,
you'll see him in your dreams
He'll appear out of nowhere but
he ain't what he seems
You'll see him in your head,
on the TV screen
And hey buddy, I'm warning
you to turn it off
He's a ghost, he's a god,
he's a man, he's a guru
You're one microscopic cog
in his catastrophic plan
Designed and directed by
his red right hand

The Ghost of Tom Joad by Bruce Springsteen (1995)

Men walking 'long the railroad tracks
Going someplace and there's no going back
Highway patrol choppers coming up over the ridge
Hot soup on a campfire under the bridge
Shelter line stretching 'round the corner

Welcome to the new world order
Families sleeping in their cars in the southwest
No home, no job, no peace, no rest

Well the highway is alive tonight
But nobody's kidding nobody about where it goes
I'm sitting down here in the campfire light
Searching for the ghost of Tom Joad

He pulls a prayer book out of his sleeping bag
Preacher lights up a butt and he takes a drag
Waiting for when the last shall be first and the first shall be last
In a cardboard box 'neath the underpass
You got a one-way ticket to the promised land
You got a hole in your belly and a gun in your hand
Sleeping on a pillow of solid rock
Bathing in the city aqueduct

And the highway is alive tonight
Where it's headed everybody knows
I'm sitting down here in the campfire light
Waiting on the ghost of Tom Joad

Tom said, "Mom, wherever there's a cop beating a guy
Wherever a hungry newborn baby cries
Where there's a fight against the blood and hatred in the air
Look for me, Mom, I'll be there
Where there's somebody fighting for a place to stand
Or a decent job or a helping hand
Wherever somebody's struggling to be free
Look in their eyes, Mom, you'll see me"

The highway is alive tonight
But nobody's kidding nobody about where it goes
I'm sitting down here in the campfire light
With the ghost of old Tom Joad