

Week 6 Lyrics

Jeepers Creepers by Louis Armstrong (1938)

I don't care what the weatherman says
When the weatherman says it's raining
You'll never hear me complaining
I'm certain the sun will shine
I don't care how the weather vane points
When the weather vane points to gloomy
It's gotta be sunny to me
When your eyes look into mine
Jeepers creepers, where'd ya get those peepers?
Jeepers creepers, where'd ya get those eyes?
Gosh all, git up, how'd they get so lit up?
Gosh all, git up, how'd they get that size?
Golly gee, when you turn those heaters on
Woe is me, got to put my cheaters on
Jeepers creepers, where'd ya get those peepers?
Oh, those weepers, how they hypnotize!
Where'd ya get those eyes?

Ebb Tide by Frank Sinatra (1956)

First the tide rushes in
Plants a kiss on the shore
Then rolls out to sea
And the sea is very still once more
So I rush to your side
Like the oncoming tide
With one burning thought
Will your arms open wide
At last we're face to face
And as we kiss through an embrace
I can tell, I, I can feel
You are love, you are real
Really mine in the rain
In the dark, in the sun
Like the tide at its ebb
I'm at peace in the web of your arms
Ebb tide

Que Sera, Sera, performed by Doris Day, written by Jay Livingston/Ray Evans (1956)

When I was just a little girl
I asked my mother, what will I be

Will I be pretty? Will I be rich?
Here's what she said to me
Qué será, será
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see
Qué será, será
What will be, will be
When I grew up and fell in love
I asked my sweetheart what lies ahead?
Will we have rainbows day after day?
Here's what my sweetheart said
Qué será, será
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see
Qué será, será
What will be, will be
Now I have children of my own
They ask their mother, what will I be
Will I be handsome? Will I be rich?
I tell them tenderly
Qué será, será
Whatever will be, will be
The future's not ours to see
Qué será, será
What will be, will be
Qué será, será

Big Girls Don't Cry by The Four Seasons (1962)

Big girls dont cry, big girls don't cry
Big girls don't cry (they don't cry)
Big girls don't cry (who said they don't cry)
My girl said good-bye (my oh my)
My girl didn't cry (I wonder why)
Told my girl we had to break up
(Silly boy) Thought that she would call my bluff
(Silly boy) But she said to my surprise
Big girls don't cry
Big girls don't cry (they don't cry)
Big girls don't cry (who said they don't cry)
Baby I was cruel (I was cruel)
Baby I'm a fool (I'm such a fool)
Shame on you your Mama said
(Silly girl) Shame on you, you cried in bed
(Silly girl) Shame on you, you told a lie
Big girls do cry

Big girls don't cry (they don't cry)
Big girls don't cry (that's just an alibi)

Green Green Grass of Home by Curly Putman, performed by Tom Jones (1964)

The old hometown looks the same
As I step down from the train
And there to meet me is my mama and papa
Down the road I look and there runs Mary
Hair of gold and lips like cherries
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home
Yes, they'll all come to meet me
Arms reaching, smiling sweetly
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home
The old house is still standing
Though the paint is cracked and dry
And there's that old oak tree that I used to play on
Down the lane, I walk with my sweet Mary
Hair of gold and lips like cherries
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home
Then I awake and look around me
At four grey walls that surround me
And I realize, yes, I was only dreaming
For there's a guard and there's a sad, old padre
On and on, we'll walk at daybreak
Again, I'll touch the green, green grass of home
Yes, they'll all come to see me
In the shade of that old oak tree
As they lay me
'Neath the green, green grass of home

Gentle on my Mind by John Hartford (1967)

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 in the backroads
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 backroads
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
But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the backroads
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 rustling, cold towel, 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 backroads
By the rivers of my memories
Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind

Johnny Thunder by The Kinks (1968)

Johnny Thunder lives on water, feeds on lightning.
Johnny Thunder don't need no one, don't want money.
And all the people of the town,
They can't get through to Johnny, they will never, ever break him down.
Johnny Thunder speaks for no one, goes on fighting.
And sweet Helena in bed prays for Johnny.
Ba ba-ba ba ba-ba ba,
Ba ba-ba ba ba-ba ba,
Thunder and lightning.
Ba ba-ba ba ba-ba ba,
Ba ba-ba ba ba-ba ba,
Thunder and lightning.
Though everybody tried their best,
Old Johnny vowed that he would never, ever end up like the rest.
Johnny Thunder rides the highway, moves like lightning.
But sweet Helena just says,
"God bless Johnny.
Ba ba-ba ba ba-ba ba,
Ba ba-ba ba ba-ba ba,
Thunder and lightning.

Ba ba-ba ba ba-ba ba,
Ba ba-ba ba ba-ba ba,
Thunder and lightning.

Space Oddity by David Bowie (1969)

Ground control to Major Tom
Ground control to Major Tom
Lock your Soyuz hatch and put your helmet on.
Ground control to Major Tom
Commencing countdown engines on
Detach from station and may God's love be with you
This is ground control to Major Tom
You've really made the grade
And the papers want to know whose shirts you wear
But it's time to guide the capsule if you dare
This is Major Tom to ground control
I've left forevermore
And I'm floating in most peculiar way
And the stars look very different today
For here am I sitting in a tin can
Far above the world
The planet Earth is blue and there's nothing left to do
Though I've flown one hundred thousand miles
I'm feeling very still
And before too long I know it's time to go
Our commander comes down back to earth, and knows
Ground control to Major Tom
The time is near, there's not too long
Can you hear me Major Tom?
Can you hear me Major Tom?
Can you hear me Major Tom?
Can you
Here am I floating in my tin can
A last glimpse of the world
The planet Earth is blue and there's nothing left to do

Goodbye to Love by The Carpenters (1972)

I'll say goodbye to love
No one ever cared if I should live or die
Time and time again the chance for love has passed me by
And all I know of love
Is how to live without it
I just can't seem to find it
So I've made my mind up

I must live my life alone
And though it's not the easy way
I guess I've always known
I'd say goodbye to love
There are no tomorrows for this heart of mine
Surely time will lose these bitter memories
And I'll find that there is someone to believe in
And to live for something I could live for
All the years of useless search
Have finally reached an end
Loneliness and empty days will be my only friend
From this day love is forgotten
I'll go on as best I can
What lies in the future
Is a mystery to us all
No one can predict the wheel of fortune as it falls
There may come a time when I will see that I've been wrong
But for now this is my song
And it's goodbye to love
I'll say goodbye to love

Night Moves by Bob Seger (1976)

I was a little too tall, could've used a few pounds
Tight pants points, hardly renowned
She was a black-haired beauty with big dark eyes
And points of her own, sittin' way up high
Way up firm and high
Out past the cornfields where the woods got heavy
Out in the back seat of my '60 Chevy
Workin' on mysteries without any clues
Workin' on our night moves
Tryin' to make some front page drive-in news
Workin' on our night moves
In the summertime
Umm, in the sweet summertime
We weren't in love, oh no, far from it
We weren't searchin' for some pie in the sky summit
We were just young and restless and bored
Livin' by the sword
And we'd steal away every chance we could
To the backroom, to the alley or the trusty woods
I used her, she used me but neither one cared
We were gettin' our share
Workin' on our night moves
Tryin' to lose the awkward teenage blues

Workin' on our night moves
Mmm, and it was summertime
Mmm, sweet, summertime, summertime
Oh, wonderin'
Felt the lightning, yeah
And I waited on the thunder
Waited on the thunder
I woke last night to the sound of thunder
How far off I sat and wondered?
Started hummin' a song from 1962
Ain't it funny how the night moves?
When you just don't seem to have as much to lose
Strange how the night moves
With autumn closin' in
Mmm, night moves, mmm
(Night moves) night moves
(Night moves) yeah
(Night moves) I remember
(Night moves) ah, I sure remember the night moves
(Night moves) ain't it funny how you remember?
(Night moves) funny how you remember
(Night moves) I remember, I remember, I remember, I remember
(Night moves) oh, oh, oh
we were workin', workin' and practicin'
(Night moves) workin' and practicin'
(Night moves) oh, on the night moves, night moves
(Night moves) oh
(Night moves) I remember, yeah, yeah, yeah, I remember
(Night moves) ooh
(Night moves) I remember, Lord I remember, Lord I remember
(Night moves) ha, ha, ooh-hoo
Oh, yeah, yeah, yeah
Uh huh, uh huh
I remember, I remember

Badlands by Bruce Springsteen (1978)

Well, lights out tonight
Trouble in the heartland
Got a head on collision
Smashin' in my guts, man
I'm caught in a cross fire
That I don't understand
But there's one thing I know for sure, girl
I don't give a damn
For the same old played out scenes

Baby, I don't give a damn
For just the in-betweens
Honey, I want the heart, I want the soul
I want control right now
You better listen to me, baby
Talk about a dream
Try to make it real
You wake up in the night
With a fear so real
You spend your life waiting
For a moment that just don't come
Well, don't waste your time waiting
Badlands, you gotta live it everyday
Let the broken hearts stand
As the price you've gotta pay
Keep pushin' 'til it's understood
And these badlands start treating us good
Workin' in the fields
That'll get your back burned
Workin' 'neath the wheels
'Til you get your facts learned
Baby, I got my facts
Learned real good right now
You better get it straight, darlin'
Poor man wanna be rich
Rich man wanna be king
And a king ain't satisfied
'Til he rules everything
I wanna go out tonight
I wanna find out what I got
Well, I believe in the love that you gave me
I believe in the faith that can save me
I believe in the hope and I pray
That someday it may raise me
Above these
Badlands, you gotta live it everyday
Let the broken hearts stand
As the price you've gotta pay
Keep pushin' 'til it's understood
And these badlands start treating us good
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa
For the ones who had a notion, a notion deep inside
That it ain't no sin to be glad you're alive
I wanna find one face that ain't looking through me
I wanna find one place
I wanna spit in the face of these

Badlands, you gotta live it everyday
Let the broken hearts stand
As the price you've gotta pay
Keep movin' 'til it's understood
And these badlands start treating us good
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, badlands
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, badlands
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, badlands
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, badlands
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, badlands
Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, badlands

Atlantic City by Bruce Springsteen (1982)

Well, they blew up the chicken man in Philly last night
And they blew up his house, too
Down on the boardwalk, they're getting ready for a fight
Gonna see what them racket boys can do
Now there's trouble busing in from out of state
And the D.A. can't get no relief
Gonna be a rumble out on the promenade
And the gambling commission's hanging on by the skin of its teeth
Well, now, everything dies, baby, that's a fact
But maybe everything that dies someday comes back
Put your makeup on, fix your hair up pretty
And meet me tonight in Atlantic City
Well, I got a job and tried to put my money away
But I got debts that no honest man can pay
So I drew what I had from the Central Trust
And I bought us two tickets on that Coast City bus
Well, now, everything dies, baby, that's a fact
But maybe everything that dies someday comes back
Put your makeup on, fix your hair up pretty
And meet me tonight in Atlantic City
Now, our luck may have died, and our love may be cold
But with you, forever, I'll stay
We're going out where the sand's turning to gold
So put on your stockings, baby, 'cause the night's getting cold
And everything dies, baby, that's a fact
But maybe everything that dies someday comes back
Now I been looking for a job, but it's hard to find
Down here, it's just winners and losers and "Don't get caught on the wrong side of that line"
Well, I'm tired of coming out on the losing end
So, honey, last night, I met this guy, and I'm gonna do a little favor for him
Well, now, everything dies, baby, that's a fact
But maybe everything that dies someday comes back

Put your makeup on, fix your hair up pretty
And meet me tonight in Atlantic City

The Verdict by Joe Jackson (1984)

Did you do me right?
Did I do right by you?
When I bared my soul it seems you did not hear
Can this be true?
Am I fool to fight?
I could do just what you say
But I'm following my heart and that takes me another way
It's not easy when there's no one one giving prizes at the end
Waiting in the wings
Wishing that the band would start to play
As the show begins
Wonder what the critics have to say
Waiting
Waiting
For the verdict
Some people live so fast
They're so scared of getting old
Some people keep on working
All they do is line their graves with gold
We don't know what happens when we die
We only know we die too soon
But we have to try or else our world becomes a waiting room
Would you testify for me?
I think I'd do the same for you
Waiting in the dark
Waiting for the phone to ring all day
My witness disappears
Wonder what the jury has to say
Waiting
Waiting
Waiting
Waiting
Waiting

Big Daddy of Them All by John Mellencamp (1989)

You used to raise your voice so that it could be heard.
You used to shout out your orders, and your word was the final word.
Do as I say and not as I do.
They've taken your picture off the wall.
How does it feel to be the big daddy of them all?

You used to chase your women right into your home.
You used to tell them you loved them over the telephone.
Now they all see through you
And you're sinking like a stone.
No one's knocking at your door,
No one calls,
How does it feel to be the big daddy of them all?
You're sad and disgusted,
Is what you've grown up to be.
Bet you had no idea what your dream would turn out to be.
But when you live for yourself
Hell, it's hard on everyone.
But you did it your way and man you did it all.
How does it feel to be the big daddy of them all?
Now you did it your way and man, you did it all.
How does it feel to be the big daddy of them all?

I Hear You Paint Houses by Robbie Robertson (2019)

Shall we take a little spin?
To the dark side of town
You went up against the mob
And now the curtain's comin' down
They ordered me to make the hit
And there will be dust and bones
They want him back in the ground
Where they never will be found
I hear you paint houses
You're a gun for hire
I hear you paint houses
Down to the wire
I hear you paint houses
Was all they had to say
Some call it street justice
When they carry you away
Hope my father up above
Will forgive me for my sins
And raise me up to know better
But now the walls are closing in
I got caught up in this wicked world
But it is the life I chose
When you fall into the snakepit
Where the emperor has no clothes
I hear you paint houses
You're a gun for hire
I hear you paint houses

Right down to the wire
I hear you paint houses
Was all they had to say
Some call it street justice
When they carry you away
I trusted him, he trusted me
One of us made a big mistake
When you cross the big boss
You ain't gonna catch a break, no
I got a bullet with your name on it
And I've got a job to do
The results ain't too pretty
Puttin' cement in your shoes
I hear you paint houses
A gun for hire
I hear you paint houses
Right down to the wire
I hear you paint houses
Was all they had to say
Some call it street justice
When they carry you away