

Week 7 Lyrics

A Simple Desultory Philippic (Or How I Was Robert McNamara'd Into Submission) by Simon & Garfunkel (1965)

I been Norman Mailered, Maxwell Taylored
I been John O'Hara'd, McNamara'd
I been Rolling Stoned and Beatled 'til I'm blind
I been Ayn Randed, nearly branded
Communist, 'cause I'm left-handed
That's the hand I use, well, never mind
I been Phil Spectored, resurrected
I been Lou Adlered, Barry Sadlered
Well, I paid all the dues I want to pay
And I learned the truth from Lenny Bruce
And all my wealth won't buy me health
So I smoke a pint of tea a day
I knew a man, his brain was so small
He couldn't think of nothing at all
Not the same as you and me
He doesn't dig poetry
He's so unhip that when you say Dylan
He thinks you're talking about Dylan Thomas
Whoever he was
The man ain't got no culture
But it's alright, ma, everybody must get stoned
I been Mick Jaggered and silver daggered
Andy Warhol, won't you please come home?
I been mother, father, aunt and uncled
Been Roy Haleed and Art Garfunkeled
I just discovered somebody's tapped my phone
Folk rock
I've lost my harmonica, Albert

4th Time Around by Bob Dylan (1966)

When she said, "Don't waste your words, they're just lies, " I cried she was deaf
And she worked on my face until breaking my eyes, and said, "What else you got left?"
It was then that I got up to leave, but she said, "Don't forget
Everybody must give something back for something they get"
I stood there and hummed, I tapped on her drum, I asked her how come
And she buttoned her boot, and straightened her suit, and she said, "Don't get cute"
So I forced my hands in my pockets and felt with my thumbs
And gallantly handed her my very last piece of gum
She threw me outside, I stood in the dirt where everyone walked
And after finding out I'd forgotten my shirt, I went back and knocked

I waited in the hallway, she went to get it, and I tried to make sense
Out of that picture of you in your wheelchair that leaned up against
Her Jamaica rum, and when she did come, I asked her for some
She said, "No, dear, " I said, "Your words aren't clear, you'd better spit out your gum"
She screamed 'til her face got so red, then she fell on the floor
And I covered up and then thought I'd go look through her drawer
And when I was through, I filled up my shoe and brought it to you
And you, you took me in, you loved me then, you never wasted time
And I, I never took much, I never asked for your crutch
Now don't ask for mine

You Can't Do That by Harry Nilsson (1967)

My babe don't buy me presents
How can you laugh when you know I'm down?
Beep-beep, beep-beep, yeah
I got somethin' to say that might cause you pain
If I catch you talkin' to that boy again
Gonna let you down (Yes, yes, you're gonna lose that girl)
And leave you flat (Gonna let you down and leave you flat)
Because I told you before (Good day sunshine)
You can't do that (It's a hard day's night)
It's the second time I've caught you talkin' to him (Rain)
I got to tell you one more time I
Think it's a sin (I wanna hold your hand)
Gonna let you down (Yes, yes, you're gonna lose that girl)
And leave you flat (Gonna let you down and leave you flat)
Because I told you before (Good day sunshine)
You can't do that (Day tripper, yeah)
Paperback writer, yeah
Everybody's green (Sha-la-la-oo)
'Cause I'm the one who stole your love
But if it's seen (Sha-la-la-oo)
Me talkin' that way
They'd laugh in my face
So, please listen to me
If you wanna stay mine (Would you like to know a secret?)
I can't help this feelin' (I once had a girl)
I'll go out of my mind (Or should I say)
Gonna let you down (Yes, yes, I'm gonna leave you flat)
And leave you flat (Gonna let you down and leave you flat)
Because I told you before
You can't believe in yesterday
My babe don't buy me presents (How can you laugh? You know I'm down)
Beep-beep, beep-beep, yeah
Strawberry Beatles forever

Hair (1967)

She asked him why
Why I'm a hairy guy
I'm hairy noon and nighty-night night
My hair is a fright
I'm hairy high and low
But don't ask me why
'Cause he don't know
It's not for lack of bread
Like the Grateful Dead, darlin'
Gimme a head with hair
Long, beautiful hair
Shining, gleaming
Streaming, flaxen, waxen
Give me down to there (hair)
Shoulder length or longer (hair)
Here, baby, there, mama
Everywhere, daddy, daddy
Hair (hair, hair, hair, hair, hair)
Grow it, show it
Long as I can grow it
My hair
I let it fly in the breeze
And get caught in the trees
Give a home for the fleas in my hair
A home for the fleas
A hive for the buzzin' bees
A nest for birds
There ain't no words for the beauty and the splendor
The wonder of my
Hair (hair, hair, hair, hair, hair)
Grow it, show it
Long as I can grow it
My hair
I want it long, straight, curly, fuzzy
Snaggy, shaggy, ratsy, matsy
Oily, greasy, fleecy
Shining, gleaming, streaming
Flaxen, waxen
Knotted, polka-dotted
Twisted, beaded, braided
Powdered, flowered, and confettied
Bangled, tangled, spangled, and spaghettied
Oh, say, can you see
My eyes if you can

Then my hair's too short
Down to here
Down to there
Down to there?
Down to where?
It stops by itself
Don't never have to cut it
'Cause it stops by itself
Oh, give me a head with hair
Long, beautiful hair
Shining, gleaming, streaming
Flaxen, waxen
Now won't you gimme it down to there? (hair)
Shoulder length or longer (hair)
Here, baby, there, mama
Everywhere, daddy, daddy
Hair (hair, hair, hair, hair, hair)
Grow it, show it
Long as I can grow it
My hair (hair, hair, hair, hair, hair)
Grow it, show it
Long as I can grow it
My hair (hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair, hair)
Hair

Summer Rain written by James Hendricks, performed by Johnny Rivers (1968)

Summer rain taps at my window
West wind soft as a sweet dream
My love, warm as the sunshine
Sitting here by me, yeah
She's here by me
She stepped out of a rainbow
Golden hair shining like moonglow
Warm lips, soft as her soul
Sitting here by me, now
She's here by me
All summer long we were dancing in the sand
Everybody just kept on playing "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band"
We sailed into the sunset
Drifting home, caught by a gulf stream
Never gave a thought for tomorrow
Let tomorrow be, yeah
Let tomorrow be
She wants to live in the Rockies
She says that's where we'll find peace

Settle down, raise up a family
One to call our own, yeah
We will have a home
All summer long we were grooving in the sand
Everybody just kept on playing "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band"
Winter snows drift by my window
North wind blowing like thunder
Our love is burning like fire
She's here by me, yeah
She's here by me
Let tomorrow be

Come Together by The Beatles (1969)

Here come old flat top
He come grooving up slowly
He got joo joo eyeball
He one holy roller
He got hair down to his knee
Got to be a joker he just do what he please
He wear no shoe shine
He got toe jam football
He got monkey finger
He shoot Coca-Cola
He say I know you, you know me
One thing I can tell you is you got to be free
Come together, right now, over me
He bag production
He got walrus gumbboot
He got Ono sideboard
He one spinal cracker
He got feet down below his knee
Hold you in his armchair you can feel his disease
Come together, right now, over me
He roller coaster
He got early warning
He got muddy water
He one mojo filter
He say, "one and one and one is three"
Got to be good looking 'cause he's so hard to see
Come together, right now, over me
Oh
Come together, yeah
Come together, yeah
Come together, yeah
Come together, yeah

Come together, yeah
Come together, yeah
Come together, yeah
Oh
Come together, yeah
Come together, yeah

Glass Onion by The Beatles (1968)

I told you about Strawberry Fields
You know the place where nothing is real
Well, here's another place you can go
Where everything flows
Looking through the bent back tulips
To see how the other half lives
Looking through a glass onion
I told you about the walrus and me, man
You know that we're as close as can be, man
Well, here's another clue for you all
The walrus was Paul
Standing on the cast iron shore, yeah
Lady Madonna trying to make ends meet, yeah
Looking through a glass onion
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah
Looking through a glass onion
I told you about the fool on the hill
I tell you, man, he's living there still
Well, here's another place you can be
Listen to me
Fixing a hole in the ocean
Trying to make a dovetail joint, yeah
Looking through a glass onion

How Do You Sleep by John Lennon (1971)

So Sgt. Pepper took you by surprise
You better see right through that mother's eyes
Those freaks was right when they said you was dead
The one mistake you made was in your head
How do you sleep?
How do you sleep at night?
You live with straights who tell you, you was king
Jump when your momma tell you anything
The only thing you done was yesterday
And since you've gone you're just another day
How do you sleep?

How do you sleep at night?
How do you sleep?
How do you sleep at night?
A pretty face may last a year or two
But pretty soon they'll see what you can do
The sound you make is muzak to my ears
You must have learned something in all those years
How do you sleep?
How do you sleep at night?

Sweet Home Alabama by Lynyrd Skynyrd (1974)

One, two, three
Turn it up
Big wheels keep on turnin'
Carry me home to see my kin
Singin' songs about the south-land
I miss Alabamy once again and I think it's a sin, yes
Well I heard Mister Young sing about her
Well I heard ol' Neil put her down
Well I hope Neil Young will remember
A southern man don't need him around anyhow
Sweet home Alabama
Where the skies are so blue
Sweet home Alabama
Lord I'm comin' home to you
In Birmingham they love the governor (boo-hoo-hoo)
Now we all did what we could do
Now Watergate does not bother me
Does your conscience bother you?
Tell the truth
Sweet home Alabama
Where the skies are so blue
Sweet home Alabama (oh yeah)
Lord I'm comin' home to you
Here I come, Alabama
Now Muscle Shoals has got the Swampers
And they've been known to pick a song or two (yes they do)
Lord they get me off so much
They pick me up when I'm feelin' blue
Now how about you?
Sweet home Alabama
Where the skies are so blue
Sweet home Alabama
Lord I'm comin' home to you
Sweet home Alabama (oh, sweet home)

Where the skies are so blue
And the governor's true
Sweet home Alabama (lordy)
Lord I'm comin' home to you, yeah, yeah
Montgomery's got the answer

Young Americans by David Bowie (1975)

They pulled in just behind the bridge
He lays her down, he frowns
Gee my life's a funny thing, am I still too young?
He kissed her then and there
She took his ring, took his babies
It took him minutes, took her nowhere
Heaven knows, she'd have taken anything, but
All night
She wants a young American
Young American, young American, she wants the young American
All night
But she wants the young American
Scanning life through the picture window
She finds the slinky vagabond
He coughs as he passes her Ford Mustang
But Heaven forbid, she'll take anything
But the freak, and his type, all for nothing
Misses a step and cuts his hand, but
Showing nothing, he swoops like a song
She cries, "Where have all Papa's heroes gone?"
All night
She wants the young American
Young American, young American, she wants the young American
All right
Well she wants the young American
All the way from Washington
Her bread-winner begs off the bathroom floor
We live for just these twenty years
Do we have to die for the fifty more?
All night
He wants the young American
Young American, young American
He wants the young American
All right (all right)
Well, he wants the young American
Do you remember, your President Nixon? (ooh)
Do you remember, the bills you have to pay?
Or even yesterday?

Have been the un-American? (ooh)
Just you and your idol sing falsetto (ooh)
'Bout Leather, leather everywhere, and
Not a myth left from the ghetto
Well, well, well, would you carry a razor (ooh)
In case, just in case of depression? (ooh)
Sit on your hands on a bus of survivors
Blushing at all the Afro-Sheeners
Ain't that close to love?
Well, ain't that poster love?
Well, it ain't that Barbie doll
Her hearts have been broken just like you and
All night
All night you want the young American
Young American, young American, you want the young American
All right
You want the young American
You ain't a pimp and you ain't a hustler
A pimp's got a Cadi and a lady got a Chrysler
Black's got respect, and white's got his soul train
Mama's got cramps, and look at your hands ache
(I heard the news today, oh boy)
I got a suite and you got defeat
Ain't there a man who can say no more?
And, ain't there a woman I can sock on the jaw?
And, ain't there a child I can hold without judging?
Ain't there a pen that will write before they die?
Ain't you proud that you've still got faces?
Ain't there one damn song that can make me
Break down and cry?
All night
I want the young American
Young American, young American, I want the young American
All right
I want the young American, young American
Young American, young American, I want the young American (I want what you want, I want
what you want)
All night
You and I
I want you, I
Young American, young American, I want the young American
All right
And all I want is the young American
Young American, young American, I want the young American

Long May You Run by Neil Young (1976)

We've been through some things together
With trunks of memories still to come
We found things to do in stormy weather
Long may you run
Long may you run
Long may you run
Although these changes have come
With your chrome heart shining in the sun
Long may you run
Well, it was back in blind river in 1962
When I last saw you alive
But we missed that shift on the long decline
Long may you run
Long may you run
Long may you run
Although these changes have come
With your chrome heart shining in the sun
Long may you run (long may you run)
Maybe The Beach Boys have got you now
With those waves singing, "Caroline, no"
Rollin' down that empty ocean road
Gettin' to the surf on time
Long may you run
Long may you run
Although these changes have come
With your chrome heart shining in the sun
Long may you run (long may you run)
Long may you run
Long may you run
Although these changes have come
With your chrome heart shining in the sun
Long may you run

I Love LA by Randy Newman (1983)

Hate New York City
It's cold and it's damp
And all the people dressed like monkeys
Let's leave Chicago to the Eskimos
That town's a little bit too rugged
For you and me you bad girl
Rollin' down the Imperial Highway
With a big nasty redhead at my side
Santa Ana winds blowing hot from the north

And we as born to ride
Roll down the window, put down the top
Crank up the Beach Boys, baby
Don't let the music stop
We're gonna ride it till
We just can't ride it no more
From the South Bay to the Valley
From the West Side to the East Side
Everybody's very happy
'Cause the sun is shining all the time
Looks like another perfect day
I love L.A. (we love it)
I love L.A. (we love it)
We love it
Look at that mountain
Look at those trees
Look at that bum over there, man
He's down on his knees
Look at these women
There ain't nothing like 'em nowhere
Century Boulevard (we love it)
Victory Boulevard (we love it)
Santa Monica Boulevard (we love it)
Sixth Street (we love it, we love it)
We love L.A.
I love L.A. (we love it)
I love L.A. (we love it)
I love L.A. (we love it)

Only Want to be With You by Hootie and the Blowfish (1994)

You and me, we come from different worlds
You like to laugh at me when I look at other girls
Sometimes you're crazy and you wonder why
I'm such a baby 'cause the dolphins make me cry
Well there's nothing I can do
I've been looking for a girl like you
You look at me, you've got nothing left to say
I moan and pout at you until I get my way
I won't dance, you won't sing
I just wanna love you but you wanna wear my ring
Well there's nothing I can do
I only wanna be with you
You can call me your fool
I only wanna be with you
Put on a little Dylan sitting on a fence

I say that line is great, you ask me what it meant by
Said, I shot a man named Gray, took his wife to Italy
She inherited a million bucks and when she died it came to me
I can't help it if I'm lucky
I only wanna be with you
Ain't Bobby so cool?
I only wanna be with you
Yeah, I'm tangled up and blue
I only wanna be with you
You can call me your fool
Only wanna be with you
Sometimes I wonder if it'll ever end
You get so mad at me when I go out with my friends
Sometimes you're crazy and you wonder why
I'm such a baby, yeah, the dolphins make me cry
Well there's nothing I can do
I only wanna be with you
You can call me your fool
I only wanna be with you
Yeah, I'm tangled up in blue
I only wanna be with you
I only wanna be with you
I only wanna be with you
I only wanna be with you

Maybe Tomorrow by The Zombies (2010)

Maybe tomorrow we can start again
Kick out the quarrel baby we can make amends
I can't believe we can't be friends
You know tomorrow we can start again
Amen Amen

Maybe tomorrow love will find a way
Sleep on the quarrel while there's nothing left to say
Tomorrow is another day
You know tomorrow we can find a way
It'll be okay

Don't turn your back on me baby
I'm just trying to understand
It's just by walking through that door
That throws another world we had
Within the palm of our hands

I can't believe we're still fighting

Baby we can work it out
There's no relief in misery
We still got the love inside
You know there's nothing to doubt

Remember baby just how good it used to be
When nothing mattered in the world just you and me
And now I'm begging darling please
Won't you remember how it used to be
Just you just me

Maybe tomorrow we can start again
Kick out the quarrel baby we can make amends
I can't believe we can't be friends
You know tomorrow we can start again
Amen Amen Amen

We should forget about today
Just like the Beatles used say
I believe in yesterday