

A Look at Lyrics—Week 8 Lyrics

Louie Louie performed by The Kingsmen, written by Richard Berry (1955)

Louie, Louie, me gotta go
 Louie, Louie, me gotta go
 Fine little girl she waits for me
 Me catch the ship for cross the sea
 I sail the ship all alone
 I never think me make it home
 Louie, Louie, oh, me gotta go
 Louie, Louie, me gotta go
 Three nights and days me sail the sea
 Me think of girl constantly
 On the ship I dream she there
 I smell the rose in her hair
 Louie, Louie, me gotta go
 Louie, Louie, me gotta go
 Me see Jamaica moon above
 It won't be long, me see my love
 Me take her in my arms and then
 I tell her I never leave again
 Louie, Louie, oh, me gotta go
 Louie, Louie, me gotta go
 I say, me gotta go
 I say, me gotta go

Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again by Bob Dylan (1966)

Oh, the ragman draws circles
 Up and down the block
 I'd ask him what the matter was
 But I know that he don't talk
 And the ladies treat me kindly
 And furnish me with tape
 But deep inside my heart
 I know I can't escape
 Oh, Mama, can this really be the end
 To be stuck inside of Mobile
 With the Memphis blues again

Well, Shakespeare, he's in the alley
 With his pointed shoes and his bells
 Speaking to some French girl
 Who says she knows me well
 And I would send a message

To find out if she's talked
But the post office has been stolen
And the mailbox is locked
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again

Mona tried to tell me
To stay away from the train line
She said that all the railroad men
Just drink up your blood like wine
An' I said, "Oh, I didn't know that
But then again, there's only one I've met
An' he just smoked my eyelids
An' punched my cigarette"
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again

Grandpa died last week
And now he's buried in the rocks
But everybody still talks about
How badly they were shocked
But me, I expected it to happen
I knew he'd lost control
When he built a fire on Main Street
And shot it full of holes
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again

Now the senator came down here
Showing ev'ryone his gun
Handing out free tickets
To the wedding of his son
An' me, I nearly got busted
An' wouldn't it be my luck
To get caught without a ticket
And be discovered beneath a truck
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again

Now the preacher looked so baffled
When I asked him why he dressed
With twenty pounds of headlines

Stapled to his chest
 But he cursed me when I proved it to him
 Then I whispered, "Not even you can hide
 You see, you're just like me
 I hope you're satisfied"
 Oh, Mama, can this really be the end
 To be stuck inside of Mobile
 With the Memphis blues again

Now the rainman gave me two cures
 Then he said, "Jump right in"
 The one was Texas medicine
 The other was just railroad gin
 An' like a fool I mixed them
 An' it strangled up my mind
 An' now people just get uglier
 An' I have no sense of time
 Oh, Mama, can this really be the end
 To be stuck inside of Mobile
 With the Memphis blues again

When Ruthie says come see her
 In her honky-tonk lagoon
 Where I can watch her waltz for free
 'Neath her Panamanian moon
 An' I say, "Aw come on now
 You must know about my debutante"
 An' she says, "Your debutante just knows what you need
 But I know what you want"
 Oh, Mama, can this really be the end
 To be stuck inside of Mobile
 With the Memphis blues again

Now the bricks lay on Grand Street
 Where the neon madmen climb
 They all fall there so perfectly
 It all seems so well timed
 An' here I sit so patiently
 Waiting to find out what price
 You have to pay to get out of
 Going through all these things twice
 Oh, Mama, can this really be the end
 To be stuck inside of Mobile
 With the Memphis blues again

A Whiter Shade of Pale by Procol Harum (1967)

We skipped the light fandango
 Turned cartwheels 'cross the floor
 I was feeling kinda seasick
 The crowd called out for more
 The room was humming harder
 As the ceiling flew away
 When we called out for another drink
 The waiter brought a tray
 And so it was that later
 As the miller told his tale
 That her face, at first just ghostly
 Turned a whiter shade of pale
 She said "there is no reason"
 And the truth is plain to see
 But I wandered through my playing cards
 Would not let her be
 One of sixteen vestal virgins
 Who were leaving for the coast
 And although my eyes were open
 They might have just as well've been closed
 And so it was that later
 As the miller told his tale
 That her face, at first just ghostly
 Turned a whiter shade of pale
 And so it was that later

Blackbird by The Beatles (1968)

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
 Take these broken wings and learn to fly
 All your life
 You were only waiting for this moment to arise
 Blackbird singing in the dead of night
 Take these sunken eyes and learn to see
 All your life
 You were only waiting for this moment to be free
 Blackbird fly, blackbird fly
 Into the light of a dark black night
 Blackbird fly, blackbird fly
 Into the light of a dark black night
 Blackbird singing in the dead of night
 Take these broken wings and learn to fly
 All your life
 You were only waiting for this moment to arise

You were only waiting for this moment to arise
 You were only waiting for this moment to arise

I Shot the Sheriff by Bob Marley (1974)

(I shot the sheriff, but I didn't shoot no deputy, oh no! Oh!
 I shot the sheriff, but I didn't shoot no deputy, ooh, ooh, ooh)
 Yeah! All around in my home town,
 They're tryin' to track me down,
 They say they want to bring me in guilty
 For the killing of a deputy,
 For the life of a deputy, but I say
 Oh, now, now, oh!
 (I shot the sheriff) the sheriff
 (But I swear it was in self defense) Oh, no! (Oh, oh, ooh)
 Yeah, I say, I shot the sheriff oh, Lord! (And they say it is a capital offense)
 Yeah! (oh, oh, ooh) Yeah!
 Sheriff John Brown always hated me,
 For what, I don't know,
 Every time I plant a seed,
 He said kill it before it grow,
 He said kill them before they grow, and so
 Read it in the news! (I shot the sheriff) Oh, Lord!
 (But I swear it was in self-defense)
 Where was the deputy? (Oh, oh, ooh)
 I say, I shot the sheriff,
 But I swear it was in self defense, yeah! (Ooh)
 Freedom came my way one day
 And I started out of town, yeah!
 All of a sudden I saw sheriff John Brown
 Aiming to shoot me down,
 So I shot, I shot, I shot him down and I say,
 If I am guilty I will pay!,
 I didn't shoot no deputy (oh, no-oh) oh no!
 (I shot the sheriff) I did!
 But I didn't shoot no deputy, oh (Oh, oh, ooh)
 Reflexes had got the better of me
 And what is to be must be,
 Every day the bucket a-go a well,
 One day the bottom a-go drop out,
 One day the bottom a-go drop out, I say
 I, I, I, I, shot the sheriff.
 Lord, I didn't shot the deputy, no
 I, I (shot the sheriff)
 But I didn't shoot no deputy, yeah
 So, yeah

Hotel California by The Eagles (1976)

On a dark desert highway
Cool wind in my hair
Warm smell of colitas
Rising up through the air
Up ahead in the distance
I saw a shimmering light
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim
I had to stop for the night
There she stood in the doorway
I heard the mission bell
And I was thinking to myself
"This could be Heaven or this could be Hell"
Then she lit up a candle
And she showed me the way
There were voices down the corridor
I thought I heard them say
Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place (such a lovely place)
Such a lovely face
Plenty of room at the Hotel California
Any time of year (any time of year)
You can find it here
Her mind is Tiffany-twisted
She got the Mercedes Benz
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys
That she calls friends
How they dance in the courtyard
Sweet summer sweat
Some dance to remember
Some dance to forget
So I called up the Captain
"Please bring me my wine"
He said, "We haven't had that spirit here
Since 1969"
And still those voices are calling from far away
Wake you up in the middle of the night
Just to hear them say
Welcome to the Hotel California
Such a lovely place (such a lovely place)
Such a lovely face
They livin' it up at the Hotel California
What a nice surprise (what a nice surprise)
Bring your alibis

Mirrors on the ceiling
 The pink champagne on ice
 And she said, 'We are all just prisoners here
 Of our own device"
 And in the master's chambers
 They gathered for the feast
 They stab it with their steely knives
 But they just can't kill the beast
 Last thing I remember, I was
 Running for the door
 I had to find the passage back
 To the place I was before
 "Relax, " said the night man
 "We are programmed to receive
 You can check out any time you like
 But you can never leave"

American Girl by Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers (1976)

Well, she was an American girl
 Raised on promises
 She couldn't help thinkin'
 That there was a little more to life somewhere else
 After all it was a great big world
 With lots of places to run to
 And if she had to die tryin'
 She had one little promise she was gonna keep
 O yeah, all right
 Take it easy, baby
 Make it last all night
 She was an American girl
 Well, it was kind of cold that night
 She stood alone on her balcony
 Yeah, she could hear the cars roll by
 Out on 441 like waves crashin' on the beach
 And for one desperate moment
 There he crept back in her memory
 God it's so painful when something that's so close
 Is still so far out of reach
 O yeah, all right
 Take it easy, baby
 Make it last all night
 She was an American girl
 Oohh
 Oohh

Margaritaville by Jimmy Buffett (1977)

Nibblin' on sponge cake
 Watchin' the sun bake
 All of those tourists covered with oil
 Strummin' my six string
 On my front porch swing
 Smell those shrimp, they're beginnin' to boil
 Wastin' away again in Margaritaville
 Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame
 But I know, it's nobody's fault
 Don't know the reason
 Stayed here all season
 Nothing to show but this brand new tattoo
 But it's a real beauty
 A Mexican cutie
 How it got here, I haven't a clue
 Wastin' away again in Margaritaville
 Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame
 Now I think, hell, it could be my fault
 I blew out my flip flop
 Stepped on a pop top
 Cut my heel, had to cruise on back home
 But there's booze in the blender
 And soon it will render
 That frozen concoction that helps me hang on
 Wastin' away again in Margaritaville
 Searchin' for my lost shaker of salt
 Some people claim that there's a woman to blame
 But I know, it's my own damn fault
 Yes, and some people claim
 That there's a woman to blame
 And I know, it's my own damn fault

Born in the USA by Bruce Springsteen (1984)

Born down in a dead man's town
 And the first kick I took was when I hit the ground
 You end up like a dog that's been beat too much
 'Til you spend half your life just to cover up
 Born in the U.S.A.
 I was born in the U.S.A.
 I was born in the U.S.A.
 Born in the U.S.A.

Got in a little hometown jam
 So they put a rifle in my hand
 Sent me off to a foreign land
 To go and kill the yellow man
 Born in the U.S.A.
 I was born in the U.S.A.
 I was born in the U.S.A.
 Born in the U.S.A.
 Come back home to the refinery
 Hiring man says, "Son, if it was up to me"
 I go down to see the V.A. man
 He said, "Son, don't you understand?"
 Had a brother at Khe Sahn
 Fighting off the Viet Cong
 They're still there, he's all gone
 He had a little girl in Saigon
 I got a picture of him in her arms
 Down in the shadow of the penitentiary
 Out by the gas fires of the refinery
 I'm ten years burning down the road
 I've got nowhere to run and nowhere to go
 Born in the U.S.A.
 I was born in the U.S.A.
 I was born in the U.S.A.
 I'm a long time daddy in the U.S.A.
 I was born in the U.S.A.
 I'm a cool rocking daddy in the U.S.A.
 I was born in the U.S.A.
 I was born in the U.S.A.
 Born in the U.S.A.
 Born in the U.S.A.
 I'm a long gone daddy in the U.S.A.
 Born in the U.S.A.
 I was

The One I Love by R.E.M. (1987)

This one goes out to the one I love
 This one goes out to the one I've left behind
 A simple prop to occupy my time
 This one goes out to the one I love
 Fire
 Fire
 This one goes out to the one I love
 This one goes out to the one I've left behind

A simple prop to occupy my time
 This one goes out to the one I love
 Fire (she's comin' down on her own, now)
 Fire (she's comin' down on her own)
 This one goes out to the one I love
 This one goes out to the one I've left behind
 Another prop has occupied my time
 This one goes out to the one I love
 Fire (she's comin' down on her own, now)
 Fire (she's comin' down on her own)
 Fire (she's comin' down on her own, now)
 Fire (she's comin' down on her own)

Informer by Snow (1993)

What's up, man?
 Hey, yo, what's up?
 Yeah, what's going on here?
 Sick and tired of 5-0 running up on the block here
 You know what I'm saying?
 Yo, Snow, they came around here looking for you the other day
 (Word?) Word, bust it!
 Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame
 A lick boom boom dem
 'Tective man a say, say daddy me Snow me stab someone down the lane
 A lick boom boom dem
 Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame
 A lick boom boom dem
 'Tective man a say, say daddy me Snow me stab someone down the lane
 A lick boom boom dem
 Police-a them-a they come and-a they blow down me door
 Break a car troo, troo my window
 So dey put me in de back de car at de station
 From that point on, me reach my destination
 Where the destination reachin' outta east detention
 Where dey looked down me pants, look up me bottom, so
 Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame
 A lick boom boom dem
 'Tective man a say, say daddy me Snow me stab someone down the lane
 A lick boom boom dem
 Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame
 A lick boom boom dem
 'Tective man a say, say daddy me Snow me stab someone down the lane
 A lick boom boom dem
 So, bigger dem are they think dem have more power
 De pon di phone me say dat one hour

Me for want to use a once an' now me call me lover
 Lover who me callin an' a one Tamei
 An' mi love her in my heart down to my belly-a
 Yes say daddy me Snow me haffi cool an' deadly
 Yes the one MC Shan an' the one Daddy Snow
 Together we-a love 'em is a tor-na-do
 Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame
 A licky boom boom dem
 'Tective man a say, say daddy me Snow me stab someone down the lane
 A licky boom boom dem
 Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame
 A licky boom boom dem
 'Tective man a say, say daddy me Snow me stab someone down the lane
 A licky boom boom dem
 So, listen for me, you better listen for me now
 Listen for me, you better listen for me now
 When-a me rock-a the microphone, me rock on steady-a
 Yes a daddy me Snow me are de article don
 But the in an a-out a dance an they say where you come from-a?
 People dem say ya come from Jamaica
 But me born an' raised in the ghetto that I want ya to know-a
 Pure black people man that's all I man know
 Yeah me shoes are a-tear up an'a me toes just a show-a
 Where me-a born in are de one Toronto, so
 Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame
 A licky boom boom dem
 'Tective man a say, say daddy me Snow me stab someone down the lane
 A licky boom boom dem
 Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame
 A licky boom boom dem
 'Tective man a say, say daddy me Snow me stab someone down the lane
 A licky boom boom dem
 Come with a nice young lady
 Intelligent, yes, she gentle and irie
 Everywhere me go, me never lef' her at all-ie
 Yes-a Daddy Snow me are the roam dance man-a
 Roam between-a dancin' in-a in-a nation-a
 You never know say daddy me Snow me are the boom shakata
 Me never lay-a down flat in-a one cardboard box-a
 Yes-a daddy me Snow me-a go reachin' out da top, so
 Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame
 A licky boom boom dem
 'Tective man a say, say daddy me Snow me stab someone down the lane
 A licky boom boom dem
 Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame
 A licky boom boom dem

'Tective man a say, say daddy me Snow me stab someone down the lane
 A licky boom boom dem
 Why wo ee? why wo ee? an' wo ee an' wo ee?
 Me sitting 'round cool with my dibbie-dibbie girl
 Police knock my door, lick up my pal
 Rough me up and I can't do a thing
 Pick up my line when my telephone ring
 Take me to the station black up my hands
 Trail me down cause I'm hanging with the Snowman
 What I'm gonna do? I'm backed and I'm trapped
 Slap me in the face and took all of my gap
 They have no clues and they wanna get warmer
 But Shan won't turn informer
 Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame
 A licky boom boom dem
 'Tective man a say, say daddy me Snow me stab someone down the lane
 A licky boom boom dem
 Informer, ya' no say daddy me Snow me I go blame
 A licky boom boom dem
 'Tective man a say, say daddy me Snow me stab someone down the lane
 A licky boom boom dem
 Diggity dum, diggity diggity dum, an' wo ee, an wo, an wo ee

Semi-Charmed Life by Third Eye Blind (1997)

Doo doo doo, doo doo-doo doo
 Doo doo doo, doo doo-doo doo
 Doo doo doo, doo doo-doo doo
 Doo doo doo
 I'm packed and I'm holding
 I'm smiling, she's living, she's golden
 She lives for me, says she lives for me
 Ovation, her own motivation
 She comes round and she goes down on me
 And I make you smile, like a drug for you
 Do ever what you wanna do, coming over you
 Keep on smiling, what we go through
 One stop to the rhythm that divides you
 And I speak to you like the chorus to the verse
 Chop another line like a coda with a curse
 Come on like a freak show takes the stage
 We give them the games we play, she said
 I want something else to get me through this
 Semi-charmed kinda life, baby, baby
 I want something else, I'm not listening when you say good-bye
 Doo doo doo, doo doo-doo doo

Doo doo doo, doo doo-doo doo
Doo doo doo, doo doo-doo doo
Doo doo doo
The sky was gold, it was rose
I was taking sips of it through my nose
And I wish I could get back there, someplace back there
Smiling in the pictures you would take
Doing crystal meth, will lift you up until you break
It won't stop, I won't come down
I keep stock with a tick-tock rhythm, a bump for the drop
And then I bumped up, I took the hit that I was given
Then I bumped again, then I bumped again
I said
How do I get back there to the place where I fell asleep inside you
How do I get myself back to the place where you said
I want something else to get me through this
Semi-charmed kinda life, baby, baby
I want something else, I'm not listening when you say good-bye
I believe in the sand beneath my toes
The beach gives a feeling, an earthy feeling
I believe in the faith that grows
And that four right chords can make me cry
When I'm with you I feel like I could die
And that would be alright, alright
And when the plane came in, she said she was crashing
The velvet it rips in the city, we tripped on the urge to feel alive
Now I'm struggling to survive
Those days you were wearing that velvet dress
You're the priestess, I must confess
Those little red panties they pass the test
Slides up around the belly, face down on the mattress
One
And you hold me, and we are broken
Still it's all that I wanna do, just a little now
Feel myself, heading off the ground
I'm scared, I'm not coming down
No, no
And I won't run for my life
She's got her jaws now locked down in a smile
But nothing is alright, alright
And I want something else to get me through this life
Baby, I want something else
Not listening when you say
Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye, goodbye
Doo doo doo, doo doo-doo doo
Doo doo doo, doo doo-doo doo

Doo doo doo, doo doo-doo doo
 The sky was gold, it was rose
 I was taking sips of it through my nose
 And I wish I could get back there
 Someplace back there, in the place we used to start
 Doo doo doo, doo doo-doo doo
 Doo doo doo, doo doo-doo doo
 I want something else

Closing Time by Semisonic (1998)

Closing time, open all the doors
 And let you out into the world
 Closing time, turn all of the lights on
 Over every boy and every girl
 Closing time, one last call for alcohol
 So, finish your whiskey or beer
 Closing time, you don't have to go home
 But you can't stay here
 I know who I want to take me home
 I know who I want to take me home
 I know who I want to take me home
 Take me home
 Closing time, time for you to go out
 To the places you will be from
 Closing time, this room won't be open
 Till your brothers or your sisters come
 So, gather up your jackets, move it to the exits
 I hope you have found a friend
 Closing time, every new beginning
 Comes from some other beginning's end, yeah
 I know who I want to take me home
 I know who I want to take me home
 I know who I want to take me home
 Take me home
 Closing time, time for you to go out
 To the places you will be from
 I know who I want to take me home
 I know who I want to take me home
 I know who I want to take me home
 Take me home
 I know who I want to take me home
 I know who I want to take me home
 I know who I want to take me home
 Take me home
 Closing time, every new beginning

Comes from some other beginning's end

One Week by Barenaked Ladies (1998)

It's been one week since you looked at me
 Cocked your head to the side and said, "I'm angry"
 Five days since you laughed at me
 Saying, "Get that together, come back and see me"
 Three days since the living room
 I realized it's all my fault, but couldn't tell you
 Yesterday, you'd forgiven me
 But it'll still be two days 'til I say I'm sorry
 Hold it now and watch the hoodwink
 As I make you stop, think
 You'll think you're looking at Aquaman
 I summon fish to the dish, although I like the Chalet Swiss
 I like the sushi 'cause it's never touched a frying pan
 Hot like wasabi when I bust rhymes
 Big like LeAnn Rimes, because I'm all about value
 Bert Kaempfert's got the mad hits
 You try to match wits, you try to hold me but I bust through
 Gonna make a break and take a fake
 I'd like a stinking aching shake
 I like vanilla, it's the finest of the flavors
 Gotta see the show, 'cause then you'll know
 The vertigo is gonna grow
 'Cause it's so dangerous, you'll have to sign a waiver
 How can I help it if I think you're funny when you're mad?
 Trying hard not to smile, though I feel bad
 I'm the kind of guy who laughs at a funeral
 Can't understand what I mean? Well, you soon will
 I have a tendency to wear my mind on my sleeve
 I have a history of taking off my shirt
 It's been one week since you looked at me
 Threw your arms in the air and said, "You're crazy"
 Five days since you tackled me
 I've still got the rug burns on both my knees
 It's been three days since the afternoon
 You realized it's not my fault not a moment too soon
 Yesterday, you'd forgiven me
 And now I sit back and wait 'til you say you're sorry
 Chickity China, the Chinese chicken
 You have a drumstick and your brain stops tickin'
 Watching X-Files with no lights on
 We're dans la maison
 I hope the Smoking Man's in this one

Like Harrison Ford, I'm getting frantic
 Like Sting, I'm tantric
 Like Snickers, guaranteed to satisfy
 Like Kurosawa, I make mad films, 'kay, I don't make films
 But if I did they'd have a Samurai
 Gonna get a set of better clubs
 Gonna find the kind with tiny nubs
 Just so my irons aren't always flying off the back-swing
 Gotta get in tune with Sailor Moon
 'Cause that cartoon has got the boom anime babes
 That make me think the wrong thing
 How can I help it if I think you're funny when you're mad?
 Trying hard not to smile, though I feel bad
 I'm the kind of guy who laughs at a funeral
 Can't understand what I mean? You soon will
 I have a tendency to wear my mind on my sleeve
 I have a history of losing my shirt
 It's been one week since you looked at me
 Dropped your arms to the sides and said, "I'm sorry"
 Five days since I laughed at you and said
 "You just did just what I thought you were gonna do"
 Three days since the living room
 We realized we're both to blame but what could we do?
 Yesterday, you just smiled at me
 'Cause it'll still be two days 'til we say we're sorry
 It'll still be two days 'til we say we're sorry
 It'll still be two days 'til we say, "Wasabi"
 Birchmount Stadium, home of the Robbie

Who Let the Dogs Out by Baha Men (2000)

Who let the dogs out?
 Who, who, who, who, who?
 Who let the dogs out?
 Who, who, who, who, who?
 Who let the dogs out?
 Who, who, who, who, who?
 Who let the dogs out?
 Well, the party was nice, the party was pumpin'
 Yippie yi yo
 And everybody havin' a ball
 Yippie yi yo
 I tell the fellas start the name callin'
 Yippie yi yo

And the girls respond to the call
 I heard a woman shout out
 Who let the dogs out?
 Who, who, who, who, who?
 Who let the dogs out?
 Who, who, who, who, who?
 Who let the dogs out?
 Who, who, who, who, who?
 Who let the dogs out?
 Who, who, who, who, who?
 I see de dance people had a ball
 'Coz she really want to skip town
 Get back, Gruffy, back, Scruffy
 Get back you flea infested mongrel
 Gonna tell myself, "Hey, man, no get angry"
 Yippie yi yo
 To any girls callin' them canine
 Yippie yi yo
 But they tell me, "Hey, man, it's part of the party?"
 Yippie yi yo
 You put a woman in front and her man behind
 I heard woman shout out
 Who let the dogs out?
 Who, who, who, who, who?
 Who let the dogs out?
 Who, who, who, who, who?
 Who let the dogs out?
 Who, who, who, who, who?
 Who let the dogs out?
 Who, who, who, who, who?
 Say, a doggy is nuttin' if he don' have a bone
 All doggy, hold ya' bone, all doggy, hold it
 A doggy is nuttin' if he don' have a bone
 All doggy, hold ya' bone, all doggy, hold it
 Who let the dogs out?
 Who, who, who, who, who?
 Who let the dogs out?
 Who, who, who, who, who?
 Who let the dogs out?
 Who, who, who, who, who?
 Who let the dogs out?
 Who, who, who, who, who?
 I see de dance people had a ball
 'Coz she really want to skip town
 Get back, Gruffy, back, Scruffy
 Get back you flea infested mongrel

"Nothing is forever"
 Then what makes, then what makes
 Then what makes, then what makes (what makes, what makes)
 Love the exception?
 So why, oh, why, oh
 Why, oh, why, oh, why, oh
 Are we so in denial when we know we're not happy here?
 (Y'all don't want to hear me, you just want to dance)
 Hey ya! (Uh oh) Hey ya! (Uh oh)
 Don't want to meet your daddy
 Hey ya! (Uh oh)
 Just want you in my Caddy (Uh oh)
 Hey ya! (Uh oh)
 Don't want to meet your mama
 Hey ya! (Uh oh)
 Just want to make you cum-a (Uh oh)
 Hey ya! (Uh oh)
 I'm, I'm, I'm just being honest (Uh oh)
 I'm just being honest
 Hey! Alright now
 Alright now, fellas (Yeah?)
 Now, what cooler than being cool? (Ice cold!)
 I can't hear you
 I say what's, what's cooler than being cool? (Ice cold!)
 Alright, alright, alright, alright, alright
 Alright, alright, alright, alright, alright
 Alright, alright, alright, alright
 Okay, now ladies (Yeah?)
 Now, we gon' break this thang down in just a few seconds
 Now, don't have me break this thang down for nothin'
 Now, I want to see y'all on y'all baddest behavior
 Lend me some sugar, I am your neighbor
 Ah! Here we go
 Shake it, shake, shake it, shake it, shake, shake it (Uh oh)
 Shake it, shake, shake it, shake it, shake it (Uh oh)
 Shake it like a Polaroid picture, hey ya!
 Shake it, shake, shake it, shake it, shake, shake it
 Shake it, shake it, shake it, sugar
 Shake it like a Polaroid picture
 Now, all Beyonce's, and Lucy Liu's
 And baby dolls
 Get on the floor
 Get on the floor, you know what to do
 You know what to do
 You know what to do
 Hey ya! (Uh oh) Hey ya! (Uh oh)

Hey ya! (Uh oh) Hey ya! (Uh oh)
Hey ya! (Uh oh) Hey ya! (Uh oh)
Hey ya! (Uh oh) Hey ya! (Uh oh)