

Lyrics, Music Festivals, 1967 Monterey Pop Festival

My Generation by The Who (1965)

People try to put us d-down (talkin' 'bout my generation)
Just because we get around (talkin' 'bout my generation)
Things they do look awful c-c-cold (talkin' 'bout my generation)
I hope I die before I get old (talkin' 'bout my generation)
This is my generation
This is my generation, baby
Why don't you all f-fade away (talkin' 'bout my generation)
Don't try to dig what we all s-s-s-say (talkin' 'bout my generation)
I'm not trying to 'cause a big s-s-sensation (talkin' 'bout my generation)
I'm just talkin' 'bout my g-g-g-generation (talkin' 'bout my generation)
My generation
This is my generation, baby
Why don't you all f-fade away (talkin' 'bout my generation)
And don't try to dig what we all s-s-say (talkin' 'bout my generation)
I'm not trying to 'cause a b-big s-s-sensation (talkin' 'bout my generation)
I'm just talkin' 'bout my g-g-generation (talkin' 'bout my generation)
This is my generation
This is my generation, baby
My my my generation
People try to put us d-down (talkin' 'bout my generation)
Just because we g-g-get around (talkin' 'bout my generation)
Things they do look awful c-c-cold (talkin' 'bout my generation)
Yeah, I hope I die before I get old (talkin' 'bout my generation)
This is my generation
This is my generation, baby
My my my generation
this is my generation
(Talkin' 'bout my generation) this is my generation
(Talkin' 'bout my generation) this is my generation
(Talkin' 'bout my generation) this is my generation
(Talkin' 'bout my generation) this is my generation
(Talkin' 'bout my generation) this is my generation
(Talkin' 'bout my generation) this is my generation

Wild Thing by Jimi Hendrix, written by Chip Taylor (1965)

Wild thing
You make my heart sing
You make everything groovy
Wild thing
Wild thing, I think I love you

But I wanna know for sure
Come on, hold me tight!
I love you

Wild thing
You make my heart sing
You make everything groovy
Wild thing
Wild thing, I think you move me
But I wanna know for sure
So, come on, and hold me tight!
You move me
Wild thing
You make my heart sing
You make everything groovy
Wild thing
Come on! Come on!
Wild thing
Shake it! Shake it!
Wild thing
I love you
Wild...

Ball and Chain by Big Brother and the Holding Company, written by Big Mama Thornton

Sittin' by my window
And I was looking out at the rain
Sittin' by my window, babe
And I was sitting down, looking out at the rain
You know something struck me
Clamped on to me just like, just like a ball and chain

I said oh, oh baby
Why do you wanna do all these mean things to me?
I said oh, oh baby, why do you wanna do
Why do you wanna do all these things to me?
Because you know I love you
And I'm so sick and tired, so sick and tired of being in misery
Hey Hey, ball and chain

I know you're gonna miss me, baby
Oh yes you're going to miss all those sweet things
Oh yes, I know you're gonna miss me baby
Oh I know you're going to miss all those sweet things
And then you'll find that your whole life will be like mine
Oh Lord, wrapped up like a ball and chain

I said oh, oh baby
Why do you wanna do all these mean things to me?
I said oh, oh baby
Why do you wanna do all these mean things to me?
I know my love for you will last forever
It's gonna last, I said it's gonna last
Oh good God almighty
For eternity
Oh yeah
All in vain...

I've Been Loving You Too Long (To Stop Now) by Otis Redding (1965)

I've been loving you
Too long
To stop now
You are tired
And you want to be free
My love is growing stronger
As you become a habit to me
Ooh, I've been loving you
Too long
I don't wanna stop now, oh
With you my life
Has been so wonderful
I can't stop now
You are tired
And your love is growing cold
My love is growing stronger
As our affair, affair grows old
I've been loving you
Oh, too long
To stop now, oh, oh, oh
I've been loving you
A little too long
I don't wanna stop now
Oh, oh
Don't make me stop now
Oh, baby
I'm down on my knees
Please, don't make me stop now
I love you
I love you
I love you with all my heart
And I can't stop now

Please, please
Please don't make me stop now
Talkin' 'bout heart and soul...

Dhun (Dadra and Fast Teental) by Ravi Shankar

(instrumental)

California Dreamin' by The Mamas and The Papas (1965)

All the leaves are brown (all the leaves are brown)
And the sky is gray (and the sky is gray)
I've been for a walk (I've been for a walk)
On a winter's day (on a winter's day)
I'd be safe and warm (I'd be safe and warm)
If I was in L.A. (if I was in L.A.)
California dreamin' (California dreamin')
On such a winter's day
Stopped into a church
I passed along the way
Well, I got down on my knees (got down on my knees)
And I pretend to pray (I pretend to pray)
You know the preacher like the cold (preacher like the cold)
He knows I'm gonna stay (knows I'm gonna stay)
California dreamin' (California dreamin')
On such a winter's day
All the leaves are brown (all the leaves are brown)
And the sky is gray (and the sky is gray)
I've been for a walk (I've been for a walk)
On a winter's day (on a winter's day)
If I didn't tell her (if I didn't tell her)
I could leave today (I could leave today)
California dreamin' (California dreamin')
On such a winter's day (California dreamin')
On such a winter's day (California dreamin')
On such a winter's day

For What It's Worth by Buffalo Springfield, written by Stephen Stills (1966)

There's something happening here
But what it is ain't exactly clear
There's a man with a gun over there
Telling me I got to beware
I think it's time we stop
Children, what's that sound?
Everybody look, what's going down?

There's battle lines being drawn
Nobody's right if everybody's wrong
Young people speaking their minds
Getting so much resistance from behind
It's time we stop
Hey, what's that sound?
Everybody look, what's going down?
What a field day for the heat (Ooh ooh ooh)
A thousand people in the street (Ooh ooh ooh)
Singing songs and they carrying signs (Ooh ooh ooh)
Mostly say, "Hooray for our side" (Ooh ooh ooh)
It's time we stop
Hey, what's that sound?
Everybody look, what's going down?
Paranoia strikes deep
Into your life it will creep
It starts when you're always afraid
Step out of line, the men come and take you away
We better stop
Hey, what's that sound?
Everybody look, what's going down?
You better stop
Hey, what's that sound?
Everybody look, what's going down?
You better stop
Now, what's that sound?
Everybody look, what's going down?
You better stop
Children, what's that sound?
Everybody look, what's going down?

Bajabula Bonke by Hugh Masekela (1966)

Iyaho
A Zulu exclamation expressing excitement or enthusiasm

Hele Barena
Come, people

Helele barena vula
Come, people, open up

Helele balala phandle
Come, let's dance outside

Babo hoo ah

The young people are there

Baola helele
They dance joyfully

Balala phandle babo
They dance outside

Balala barena vula
They dance, people, let's open up

Helele bala phandle babo
Come, let's dance outside

We ehe iyaho he eh
Yes, this is the excitement

Yelee baring heaya ho
Sing, everyone, here we go

Helele iyala hihelele malele
Come, let's enjoy ourselves, dance and sing

Iya ho iyelele
Let's go and dance

Lala iyelele ala hola hela hola lhelele
Just dance and have fun, let's go

San Francisco (Be Sure to Wear Flowers in Your Hair) by Scott McKenzie, written by John Phillips (1967)

If you're going to San Francisco
Be sure to wear some flowers in your hair
If you're going to San Francisco
You're gonna meet some gentle people there

For those who come to San Francisco
Summertime will be a love-in there
In the streets of San Francisco
Gentle people with flowers in their hair

All across the nation such a strange vibration
People in motion
There's a whole generation with a new explanation
People in motion, people in motion

For those who come to San Francisco
Be sure to wear some flowers in your hair
If you come to San Francisco
Summertime will be a love-in there

If you come to San Francisco
Summertime will be a love-in there