Hey, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam Yesterday I got a letter from my friend

Fighting in Vietnam

And this is what he had to say

'Tell all my friends that I'll be coming home soon

My time it'll be up some time in June

Don't forget, he said to tell my sweet Mary

Her golden lips as sweet as cherries And it came from

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam It was just the next day his mother got a telegram

It was addressed from Vietnam

Now mistress Brown, she lives in the USA

And this is what she wrote and said

Don't be alarmed, she told me the telegram said

But mistress Brown your son is dead And it came from

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

Somebody please stop that war now It was just the next day his mother got a telegram

It was addressed from Vietnam

Now mistress Brown, she lives in the USA

And this is what she wrote and said

Don't be alarmed, she told me the telegram said

Oh, but mistress Brown your son is dead And it came from

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

Somebody please stop it Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

What I'm saying now somebody stop that war Oh yeah, oh yeah

Well they tell me of a pie up in the sky

Waiting for me when I die

But between the day you're born and when you die

They never seem to hear even your cry So as sure as the sun will shine

I'm gonna get my share now of what's mine

And then the harder they come

The harder they'll fall, one and all

Ooh the harder they come

The harder they'll fall, one and all Well the oppressors are trying to keep me down

Trying to drive me underground

And they think that they have got the battle won

I say forgive them Lord

They know not what they've done 'Cause as sure as the sun will shine

I'm gonna get my share now of what's mine

And then the harder they come

The harder they'll fall, one and all

Ooh the harder they come

The harder they'll fall, one and all Ooh, yeah, oh yeah, woah yeah ooh And I keep on fighting for the things I want

Though I know that when you're dead you can't

But I'd rather be a free man in my grave

Than living as a puppet or a slave So as sure as the sun will shine

I'm gonna get my share now of what's mine

And then the harder they come

The harder they'll fall, one and all

Ooh the harder they come

The harder they'll fall, one and all Yeah, the harder they come

The harder they'll fall one and all

What I say now what I say now, ooh

What I say now what I say

One time, the harder they come

The harder they'll fall

Wanna know

Ooh the harder they come

The harder they'll fall, wanna know Many rivers to cross

But I can't seem to find my way over

Wandering I am lost

As I travel along the white cliffs of Dover Many rivers to cross

And it's only my will that keeps me alive

I've been licked, washed up for years

And I merely survive because of my pride And this loneliness won't leave me alone

It's such a drag to be on your own

My woman left me and she didn't say why

Well I guess, I have to try Many rivers to cross

But just where to begin, I'm playing for time

There are times I find myself

Thinking of committing some dreadful crime Yes, I've got many rivers to cross

But I can't seem to find my way over

Wandering I am lost

As I travel along the white cliffs of Dover If you ever awake

In the mirror of a bad dream And for a fraction of a second,

You can't remember where you are

Just open your window

And follow your memories

Upstream

To the meadow in the mountain

Where we counted every falling star I believe the light that shines on you

Will shine on you forever

(forever)

And though I can't guarantee there's nothing scary

Hidin' under your bed

I'm gonna

Stand guard

Like the postcard

Of the golden retriever

And never leave

'Til I leave you

With a sweet dream in your head I'm gonna watch you shine

Gonna watch you grow

Gonna paint a sign

So you always know

As long as one and one is two

Ooh ooh

There could never be a father

Love his daughter more than I love you Trust your intuition

It's just like going fishin'

You cast your line and

Hope you get a bite But you don't need to waste your time

Worryin' about the marketplace

Trying to help the human race

Struggling to survive

It's as harsh as night I'm gonna watch you shine

Gonna watch you grow

Gonna paint a sign

So you always know

As long as one and one is two

Ooh ooh

There could never be a father

Love his daughter more than I love you I'm gonna watch you shine

Gonna watch you grow

Gonna paint a sign

So you always know

As long as one and one is two

Ooh ooh

There could never be a father

Love his daughter more than I love you A man walks down the street

He says why am I soft in the middle now

Why am I soft in the middle

The rest of my life is so hard

I need a photo-opportunity

I want a shot at redemption

Don't want to end up a cartoon

In a cartoon graveyard

Bonedigger Bonedigger

Dogs in the moonlight

Far away my well-lit door

Mr. Beerbelly Beerbelly

Get these mutts away from me

You know I don't find this stuff amusing anymore If you'll be my bodyguard

I can be your long lost pal

I can call you Betty

And Betty when you call me

You can call me Al A man walks down the street

He says why am I short of attention

Got a short little span of attention

And wo my nights are so long

Where's my wife and family

What if I die here

Who'll be my role-model

Now that my role-model is

Gone Gone

He ducked back down the alley

With some roly-poly little bat-faced girl

All along along

There were incidents and accidents

There were hints and allegations If you'll be my bodyguard

I can be your long lost pal

I can call you Betty

And Betty when you call me

You can call me Al

Call me Al A man walks down the street

It's a street in a strange world

Maybe it's the Third World

Maybe it's his first time around

He doesn't speak the language

He holds no currency

He is a foreign man

He is surrounded by the sound

The sound

Cattle in the marketplace

Scatterlings and orphanages

He looks around, around

He sees angels in the architecture

Spinning in infinity

He says Amen! and Hallelujah! If you'll be my bodyguard

I can be your long lost pal

I can call you Betty

And Betty when you call me

You can call me Al

Call me Al No I would not give you false hope

On this strange and mournful day

But the mother and child reunion

Is only a motion away, oh, little darling of mine I can't for the life of me

Remember a sadder day

I know they say let it be

But it just don't work out that way

And the course of a lifetime runs

Over and over again No I would not give you false hope

On this strange and mournful day

But the mother and child reunion

Is only a motion away, oh, little darling of mine I just can't believe it's so

Though it seems strange to say

I never been laid so low

In such a mysterious way

And the course of a lifetime runs

Over and over again But I would not give you false hope

On this strange and mournful day

When the mother and child reunion

Is only a motion away Oh the mother and child reunion

Is only a motion away

Oh the mother and child reunion

Is only a moment away Oh the mother and child reunion

Is only a motion away

Oh the mother and child reunion

Is only a moment away Oh the mother and child reunion

Is only a motion away

Oh the mother and child reunion

Is only a moment away When the mama pajama rolled out a bed

She ran to the police station

When the papa found out he began to shout And he started the investigation

It's against the law

It was against the law

What the mama saw

It was against the law The mama look down and spit on the ground

Every time my name gets mentioned

The papa said, "Oy, if I get that boy,

I'm gonna stick him the house of detention"

Well I'm on my way

I don't know where I'm going

I'm on my way I'm taking my time

But I don't know where

Goodbye to Rosie the queen of Corona

See you, me and Julio

Down by the school yard

Me and Julio down by the school yard In a couple of days they come and

Take me away

But the press let the story leak

And when the radical priest

Come to get me released

We was all on the cover of Newsweek Yeah I'm on my way now

I don't know where I'm going

I'm on my way now, I'm taking my time

But I don't know where

Goodbye to Rosie the queen of Corona

See you, me and Julio

Down by the school yard

See you me and Julio

Down by the school yard

See you me and Julio

Down by the school yard When I think back

On all the crap I learned in high school

It's a wonder

I can think at all

And though my lack of education

Hasn't hurt me none

I can read the writing on the wall Kodachrome

They give us those nice bright colors

They give us the greens of summers

Makes you think all the world's a sunny day

I got a Nikon camera

I love to take a photograph

So mama don't take my Kodachrome away If you took all the girls I knew

When I was single

And brought them all together for one night

I know they'd never match

My sweet imagination

Everything looks worse in black and white Kodachrome

They give us those nice bright colors

They give us the greens of summers

Makes you think all the world's a sunny day

I got a Nikon camera

I love to take a photograph

So mama don't take my Kodachrome away Mama don't take my Kodachrome away

Mama don't take my Kodachrome away

Mama don't take my Kodachrome away Mama don't take my Kodachrome

Mama don't take my Kodachrome

Mama don't take my Kodachrome away

Mama don't take my Kodachrome

Leave your boy so far from home

Mama don't take my Kodachrome away

Mama don't take my Kodachrome

Mama don't take my Kodachrome away The problem is all inside your head she said to me

The answer is easy if you take it logically

I'd like to help you in your struggle to be free

There must be fifty ways to leave your lover She said it's really not my habit to intrude

Furthermore, I hope my meaning won't be lost or misconstrued

But I'll repeat myself at the risk of being crude

There must be fifty ways to leave your lover

Fifty ways to leave your lover You just slip out the back, Jack

Make a new plan, Stan

You don't need to be coy, Roy

Just get yourself free

Hop on the bus, Gus

You don't need to discuss much

Just drop off the key, Lee

And get yourself free She said it grieves me so to see you in such pain

I wish there was something I could do to make you smile again

I said I appreciate that and would you please explain

About the fifty ways She said why don't we both just sleep on it tonight

And I believe in the morning you'll begin to see the light

And then she kissed me and I realized she probably was right

There must be fifty ways to leave your lover

Fifty ways to leave your lover You just slip out the back, Jack

Make a new plan, Stan

You don't need to be coy, Roy

Just get yourself free

Hop on the bus, Gus

You don't need to discuss much

Just drop off the key, Lee

And get yourself free A winter's day

In a deep and dark

December,

I am alone,

Gazing from my window to the streets below

On a freshly fallen silent shroud of snow.

I am a rock,

I am an island. I've built walls,

A fortress deep and mighty,

That none may penetrate.

I have no need of friendship, friendship causes pain.

It's laughter and it's loving I disdain.

I am a rock,

I am an island. Don't talk of love,

But I've heard the words before;

It's sleeping in my memory.

I won't disturb the slumber of feelings that have died.

If I never loved I never would have cried.

I am a rock,

I am an island. I have my books

And my poetry to protect me,

I am shielded in my armor,

Hiding in my room, safe within my womb.

I touch no one and no one touches me.

I am a rock,

I am an island. And a rock feels no pain,

And an island never cries. The Mississippi Delta was shining

Like a National guitar

I am following the river

Down the highway

Through the cradle of the civil war

I'm going to Graceland

Graceland

In Memphis Tennessee

I'm going to Graceland

Poor boys and pilgrims with families

And we are going to Graceland

My traveling companion is nine years old

He is the child of my first marriage

But I've reason to believe

We both will be received

In Graceland She comes back to tell me she's gone

As if I didn't know that

As if I didn't know my own bed

As if I'd never noticed

The way she brushed her hair from her forehead

And she said losing love

Is like a window in your heart

Everybody sees you're blown apart

Everybody sees the wind blow I'm going to Graceland

Memphis Tennessee

I'm going to Graceland

Poor boys and pilgrims with families

And we are going to Graceland And my traveling companions

Are ghosts and empty sockets

I'm looking at ghosts and empties

But I've reason to believe

We all will be received

In Graceland There is a girl in New York City

Who calls herself the human trampoline

And sometimes when I'm falling, flying

Or tumbling in turmoil I say

Oh, so this is what she means

She means we're bouncing into Graceland

And I see losing love

Is like a window in your heart

Everybody sees you're blown apart

Everybody sees the wind blow In Graceland, in Graceland

I'm going to Graceland

For reasons I cannot explain

There's some part of me wants to see

Graceland

And I may be obliged to defend

Every love, every ending

Or maybe there's no obligations now

Maybe I've a reason to believe

We all will be received

In Graceland Slip slidin' away

Slip slidin' away

You know the nearer your destination

The more you're slip slidin' away I know a man

He came from my home town

He wore his passion for his woman

Like a thorny crown

He said Dolores

I live in fear

My love for you's so overpowering

I'm afraid that I will disappear Slip slidin' away

Slip slidin' away

You know the nearer your destination

The more you're slip slidin' away I know a woman

Became a wife

These are the very words she uses

To describe her life

She said a good day

Ain't got no rain

She said a bad day's when I lie in bed

And think of things that might have been Slip slidin' away

Slip slidin' away

You know the nearer your destination

The more you're slip slidin' away I know a father

He had a son

He longed to tell him all the reasons

For the things he'd done

He came a long way

Just to explain

He kissed his boy as he lay sleeping

Then he turned around and headed home again Slip slidin' away

Slip slidin' away

You know the nearer your destination

The more you're slip slidin' away God only knows

God makes his plans

The information's unavailable

To the mortal man

We work our jobs

Collect our pay

Believe we're gliding down the highway

When in fact we're slip slidin' away Slip slidin' away

Slip slidin' away

You know the nearer your destination

The more you're slip slidin' away Slip slidin' away

You know the nearer your destination

The more you're slip slidin' away When I was a little boy

And the Devil would call my name

I'd say "now who do

Who do you think you're fooling?"

I'm a consecrated boy

Singer in a Sunday choir

My mama loves, she loves me

She gets down on her knees and hugs me

She loves me like a rock

She rocks me like the rock of ages

And she loves me

She loves me, loves me, loves me, loves me When I was grown to be a man

And the Devil would call my name

I'd say "now who do

Who do you think you're fooling?"

I'm a consummated man

I can snatch a little purity

My mama loves me, she loves me

She gets down on her knees and hugs me

She loves me like a rock

She rocks me like the rock of ages

And she loves me

She loves me, loves me, loves me, loves me If I was President

And the Congress call my name

I'd say "who do

Who do you think you're fooling?"

I've got the Presidential Seal

I'm up on the Presidential Podium

My mama loves me

She loves me

She gets down on her knees and hugs me

And she loves me like a rock

She rocks me like the rock of ages

And she loves me

She loves me, loves me, loves me, loves me

She loves me, loves me, loves me, loves me

She loves me, loves me, loves me, loves me Blues Run the Game Lyrics

Written by Jackson C.Frank Catch a boat to England, baby,

Maybe to Spain,

Wherever I have gone,

Wherever I've been and gone,

Wherever I have gone

The blues have run the game. Send out for whisky, baby,

Send out for gin,

Me and room service, honey,

Me and room service, babe,

Me and room service

Well, we're living a life of sin When I ain't drinking, baby,

You are on my mind,

When I ain't sleeping, honey,

When I ain't sleeping, Mama,

When I ain't sleeping

Well you know you'll find me crying. Catch a boat to England, baby,

Maybe to Spain,

Wherever I have gone,

Wherever I've been and gone,

Wherever I have gone

The blues have run the game. Living is a gamble, baby,

Loving's much the same,

Wherever I have played,

Wherever I throw those dice,

Wherever I have played

The blues have run the game. Maybe when I'm older, baby,

Someplace down the line,

I'll wake up older,

So much older, Mama,

Wake up older

And I'll just stop all my trying. Catch a boat to England, baby,

Maybe to Spain,

Wherever I have gone,

Wherever I've been and gone,

Wherever I have gone

The blues, they're all the same. The first thing I remember

I was lying in my bed

I couldn't of been no more

Than one or two

I remember there's a radio

Comin' from the room next door

And my mother laughed

The way some ladies do

When it's late in the evening

And the music's seeping through The next thing I remember

I am walking down the street

I'm feeling all right

I'm with my boys

I'm with my troops, yeah

And down along the avenue

Some guys were shooting pool

And I heard the sound

Of a cappella groups, yeah

Singing late in the evening

And all the girls out on the stoops, yeah Then I learned to play some lead guitar

I was underage in this funky bar

And I stepped outside to smoke myself a "J"

And when I came back to the room

Everybody just seemed to move

And I turned my amp up loud and I began to play

And it was late in the evening

And I blew that room away The first thing I remember

When you came into my life

I said I'm gonna get that girl

No matter what I do

Well I guess I'd been in love before

And once or twice I been on the floor

But I never loved no one

The way that I loved you

And it was late in the evening

And all the music seeping through Celia, you're breaking my heart

You're shaking my confidence daily

Oh, Cecilia, I'm down on my knees

I'm begging you please to come home Celia, you're breaking my heart

You're shaking my confidence daily

Oh, Cecilia, I'm down on my knees

I'm begging you please to come home

Come on home Making love in the afternoon with Cecilia

Up in my bedroom (making love)

I got up to wash my face

When I come back to bed

Someone's taken my place Celia, you're breaking my heart

You're shaking my confidence daily

Oh, Cecilia, I'm down on my knees

I'm begging you please to come home

Come on home Jubilation,

She loves me again,

I fall on the floor and I laughing, Jubilation,

She loves me again,

I fall on the floor and I'm laughing After I died, and the makeup had dried

I went back to my place

No moon that night

But a heavenly light shone on my face Still I thought it was odd

There was no sign of God just to usher me in

Then a voice from above

Sugar coated with love, said, "Let us begin" You got to fill out a form first

And then you wait in the line

You got to fill out a form first

And then you wait in the line Okay, a new kid in school

Got to follow the rule

You got to learn the routine

Woah, there's a girl over there

With the sunshiny hair, like a homecomin' queen I said, "Hey, what you say?

It's a glorious day,

By the way how long you been dead?"

Maybe you, maybe me

Maybe baby makes three

But she just shook her head You got to fill out a form first

And then you wait in the line

You got to fill out a form first

And then you wait in the line Buddah and Moses and all the noses from narrow to flat

Had to stand in the line

Just to glimpse the divine

What you think about that? Well it seems like our fate to suffer

And wait for the knowledge we seek

It's all his design, no one cuts in the line

No one here, likes a sneak You got to fill out a form first

And then you wait in the line

You got to fill out a form first

And then you wait in the line After you climb, up the ladder of time

The Lord God is here

Face to face, in the vastness of space

Your words disappear And you feel like swimming in an ocean of love,

And the current is strong

But all that remains when you

Try to explain is a fragment of song Lord is it, be bop a lu la

Or ooh poppa do

Lord, be bop a lu la or ooh poppa do

Be bop a lu la It was a slow day

And the sun was beating

On the soldiers by the side of the road

There was a bright light

A shattering of shop windows

The bomb in the baby carriage

Was wired to the radio These are the days of miracle and wonder

This is the long distance call

The way the camera follows us in slo-mo

The way we look to us all The way we look to a distant constellation

That's dying in a corner of the sky

These are the days of miracle and wonder

And don't cry baby, don't cry

Don't cry It was a dry wind

And it swept across the desert

And it curled into the circle of birth

And the dead sand

Falling on the children

The mothers and the fathers

And the automatic earth These are the days of miracle and wonder

This is the long distance call

The way the camera follows us in slo-mo

The way we look to us all, oh yeah The way we look to a distant constellation

That's dying in a corner of the sky

These are the days of miracle and wonder

And don't cry baby, don't cry

Don't cry It's a turn-around jump shot

It's everybody jump start

It's every generation throws a hero up the pop charts

Medicine is magical and magical is art

The boy in the bubble

And the baby with the baboon heart And I believe

These are the days of lasers in the jungle

Lasers in the jungle somewhere

Staccato signals of constant information

A loose affiliation of millionaires

And billionaires and baby These are the days of miracle and wonder

This is the long distance call

The way the camera follows us in slo-mo

The way we look to us all, oh yeah The way we look to a distant constellation

That's dying in a corner of the sky

These are the days of miracle and wonder

And don't cry baby, don't cry

Don't cry, don't cry Many's the time I've been mistaken

And many times confused

Yes, and often felt forsaken

And certainly misused

But I'm all right, I'm all right

I'm just weary to my bones

Still, you don't expect to be

Bright and bon vivant

So far away from home, so far away from home And I don't know a soul who's not been battered

I don't have a friend who feels at ease

I don't know a dream that's not been shattered

or driven to its knees

But it's all right, it's all right

We've lived so well so long

Still, when I think of the road

we're traveling on

I wonder what went wrong

I can't help it, I wonder what went wrong And I dreamed I was dying

And I dreamed that my soul rose unexpectedly

And looking back down at me

Smiled reassuringly

And I dreamed I was flying

And high up above my eyes could clearly see

The Statue of Liberty

Sailing away to sea

And I dreamed I was flying We come on the ship they call the Mayflower

We come on the ship that sailed the moon

We come in the age's most uncertain hour

and sing an American tune

But it's all right, it's all right

You can't be forever blessed

Still, tomorrow's going to be another working day

And I'm trying to get some rest

That's all I'm trying to get some rest Old friends, old friends sat on their parkbench like bookends

A newspaper blowin' through the grass

Falls on the round toes of the high shoes of the old friends Old friends, winter companions, the old men

Lost in their overcoats, waiting for the sun

The sounds of the city sifting through trees

Settles like dust on the shoulders of the old friends Can you imagine us years from today, sharing a parkbench quietly

How terribly strange to be seventy Old friends, memory brushes the same years, silently sharing the same fears Well I'm accustomed to a smooth ride

Or maybe I'm a dog who's lost its bite

I don't expect to be treated like a fool no more

I don't expect to sleep through the night

Some people say a lie's a lie's a lie

But I say why

Why deny the obvious child?

Why deny the obvious child? And in remembering a road sign

I am remembering a girl when I was young

And we said these songs are true

These days are ours

These tears are free

And hey

The cross is in the ballpark

The cross is in the ballpark We had a lot of fun

We had a lot of money

We had a little son and we thought we'd call him Sonny

Sonny gets married and moves away

Sonny has a baby and bills to pay

Sonny gets sunnier

Day by day by day by day I've been waking up at sunrise

I've been following the light across my room

I watch the night receive the room of my day

Some people say the sky is just the sky

But I say

Why deny the obvious child?

Why deny the obvious child? Sonny sits by the window and thinks to himself

How it's strange that some roots are like cages

Sonny's yearbook from high school

Is down on the shelf

And he idle thumbs through the pages

Some have died

Some have fled from themselves

Or struggled from here to get there

Sonny wanders beyond his interior walls

Runs his hands through his thinning brown hair

I'm accustomed to a smoother ride

Or maybe I'm a dog who's lost its bite

I don't expect to be treated like a fool no more

I don't expect to sleep the night

Some people say a lie is just a lie

But I say

The cross is in the ballpark

Why deny the obvious child? I hear the drizzle of the rain

Like a memory it falls

Soft and warm continuing

Tapping on my roof and walls. And from the shelter of my mind

Through the window of my eyes

I gaze beyond the rain-drenched streets

To England where my heart lies. My mind's distracted and diffused

My thoughts are many miles away

They lie with you when you're asleep

And kiss you when you start your day. And a song I was writing is left undone

I don't know why I spend my time

Writing songs I can't believe

With words that tear and strain to rhyme. And so you see I have come to doubt

All that I once held as true

I stand alone without beliefs

The only truth I know is you. And as I watch the drops of rain

Weave their weary paths and die

I know that I am like the rain

There but for the grace of you go I I met my old lover

On the street last night

She seemed so glad to see me

I just smiled

And we talked about some old times

And we drank ourselves some beers

Still crazy after all these years

Oh Still crazy after all these years I'm not the kind of man

Who tends to socialize

I seem to lean on

Old familiar ways

And I ain't no fool for love songs

That whisper in my ears

Still crazy after all these years

Oh still crazy after all these years Four in the morning

Crapped out

Yawning

Longing my life away

I'll never worry

Why should I?

It's all gonna fade Now I sit by my window

And I watch the cars

I fear I'll do some damage

One fine day

But I would not be convicted

By a jury of my peers

Still crazy after all these years

Oh still crazy

Still crazy

Still crazy after all these years Let us be lovers, we'll marry our fortunes together

I've got some real estate here in my bag

So we bought a pack of cigarettes and Mrs. Wagner's pies

And we walked off to look for America

Cathy, I said as we boarded a Greyhound in Pittsburgh

Michigan seems like a dream to me now

It took me four days to hitchhike from Saginaw

I've gone to look for America Laughing on the bus, playing games with the faces

She said the man in the gabardine suit was a spy

I said, be careful, his bowtie is really a camera

Toss me a cigarette, I think there's one in my raincoat

We smoked the last one an hour ago

So I looked at the scenery

She read her magazine

And the moon rose over an open field Cathy, I'm lost, I said though I knew she was sleeping

And I'm empty and aching and I don't know why

Counting the cars on the New Jersey Turnpike

They've all come to look for America

All come to look for America

All come to look for America I was reading a magazine

And thinking of a rock and roll song

The year was 1954

And I hadn't been playing that long When a man came on the radio

And this is what he said

He said I hate to break it to his fans

But Johnny Ace is dead, yeah, yeah, yeah Well, I really wasn't

Such a Johnny Ace fan

But I felt bad all the same

So I sent away for his photograph And I waited till it came

It came all the way from Texas

With a sad and simple face

And they signed it on the bottom

From the Late Great Johnny Ace, yeah, yeah, yeah It was the year of The Beatles

It was the year of The Stones

It was nineteen 1964

I was living in London

With the girl from the summer before It was the year of The Beatles

It was the year of The Stones

A year after J.F.K.

We were staying up all night And giving the days away

And the music was flowing amazing

And blowing my way On a cold December evening

I was walking through the Christmas tide

When a stranger came up and asked me

If I'd heard John Lennon had died And the two of us went to this bar

And we stayed to close the place

And every song we played

Was for The Late Great Johnny Ace, yeah, yeah, yeah Yesterday it was my birthday

I hung one more year on the line

I should be depressed

My life's a mess

But I'm having a good time I've been loving and loving

And loving

I'm exhausted from loving so well

I should go to bed

But a voice in my head

Says â??Ah, What the hellâ?? Have a good time Paranoia strikes deep in the heartland

But I think it's all overdone

Exaggerating this exaggerating that

They don't have no fun I don't believe what I read in the papers

They're just out to capture my dime

I ain't worrying

And I ain't scurrying

I'm having a good time Have a good time Maybe I'm laughing my way to disaster

Maybe my race has been run

Maybe I'm blind

To the fate of mankind

But what can be done? So God bless the goods we was given

And God bless the U. S. of A.

And God bless the standard of livin'

Let's keep it that way

And we'll all have a good time Have a good time Slow down, you move too fast.

You got to make the morning last.

Just kicking down the cobble stones.

Looking for fun and feelin' groovy. Hello lamppost, What cha knowing?

I've come to watch your flowers growing.

Ain't cha got no rhymes for me?

Doot-in' doo-doo, Feelin' groovy. Got no deeds to do, No promises to keep.

I'm dappled and drowsy and ready to sleep.

Let the morning time drop all its petals on me.

Life, I love you, All is groovy. Time, time

Time, see what's become of me

While I looked around for my possibilities I was so hard to please

Look around

Leaves are brown

And the sky is a hazy shade of winter Hear the Salvation Army band

Down by the riverside's

Bound to be a better ride

Than what you've got planned Carry your cup in your hand

And look around

Leaves are brown

And the sky is a hazy shade of winter Hang on to your hopes, my friend

That's an easy thing to say

But if your hopes should pass away

Simply pretend that you can build them again Look around

The grass is high

The fields are ripe

It's the spring time of my life Seasons change with the scenery

Weaving time in a tapestry

Won't you stop and remember me

At any convenient time? Funny how my memory skips

Looking over manuscripts

Of unpublished rhyme Drinking my vodka and lime

I look around

Leaves are brown

And the sky is a hazy shade of winter April come she will

When streams are ripe and swelled with rain

May she will stay

Resting in my arms again

June she'll change her tune

In restless walks she'll prowl the night

July she will fly

And give no warning to her flight

August die she must

The autumn winds blow chilly and cold

September I remember

A love once new has now grown old Couple in the next room bound to win a prize

They've been going at it all night long

Well, I'm tryin' to get some sleep

But these motel walls are cheap

Lincoln Duncan is my name

And here's my song, here's my song My father was a fisherman

My mama was a fisherman's friend

And I was born in the boredom and the chowder

So when I reached my prime

I left my home in the Maritimes

Headed down the turnpike for New England, sweet New England Holes in my confidence

Holes in the knees of my jeans

I was left without a penny in my pocket

Ooh-oowee, I was about as destituted as a kid could be

And I wished I wore a ring so I could hock it

I'd like to hock it A young girl in a parkin' lot

Was preaching to a crowd

Singing sacred songs and reading from the Bible

Well, I told her I was lost

And she told all about the Pentecost

And I seen that girl as the road to my survival I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know Just later on the very same night

When I crept to her tent with a flashlight

And my long years of innocence ended

Well, she took me to the woods

Sayin' "Here comes something, and it feels so good!"

And just like a dog I was befriended, I was befriended Oh, oh, what a night

Oh, what a garden of delight

Even now that sweet memory lingers

I was playing my guitar

Lyin' underneath the stars

Just thankin' the Lord

For my fingers

For my fingers I know, I know, I know, I know, I know, I know When you're weary, feeling small,

When tears are in your eyes, i will dry them all;

I'm on your side. when times get rough

And friends just can't be found,

Like a bridge over troubled water

I will lay me down.

Like a bridge over troubled water

I will lay me down.

When you're down and out,

When you're on the street,

When evening falls so hard

I will comfort you.

I'll take your part.

When darkness comes

And pains is all around,

Like a bridge over troubled water

I will lay me down.

Like a bridge over troubled water

I will lay me down. Sail on silvergirl,

Sail on by.

Your time has come to shine.

All your dreams are on their way.

See how they shine.

If you need a friend

I'm sailing right behind.

Like a bridge over troubled water

I will ease your mind.

Like a bridge over troubled water

I will ease your mind. She looked me over

And I guess she thought

I was all right

All right in a sort of a limited way

For an off-night

She said don't I know you

From the cinematographer's party

I said who am I

To blow against the wind

I know what I know

I'll sing what I said

We come and we go

That's a thing that I keep

In the back of my head She said there's something about you

That really reminds me of money

She is the kind of a girl

Who could say things that

Weren't that funny

I said what does that mean

I really remind you of money

She said who am I

To blow against the wind I know what I know

I'll sing what I said

We come and we go

That's a thing that I keep

In the back of my head She moved so easily

All I could think of was sunlight

I said aren't you the women

Who was recently given a Fulbright

She said don't I know you

From the cinematographer's party

I said who am I

To blow against the wind I know what I know

I'll sing what I said

We come and we go

That's a thing that I keep

In the back of my head I am just a poor boy

Though my story's seldom told,

I have squandered my resistance

For a pocket full of mumbles, such are promises

All lies and jests

Still a man hears what he wants to hear

And disregards the rest When I left my home and my family,

I was no more than a boy

In the company of strangers

In the quiet of the railway station,

Running scared,

Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters

Where the ragged people go

Looking for the places

Only they would know Lie la lie, lie la la la lie lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la la lie la la lie Asking only workman's wages

I come looking for a job,

But I get no offers,

Just a come-on from the whores

On Seventh Avenue

I do declare,

There were times when I was so lonesome

I took some comfort there, le le le le le le le Lie la lie, lie la la la lie lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la la lie la la lie Then I'm laying out my winter clothes

And wishing I was gone,

Going home

Where the New York City winters

Aren't bleeding me,

Leading me,

Going home In the clearing stands a boxer,

And a fighter by his trade

And he carries the reminders

Of ev'ry glove that laid him down

Or cut him till he cried out

In his anger and his shame,

"I am leaving, I am leaving"

But the fighter still remains, mmm mmm Lie la lie, lie la la la lie lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la la lie la la lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la lie lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la la lie la la lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la lie lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la la lie la la lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la lie lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la la lie la la lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la lie lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la la lie la la lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la lie lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la la lie la la lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la lie lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la la lie la la lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la lie lie

Lie la lie, lie la la la la lie la la lie Hello darkness, my old friend,

I've come to talk with you again,

Because a vision softly creeping,

Left its seeds while I was sleeping,

And the vision that was planted in my brain

Still remains

Within the sound of silence In restless dreams I walked alone

Narrow streets of cobblestone,

'Neath the halo of a street lamp,

I turned my collar to the cold and damp

When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light

That split the night

And touched the sound of silence And in the naked light I saw

Ten thousand people, maybe more

People talking without speaking,

People hearing without listening,

People writing songs that voices never share

And no one dare

Disturb the sound of silence "Fools" said I, "You do not know

Silence like a cancer grows

Hear my words that I might teach you,

Take my arms that I might reach you"

But my words like silent raindrops fell,

And echoed

In the wells of silence And the people bowed and prayed

To the neon God they made

And the sign flashed its warning,

In the words that it was forming

And the sign said, "The words of the prophets

Are written on the subway walls

And tenement halls"

And whispered in the sounds of silence And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson

Jesus loves you more than you will know (Wo, wo, wo)

God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson

Heaven holds a place for those who pray

(Hey, hey, hey...hey, hey, hey) We'd like to know a little bit about you for our files

We'd like to help you learn to help yourself

Look around you, all you see are sympathetic eyes

Stroll around the grounds until you feel at home And here's to you, Mrs. Robinson

Jesus loves you more than you will know (Wo, wo, wo)

God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson

Heaven holds a place for those who pray

(Hey, hey, hey...hey, hey, hey) Hide it in a hiding place where no one ever goes

Put it in your pantry with your cupcakes

It's a little secret, just the Robinsons' affair

Most of all, you've got to hide it from the kids Coo, coo, ca-choo, Mrs Robinson

Jesus loves you more than you will know (Wo, wo, wo)

God bless you please, Mrs. Robinson

Heaven holds a place for those who pray

(Hey, hey, hey...hey, hey, hey) Sitting on a sofa on a Sunday afternoon

Going to the candidates debate

Laugh about it, shout about it

When you've got to choose

Ev'ry way you look at it, you lose Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio

A nation turns its lonely eyes to you (Woo, woo, woo)

What's that you say, Mrs. Robinson

Joltin' Joe has left and gone away

(Hey, hey, hey...hey, hey, hey) On the side of a hill in a land called 'Somewhere'

A little boy lies asleep in the earth

While down in the valley a cruel war rages

And people forget what a child's life is worth On the side of a hill, a little cloud weeps

And waters the grave with its silent tears

While a soldier cleans and polishes a gun

That ended a life at the age of seven years And the war rages on in the land called 'Somewhere'

And generals order their men to kill

And to fight for a cause they've long ago forgotten

While the little cloud weeps on the side of a hill Joseph's face was black as night

The pale yellow moon shone in his eyes

His path was marked

By the stars in the Southern Hemisphere

And he walked his days

Under African skies This is the story of how we begin to remember

This is the powerful pulsing of love in the vein

After the dream of falling and calling your name out

These are the roots of rhythm

And the roots of rhythm remain In early memory

Mission music

Was ringing 'round my nursery door

I said take this child, Lord

From Tucson Arizona

Give her the wings to fly through harmony

And she won't bother you no more This is the story of how we begin to remember

This is the powerful pulsing of love in the vein

After the dream of falling and calling your name out

These are the roots of rhythm

And the roots of rhythm remain Joseph's face was as black as the night

And the pale yellow moon shone in his eyes

His path was marked

By the stars in the Southern Hemisphere

And he walked the length of his days

Under African skies Little sleepy boy

Do you know what time it is?

Well the hour of your bedtime's

Long been past

And though I know you're fighting it

I can tell when you rub your eyes

You're fading fast

Fading fast Won't you run come see St. Judy's Comet

Roll across the skies

And leave a spray of diamonds

In its wake

I long to see St. Judy's Comet

Sparkle in your eyes

When you awake Little boy

Won't you lay your body down

Little boy

Won't you close your weary eyes

Ain't nothing flashing but the fireflies Well I sang it once

And I sang it twice

I'm going to sing it three times more

Going to stay til your resistance

Is overcome

Cause if I can't sing my boy to sleep

Well it makes your famous daddy

Look so dumb Won't you run come see St. Judy's Comet

Roll across the skies

And leave a spray of diamonds

In its wake

I long to see St. Judy's Comet

Sparkle in your eyes

When you awake Little boy, little boy

Won't you lay your body down

Little boy, little boy

Won't you close your weary eyes

Ain't nothing flashing but the fireflies Oo Little sleepy boy

Do you know what time it is?

Well the hour of your bedtime's

Long been past

Though I know you're fighting it

I can tell when you rub your eyes

That you're fading fast One and one-half wandering Jews

Free to wander wherever they choose

Are traveling together

In the Sangre de Christo

The Blood of Christ Mountains

Of New Mexico

On the last leg of a journey

They started a long time ago

The arc of a love affair

Rainbows in the high desert air

Mountain passes

Slipping into stone

Hearts and bones

Hearts and bones

Hearts and bones Thinking back to the season before

Looking back through the cracks in the door

Two people were married

The act was outrageous

The bride was contagious

She burned like a bride

These events may have had some effect

On the man with the girl by his side

The arc of a love affair

His hands rolling down her hair

Love like lightning shaking till it moans

Hearts and bones

Hearts and bones

Hearts and bones

Hearts and bones Whoa whoa whoa

She said why?

Why don't we drive through the night

We'll wake up down in

Mexico

Oh I

I don't know nothin' about nothin'

About Mexico

And tell me why

Why won't you love me

For who I am

Where I am He said 'cause that's not the way the world is baby

This is how I love you baby

This is how I love you baby One and one-half wandering Jews

Returned to their natural coasts

To resume old acquaintances

Step out occasionally

And speculate who had been damaged the most

Easy time will determine if these consolations

Will be their reward

The arc of a love affair

Waiting to be restored

You take two bodies and you twirl them into one

Their hearts and their bones

And they won't come undone

Hearts and bones

Hearts and bones

Hearts and bones

Hearts and bones Peace like a river ran through the city

Long past the midnight curfew

We sat starry-eyed

We were satisfied And I remember

Misinformation followed us like a plague

Nobody knew from time to time

If the plans where changed

If the plans were changed You can beat us with wires

You can beat us with chains

You can run out your rules

But you know you can't outrun the history train

I've seen a glorious day Four in the morning

I woke up from out of my dreams

Nowhere to go but back to sleep

But I'm reconciled Oh, oh, oh, I'm gonna be up for a while

Oh, oh, oh

I'm gonna be up for a while C'mon take me to the Mardi Gras

Where the people sing and play

Where the dancing is elite

And there's music in the street

Both night and day Hurry take me to the Mardi Gras

In the city of my dreams

You can legalize your lows

You can wear your summer clothes

In the New Orleans And I will lay my burden down

Rest my head upon that shore

And when I wear that starry crown

I won't be wanting anymore Take your burdens to the Mardi Gras

Let the music wash your soul (let it wash your soul)

You can mingle in the street

You can jingle to the beat

Of Jelly Roll Toomba, toomba, toomba, Mardi Gras

Toomba, toomba, toomba, hey

Hey In my little town, I grew up believing

God keeps his eye on us all.

And he used to lean upon me as I pledged allegiance to the wall.

Lord, I recall, in my little town,

Comin' home after school, flyin' my bike past the gates of the factories,

My mom doin' the laundry, hangin' out shirts in the dirty breeze.

And after it rains there's a rainbow and all of the colors are black.

It's not that the colors aren't there, it's just imagination they lack.

Everything's the same back in my little town,

My little town, my little town. Nothin' but the dead and dyin' back in my little town.

Nothin' but the dead and dyin' back in my little town. In my little town, I never meant nothin',

I was just my father's son. mmm.

Savin' my money, dreamin' of glory,

Twitchin' like a finger on the trigger of a gun. Leavin' nothin' but the dead and dying back in my little town.

Nothin' but the dead and dyin' back in my little town.

Nothin' but the dead and dyin' back in my little town.

Nothin' but the dead and dyin' back in my little town.

Nothin' but the dead and dyin' back in my little town. Hey, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam Yesterday I got a letter from my friend

Fighting in Vietnam

And this is what he had to say

'Tell all my friends that I'll be coming home soon

My time it'll be up some time in June

Don't forget, he said to tell my sweet Mary

Her golden lips as sweet as cherries And it came from

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam It was just the next day his mother got a telegram

It was addressed from Vietnam

Now mistress Brown, she lives in the USA

And this is what she wrote and said

Don't be alarmed, she told me the telegram said

But mistress Brown your son is dead And it came from

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

Somebody please stop that war now It was just the next day his mother got a telegram

It was addressed from Vietnam

Now mistress Brown, she lives in the USA

And this is what she wrote and said

Don't be alarmed, she told me the telegram said

Oh, but mistress Brown your son is dead And it came from

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

Somebody please stop it Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

Vietnam, Vietnam, Vietnam

What I'm saying now somebody stop that war What I dream I had, dressed in organdy

Clothed in crinoline, of smoky Burgundy

Softer than the rain I wandered empty streets, down past the shop displays

I heard cathedral bells, tripping down the alley ways

As I walked on And when you ran to me your cheeks flushed with the night

We walked on frosted fields of juniper and lamplight

I held your hand And when I awoke and felt you warm and near

I kissed your honey hair with my grateful tears

Oh I love you, girl Oh, I love you She was beautiful as southern skies the night he met her

She was married to someone

He was doggedly determined that he would get her

He was old she was young From time to time

He'd tip his heart

But each time she withdrew

Everybody loves the sound of a train in the distance

Everybody thinks it's true Well eventually the boy and the girl get married

Sure enough they have a son

And though they were both occupied with the child she carried

Disagreements had begun And in a while

They fell apart

It wasn't hard to do

Everybody loves the sound of a train in the distance

Everybody thinks it's true Two disappointed believers

Two people playing the game

Negotiations and love songs

Are often mistaken for one and the same Now the man and the woman they remain in contact

Let us say it's for the child

With disagreements about the meaning of a marriage contract

Conversations hard and wild But from time to time he makes her laugh

She cooks a meal of two

Everybody loves the sound of a train in the distance

Everybody thinks it's true What is the point of this story

What information pertains

The thought that life could be better

Is woven indelibly

Into our hearts and our brains We were married on a rainy day

The sky was yellow

And the grass was gray

We signed the papers

And we drove away

I do it for your love The rooms were musty

And the pipes were old

All that winter we shared a cold

Drank all the orange juice

That we could hold

I do it for your love Found a rug

In an old junk shop

And I brought it home to you

Along the way the colors ran

The orange bled the blue The sting of reason

The splash of tears

The northern and the southern

Hemispheres Love emerges

And it disappears

I do it for your love

I do it for your love A passenger traveling quietly conceals himself

With a magazine and a sleepless pillow

Over the crest of the mountains the moon

Begins its climb And he wakes to find he's in rolling farm land The farmer sleeps against his wife

He wonders what their life must be

A trailways bus is heading south into

Washington, D.C. A mother and child, the baby maybe two

Months old

Prepare themselves for sleep and feeding

The shadow of the capitol dome

Slides across his face

And his heart is racing with the urge to

Freedom

The father motionless as stone

A shepherd resting with his flock

The trailways bus is turning west

Dallas via Little Rock Oh my darling darling Sal

The desert moon is my witness

I've no money to come east

But I know you'll soon be here We pull into downtown Dallas by the

Sight of the grassy knoll

Where the leader fell and a town was broken

Away from the feel and flow of life for so many years

He hears music playing and Spanish spoken The border patrol outside of Tucson boarded the bus

Any aliens here you better check with us

How about you son you like you've got

Spanish blood

Do you habla inglese? Am I understood Yes I am an alien from Mars

I come to earth from outer space

And if I traveled my whole life

You guys would still be on my case

You guys would still be on my case But he can't leave his fears behind

He recalls each fatal thrust

The screams are carried by the wind

Phantom figures in the dust

Phantom figures in the dust

Phantom figures in the dust Whoa I got time on my hands tonight

You're the girl of my dreams

When I'm near you my future seems bright Oh I want you to be my girl

I want you to be my movie

I am Sal Mineo and I need you so

Sweet Bernadette Whoa you got style from your hair to your heels

Though my words may be jumbled

Still I'm telling you just how it feels I love you

I love you And the breeze that wraps around you

Satin summer nights

A girl I can't forget

Whoa you're the smile of the moon Bernadette Dom dom dom doo

Well-a well I'm home

Dom dom dom doo

Well-a well I'm home Wop, wop, wop, wop

Come with me

There's a place I want you to see When the leaves are dark

I've got a hiding place in central park

And the sky is a coat of diamonds There's a wooden cross over my bed

The city is lit with candles

They're shining for you Bernadette Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa

Oo oo, Bernadette Dom dom dom doo

Well-a well I'm home

Dom dom dom doo

Well-a well I'm home Wop, wop, wop, wop, wop I feel good

It's a fine day

The way the sun hits off the runway

A cloud shifts

The plane lifts

She moves on But feel the bite

Whenever you believe that

You'll be lost and love will find you

When the road bends

And the song ends

She moves on I know the reason I

Feel so blessed

My heart still splashes

Inside my chest, but she

She is like a top

She cannot stop

She moves on A sympathetic stranger

Lights a candle in the middle of the night

Her voice cracks

She jumps back

But she moves on She says â??Ooh my storybook lover

You have underestimated my power

As you shortly will discoverâ?? Then I fall to my knees

Shake a rattle at the skies

And I'm afraid that I'll be taken

Abandoned, forsaken

In her cold coffee eyes She can't sleep now

The moon is red

She fights a fever

She burns in bed

She needs to talk so

We take a walk

Down in the maroon light She says â??Maybe these emotions are

As near to love as love will ever beâ??

So I agree

Then the moon breaks

She takes the corner that's all she takes

She moves on She says â??Ooh my storybook lover

You have underestimated my power

As you shortly will discoverâ?? Then I fall to my knees

I grow weak, I go slack

As if she'd captured the breath of my

Voice in a bottle

And I can't catch it back But I feel good

It's a fine day

The way the sun hits off the run way

A cloud shifts

The plane lifts

She moves on Slow down, you movin' too fast

You gotta make the moment last

Just kickin' down the cobblestones

Lookin' for fun and

Feelin' groovy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Hello lampost

Whatcha knowin?

I've come to watch your flowers growin'

Ain'tcha got no rhymes for me?

Doo Bee Doo Doo,

Feelin' groovy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ Got no deeds to do

No promises to keep

I'm dappled and drowsy and ready to sleep

Let the morningtime drop all its petals on me...

Life, I love you,

All is groovy\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ When I think back

On all the crap I learned in high school

It's a wonder

I can think at all

And though my lack of education

Hasn't hurt me none

I can read the writing on the wall Kodachrome

They give us those nice bright colors

They give us the greens of summers

Makes you think all the world's a sunny day

I got a Nikon camera

I love to take a photograph

So mama don't take my Kodachrome away If you took all the girls I knew

When I was single

And brought them all together for one night

I know they'd never match

My sweet imagination

Everything looks worse in black and white Kodachrome

They give us those nice bright colors

They give us the greens of summers

Makes you think all the world's a sunny day

I got a Nikon camera

I love to take a photograph

So mama don't take my Kodachrome away Mama don't take my Kodachrome away

Mama don't take my Kodachrome away

Mama don't take my Kodachrome away Mama don't take my Kodachrome

Mama don't take my Kodachrome

Mama don't take my Kodachrome away

Mama don't take my Kodachrome

Leave your boy so far from home

Mama don't take my Kodachrome away

Mama don't take my Kodachrome

Mama don't take my Kodachrome away Tom, get your plane right on time

I know your part'll go fine

Fly down to Mexico

Do-n-do-d-do-n-do and here I am,

The only living boy in New York I get the news I need on the weather report

I can gather all the news I need on the weather report

Hey, I've got nothing to do today but smile

Do-n-doh-d-doh-n-doh and here I am

The only living boy in New York Half of the time we're gone

But we don't know where,

And we don't know where Half of the time we're gone

But we don't know where,

And we don't know where Tom, get your plane right on time

I know you've been eager to fly now

Hey let your honesty shine, shine, shine now

Do-n-do-d-do-n-do

Like it shines on me

The only living boy in New York,

The only living boy in New York Fat Charlie the Archangel

Sloped into the room

He said I have no opinion about this

And I have no opinion about that Sad as a lonely little wrinkled balloon

He said well I don't claim to be happy about this, boys

And I don't seem to be happy about that I don't want no part of this crazy love

I don't want no part of your love

I don't want no part of this crazy love

I don't want no part of your love I don't want no part of this crazy love

I don't want no part of your love

I don't want no part of this crazy love

I don't want no part of this crazy love She says she knows about jokes

This time the joke is on me

Well, I have no opinion about that

And I have no opinion about me Somebody could walk into this room

And say your life is on fire

It's all over the evening news

All about the fire in your life

On the evening news I don't want no part of this crazy love

I don't want no part of your love

I don't want no part of this crazy love

I don't want no part of your love Fat Charlie the Archangel

Files for divorce

He says well this will eat up a year of my life

And then there's all that weight to be lost

She says the joke is on me

I say the joke is on her

I said I have no opinion about that

Well, we'll just have to wait and confer I don't want no part of this crazy love

I don't want no part of your love

I don't want no part of this crazy love

I don't want no part of your love I don't want no part of this crazy love

I don't want no part of your love

I don't want no part of this crazy love

I don't want no part of this crazy love If a baby is born and no one complains

Then that's good luck, runnin' through young veins

And if life is a blessing

That brushes the tops of the trees

Well it's a short walk, in a sweet breeze I will need you, feed you,

Seed you, plead with you

All for a taste of your sweet love, Thelma If the heart is an open memory book

That was the chance I took

The more I searched

The more I shook for Thelma Last night I slept on a rented pillow

A silver moon above my head

A thirsty dreamless sleep released me

And I reached for the phone by the side of the bed Now the first time that I saw you I thought

She's beautiful, but she's too young to be caught

People aware of my history

Trying to steer you away from me

I left a message at your hotel

Don't let management poison the well I will need you, feed you,

Seed you, plead with you

All for a taste of your sweet love, Thelma The phone is ringing and I realize

We are time zones and oceans apart

The words I speak in the middle of my night

Fall on your yesterday's heart If the sun don't shine

If the wind don't break

If the clock don't jump off the wall

Thelma, my darlin', I will cushion your fall I will need you, feed you,

Seed you, plead with you

Without the taste of your sweet love, Thelma

I am only a man who skirted the edge of despair

For a long time, now

And I don't care I watch you sleeping in the hospital bed

The baby curled up in a ball

Winter sunlight hits the family tree

And everything else becomes nothing at all It was the morning of October 6th, 1960

I was wearing my brown suit

Preparing to leave the house of D.

Shook some hands then adios Brooklyn amigos

Maybe some of them had hopes of seeing me again

Some even said that my judge Judge Gerald Culkin

Wouldn't play it by the book

Maybe let us off the hook

But wooo I knew better Salvador

Afraid to leave the projects

To cross into another neighborhood

The blancos and the nigger gangs

Well they'd kill us if they could Aurea & Women

Angel of Mercy, people are suffering

All over the world

Spanish children are taught on their knees to believe

Angel of Mercy, people are suffering

All over the island tonight

Mothers weep, sisters grieve Sal

Well, I entered the courtroom, state of New York

County of New York, just some spic

They scrubbed off the sidewalk

Guilty by my dress

Guilty in the press

Let the Capeman burn for the murders Salvador

The 'Spanish boys' had their day in court room Sal

And now it was time for some fuckin' law and order

"The electric chair

For the greasy pair?"

Said the judge to the court reporter Salvador

Afraid to leave the projects

To cross into another neighborhood

The newspapers and the TV crews

Well they'd kill you if they could Aurea & Women

Angel of Mercy, well people are suffering

All over the world Sal

A Spanish boy could be killed every night of the week

But just let some white boy die

And the world goes crazy for blood--latin blood

I don't lie when i speak Sal & Salvador

Well they shackled my hands

A heavy belt around my waist to restrain me Sal

And they shackled my legs

Hernandez, the "Umbrella Man" chained beside me

Then we rode that black mariah trough the streets of Spanish Harlem Salvador

Calling old friends on the corners

Just to lay our prayers upon them Crying adios pisanos, adios

Adios pisanos, adios You got to learn how to fall

Before you learn to fly

And mama, mama it ain't no lie

Before you learn to fly

Learn how to fall You got to drift in the breeze

Before you set your sails

It's an occupation where the wind prevails

Before you set your sails

Drift in the breeze Oh and it's the same old story

Ever since the world began

Everybody got the runs for glory

Nobody stop and scrutinize the plan

Nobody stop and scrutinize the plan You got to learn how to fall

Before you learn to fly

The tank towns they tell no lie

Before you learn to fly

Learn how to fall Hello darkness, my old friend

I've come to talk with you again

Because a vision softly creeping

Left its seeds while I was sleeping

And the vision that was planted in my brain

Still remains

Within the sound of silence In restless dreams I walked alone

Narrow streets of cobblestone

'Neath the halo of a street lamp

I turned my collar to the cold and damp

When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light

That split the night

And touched the sound of silence And in the naked light I saw

Ten thousand people, maybe more

People talking without speaking

People hearing without listening

People writing songs that voices never share

And no one dared

Disturb the sound of silence "Fools", said I, "You do not know

Silence like a cancer grows

Hear my words that I might teach you

Take my arms that I might reach you"

But my words, like silent raindrops fell

And echoed

In the wells of silence And the people bowed and prayed

To the neon god they made

And the sign flashed out its warning

In the words that it was forming

And the sign said, "The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls

And tenement halls"

And whispered in the sounds of silence Over the mountain

Down in the valley

Lives a former talk-show host

Everybody knows his name He says there's no doubt about it

It was the myth of fingerprints

I've seen them all and man

They're all the same Well, the sun gets weary

And the sun goes down

Ever since the watermelon

And the lights come up On the black pit town

Somebody says what's a better thing to do

Well, it's not just me

And it's not just you This is all around the world Out in the Indian Ocean somewhere

There's a former army post

Abandoned now just like the war

And there's no doubt about it

It was the myth of fingerprints

That's what that old army post was for Well, the sun gets bloody

And the sun goes down

Ever since the watermelon

And the lights come up On the black pit town

Somebody says what's a better thing to do

Well, it's not just me

And it's not just you This is all around the world Over the mountain

Down in the valley

Lives the former talk-show host

Far and wide his name was known

He said there's no doubt about it

It was the myth of fingerprints

That's why we must learn to live alone Down among the reeds and rushes

A baby boy was found

His eyes as clear as centuries

His silky hair was brown Never been lonely

Never been lied to

Never had to scuffle in fear

Nothing denied to

Born at the instant

The church bells chime

And the whole world whispering

Born at the right time Me and my buddies we are traveling people

We like to go down to restaurant row

Spend those Euro-dollars

All the way from Washington to Tokyo

I see them in the airport lounge

Upon their mother's breast

They follow me with open eyes

Their uninvited guest Never been lonely

Never been lied to

Never had to scuffle in fear

Nothing denied to

Born at the instant

The church bells chime

And the whole world whispering

Born at the right time Too many people on the bus from the airport

Too many holes in the crust of the earth

The planet groans

Every time it registers another birth But down among the reeds and rushes

A baby girl was found

Her eyes as clear as centuries

Her silky hair was brown Never been lonely

Never been lied to

Never had to scuffle in fear

Nothing denied to

Born at the instant

The church bells chime

And the whole world whispering

Born at the right time No I would not give you false hope

On this strange and mournful day

But the mother and child reunion

Is only a motion away, oh, little darling of mine I can't for the life of me

Remember a sadder day

I know they say let it be

But it just don't work out that way

And the course of a lifetime runs

Over and over again No I would not give you false hope

On this strange and mournful day

But the mother and child reunion

Is only a motion away, oh, little darling of mine I just can't believe it's so

Though it seems strange to say

I never been laid so low

In such a mysterious way

And the course of a lifetime runs

Over and over again But I would not give you false hope

On this strange and mournful day

When the mother and child reunion

Is only a motion away Oh the mother and child reunion

Is only a motion away

Oh the mother and child reunion

Is only a moment away Oh the mother and child reunion

Is only a motion away

Oh the mother and child reunion

Is only a moment away Oh the mother and child reunion

Is only a motion away

Oh the mother and child reunion

Is only a moment away Went to my doctor yesterday

She said I seem to be OK

She said

Paul you better look around

How long you think that you can

Run that body down?

How many nights you think you can

Do what you been doin'

Who you foolin? I came back home and I went to bed

I was resting my head

My wife came in and she said

What's wrong sweet boy what's wrong?

Ah, I told her what's wrong

I said Peg you better look around

How long you think you can

Run that body down

How many nights you think you can

Do what you been doin'

Now, who you foolin? Kid you better look around

How long you think that you can

Run that body down?

How many nights you think you can

Do what you been doin'

Who you foolin? He was a mean individual

He had a heart like a bone

He was a naturally crazy man

And better off left alone Well he stopped one night

At a traffic light

And when that light turned green

He was a mean individual

Stranded in a limousine Hey hey hey hey

All the children on the street

They come running out their front doors

Running out their back doors

Flying on their feet

They said mama, oh! Papa, oh!

See what I have seen

There's a mean individual stranded in a limousine Then everybody came running

Everybody said Lord, Lord!

Everybody was gunning

They're gonna divvy up the reward

And then a wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

A siren, a flashing light

But the mean individual

Had vanished in the black of night Hey hey hey hey

They wondered where to begin

'Cause he left that neighborhood

Just like the rattlesnake sheds its skin Well they searched the roofs

And they checked out the groups

And they photographed the scene

For the mean individual

Stranded in a limousine Then everybody came running

Everybody said Lord, Lord!

Everybody was gunning

They're gonna divvy up the reward

And then a wah wah wah wah wah wah wah

A siren, a flashing light

But the mean individual

Had vanished in the black of night

The mean individual had vanished in the black of night

The mean individual had vanished in the black of night! Lord I am a working man

And music is my trade

I'm traveling with this 5 piece band

I play the ace of spades

I have a wife and family, don't see much of me

God bless the absentee Lord I am a surgeon

And music is my knife

It cuts away my sorrow

And purifies my life

But if I could release my heart

From veins and arteries

I'd say God bless the absentee I miss my woman so

I miss my bed

I miss those soft places

I used to lay my head My son don't need me yet

His bones are soft

He flies a silver airplane

He wears a golden cross God bless the absentee Lord

This country's changed so fast

The future is the present

The present's in the past

The highways are in litigation

The airports disagree

God bless the absentee Was a sunny day

Not a cloud was in the sky

Not a negative word was heard

From the people passing by

Was a sunny day

All the birdies in the trees

And the radio's singing song

All the favorite melodies He was a navy man

Stationed in Newport news

She was a high school queen

With nothing left to lose Was a sunny day

Not a cloud was in the sky

Not a negative word was heard

From the people passing by

Was a sunny day

All the birdies in the trees

And the radio's singing song

All the favorite melodies Her name was Lorelei

She was his only girl

She called him Speedoo

But his christian name

Was Mr. Earl Was a sunny day

Not a cloud was in the sky

Not a negative word was heard

From the people passing by

Was a sunny day

All the birdies in the trees

And the radio's singing song

All the favorite melodies If you leap awake

In the mirror of a bad dream

And for a fraction of a second

You can't remember where you are

Just open your window

And follow your memory upstream

To the meadow in the mountain

Where we counted every falling star I believe a light that shines on you

Will shine on you forever

And though I cant guarantee

There's nothing scary hiding under your bed

I'm gonna stand guard like a postcard

At the Golden Retriever

And never leave till I leave you

With a sweet dream in your bed Chorus:

I'm gonna watch you shine

Gonna watch you grow

Gonna paint a sign

So you'll always know

As long as one and one is two wooo

There could never be a father who loved

His daughter more than I love you Trust your intuition

It's just like goin fishin'

You cast your line and hope you get a bite

You don't need to waste your time

Worryin' about the market place

Trying to help the human race

Strugglin to survive its harshest hour chorus

x2 There's been some hard feelings here

About some words that were said

There's been some hard feelings here

And what is more

There's been a bloody purple nose

And some bloody purple clothes

That were messing up the lobby floor

It's just apartment house rules

So all you 'partment fools

Remember: one man's ceiling

Is another man's floor

Remember: one man's ceiling

Is another man's floor There's been some strange goin's on

And some folks have come and gone

And the elevator man don't work no more

I heard a racket in the hall

And I thought I heard a fall

But I never opened up my door

It's just apartment house sense

It's like apartment rents

Remember: one man's ceiling

Is another man's floor

Remember: one man's ceiling

Is another man's floor And there's an alley

In the back of my building

Where some people congregate in shame

I was walking with my dog

And the night was black with smog

When I thought I heard somebody

Call my name The first time I heard â??Peggy Sueâ??

I was 12 years old

Russians up in rocket ships

And the war was cold

Now many wars have come and gone

Genocide still goes on

Buddy Holly still goes on

But his catalog was sold First time I smoked

Guess what, paranoid

First time I heard â??Satisfactionâ??

I was young and unemployed

Down the decades every year

Summer leaves and my birthday's here

And all my friends stand up and cheer

And say Man you're old

Getting old

Old

Getting old We celebrate the birth of Jesus on Christmas day

And Buddha found nirvana along the lotus way

About 1,500 years ago the messenger Mohammad spoke

And his wisdom like a river flowed

Through hills of gold

Wisdom is old

The Koran is old

The Bible's old

Greatest story ever told Disagreements?

Work 'em out The human race has walked the earth for 2.7 million

And we estimate the universe at 13-14 billion

When all these numbers tumble into your imagination

Consider that the Lord was there before creation

God is old

We're not old

God is old

He made the mold Take your clothes off

Adam and Eve Moves like a fist through traffic

Anger and no one can heal it

Shoves a little bump into the momentum

It's just a little lump

But you feel it

In the creases and the shadows

With a rattling deep emotion

The cool, cool river

Sweeps the wild, white ocean Yes boss, the government handshake

Yes boss, the crusher of language

Yes boss, Mr. Stillwater

The face at the edge of the banquet

The cool, the cool river

The cool, the cool river I believe in the future

I may live in my car

My radio tuned to

The voice of a star

Song dogs barking at the break of dawn

Lightning pushes the edge of a thunderstorm

And these old hopes and fears

Still at my side Anger and no one can heal it

Slides through the metal detector

Lives like a mole in a motel

A slide in a slide projector

The cool, cool river

Sweeps the wild, white ocean

The rage of love turns inward

To prayers of devotion

And these prayers are

The constant road across the wilderness

These prayers are

These prayers are the memory of God

The memory of God And I believe in the future

We shall suffer no more

Maybe not in my lifetime

But in yours I feel sure

Song dogs barking at the break of dawn

Lightning pushes the edges of a thunderstorm

And these streets

Quiet as a sleeping army

Send their battered dreams to heaven, to heaven

For the mother's restless son

Who is a witness to, who is a warrior

Who denies his urge to break and run Who says: Hard times?

I'm used to them

The speeding planet burns

I'm used to that

My life's so common it disappears

And sometimes even music

Cannot substitute for tears Are you going to Scarborough Fair?

Parsley, sage, rosemary & thyme

Remember me to one who lives there

She once was a true love of mine Tell her to make me a cambric shirt (On the side of a hill in the deep forest green)

Parsely, sage, rosemary & thyme

(Tracing a sparrow on snow-crested ground)

Without no seams nor needlework

(Blankets and bedclothes a child of the mountains)

Then she'll be a true love of mine

(Sleeps unaware of the clarion call)

Tell her to find me an acre of land (On the side of a hill, a sprinkling of leaves)

Parsely, sage, rosemary, & thyme

(Washed is the ground with so many tears)

Between the salt water and the sea strand

(A soldier cleans and polishes a gun)

Then she'll be a true love of mine Tell her to reap it in a sickle of leather (War bellows, blazing in scarlet battalions)

Parsely, sage, rosemary & thyme

(Generals order their soldiers to kill)

And to gather it all in a bunch of heather

(And to fight for a cause they've long ago forgotten)

Then she'll be a true love of mine Are you going to Scarborough Fair?

Parsley, sage, rosemary & thyme

Remember me to one who lives there

She once was a true love of mine. We sailed up a river wide as a sea

And slept on the banks

On the leaves of a banyan tree

And all of these spirit voices rule the night Some stories are magical, meant to be sung

Songs from the mouth of the river

When the world was young

And all of these spirit voices rule the night By moon

We walk

To the brujo's door

Along a path of river stone

Women with their nursing children

Seated on the floor

We join the fevers

And the broken bones The candlelight flickers

The falcon calls

A lime-green lizard scuttles down the cabin wall

And all of these spirit voices

Sing rainwater, sea water

River water, holy water

Wrap this child in mercy â?? heal her

Heaven's only daughter

All of these spirit voices rule the night My hands are numb

My feet were lead

I drank a cup of herbal brew

The sweetness in the air

Combined with the lightness in my head

And I heard the jungle breathing in the bamboo Saudocoes -- Greetings!

Da licenca um momento -- Excuse me, one moment

Te lembro -- I remind you

Que amanha -- That tomorrow

Sera tudo ou sera naoa -- It will be all or it will be nothing

Depende coracao -- It depends, heart

Sera breve ou sera grande -- It will be brief or it will be great

Depende da paixao -- It depends on the passion

Sera sujo, sera sonho -- It will be dirty, it will be a dream

Cuidado, coracao -- Be careful, heart

Sera util, sera tarde -- It will be useful, it will be late

Se esmera, coracao -- Do your best, heart

E confia -- And have trust

Na forca do amanha -- In the power of tomorrow Lord of the earthquake

My trembling bed

The spider resumes the rhythm

Of his golden tread

And all of these spirit voices rule the night He was my brother

Five years older than I

He was my brother

Twenty-three Years old the day he died Freedom writer

They cursed my brother to his face

Go home outsider

This town's gonna be your buryin' place He was singin' on his knees

An angry mob trailed along

They shot my brother dead

Because he hated what was wrong He was my brother

Tears can't bring him back to me

He was my brother

And he died so his brothers could be free

He died so his brothers could be free Begin again

No easy trick

Without a guide or walking stick

Begin before the bells of twilight peal

Downhill town

The road ahead

Spiral, as a serpent's bed

A teaspoon of desire for my meal I trade my tears

To ask the Lord

For proof of love

If only for the consolation

Of gazing at the stars above

Amen, amen, amen

The road is steep

The air is thin

I hear a voice inside my skin

Don't be afraid Your days won't end with night

Feel the sun

Drink the rain

Let your body heal its pain

Bathe beneath a waterfall of light

I trade my tears

To ask the Lord

For proof of love If only for the explanation

That tells me what my dreams are made of

Amen, amen

The valley below

An ocean of debris

I ask the Lord

For proof of love

Love is all I seek

Love is all I seek And when at times my words desert me

Music is the tongue I speak

I rest my head beside a white oak tree

No deadly nightshade, Belladonna

Dare lay a leaf on me

Silent night

Still as prayer

Darkness fills with light

Love on Earth is everywhere I was having this discussion

In a taxi heading downtown

Rearranging my position

On this friend of mine who had A little bit of a breakdown

I said breakdowns come

And breakdowns go

So what are you going to do about it That's what I'd like to know

You don't feel you could love me

But I feel you could It was in the early morning hours

When I fell into a phone call

Believing I had supernatural powers

I slammed into a brick wall I said hey, is this my problem?

Is this my fault?

If that's the way it's going to be

I'm going to call the whole thing to a halt You don't feel you could love me

But I feel you could

You don't feel you could love me

But I feel you could I was walking down the street

When I thought I heard this voice say

Say, ain't we walking down the same street together

On the very same day I said hey Senorita that's astute

I said why don't we get together

And call ourselves an institute You don't feel you could love me

But I feel you could

You don't feel you could love me

But I feel you could - I was having this discussion in a taxi heading downtown The smartest people in the world

Had gathered in Los Angeles

To analyze our love affair

And possibly unscramble us

And we sat among our photographs

Examined every one

And in the end we compromised

And met the morning sun Maybe I think too much

Maybe I think too much

Maybe I think too much

Maybe I think too much They say the left side of the brain

Dominates the right

And the right side has to labor

Through the long and speechless night

And in the night

My father came to me

And held me to his chest

He said there's not much more that you can do

Go on and get some rest

And I said yeah Maybe I think too much

Maybe I think too much

Maybe I think too much

Maybe I think too much Soon our fortunes will be made, my darling

And we leave this loathsome little town

Silver bells jingling from your black lizard boots, my baby

Silver foil to trim your wedding gown It's true the tools of love wear down

Time passes

A mind wanders

It seems mindless, but it does

Sometimes I see your face

As if through reading glasses

And your smile seems softer than it was Proof

Some people gonna call you up

Tell you something that you already know

Proof

Sane people go crazy on you

Say "No man that was not

The deal we made

I got to go, I got to go"

Faith

Faith is an island in the setting sun

But proof, yes

Proof is the bottom line for everyone My face, my race

Don't matter anymore

My sex, my cheques

Accepted at the door Proof

Some people gonna call you up

Tell you something that you already know

Proof

Sane people go crazy on you

Say "No man that was not

The deal we made

I got to, I got to go"

Faith

Faith is an island in the setting sun

But proof, yes

Proof is the bottom line for everyone Half moon hiding in the clouds, my darling

And the sky is flecked with signs of hope

Raise your weary wings against the rain, my baby

Wash your tangled curls with gambler's soap Proof

Some people gonna call you up

Tell you something that you already know

Proof

Sane people go crazy on you

Say "No man that was not

The deal we made

I got to, I got to, I got to"

Faith

Faith is an island in the setting sun

But proof, yes

Proof is the bottom line for everyone I am heading for a time of quiet

When my restlessness is past

And I can lie down on my blanket

And release my fists at last I am heading for a time of solitude

Of peace without illusions

When the perfect circle

Marries all beginnings and conclusions And when they say

That you're not good enough

Well the answer is

You're not

But who are they

Or what is it

That eats at what you've got

With the hunger of ambition

For the change inside the purse

They are handcuffs on the soul, my friends

Handcuffs on the soul

And worse I am heading for a place of quiet

Where the sage and sweet grass grow

By a lake of sacred water

From the mountain's melted snow