

The Modern Singer-Songwriter: From Woody Guthrie to Iris DeMent

Session 6

The Last Thing On My Mind: Class Favorites

The Last Thing On My Mind (1965)

Tom Paxton

It's a lesson too late for the learning
Made of sand, made of sand
In the winking of an eye my soul is turning
In your hand, in your hand.

chorus:

Are you going away with no word of farewell?
Will there be not a trace left behind?
I could have loved you better
Didn't mean to be unkind
You know that was the last thing on my mind.

You had reasons plenty for going
This I know, this I know.
For the weeds have been steadily growing
Please don't go, please don't go.

chorus

As I lie in my bed in the morning
Without you, without you.
Every song in my breast dies a-borning
Without you, without you.

chorus

The Masochism Tango (1959)

Tom Lehrer

I ache for the touch of your lips, dear,
But much more for the touch of your whip, dear.
You can raise welts
Like nobody else,
As we dance to the Masochism Tango.

Let our love be a flame, not an ember,
Say it's me that you want to dismember.
Blacken my eye,
Set fire to my tie,
As we dance to the Masochism Tango.

At your command
Before you here I stand,
My heart is in my hand...

Yeech!

It's here that I must be.

My heart entreats,
Just hear those savage beats,
And go put on your cleats
And come and trample me.

Your heart is hard as stone or mahogany,
That's why I'm in such exquisite agony.
My soul is on fire,
It's aflame with desire,
Which is why I perspire when we tango.

You caught my nose
In your left castanet, love,
I can feel the pain yet, love,
Ev'ry time I hear drums.

And I envy the rose
That you held in your teeth, love,
With the thorns underneath, love,
Sticking into your gums.

Your eyes cast a spell that bewitches.
The last time I needed twenty stitches
To sew up the gash
That you made with your lash,
As we danced to the Masochism Tango.

Bash in my brain,
And make me scream with pain,
Then kick me once again,
And say we'll never part.

I know too well
I'm underneath your spell,
So, darling, if you smell
Something burning, it's my heart... [hiccup]
'Scuse me!

Take your cigarette from its holder,
And burn your initials in my shoulder.
Fracture my spine,
And swear that you're mine,
As we dance to the Masochism Tango.

Fire And Rain (1970)

James Taylor

Just yesterday morning they let me know you
were gone
Susanne the plans they made put an end to you
I walked out this morning and I wrote down this
song
I just can't remember who to send it to

chorus:

Oh, I've seen fire and I've seen rain
I've seen sunny days that I thought would never
end
I've seen lonely times when I could not find a
friend
But I always thought that I'd see you again

Won't you look down upon me, Jesus
You've got to help me make a stand
You've just got to see me through another day
My body's aching and my time is at hand
And I won't make it any other way

chorus

Been walking my mind to an easy time my back
turned towards the sun
Lord knows when the cold wind blows it'll turn
your head around
Well, there's hours of time on the telephone line
to talk about things to come
Sweet dreams and flying machines in pieces on
the ground

Oh, I've seen fire and I've seen rain
I've seen sunny days that I thought would never
end
I've seen lonely times when I could not find a
friend
But I always thought that I'd see you, baby, one
more time again, now

Thought I'd see you one more time again
There's just a few things coming my way this
time around, now
Thought I'd see you, thought I'd see you fire and
rain, now

Jamaica Say You Will (1972)

Jackson Browne

Jamaica was the lovely one, I played her well
As we lay in the tall grass where the shadows fell
Hiding from the children so they would not tell
We would stay there 'till her sister rang the
evening bell

Jamaica, say you will
Help me find a way to fill these empty hours
Say you will come again tomorrow

The daughter of a captain on the rolling seas
She would stare across the water from the trees
Last time he was home he held her on his knees
And said the next time they would sail away just
where they pleased

Jamaica, say you will
Help me find a way to fill these lifeless sails
And stay until my ships can find the sea

Jamaica was a sweet young one, I loved her true
She was a comfort and a mercy through and
through
Hiding from this world together, next thing I
knew
We had brought her things down to the bay --
what could I do

Jamaica, say you will
Help me find a way to fill these sails
And we will sail until our waters have run dry

Diamonds and Rust (1975)

Joan Baez

Well I'll be damned
Here comes your ghost again
But that's not unusual
It's just that the moon is full
And you happened to call
And here I sit
Hand on the telephone
Hearing a voice I'd known
A couple of light years ago
Heading straight for a fall

As I remember your eyes
Were bluer than robin's eggs
My poetry was lousy you said
Where are you calling from?
A booth in the midwest
Ten years ago
I bought you some cufflinks
You brought me something
We both know what memories can bring
They bring diamonds and rust

Well you burst on the scene
Already a legend
The unwashed phenomenon
The original vagabond
You strayed into my arms
And there you stayed
Temporarily lost at sea
The Madonna was yours for free
Yes the girl on the half-shell
Would keep you unharmed

Now I see you standing
With brown leaves falling around
And snow in your hair
Now you're smiling out the window
Of that crummy hotel
Over Washington Square
Our breath comes out white clouds
Mingles and hangs in the air
Speaking strictly for me
We both could have died then and there

Now you're telling me
You're not nostalgic
Then give me another word for it
You who are so good with words
And at keeping things vague
Because I need some of that vagueness now
It's all come back too clearly
Yes I loved you dearly
And if you're offering me diamonds and rust
I've already paid

Souvenirs (1972)

John Prine

All the snow has turned to water,
Christmas days have come and gone.
Broken toys and faded colors are all that's left to
linger on.
I hate graveyards and old pawn shops,
For they always bring me tears.
I can't forgive the way they robbed me of my
childhood souvenirs.

Memories, they can't be boughten.
They can't be won at carnivals for free.
Well it took me years to get those souvenirs,
And I don't know how they slipped away from
me.

Broken hearts and dirty windows
Make life difficult to see.
That's why last night and this morning
Always look the same to me.
And I hate reading old love letters
For they always bring me tears.
I can't forget the way they robbed me,
Of my sweetheart's souvenirs.

Memories they can't be boughten,
They can't be won at carnivals for free.
Well it took me years to get those souvenirs
And I don't know how they slipped away from
me.

That Summer Feeling (1983)

Jonathan Richman

That summer feeling (3X)

Folks, when there's things to do not because you
gotta
When you run for love not because you oughta
When you trust your friends with no reason nada
The joy I've named shall not be tamed
That summer feeling is gonna haunt you one day
in your life

When the cool of the pond makes you drop down
on it
When the smell of the lawn makes you flop down
on it

When the teenage car gets the cop down on it
That time is here for one more year
That summer feeling is gonna haunt you one day
in your life

If you've forgotten what I'm naming
You're gonna long to reclaim it one day
You see, that summer feeling is gonna haunt you
one day in your life
But if you wait until you're older
A sad resentment will smolder one day
And then this summer feeling will come haunt
you
Then that summer feeling will come taunt you
That summer feeling will hurt you later in your
life

When the playground that just was all dirt comes
hauntin
And someone who called you a flirt comes
tauntin
It's not that these things alone were appealin
What I'm now revealing is a certain feeling
That summer feeling is gonna haunt you the rest
of your life

When the Oldsmobile has got the top down on it
When the catamaran has got the drop down on it
When the flat of the land has got the crop down
on it
What I now proclaim is sort of hard to name
But that summer feeling is gonna haunt you one
day in your life

When even fourth grade starts looking good
Which you hated
And first grade's looking good too
Overrated
And you boys long for some little girl that you
dated
Do you long for her or the way you were?
That summer feeling is gonna haunt you the rest
of your life

Short People (1977) **Randy Newman**

Short People got no reason
Short People got no reason
Short People got no reason
To live

They got little hands
Little eyes
They walk around
Tellin' great big lies
They got little noses
And tiny little teeth
They wear platform shoes
On their nasty little feet

Well, I don't want no Short People
Don't want no Short People
Don't want no Short People
'Round here

Short People are just the same
As you and I
(A fool such as I)
All men are brothers
Until the day they die
(It's A Wonderful World)

Short People got nobody
Short People got nobody
Short People got nobody
To love

They got little baby legs
That stand so low
You got to pick 'em up
Just to say hello
They got little cars
That got beep, beep, beep
They got little voices
Goin' peep, peep, peep
They got grubby little fingers
And dirty little minds
They're gonna get you every time
Well, I don't want no Short People
Don't want no Short People
Don't want no Short People
'Round here

1952 Vincent Black Lightning (1991)

Richard Thompson

Says Red Molly, to James, "That's a fine motorbike.

A girl could feel special on any such like."

Says James, to Red Molly, "My hat's off to you.

It's a Vincent Black Lightning, 1952.

And I've seen you on the corners and cafes, it seems.

Red hair and black leather, my favorite color scheme."

And he pulled her on behind,

And down to Boxhill,

They'd ride.

Says James, to Red Molly, "Here's a ring for your right hand.

But I'll tell you in earnest I'm a dangerous man;

For I've fought with the law since I was seventeen.

I've robbed many a man to get my Vincent machine.

And now I'm twenty-one years, I might make twenty-two.

And I don't mind dyin' but for the love of you.

But if fate should break my stride, then I'll give you my Vincent, To ride."

"Come down, come down, Red Molly," called Sargent McQuade.

"For they've taken young James Aidee for armed robbery.

Shotgun blast hit his chest, left nothing inside.

Oh, come down, Red Molly, to his dying bedside."

When she came to the hospital, there wasn't much left.

He was runnin' out of road. He was runnin' out of breath.

But he smiled, to see her cry.

And said, "I'll give you my Vincent to ride."

Said James, "In my opinion, there's nothing in this world

Beats a '52 Vincent and a redheaded girl.

Now Nortons and Indians and Greaves won't do.

Oh, they don't have a soul like a Vincent '52."

Well he reached for her hand and he slipped her the keys.

He said, "I've got no further use...for these.

I see Angels on Ariels in leather and chrome,

Swoopin' down from Heaven to carry me home."

And he gave her one last kiss and died.

And he gave her his Vincent to ride.

Rene And Georgette Magritte

With Their Dog After The War (1983)

Paul Simon

Rene and Georgette Magritte

With their dog after the war

Returned to their hotel suite

And they unlocked the door

Easily losing their evening clothes

They danced by the light of the moon

To the Penguins, the Moonglows

The Orioles, and The Five Satins

The deep forbidden music

They'd been longing for

Rene and Georgette Magritte

With their dog after the war

Rene and Georgette Magritte

With their dog after the war

Were strolling down Christopher Street

When they stopped in a men's store

With all of the mannequins dressed in the style

That brought tears to their immigrant eyes

Just like The Penguins, the Moonglows

The Orioles, and The Five Satins

The easy stream of laughter

Flowing through the air

Rene and Georgette Magritte

With their dog apres la guerre

Side by side

They fell asleep

Decades gliding by like Indians

Time is cheap

When they wake up they will find

All their personal belongings

Have intertwined

Oh Rene and Georgette Magritte

With their dog after the war

Were dining with the power elite

And they looked in their bedroom drawer

And what do you think
They have hidden away
In the cabinet cold of their hearts?
The Penguins, the Moonglows
The Orioles, and The Five Satins
For now and ever after
As it was before
Rene and Georgette Magritte
With their dog after the war

Thunder Road (1975)
Bruce Springsteen

The screen door slams, Mary's dress sways
Like a vision she dances across the porch
As the radio plays
Roy Orbison singing for the lonely
Hey that's me and I want you only
Don't turn me home again, I just can't face myself
alone again
Don't run back inside, darling you know just what
I'm here for
So you're scared and you're thinking
That maybe we ain't that young anymore
Show a little faith, there's magic in the night
You ain't a beauty, but hey you're alright
Oh and that's alright with me

You can hide `neath your covers and study your
pain
Make crosses from your lovers, throw roses in the
rain
Waste your summer praying in vain
For a saviour to rise from these streets
Well now I'm no hero, that's understood
All the redemption I can offer, girl, is beneath
this dirty hood
With a chance to make it good somehow
Hey what else can we do now?
Except roll down the window and let the wind
blow back your hair
Well the night's busting open
This two lanes will take us anywhere
We got one last chance to make it real
To trade in these wings on some wheels
Climb in back - Heaven's waiting on down the
tracks
Oh-oh come take my hand
We're riding out tonight to case the promised land

Oh-oh Thunder Road, oh Thunder Road, oh
Thunder Road,
Lying out there like a killer in the sun
Hey I know it's late we can make it if we run
Oh Thunder Road, sit tight take hold, Thunder
Road

Well I got this guitar and I learned how to make it
talk
And my car's out back if you're ready to take that
long walk
From your front porch to my front seat
The door's open but the ride it ain't free
And I know you're lonely for words that I ain't
spoken
But tonight we'll be free, all the promises'll be
broken
There were ghosts in the eyes of all the boys you
sent away
They haunt this dusty beach road
In the skeleton frames of burned out Chevrolets
They scream your name at night in the street
Your graduation gown lies in rags at their feet
And in the lonely cool before dawn you hear their
engines roaring on
But when you get to the porch they're gone
On the wind, so Mary climb in
It's a town full of losers and I'm pulling out of
here to win.

Leningrad (1989)
Billy Joel

Viktor was born in the spring of '44
And never saw his father anymore
A child of sacrifice, a child of war
Another son who never had a father after
Leningrad

Went off to school and learned to serve the state
Followed the rules and drank his vodka straight
The only way to live was drown the hate
A Russian life was very sad
And such was life in Leningrad

I was born in '49
A cold war kid in McCarthy time
Stop 'em all at the 38th Parallel
Blast those yellow reds to hell
And cold war kids were hard to kill

Under their desks in an air raid drill
Haven't they heard we won the war
What do they keep on fighting for?

Viktor was sent to some Red Army town
Served out his time, became a circus clown
The greatest happiness he'd ever found
Was making Russian children glad
And children lived in Leningrad

But children lived in Levittown
And hid in the shelters underground
Until the Soviets turned their ships around
And tore the Cuban missiles down
And in that bright October sun
We knew our childhood days were done
And I watched my friends go off to war
What do they keep on fighting for?

And so my child and I came to this place
To meet him eye to eye and face to face
He made my daughter laugh, then we embraced
We never knew what friends we had
Until we came to Leningrad

To The Dogs Or Whoever (2007)
Josh Ritter (1976 -)

Deep in the belly of a whale I found her
Down with the deep blue jail around her
Running her hands through the ribs of the dark
Florence and Calamity and Joan of Arc

I love the way she looks in her underwear
I lose my page then the plot then the book then I
swear
She makes the most of her time by loving me
plenty
She knows there'll come a day when we won't be
getting any

The stain of the sepia the butcher Crimea
Through the wreck of the brass band I thought I
could see her
In a cakewalk she came through the dead and the
lame
Just a little bird floating in a hurricane

I was flat on my back with my feet in the thorns
I was in between the apples and the chloroform

She came to me often I was sure I was dying
It was always hard to tell if she was laughing or
crying

I thought I heard somebody calling
In the dark I thought I heard somebody call

Joan never cared about the inbetweens
Combed her hair with a blade did the Maid of
Orleans
Said Christ walked on water we can wade
through the war
You don't need to tell me who the fire is for

Oh, bring me the love that can sweeten a sword
A boat that can love the rocks or the shore
The love of the iceberg reaching out for the
wreck
Can you love me like the crosses love the nape of
neck?

Was it Casey Jones or Casey at the Bat?
Who died out of pride and got famous for that
Killed by a swerve laid low by the curve
Do you ever think they ever thought they got
what they deserved?

Pity the bullet and pity the man
Who both find their place in the same sad plan
Who both are like the barrel going over the falls
Crying all the way down I never asked to be
involved

I thought I heard somebody calling
In the dark I thought I heard somebody call

General George began the day by taking pink
little pills
Sent his men to the top of some hell of a hill
Through the whisper of the trees came artillery
breeze
He said, "I love the way the wind comes tickling
my knees."

Jane shot the apple right between the eyes
I was thinking of her when you came outside
Lemonade on your breath sun in your hair
Did I mention how I love you in your underwear?

Deep in the belly of a whale I found her
Down with the deep blue jail around her
Running her hands through the ribs of the dark
Florence and Calamity and Joan of Arc

I thought I heard somebody calling
In the dark I thought I heard somebody call

These Arms Of Mine (1962)
Otis Redding (1941 - 1967)

These arms of mine
They are lonely
Lonely and feeling blue
These arms of mine
They are yearning
Yearning from wanting you

And if you
Would let them hold you
Oh how grateful I will be

These arms of mine
They are burning
Burning from wanting you
These arms of mine
They are wanting
Wanting to hold you

And if you
Would let them hold you
Ohh how grateful I will be

Come on, come on baby
Just be my little woman [yeah]
Just be my lover I need somebody,
[Somebody] To treat me right
[Ohh] I need your warm loving arms to hold me
tight
And I need you tender lips too
Hold me, hold me

Living For The City (1973)
Stevie Wonder (1950 -)

A boy is born in hard time Mississippi
Surrounded by four walls that ain't so pretty
His parents give him love and affection
To keep him strong moving in the right direction

Living just enough, just enough for the city...ee
ha!
His father works some days for fourteen hours
And you can bet he barely makes a dollar
His mother goes to scrub the floors for many
And you'd best believe she hardly gets a penny
Living just enough, just enough for the city...
yeah!

His sister's black but she is sho'nuff pretty
Her skirt is short but Lord her legs are sturdy
To walk to school she's got to get up early
Her clothes are old but never are they dirty
Living just enough, just enough for the city...um
hum

Her brother's smart he's got more sense than
many
His patience's long but soon he won't have any
To find a job is like a haystack needle
Cause where he lives they don't use colored
people
Living just enough, just enough for the city...
Living just enough...
For the city... ooh, ooh
(Repeat to end)

Jesus Walks (2004)
Kanye West (1977 -)

I need to recruit all the soldiers
All of God's soldiers
We at war
We at war with society, racism, terrorism, but
most of all we at war with ourselves

(Jesus Walks)
God show me the way because the Devil trying to
break me down
(Jesus Walks with me) with me with me with me
[fades]

You know what the Midwest is?
Young & Restless
Where restless N----- might snatch your
necklace
And next these N----- might jack your Lexus
Somebody tell these N----- who Kanye West is
I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
is

Top floor the view alone will leave you breathless
Uhhhh!
Try to catch it Uhhhh! It's kinda hard
Getting choked by the detectives yeah yeah now
check the method
They be asking us questions, harass and arrest us
Saying "we eat pieces of shit like you for
breakfast"
Huh? Y'all eat pieces of shit? What's the basis?
We ain't going nowhere but got suits and cases
A trunk full of coke rental car from Avis
My momma used to say only Jesus can save us
Well momma I know I act a fool
But I'll be gone til November I got packs to move
cuz I hope

(Jesus Walks)
God show me the way because the Devil trying to
break me down
(Jesus Walks with me)
The only thing that I pray is that my feet don't fail
me now
(Jesus Walks)
And I don't think there is nothing I can do now to
right my wrongs
(Jesus Walks with me)
I want to talk to God but I'm afraid because we
ain't spoke in so long

(Jesus Walks)
God show me the way because the Devil trying to
break me down
(Jesus Walks with me)
The only thing that I pray is that my feet don't fail
me now
(Jesus Walks)
And I don't think there is nothing I can do now to
right my wrongs
(Jesus Walks with me)
I want to talk to God but I'm afraid because we
ain't spoke in so long.(Jesus Walks)so long,
(Jesus Walks),so lo-ong. (Jesus Walks with me
with me with me. fades)

To the hustlas, killers, murderers, drug dealers
even the strippers
To the victims of Welfare for we living in hell
here hell yeah
Now hear ye hear ye want to see Thee more
clearly

I know he hear me when my feet get weary
Cuz we're the almost nearly extinct
We rappers is role models we rap we don't think
I ain't here to argue about his facial features
Or here to convert atheists into believers
I'm just trying to say the way school need
teachers
The way Kathie Lee needed Regis that's the way I
need Jesus
So here go my single dog radio needs this
They say you can rap about anything except for
Jesus
That means guns, sex, lies, video tapes
But if I talk about God my record won't get
played Huh?
Well let this take away from my spins
Which will probably take away from my ends
Then I hope it take away from my sins
And bring the day that I'm dreaming about
Next time I'm in the club everybody screaming
out

(Jesus Walks)
God show me the way because the devil trying to
break me down
(Jesus Walks with me)
The only thing that I pray is that my feet don't fail
me now
(Jesus Walks)
And I don't think there is nothing I can do now to
right my wrongs
(Jesus Walks with me)
I want to talk to God but I'm afraid because we
ain't spoke in so long

Coal Miner's Daughter (1970) Loretta Lynn (1934 -)

Well, I was born a coal miner's daughter
In a cabin on a hill in Butcher Holler
We were poor but we had love
That's the one thing my Daddy made sure of
He shoveled coal to make a poor man's dollar

My daddy worked all night in the Van Lear coal
mine
All day long in the field hoeing corn
Mama rocked the baby at night
Read the Bible by a coal oil light

And everything would start all over come break
of morn

Daddy loved and raised eight kids on a coal
miner's pay
Mama scrubbed our clothes on a washboard
every day
I've seen her fingers bleed
To complain there was no need
She'd smile in Mama's understanding way

In the summertime we didn't have shoes to wear
But in the wintertime we'd all get a brand new
pair
From a mail-order catalogue, money made by
selling a hog
Daddy always seemed to get the money
somewhere

I'm proud to be a coal miner's daughter
I remember well, the well where I drew water
The work we done was hard
At night we'd sleep, cause we were tired
I never thought I'd ever leave Butcher Holler

Well a lot of things have changed, since way back
when
And it's so good to be back home again
Not much left but the floor
Nothing lives here anymore
Just a memory of a coal miner's daughter

Jolene (1974)
Dolly Parton

Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
I'm begging of you please don't take my man
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
Please don't take him just because you can

Your beauty is beyond compare
With flaming locks of auburn hair
With ivory skin and eyes of emerald green
Your smile is like a breath of spring
Your voice is soft like summer rain
And I cannot compete with you, Jolene

He talks about you in his sleep
There's nothing I can do to keep
From crying when he calls your name, Jolene

And I can easily understand
How you could easily take my man
But you don't know what he means to me, Jolene

Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
I'm begging of you please don't take my man
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
Please don't take him just because you can

You could have your choice of men
But I could never love again
He's the only one for me, Jolene

I had to have this talk with you
My happiness depends on you
And whatever you decide to do, Jolene

Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
I'm begging of you please don't take my man
Jolene, Jolene, Jolene, Jolene
Please don't take him even though you can
Jolene, Jolene

Come On Come On (1992)
Mary Chapin Carpenter

Some people remember the first time
Some can't forget the last
Some just select what they want to from the past

It's a song that you danced to in high school
It's a moon you tried to bring down
On a four-in-the-morning drive through the
streets of town

chorus:
Come on come on, it's getting late now
Come on come on, take my hand
Come on come on, you just have to whisper
Come on come on, I will understand

It's a photograph taken in Paris, at the end of the
honeymoon
In 1948, late in the month of June
Your parents smile for the camera in sienna
shades of light
Now you're older than they were then that
summer night

chorus

It's a need you never get used to, so fierce and so
confused

It's a loss you never get over the first time you
lose

And tonight I am thinking of someone, seventeen
years ago

We rode in his daddy's car down the river road

chorus x2

Come on come on

Black Cadillac (2006)

Rosanne Cash

It was a black Cadillac drove you away

Everybody's talkin'

But they don't have much to say

It was a black sky of rain

None of it fell

One of us gets to go to heaven

One has to stay here in hell

Now it's a lonely world

Guess it always was

Minus you and minus blood

My blood

It was a black Cadillac

Like one you used to drive

You were always rollin'

But those wheels burn up your life

Oh, it's a black heart of pain that I'm wearin'

Suits me just fine

Oh, there was nothin' I could do for you

When you were still alive

Yeah, it's a lonely world

Just a numbers game

A hundred years

Will find me feelin' just the same

Yeah, it's a lonely world

I guess it always was

Minus you and minus blood

My blood

Alison (1977)

Elvis Costello

Oh it's so funny to be seeing you after so long,
girl.

And with the way you look I understand
that you are not impressed.

But I heard you let that little friend of mine
take off your party dress.

I'm not going to get too sentimental

like those other sticky valentines,

'cause I don't know if you've been loving
somebody.

I only know it isn't mine.

Alison, I know this world is killing you.

Oh, Alison, my aim is true.

Well I see you've got a husband now.

Did he leave your pretty fingers lying
in the wedding cake?

You used to hold him right in your hand.

I'll bet he took all he could take.

Sometimes I wish that I could stop you from
talking

when I hear the silly things that you say.

I think somebody better put out the big light,
cause I can't stand to see you this way.

Alison, I know this world is killing you.

Oh, Alison, my aim is true.

My aim is true.

Delirious Love (2005)

Neil Diamond

Pretty soon we were takin' it serious

Me and you underneath a mysterious spell

Nothin' I could do and it suddenly felt like a bolt
out of hell

I'm tellin' you

To the sound of the beat I was hanging on

Like a powerful truth, it was banging on me

Wouldn't let me go

Like a shot in the dark she was hot like a spark

I only know

Neither one of us trying to hold it down

Neither one of us taking the middle ground

Wasn't how to make sense we were thinkin' of

Just the two of us bent on delirious love

Me and you being spent on delirious love
Like a ride on a rocket it took us up
Didn't want it to stop and it shook us up good
We were moving fast
Just ahead of the law
We were beggin' for more
And what a blast
Comin' round to a new kind of view of it
Never did it before we were doin' it now
And I gotta say it was easy to give
Was a reason to live another day
Neither one of us stopping to figure out
What the roll and the rockin' was all about
All we knew was that we couldn't get enough
You and me in the heat of delirious love
I can feel it
I can feel it
I can feel it

Come down had a new kind of view of it
Wouldn't do it before we were doin' it now
And I gotta say it was easy to give
Was a reason to live another day
Neither one of us stoppin' to figure out
What the roll and the rockin' was all about
All we knew was that we couldn't get enough
You and me in the heat of delirious love
Makin' time to the beat of delirious love
You and me gettin' sweet on delirious love

Coming Around Again (1986)
Carly Simon

Baby sneezes
Mummy pleases
Daddy breezes in
So good on paper
So romantic
But so bewildering

I know nothing stays the same
But if you're willing to play the game
It's coming around again
So don't mind if I fall apart
There's more room in a broken heart

You pay the grocer
Fix the toaster
Kiss the host good-bye
Then you break a window
Burn the soufflé
Scream the lullaby

I know nothing stays the same
But if you're willing to play the game
It's coming around again
So don't mind if I fall apart
there's more room in a broken heart

And I believe in love
But what else can I do
I'm so in love with you

I know nothing stays the same
But if you're willing to play the game
It's coming around again
(repeat and fade)

Another Man's Done Gone
Woody Guthrie

Sometimes I think I'm gonna lose my mind
But it don't look like I ever do
I loved so many people everywhere I went
Some too much, others not enough

Oh, I don't know, I may go down or up or
anywhere
But I feel like this scribbling might stay

Maybe if I hadn't of seen so much hard feelings
I might not could have felt other people's
So when you think of me, if and when you do,
Just say, well, another man's done gone
Well, another man's done gone