

Jay's Céilidh Book
Vol 2 – The Other Stuff
Black Bear Rebels Lyrics
Edition

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*If Music be the Food of Love,
Play On...*

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Monkey and the Engineer

- [1] Once upon a time there was an engineer
Drove a locomotive both far and near
Accompanied by a monkey who would sit on a stool
Watching everything the engineer would move
- [2] One day the engineer wanted a bite to eat
He left the monkey sitting on the driver's seat
The monkey pulled the throttle, locomotive jumped the gun
And went ninety miles an hour down the mainline run

Chorus:

Big locomotive right on time
Big locomotive coming down the line
Big locomotive number ninety nine
Left the engineer with a worried mind

- [3] The engineer called up the dispatcher on the phone
Tell him all about his locomotive was gone
Get on the wire, switch operator to right
'Cause the monkey's got the mainline sewed up tight

- [4] Switch operator got the message in time
Said there's a northbound limited on the same mainline
Open up the switch, I'm gonna let it through the hole
'Cause the monkey's got the locomotive under control

Chorus

Background: Written by Jesse "Lone Cat" Fuller, a once well-known American one-man-band musician, best known for his song "San Francisco Bay Blues". Fuller's instruments included 12-string guitar, harmonica, kazoo, cymbal (high-hat) and fofdella, several of which could be played simultaneously. The fofdella, an instrument entirely of Mr. Fuller's creation and construction, was a foot-operated percussion bass consisting of a large upright wood box, shaped like the top of a double bass. Attached to a short neck at the top of this box were six bass strings, stretched over the body. And finally, there was the means to play those strings: six foot pedals, each connected to a padded hammer which struck the string, in a homemade wooden contraption.

Folsom Prison Blues

- [1] I hear the train a comin' it's rollin' 'round the bend,
And I ain't seen the sunshine since I don't know when,
I'm stuck in Folsom Prison and time keeps draggin' on,
But that train keeps a-rollin' on down to San Antone.
- [2] When I was just a baby my Mama told me, "Son,
Always be a good boy don't ever play with guns,"
But I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die,
When I hear that whistle blowin' I hang my head and cry.
- [3] I bet there's rich folks eatin' in a fancy dining car
They're probably drinkin' coffee and smokin' big cigars
But I know I had it comin' I know I can't be free
But those people keep a-movin' and that's what tortures me.
- [4] Well, if they freed me from this prison if that railroad train was
mine
I bet I'd move out over a little farther down the line
Far from Folsom Prison that's where I want to stay
And I'd let that lonesome whistle blow my Blues away.

Background: "Folsom Prison Blues" is a classic American country music song credited to Johnny Cash. The song combines elements from two popular folk genres, the train song and the prison song, both of which Cash would continue to use for the rest of his career. It has become one of Cash's signature songs. He was inspired to write this song after seeing the movie *Inside the Walls of Folsom Prison* (1951) while serving in West Germany in the United States Air Force. Cash recounted how he came up with the "Reno" line: "I sat with my pen in my hand, trying to think up the worst reason a person could have for killing another person, and that's what came to mind."

Cash included the song in his repertoire for decades. The definitive live performance is considered to be the opening song of a concert recorded at Folsom Prison itself on January 13, 1968.

Piano Man

- [1] It's nine o'clock on a Saturday
The regular crowd shuffles in
There's an old man sitting next to me
Makin' love to his tonic and gin
He says, son, can you play me a memory?
I'm not really sure how it goes
But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it complete
When I wore a younger man's clothes
La la la, de de da
La la, de de da da da
- [2] Chorus:
Sing us a song, you're the piano man
Sing us a song tonight
Well, we're all in the mood for a melody
And you've got us feelin' alright
- [3] Now John at the bar is a friend of mine
He gets me my drinks for free
And he's quick with a joke or a light up your smoke
But there's someplace that he'd rather be
He says, Bill, I believe this is killing me.
As the smile ran away from his face
Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star
If I could get out of this place
Oh, la la la, de de da
La la, de de da da da
- [4] Chorus
- [5] Now Paul is a real estate novelist
Who never had time for a wife
And he's talkin' with Davy who's still in the navy
And probably will be for life
And the waitress is practicing politics
As the businessmen slowly get stoned
Yes, they're sharing a drink they call loneliness
But it's better than drinkin' alone
Oh, la la la, de de da
La la, de de da da da
- [6] Chorus

[7] It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday
And the manager gives me a smile
cause he knows that it's me they've been comin' to see
To forget about life for a while
And the piano, it sounds like a carnival
And the microphone smells like a beer
And they sit at the bar and put bread in my jar
And say, man, what are you doin' here?
Oh, la la la, de de da
La la, de de da da da

Chorus

Background: "Piano Man" was Billy Joel's first major hit, and is considered his signature song. It was first released as the second track on Joel's Piano Man album. The song is a fictionalized retelling of his days as a lounge singer in Los Angeles (where he moved after the failure of his first album, "Cold Spring Harbor.") based on real people who could have done things with their lives, but did not.

The House of the Rising Sun

- [1] There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
Dear God I know I'm one
- [2] My mother was a tailor
She sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gamblin' man
Way down in New Orlean
- [3] Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and his trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk
- [4] So mothers tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Not to spend your life in sin and misery
In the House of the Rising Sun
- [5] I got one foot on the platform
And the other's on the train
'Cause I'm goin' back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain
- [6] Well, there is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
Dear God I know I'm one

Background: "The House of the Rising Sun" is a folk song from the USA. Also called "House of the Rising Sun" or occasionally "Rising Sun Blues", it tells of a life gone wrong in New Orleans. The best-known rendition of the song is by the English group The Animals in 1964, which was a number one hit in both the United States and United Kingdom. Like many classic folk songs, the authorship of "The House of the Rising Sun" is uncertain.

Big River

- [1] Now I taught the weeping willow how to cry
And I showed the clouds how to cover up a clear blue sky
And the tears that I cried for that woman are gonna flood you Big
River
Then I'm gonna sit right here until I die
- [2] I met her accidentally in St. Paul (Minnesota)
And it tore me up every time I heard her drawl, Southern drawl
Then I heard my dream was back Downstream cavortin' in Davenport
And I followed you, Big River, when you called
- [3] Then you took me to St. Louis later on (down the river).
A freighter said she's been here but she's gone, boy, she's gone
I found her trail in Memphis, but she just walked up the block
She raised a few eyebrows and then she went on down alone
- [4] Now, won't you batter down by Baton Rouge, River Queen, roll it on
Take that woman on down to New Orleans, New Orleans
Go on, I've had enough; dump my blues down in the gulf
She loves you, Big River, more than me
- [5] Now I taught the weeping willow how to cry, cry, cry
And I showed the clouds how to cover up a clear blue sky
And the tears that I cried for that woman are gonna flood
you Big River
Then I'm gonna sit right here until I die

Background: Another great Johnny Cash tune, covered by the Grateful Dead.

Ziggy Stardust

- [1] Ziggy played guitar
Jamming good with Weird and Gilly
And the Spiders from Mars
He played it left hand
But made it too far
Became the special man
Then we were Ziggy's band
- [2] Ziggy really sang
Screwed up eyes and screwed down hairdo
Like some cat from Japan
He could lick 'em by smiling
He could leave 'em to hang
Came on so loaded, man
Well hung and snow-white tan

Bridge:

So where were the Spiders
While the fly tried to break our balls
With just the beer light to guide us
So we bitched about his fans
And should we crush his sweet hands

- [3] Ziggy played for time
Jiving us that we were voodoo
And the kids were just crass
He was the nazz
With God-given ass
He took it all too far
But boy could he play guitar

Bridge:

Making love with his ego
Ziggy sucked up into his mind
Like a leper messiah
When the kids had killed the man
I had to break up the band

Ziggy played guitar

David Bowie

Heroes

[1] I, I will be king
And you, you will be queen
Though nothing will drive them away
We can beat them ... just for one day
We can be heroes ... just for one day

[2] And you, you can be mean
And I, I'll drink all the time
'Cause we're lovers and that is a fact
Yes we're lovers and that is that
Though nothing will keep us together
We could steal time just for one day
We can be heroes for ever and ever (what d'you say)

Break

[3] I, I wish you could swim
Like the dolphins, like dolphins can swim
Though nothing, nothing will keep us together
We can beat them for ever and ever
Oh we can be heroes just for one day

Break

[4] I, I will be king
And you, you will be queen
Though nothing will drive them away
We can be heroes just for one day
We can be us just for one day

[5] I, I can remember (*I remember*)
Standing by the wall (*by the wall*)
And the guns shot above our heads (*over our heads*)
And we kissed as though nothing could fall (*nothing could fall*)
And the shame was on the other side
Oh we can beat them for ever and ever
Then we can be heroes just for one day

[6] We can be heroes
We can be heroes
We can be heroes, just for one day
We can be heroes
We're nothing and nothing will help us
Maybe we're lying, then you better not stay
But we could be safer just for one day

David Bowie

Long Black Veil

[1] Ten years ago on a cold dark night
Someone was killed 'neath the town hall lights
There were few at the scene but they all agreed
That the slayer who ran looked a lot like me

Chorus:

She walks these hills in a long black veil
She visits my grave when the night winds wail
Nobody knows nobody sees
Nobody knows but me

[2] The judge said, "Son, what is your alibi
If you were somewhere else then you won't have to die."
I spoke not a word though it meant my life
For I'd been in the arms of my best friend's wife

Chorus

[3] Now the scaffold is high and eternity's near
She stood in a crowd and shed not a tear
But sometimes at night when the cold wind moans
In a long black veil she cries o're my bones

Chorus

[4] She walks these hills in a long black veil
She visits my grave when the night winds wail
Nobody knows nobody sees
Nobody knows but me

Chorus

Background: "Long Black Veil" is a 1959 country ballad by Left Frizzel about a man suspected of murder. The alleged refuses to provide an alibi, because he was having an affair with his best friend's wife at the time, and would rather die than reveal this. Subsequently, he is executed by hanging, taking their secret to the grave. The chorus describes the woman's mourning visits to his gravesite in her long black veil. The song is sung from the point of view of the executed man.

It has been covered by many artists, including the Chieftans with Mick Jagger

Always Look on the Bright Side of Life

[1] Some things in life are bad they can really make you mad
Other things just make you swear and curse
When you're chewing an life's gristle don't grumble give a whistle
And this'll help things turn out for the best

And always look on the bright side of life (whistle)
Always look on the light side of life (whistle)

[2] If life seems jolly rotten there's something you've forgotten
And that's to laugh and smile and dance and sing.
When you've feeling in the dumps don't be silly chumps
Just purse your lips and whistle - that's the thing

And always look on the bright side of life (whistle)
Come on always look on the bright side of life (whistle)

[3] For life is quite absurd and death's the final word
You must always face the curtain with a bow
Forget about your sin - give the audience a grin
Enjoy it - it's your last chance anyhow.

So always look on the bright side of death (whistle)
Just before you draw your terminal breath (whistle)

[4] Life's a piece of shit when you look at it
Life's a laugh and death's a joke it's true
You'll see it's all a show, keep'em laughing as you go
Just remember that the last laugh is on you

And always look on the bright side of life (whistle)
Always look on the bright side of life (whistle)
(Come on guys, cheer up)
Always look on the bright side of life (whistle)
Always look on the bright side of life

Background: While filming the last scene of Monty Python's *Life of Brian*, the cast were bored and hot sitting up on their crucifixes. So Eric Idle started singing a little ditty. Everyone (but Eric) liked it so much that they decided to use it. It has since become one of their most popular songs.

Brian Cohen (played by Graham Chapman) has been sentenced to death by crucifixion for his part in a kidnap plot. After a succession of apparent rescue opportunities all come to nothing, a character on a nearby cross (played by Eric Idle) attempts to cheer him up by singing "Always Look on the Bright Side of Life" to him. As the song progresses, many of the other crucifixion victims (140 in all, according to the script, though fewer than that are actually seen on screen) begin to dance in a very limited way and join in with the song's whistled hook. The song continues as the scene changes to a long-shot of the crosses and the credits begin to roll. An instrumental version plays over the second half of the credits.

"Always Look on the Bright Side of Life" was conceived as a parody of the style of song often featured in Disney films.

Eurotrash Girl

- [1] Well I've been up to Paris, and I've slept in a park.
Went down to Barcelona, someone broke in my car.
And I'll search the world over for my angel in black.
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Euro-trash Girl.
- [2] Took the train down to Athens, and I slept in a fountain.
Some Swiss junkie in Turin ripped me off for my cash.
Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black.
Yeah, search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl.
- [3] The CRS on the metro shook me down for a bribe.
On my knees for the sergeant when my passport arrived.
Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black.
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Euro-trash Girl
- Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl.
Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl.
- [4] Called my mom from a payphone I said "I'm down to my last."
She said "I sent you to college... now go call your dad."
And the waitress that he married, well she hung up the phone.
You know she never did like me, but I can stand on my own.
- [5] Sold my plasma in Amsterdam. Spent it all in a night,
Buying drinks at the Melk Weg for a soldier in drag.
And I'll search the world over for my angel in black.
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl
- Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl.
Euro-trash Girl, (I'm a) Euro-trash girl.
Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black.
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl
- [6] Got a tattoo in Berlin (and a case of the crabs).
A rose and a dagger on the palm of my hand.
And I'll search the world over for my angel in black.
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl.
- Euro-trash Girl, Euro-trash girl.
Euro-trash Girl, (I'm a) Euro-trash girl.
Yeah, I'll search the world over for my angel in black.
Yeah, I'll search the world over for a Eurotrash Girl

Background: Eurotrash Girl was secret track #69 on the Kerosene Hat CD by Cracker

Fever

- [1] Never know how much I love you
Never know how much I care
When you put your arms around me
I get a fever that's so hard to bear
- You give me fever, when you kiss me
Fever when you hold me tight
Fever - in the morning, fever all through the night
- [2] Sun lights up the day time
Moon lights up the night
I light up when you call my name
And you know I'm gonna treat you right
- You give me fever, when you kiss me
Fever when you hold me tight
Fever - in the morning, fever all through the night
- [3] Everybody's got the fever
That is somethin' you all know
Fever isn't such a new thing
Fever started long ago
- [4] Romeo love Juliet
Juliet she felt the same
When he put his arms around her
He said "Julie baby your my flame"
- Thou givest fever, when we kisseth
Fever with thy flamin' youth
Fever - I'm a fire, fever yea I burn forsooth
- [5] Captain Smith and Pocahontas
Had a very mad affair
When her daddy tried to kill him
She said "Daddy oh don't you dare"
- He gives me fever, with his kisses
Fever when he holds me tight
Fever - I'm his misses, oh daddy won't you treat him right
- [6] Now you've listened to my story
Here's the point that I have made
Chicks were born to give you fever
Be it fahrenheit or centigrade
- They give you fever when you kiss them
Fever if you live and learn
Fever - till you sizzle
What a lovely way to burn (4x)

Background: Peggy Lee's version is just bass, vocal, drums and snapping fingers. Be. Very. Cool.

Wondering Where the Lions Are

- [1] Sun's up, uh huh, looks okay
The world survives into another day
And I'm thinking 'bout eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me
- [2] Had another dream about lions at the door
They weren't half as fright'ning as they were before
But I'm thinking 'bout eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me
- [3] Walls windows trees, waves coming through
You be in me and I'll be in you
Together in eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me
- [4] Up among the firs where it smells so sweet
Or down in the valley where the river used to be
I got my mind on eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me

Chorus:

And I'm wondering where the lions are
I'm wondering where the lions are
I'm wondering where the lions are
I'm wondering where the lions are
I'm wondering where the lions are, m-hm
wondering where the lions are

- [5] Huge orange flying boat rises off a lake
Thousand year old petroglyphs doing a double take
Pointing a finger at eternity
I'm sitting in the middle of this ecstasy
- [6] Young men marching, helmets shining in the sun
Polished and precise like the brain behind the gun
(should be!) They got me thinking 'bout eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me

Chorus

- [7] Freighters on the nod on the surface of the bay
One of these days they're gonna sail away
Gonna sail into eternity
Some kinda ecstasy got a hold on me

Chorus, repeat, and fade.

Bruce Cockburn

Me and My Uncle

- [1] Me and my uncle went ridin' down
South Colorado, west Texas bound
We stopped over in Santa Fe,
that being the point, just about half way
And you know it was the hottest part of the day
- [2] I took the horses up to the stall,
Went to the barroom, ordered drinks for all
Three days in saddle, you know my body hurt
It being Summer, I took off my shirt
And tried to wash off some of that dusty dirt
- [3] West Texas cowboys, they's all around,
With liquor and money, they're loaded down
So soon after payday, no one seemed ashamed
You know my uncle, he starts a friendly game
High low Jack and the winner takes the gain
- [4] My uncle starts winning, cowboys got sore
One of them called him, then bet two more
Accused him of cheating, oh, no it just couldn't be
I know my uncle, he's as honest as me
And I'm as honest as a Denver man can be
- [5] One of them cowboys, he starts to draw
I shot him down, Lord, but he never saw
Shot me another, and now he won't grow old
In the confusion, my uncle grabbed the gold,
And we hightailed it down to Mexico
- [6] Now I love those cowboys, I love their gold
Loved my uncle, God rest his soul
Taught me good, Lord, taught me all I know
Taught me so well I grabbed that gold
And I left his dead ass there by the side of the road

Grateful Dead

Dr. Bernice

- [1] Baby don't you drive around with Dr. Bernice
She's not a lady doctor at all
She's got hands like a man with hair on the back
She'll crush you in her embrace
 Though the wind may whisper and moan sometimes
 We all need a kind place to live
 Though the wind may whisper and howl at your door
 We all need the comfort of friends
- [2] Baby don't you drive around with Dr. Bernice
That ain't a real Cadillac
It's a Delta Eighty-Eight spray painted black
With fake leather seats from Juarez
 Though the wind may whisper and moan sometimes
 On a hot desert night it is still
 Though the world may whisper and howl at your door
 You're not obliged to let them all in
- [3] Baby don't you ride in that faux Cadillac
If you must please ride in the back
If you sing while you ride you'll be a siren tonight
Spare this poor sailor's life from the rocks
 Though the wind may whisper a melody now
 We can't find a tune of our own
 Though the world may whisper and blow in your face
 And tangle the hair on your head
- [4] On a hot desert night we can drive down the road
And the stars will spell out your name
On a hot desert night with the windows down wide
The sirens will sing me their song
 And the ghosts of the sailors who died on the rocks
 Feel not a twinge of regret
 Though the wind may tangle the hair on your head
 You sing like a siren to me
- [5] On a hot desert night the caravan stops
At the oasis next to your heart
The soundtrack is played by some aged British queen
On BBC Radio One
 Though the wind may whisper an epic sometimes
 The cast must include Karen Black
 Though the symphony strings shift with the sands
 You sing like a siren to me
 You sing like a siren to me
 You sing like a siren ... to me

Background: Song #12 off Cracker's self-titled album

Wheat Kings

- [1] Sundown in the Paris of the prairies
Wheat kings have all their treasures buried
And all you hear are the rusty breezes
Pushing around the weather vane Jesus
- [2] In his Zippo lighter, he sees the killer's face
Maybe it's someone standing in a killer's place
Twenty years for nothing, well that's nothing new, besides
No one's interested in something you didn't do
- Wheat kings and pretty things
Let's just see what the morning brings
- [3] There's a dream he dreams where the high school is dead and stark
It's a museum and we're all locked up in it after dark
Where the walls are lined all yellow, grey and sinister
Hung with pictures of our parents' prime ministers
- Wheat kings and pretty things
Wait and see what tomorrow brings
- [4] Late breaking story on the CBC
a nation whispers, "We always knew that he'd go free"
they add, "you can't be fond of living in the past
'cause if you are then there's no way that you're gonna last"
- Wheat kings and pretty things
Let's just see what tomorrow brings
Wheat kings and pretty things
Oh, that's what tomorrow brings

Background: This song by the Tragically Hip (from the album Fully Completely) is about David Milgaard, a Canadian man who served 23 years in prison for a crime he did not commit.

Milgaard was convicted of raping and murdering a woman named Gail Miller when he was 16 and sentenced to life in prison. It was a travesty of justice, as the case against him was built on flimsy evidence.

Milgaard's family believed he was innocent and fought for him while he was in jail. His case was overturned and he was released on April 16, 1992, prompting the band to write "Wheat Kings."

The Black Fly Song

[1] 'Twas early in the spring when I decided to go
For to work up in the woods in North Ontar-i-o
And the unemployment office said they'd send me through
To the Little Abitibi with the survey crew

Chorus: (after every verse)

And the blackflies, the little blackflies
Always the blackfly, no matter where you go
I'll die with the blackfly picking my bones
In North Ontar-i-o-i-o, in North Ontar-i-o

[2] The man Black Toby was the captain of the crew
And he said, "I'm gonna tell you boys what we're gonna do.
They want to build a power dam and we must find a way
For to make the little Ab flow around the other way"

[3] So we surveyed to the east and we surveyed to the west
And we couldn't make our minds up how to do it best
Little Ab, little Ab, what shall I do?
For I'm all but goin' crazy on the survey crew

[4] 'Twas blackfly, blackfly everywhere
A-crawlin' in your whiskers, a-crawlin' in your hair
Swimmin' in the soup, and swimmin' in the tea
The Devil take the blackfly, let me be

Bridge – fiddle solo and "Blackfly, little blackfly"

[5] Black Toby fell to swearin', the work went slow
And the state of our morale was a-gettin' pretty low
And the flies swarmed heavy, it was hard to catch a breath
As you staggered up and down the trail talkin' to yourself

[6] Well, now the bull cook's name was Blind River Joe
If it hadn't been for him we'd have never pulled through
For he bound up our bruises, and he kidded us for fun
And he lathered us with bacon grease and balsam gum

[7] At last the job was over, Black Toby said "We're through
With the Little Abitibi and the survey crew."
'Twas a wonderful experience and this I know
I'll never go again to North Ontar-i-o

Background: "The Black Fly Song" is a song by Wade Hemsworth, written in 1949, about working in the wilds of Northern Ontario. It is an enduring classic of Canadian folk music, covered by a variety of other artists. A new version of the song (with accompanying vocals by Kate & Anna McGarrigle) which had a completely different tempo than the original, was made into an animated short film entitled Blackfly by Christopher Hinton and the National Film Board in 1991, and was nominated for Best Animated Short Film at the 64th Academy Awards in 1992.

Everybody Knows

- [1] Everybody knows that the dice are loaded
Everybody rolls with their fingers crossed
Everybody knows the war is over
Everybody knows the good guys lost
Everybody knows the fight was fixed
The poor stay poor, the rich get rich
That's how it goes
 Everybody knows
- [2] Everybody knows that the boat is leaking
Everybody knows that the captain lied
Everybody got this broken feeling
Like their father or their dog just died
Everybody talking to their pockets
Everybody wants a box of chocolates
And a long-stem rose
 Everybody knows
- [3] Everybody knows that you love me baby
Everybody knows that you really do
Everybody knows that you've been faithful
Ah, give or take a night or two
Everybody knows you've been discreet
But there were so many people you just had to meet
Without your clothes
 And everybody knows
- Chorus: (two times)
 Everybody knows, everybody knows
 That's how it goes ... everybody knows
- [4] And everybody knows that it's now or never
Everybody knows that it's me or you
And everybody knows that you live forever
Ah, when you've done a line or two
Everybody knows the deal is rotten
Old Black Joe's still pickin' cotton
For your ribbons and bows
 And everybody knows
- [5] And everybody knows that the Plague is coming
Everybody knows that it's moving fast
Everybody knows that the naked man and woman
Are just a shining artifact of the past
Everybody knows the scene is dead
But there's gonna be a meter on your bed
That will disclose
What everybody knows

[6] And everybody knows that you're in trouble
Everybody knows what you've been through
From the bloody cross on top of Calvary
To the beach of Malibu
Everybody knows it's coming apart
Take one last look at this Sacred Heart
Before it blows
And everybody knows

Chorus (three times)

Background: One of Leonard Cohen's best :)

Requiem For My Youth

[1] I was waitin' for my bro' at a Jerry Band show
When I ran into this trippy hippy chick I know
And we danced for a while, and everything seemed all right
She asked me what I had in my Guatemala bag
Let's see, a bag o' Doritos and a couple o' fags
And hey, what's this? A film can full of green (I heard her sing)

Chorus:

We're gonna get high, we're gonna laugh and cry
We're gonna fuck all night, if we don't fall asleep first
We're gonna watch TV, 'cause television's free
You can play with me, if we don't fall asleep first

[2] So I took her on back to my mattress flat
Where I loaded up a bong and we partied like that
Then we sat on the couch and laughed at MTV
She got up to stand, she took me by the hand
I thought, "Oh yeah she's gonna take me off to wonder land"
And I lay back my head, and that's when I closed my eyes (I heard her sigh)

Chorus

[3] When I woke there was a note, on my yellow pad she wrote
"Hey it's cold outside I had to borrow a coat
Here's my number, call me up and we can try it again."
When I picked up the phone there was no dial tone
I forgot to pay the bill I guess I'm better off alone
So I sat on the couch and laughed at MTV (she sang to me)

Chorus (twice)

El Paso

- [1] Out in the West Texas town of El Paso
I fell in love with a Mexican girl.
Night time would find me in Rosa's Cantina,
Music would play and Felina would whirl.
- [2] Blacker than night were the eyes of Felina,
Wicked and evil while casting a spell.
My love was deep for this Mexican maiden,
I was in love, but in vain I could tell.
- [3] One night a wild young cowboy came in,
Wild as the West Texas wind.
Dashing and daring, a drink he was sharing,
With wicked Felina, the girl that I love.
So in anger
- [4] I challenged his right for the love of this maiden;
Down went his hand for the gun that he wore.
My challenge was answered in less than a heartbeat
The handsome young stranger lay dead on the floor.
- [5] Just for a moment I stood there in silence,
Shocked by the foul evil deed I had done.
Many thoughts raced through my mind as I stood there;
I had but one chance and that was to run.
- [6] Out through the back door of Rosa's I ran,
Out where the horses were tied.
I caught a good one; it looked like it could run,
Up on its back and away I did ride.
Just as fast as I
- [7] could from the West Texas town of El Paso,
Out to the badlands of New Mexico.
Back in El Paso my life would be worthless;
Everything's gone in life nothing is left.
- [8] It's been so long since I've seen the young maiden,
My love is stronger than my fear of death.
- [9] I saddled up and away I did go,
Riding alone in the dark.
Maybe tomorrow a bullet may find me,
Tonight nothing's worse than this pain in my heart.
And at last here
- [10] I am on the hill overlooking El Paso,
I can see Rosa's Cantina below.
My love is strong and it pushes me onward,
Down off the hill to Felina I go.

[11] **Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys,
Off to my left ride a dozen and more.
Shouting and shooting; I can't let them catch me,
I have to make it to Rosa's back door.**

[12] **Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel
A deep burning pain in my side.
Though I am trying to stay in the saddle.
I'm getting weary, unable to ride.
But my love for**

[13] **Felina is strong and I rise where I've fallen;
Though I am weary, I can't stop to rest.
I see the white puff of smoke from the rifle,
I feel the bullet go deep in my chest.**

[14] **From out of nowhere, Felina has found me,
Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side.
Cradled by two loving arms that I'll die for
One little kiss and Felina goodbye.**

Background: "El Paso" is a country and western ballad written and originally recorded by Marty Robbins, and first released on "Gunfighter Ballads and Trail Songs" in September 1959. It was released as a single the following month, and became a major hit on both the country and pop music charts, reaching number one in both at the start of 1960. It won the Grammy Award for Best Country & Western Recording in 1961, and remains Robbins' best-known song. It is widely considered a genre classic for its gripping narrative which ends in the death of its protagonist and its shift from past to present tense. The name of the character Felina was based upon a schoolmate of Robbins in the fifth grade—Fidelina Martinez.

The song was often performed by the Grateful Dead in concert and is said to be their most requested song to play.



Fiddler's Green

[1] **September seventeen**
For a girl I know, it's Mother's Day
Her son has gone alee
And that's where he will stay
Wind on the weather vane
Tearing blue eyes sailor-mean
As Falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain
For a boy in Fiddler's Green

[2] **His tiny knotted heart**
Well I guess it never worked too good
The timber tore apart
And the water gorged the wood
You can hear her whispered prayer
For men at masts that always lean
The same wind that moves her hair
Moves her boy through Fiddler's Green

Bridge:
Oooh, nothing's changed anyway
Nothing's changed anyway
Any time today

[3] **He doesn't know a soul**
There's nowhere that he's really been
But he won't travel long alone
No, not in Fiddler's Green
Balloons all filled with rain
As children's eyes turn sleepy-mean
And Falstaff sings a sorrowful refrain
For a boy in Fiddler's Green

Background: In 1990 singer/songwriter Gord Downie of the band The Tragically Hip wrote Fiddler's Green in memory of his five year old nephew, Charles, who had died of a heart condition. He incorporated the legend of Fiddler's Green into the song to help ease his sister's fear of having to let her small son go on his way to the afterlife alone without her.

In the old Irish legend, Fiddler's Green was as a place where old sailors would go when they wearied of seafaring life. They would leave their ship with an oar over their shoulder and walk inland until they reached a village where people, unfamiliar with the sea, would ask them what it was that they carried over their shoulders. Sailors would be given a seat in the sun, a mug of grog that never ran out, and could relax while the fiddlers played and maidens danced in the sunlight.

Santa Baby

- [1] Santa baby, slip a sable under the tree, for me
I've been an awful good girl
Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight
- [2] Santa baby, an out-of-space convertible too, light blue
I'll wait up for you dear
Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight
- Think of all the fun I've missed
 Think of all the fellas that I haven't kissed
 Next year I could be oh so good
 If you'd check off my Christmas list
 Boo doo bee doo
- [3] Santa honey, I wanna yacht and really that's not a lot
I've been an angel all year
Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight
- [4] Santa cutie, there's one thing I really do need, the deed
To a platinum mine
Santa cutie, and hurry down the chimney tonight
- [5] Santa baby, I'm filling my stocking with a duplex, and checks
Sign your 'X' on the line
Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight
- Come and trim my Christmas tree
 With some decorations bought at Tiffany's
 I really do believe in you
 Let's see if you believe in me
 Boo doo bee doo
- [6] Santa baby, forgot to mention one little thing, a ring
I don't mean a phone
Santa baby, and hurry down the chimney tonight
Hurry down the chimney tonight
Hurry down the chimney tonight

All I Want for Christmas is my Two Front Teeth

[1] All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,
My two front teeth, my two front teeth.
Gee, if I could only have my two front teeth,
Then I could wish you Merry Christmas.

It seems so long since I could say,
"Sister Susie sitting on a thistle."
Gosh, oh gee, how happy I'd be,
If I could only whistle. (thhh)

[2] All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,
My two front teeth, see my two front teeth.
Gee, if I could only have my two front teeth,
Then I could wish you Merry Christmas.

It seems so long since I could say,
"Sister Susie sitting on a thistle."
Gosh, oh gee, how happy I'd be,
If I could only whistle. (thhh)

[3] All I want for Christmas is my two front teeth,
My two front teeth, see my two front teeth.
Gee, if I could only have my two front teeth,
Then I could wish you Merry Christmas.

Happy XMAS (War is Over)

[1] So this is Christmas And what have you done
Another year over And a new one just begun
Ans so this is Christmas I hope you have fun
The near and the dear ones The old and the young

Chorus:

A very merry Christmas And a happy New Year
Let's hope it's a good one ... Without any fear

[2] And so this is Christmas (War is over)
For weak and for strong (If you want it)
For rich and the poor ones (War is over)
The world is so wrong (Now)
And so happy Christmas (War is over)
For black and for white (If you want it)
For yellow and red ones (War is over)
Let's stop all the fight (Now)

Chorus

[3] And so this is Christmas (War is over)
And what have we done (If you want it)
Another year over (War is over)
And a new one just begun (Now)
And so happy Christmas (War is over)
I hope you have fun (If you want it)
The near and the dear one (War is over)
The old and the young (Now)

Chorus

John Lennon