

**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 on 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're 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 not 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, 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

"Me and My Uncle" is a song composed by John Phillips of The Mamas and the Papas, and popularized in versions by Judy Collins and the Grateful Dead. It relates the journey of a narrator and his uncle from southern Colorado towards west Texas, involving standard cowboy song themes like a poker game in Santa Fe, accusations of cheating, gunplay, gold, and death.

John Phillips originally wrote "Me and My Uncle" at a drinking session in a hotel room with Judy Collins, Stephen Stills, and Neil Young in 1963. It was first recorded by Judy Collins in 1964 on The Judy Collins Concert. The song was later covered by the Grateful Dead, who adopted it as part of their standard repertoire. Bob Weir is reported to have learned it from curly Jim Cook, a member of the A.B. Skhy blues band. The earliest commercially released performance of the song by the Grateful Dead is from the Electric Theater in Chicago, on April 26, 1969. The song continued to be performed regularly until Jerry Garcia's death and the end of the band in 1995. Since the Grateful Dead disbanded in 1995, the song continues to be a staple of the surviving members' performances.

"Me and My Uncle" has also been performed by Joni Mitchell, John Denver, Dino Valente, Mike Wilhelm, Widespread Panic, Whisky Crick, Max Creek, and by John Phillips himself.

## 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