

# TINER/MUSIC B27

## JAZZ/GOSPEL/COUNTRY LYRICS

"Ain't Misbehavin'" – **Louis Armstrong & His Orchestra** (1929) jazz [Fats Waller's lyrics in parenthesis]

No one to talk with  
All by myself  
No one to walk with  
I'm happy on the shelf, babe! (*But I'm happy on the shelf*)  
Ain't misbehavin'  
I'm savin' my love, oh, babe, m'love for you, really savin' m'love f'you! (*Savin' all my love for you*)

I know for certain  
One I love (*The one I love*)  
I'm through with flirtin'  
You that I'm thinkin' of (*It's just you I'm thinkin' of*)  
Ain't misbehavin'  
I'm savin' my love, oh baby! my love for you! (*Savin' all my love for you*)

Jackie Horner (*Like Jack Horner*)  
In the corner  
Don't go nowhere  
And I don't care! (*What do I care?*)  
All your kisses, worth waitin' for, babe! (*Your kisses are worth waitin' for*)  
Dah-dle dah-dle dah-dee! (*Believe me*)

I don't stay out late  
Don't care to go  
I'm home about eight  
Me and my radio, babe (*Just me and my radio*)  
Ain't misbehavin'  
Savin' all my love for you!

"Body and Soul" – **Billie Holiday with Roy Eldridge** (1939) jazz ballad

My days have grown so lonely  
For you I cry  
For you, dear, only  
Why haven't you seen it?  
I'm all for you body and soul

I spend my days in longing  
I'm wondering why its me you're wronging  
Oh I tell you I mean it  
I'm all for you body and soul

I can't believe it  
It's hard to conceive it  
That you'd throw away romance  
Are you pretending?  
It looks like the ending  
Unless I can have one more chance to prove, dear

My life a hell you're making  
You know I'm yours for just the taking  
I'd gladly surrender  
Myself to you body and soul

[muted trumpet solo by Roy Eldridge]

What lies before me  
A future that's stormy  
A winter that's gray and cold  
Unless there's magic the end will be tragic  
And echo a tale that's been told so often

My life revolves about you  
What earthly good am I without you?  
I tell you I mean it  
I'm all for you body and soul

“I Feel the Spirit Moving” – **Michael Lewis & Group**, Richmond, VA (1936) *spiritual*

I feel the spirit moving, get away, Satan, get away.  
Holy Spirit from heaven, get away, Satan, get away.

In this congregation, there is a soul unsaved.  
Standing in destruction, just come in and be saved.

I feel the spirit moving...

Man, your days are numbered, do not tarry so long.  
Sinners hear a rumble, then stumble and be gone.

I feel the spirit moving...

“How Far Am I from Canaan?” – **Sam Cooke with the Soul Stirrers** (1952) *gospel*

I am standing on the Jordan  
Gazing 'cross the stormy tide  
There I'll rest my heavy burden  
'Till all doubts and fears, Lord, subside, whoah yes

I can hear the angels singing  
I can see, Lord, them 'round the throne  
Well I can hear, I hear the saints, child, oh singin', hmmm,  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah now, now 'tis done, oh yes

[double time]

Tell me how far am I from Canaan?  
Lord, how far am I from Canaan?  
Well, while the angels singing and the joybell ringing and glory!  
Lord, how far am I from Canaan?

Lord, over there we'll shout, "Trouble's over!" (2x)  
Well, while the angels singing and the joybell ringing and glory!  
Lord, how far am I from Canaan?

Lord up there I'll meet my mother (2x)  
Well, while the angels singing and the joybell ringing and glory!  
Lord, how far am I from Canaan?

Lord, when I get on home, my savior I'll join  
Well, I'll shout, God knows I'm going to, well, shout, hey!  
Lord, God knows I wanna know how far am I from Canaan?

"Blue Yodel (T for Texas)" – **Jimmie Rodgers** (1927) *hillbilly*

T for Texas, T for Tennessee  
T for Texas, T for Tennessee  
T for Thelma, that gal that made a wreck out of me-hee  
Odelay-hee-oh-lay-hee-ay-lay-hee!

If you don't want me, mama, you sure don't have to stall  
Lord, lord, if you don't want me, mama, you sure don't have to stall  
'Cause I can get more women than a passenger train can haul  
Odelay-hee-oh-lay-hee-ay-lay-hee!

I'm gonna buy me a pistol just as long as I'm tall  
Lord, lord, I'm gonna buy me a pistol just as long as I'm tall  
I'm gonna shoot poor Thelma, just to see her jump and fa-hall  
Odelay-hee-ay-lay-hee-oh-lay-hee!

I'm goin' where the water drinks like cherry wine (SPOKEN: Sing 'em boy, Sing 'em!)  
Lord, I'm goin' where the water drinks like cherry wine  
'Cause the Georgia water tastes like turpenti-hine  
Odelay-hee-ay-lay-hee-oh-lay-hee!

[guitar interlude]

I'm gonna buy me a shotgun with a great long shiny barrel  
Gonna buy me a shotgun with a great long shiny barrel  
I'm gonna shoot that rounder that stole away my ga-ha-ha-ha-ha-hal  
Odelay-hee-ay-lay-hee-oh-lay-hee!

[guitar interlude]

Rather drink muddy water, sleep in a hollow log  
Rather drink muddy water and sleep in a hollow log  
Than to be in Atlanta treated like a dirty do-og  
Odelay-hee-ay-lay-hee-oh-lay-hee!

"I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" – **Hank Williams** (1949) *country*

Hear that lonesome whippoorwill  
He sounds too blue to fly  
The midnight train is whinin' low  
I'm so lonesome I could cry

I've never seen a night so long  
When time goes crawlin' by  
The moon just went behind the clouds  
To hide its face and cry

[steel guitar interlude]

Did you ever see a robin weep  
When leaves begin to die  
Like me he's lost the will to live  
I'm so lonesome I could cry

[fiddle interlude]

The silence of a fallin' star  
Lights up a purple sky  
And as I wonder where you are  
I'm so lonesome I could cry

"Folsom Prison Blues" – **Johnny Cash** (1956) *Memphis rockabilly*

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.

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.

[guitar solo]

I bet there's rich folks eatin', in a fancy dining car,  
They're probably drinkin' coffee, and smokin' big cigars,  
Well 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.

[guitar solo]

Well, if they freed me from this prison, if that railroad train was mine,  
I bet I'd move it on 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.