

TINER/MUSIC B27 – SOUL / 60s ROCK LYRICS

"Hallelujah I Love Her So" – **Ray Charles** (1956) *early soul*

Let me tell you 'bout a girl I know
She is my baby and she lives next door
Every mornin' 'fore the sun comes up
She brings me coffee in my favorite cup
That's why I know, yes, I know
Hallelujah, I just love her so

When I'm in trouble and I have no friend
I know she'll go with me until the end
Everybody asks me how I know
I smile at them and say, "She told me so"
That's why I know, oh, I know
Hallelujah, I just love her so

Now, if I call her on the telephone
And tell her that I'm all alone
By the time I count from one to four
I hear her [KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK] on my door

In the evening when the sun goes down
When there is nobody else around
She kisses me and she holds me tight
And tells me, "Daddy, everything's all right"
That's why I know, yes, I know
Hallelujah, I just love her so

[tenor saxophone solo]

Now, if I call her on the telephone
And tell her that I'm all alone
By the time I count from one to four
I hear her [KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK] on my door

In the evening when the sun goes down
When there is nobody else around
She kisses me and she holds me tight
And tells me, "Daddy, everything's all right"
That's why I know, yes, I know
Hallelujah, I just love her so
Oh, hallelujah
Don't you know, I just love her so
She's my little woman, waitin' all this time
Babe, I'm a little fool for you, little girl, mm-hmmm...

"Papa's Got A Brand New Bag" – **James Brown** (1965) *funk*

Come here sister, papa's in the swing
He ain't too hip, about that new breed babe
He ain't no drag
Papa's got a brand new bag

Come here mama, and dig this crazy scene
He's not too fancy, but his line is pretty clean
He ain't no drag
Papa's got a brand new bag

He's doing the Jerk
He's doing the Fly
Don't play him cheap 'cause you know he ain't shy
He's doing the Monkey, the Mashed Potatoe, Jump back Jack, See you later alligator.

Come here sister, papa's in the swing
He ain't too hip now, but I can dig that new breed babe
He ain't no drag
He's got a brand new bag

Oh papa! He's doing the Jerk
Papa! He's doing the Jerk
He's doing the twist, just like this,
He's doing the Fly ev'ry day and ev'ry night
The thing's, like the Boomerang.
Hey, come on
Hey Hey, come on
Hey Hey, he's ... tight, out of sight
Come on, see what you know...

"Respect" – **Aretha Franklin** (1967) *soul*

(oo) What you want
(oo) Baby, I got
(oo) What you need
(oo) Do you know I got it?
(oo) All I'm askin'
(oo) Is for a little respect when you come home (just a little bit)
Hey baby (just a little bit) when you get home
(just a little bit) mister (just a little bit)

I ain't gonna do you wrong while you're gone
Ain't gonna do you wrong (oo) 'cause I don't wanna
(oo) All I'm askin'
(oo) Is for a little respect when you come home (just a little bit)
Baby (just a little bit) when you get home (just a little bit)
Yeah (just a little bit)

I'm about to give you all of my money
And all I'm askin' in return, honey
Is to give me my profits
When you get home (just a, just a, just a, just a)
Yeah baby (just a, just a, just a, just a)
When you get home (just a little bit)
Yeah (just a little bit)

[instrumental break/saxophone solo]

Ooo, your kisses (oo)
Sweeter than honey (oo)
And guess what? (oo)
So is my money (oo)
All I want you to do (oo) for me
Is give it to me when you get home (re, re, re ,re)
Yeah baby (re, re, re ,re)
Whip it to me (respect, just a little bit)
When you get home, now (just a little bit)

R-E-S-P-E-C-T
Find out what it means to me
R-E-S-P-E-C-T
Take care, T-C-B

Oh (sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me)
A little respect (sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me, sock it to me)
Whoa, babe (just a little bit)
A little respect (just a little bit)
I get tired (just a little bit)
Keep on tryin' (just a little bit)
You're runnin' out of foolin' (just a little bit)
And I ain't lyin' (just a little bit)
(re, re, re, re) 'spect
When you come home (re, re, re ,re)
Or you might walk in (respect, just a little bit)
And find out I'm gone (just a little bit)
I got to have (just a little bit)
A little respect (just a little bit)

"The Tears of a Clown" – **Smokey Robinson & The Miracles** (1967) *Motown soul*

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah...
Now if there's a smile on my face
It's only there trying to fool the public
But when it comes down to fooling you
Now honey that's quite a different subject

But don't let my glad expression
Give you the wrong impression
Really I'm sad, Oh I'm sadder than sad
You're gone and I'm hurtin' so bad
Like a clown I pretend to be glad

Now there's some sad things known to man
But ain't too much sadder than the tears of a clown
When there's no one around, mmm-hmm, oh yeah, baby...

Now if I appear to be carefree
It's only to camouflage my sadness
And honey to shield my pride I try
To cover this hurt with a show of gladness
But don't let my show convince you
That I've been happy since you
Decided to go, oh I need you so
I'm hurt and I want you to know
But for others I put on a show, ooh-hoo-oo-oh...

Now there's some sad things known to man
But ain't too much sadder than the tears of a clown
When there's no one around, oh yeah...

Just like Pagliacci did
I try to keep my surface hid
Smiling in the public eye
But in my lonely room I cry the tears of a clown
When there's no one around, oh yeah, baby
Now if there's a smile on my face
Don't let my glad expression
Give you the wrong impression
Don't let this smile I wear
Make you think that I don't care
Really I'm sad, hurtin' so bad...

"Norwegian Wood" – The Beatles (1965) British rock
(John Lennon, Paul McCartney) Lead Vocal: John Lennon

I once had a girl, or should I say, she once had me...
She showed me her room, isn't it good, Norwegian wood?

She asked me to stay and she told me to sit anywhere,
So I looked around and I noticed there wasn't a chair.

I sat on a rug, biding my time, drinking her wine
We talked until two and then she said, "It's time for bed"

She told me she worked in the morning and started to laugh.
I told her I didn't and crawled off to sleep in the bath

And when I awoke, I was alone, this bird had flown
So I lit a fire, isn't it good, Norwegian wood.

"Satisfaction" – The Rolling Stones (1965) British rock

I can't get no satisfaction
I can't get no satisfaction
'Cause I try and I try and I try and I try
I can't get no, I can't get no

When I'm drivin' in my car
And a man comes on the radio
He's tellin' me more and more
About some useless information
Supposed to fire my imagination
I can't get no, oh no no no
Hey hey hey, that's what I say

I can't get no satisfaction
I can't get no satisfaction
'Cause I try and I try and I try and I try
I can't get no, I can't get no

When I'm watchin' my TV
And a man comes on to tell me
How white my shirts can be
But he can't be a man 'cause he doesn't smoke
The same cigarettes as me
I can't get no, oh no no no
Hey hey hey, that's what I say

I can't get no satisfaction
I can't get no girl reaction
'Cause I try and I try and I try and I try
I can't get no, I can't get no

When I'm ridin' round the world
And I'm doin' this and I'm signin' that
And I'm tryin' to make some girl
Who tells me baby better come back later next week
'Cause you see I'm on a losing streak
I can't get no, oh no no no
Hey hey hey, that's what I say

I can't get no, I can't get no
I can't get no satisfaction
No satisfaction, no satisfaction, no satisfaction

"Good Vibrations" – The Beach Boys (1966) rock
(Brian Wilson, composer/arranger)

I, I love the colorful clothes she wears
And the way the sunlight plays upon her hair
I hear the sound of a gentle word
On the wind that lifts her perfume through the air

I'm pickin' up good vibrations, she's giving me excitations...
Ooh-bop-bop, good vibrations, bop-bop, excitations...
Good, good, good, good vibrations...

Close my eyes
She's somehow closer now
Softly smile, I know she must be kind
When I look in her eyes
She goes with me to a blossom world

I'm pickin' up good vibrations, she's giving me excitations...
Ooh-bop-bop, good vibrations, bop-bop, excitations...
Good, good, good, good vibrations...

Ahhhhhhh!
Ah my, my what elation!
I don't know where but she sends me there
Ah my, my what a sensation!
Ah my, my what elations!
Ah my, my what...

Gotta keep those lovin' good vibrations a-happenin' with her
Gotta keep those lovin' good vibrations a-happenin' with her
Gotta keep those lovin' good vibrations a-happenin'...

Ahhhhhhh!

Good, good, good, good vibrations...
Ooh-bop-bop, good vibrations, bop-bop, excitations...
I'm pickin' up good vibrations, she's giving me excitations...

Na-na-na-na-na...
Ba-ba-ba-ba-ba...
Do-do-do-do-do...

[polyphonic scat section fades out to theremin hook]