

TINER/MUSIC B27

FOLK/PSYCHEDELIC ROCK LYRICS

“I Ain’t Got No Home” – **Woody Guthrie** (1940) *folk*

I ain’t got no home, I’m just a-roamin’ ’round,
Just a wandrin’ worker, I go from town to town.
And the police make it hard wherever I may go
And I ain’t got no home in this world anymore.

My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road,
A hot and dusty road that a million feet have trod;
Rich man took my home and drove me from my door
And I ain’t got no home in this world anymore.

Was a-farmin’ on the shares, and always I was poor;
My crops I lay into the banker’s store.
My wife took down and died upon the cabin floor,
And I ain’t got no home in this world anymore.

Now as I look around, it’s mighty plain to see
This world is such a great and a funny place to be;
Oh, the gamblin’ man is rich an’ the workin’ man is poor,
And I ain’t got no home in this world anymore.

“The Times They Are a-Changin’” – **Bob Dylan** (1963) *folk*

Come gather ’round people, wherever you roam
And admit that the waters around you have grown
And accept it that soon you’ll be drenched to the bone.
If your time to you is worth savin’
Then you better start swimmin’ or you’ll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changin’.

Come writers and critics who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide the chance won’t come again
And don’t speak too soon for the wheel’s still in spin
And there’s no tellin’ who that it’s namin’.
For the loser now will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin’.

Come senators, congressmen, please heed the call
Don’t stand in the doorway, don’t block up the hall
For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled
The battle outside ragin’
Will soon shake your windows and rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin’.

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land
And don’t criticize what you can’t understand
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly agin’.
Please get out of the new one if you can’t lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin’.

The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast
The slow one now will later be fast
As the present now will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin’.
And the first one now will later be last
For the times they are a-changin’.

"Ohio" – Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young (1970) folk-rock

Written by Neil Young in response to the Kent State Massacre on May 4, 1970

Tin soldiers and Nixon coming,
We're finally on our own.
This summer I hear the drumming,
Four dead in Ohio.

Gotta get down to it
Soldiers are gunning us down
Should have been done long ago.
What if you knew her and
Found her dead on the ground?
How can you run when you know?

[guitar solo followed by scat interlude]

Gotta get down to it
Soldiers are gunning us down
Should have been done long ago.
What if you knew her and
Found her dead on the ground?
How can you run when you know?

[guitar solo]

Tin soldiers and Nixon coming,
We're finally on our own.
This summer I hear the drumming,
Four dead in Ohio.
Four dead in Ohio...

"A Case of You" – Joni Mitchell with James Taylor, guitar (1971) singer/songwriter

Just before our love got lost you said
I am as constant as a northern star
And I said, constantly in the darkness
Where's that at?
If you want me I'll be in the bar

On the back of a cartoon coaster
In the blue TV screen light
I drew a map of Canada
Oh, Canada
With your face sketched on it twice

Oh, you are in my blood like holy wine
You taste so bitter and so sweet
Oh, I could drink a case of you, darling
And I would still be on my feet
Oh I would still be on my feet

Oh I am a lonely painter
I live in a box of paints
I'm frightened by the devil
And I'm drawn to those ones that ain't afraid
I remember that time you told me,
You said, love is touching souls
Surely you touched mine
'Cause part of you pours out of me
In these lines from time to time

Oh, you're in my blood like holy wine
You taste so bitter and so sweet
Oh, I could drink a case of you, darling
Still I'd be on my feet
I would still be on my feet

I met a woman
She had a mouth like yours
She knew your life
She knew your devils and your deeds
And she said
Go to him, stay with him if you can
But be prepared to bleed

Oh, but you are in my blood you're my holy wine
You're so bitter, bitter and so sweet
Oh, I could drink a case of you darling
Still I'd be on my feet
I would still be on my feet
Mmmm-mmm...

“All Along the Watchtower” – **The Jimi Hendrix Experience** (1968) *psychedelic rock*

There must be some kind of way out of here
Said the joker to the thief
There's too much confusion
I can't get no relief
Businessmen they drink my wine
Plowmen dig my earth
None will level on the line
Nobody of it is worth
Hey, hey

No reason to get excited
The thief he kindly spoke
There are many here among us
Who feel that life is but a joke, but huh
But you and I we've been through that
And this is not our fate
So let us not talk falsely now
The hour is getting late
Hey!

Hey!

All along the watchtower
Princes kept the view
While all the women came and went
Bare-foot servants too, but huh
Outside in the cold distance
A wild cat did growl
Two riders were approachin'
And the wind began to howl
Hey!
Oh!
All along the watchtower!
Hear you sing around the watch...
Gotta beware, gotta beware I will
Yeah, oh baby
All along the watchtower!

“Purple Haze” – **The Jimi Hendrix Experience** (1967) *psychedelic rock*

Purple haze all in my brain
Lately things just don't seem the same
Actin' funny, but I don't know why
'scuse me while I kiss the sky
Purple haze all around
Don't know if I'm comin' up or down
Am I happy or in misery?
Whatever it is, that girl put a spell on me
Help me
Help me
Oh, no, no
[faint, spoken lyrics...all questionable]
Hammerin'
Talkin' bout heart n...s-soul
Im talkin' about hard stuff
If everybody's still around, fluff and ease, if
So far out my mind
Something's happening, something's happening
Ooo, ahhh
Ooo, {click} ahhh,
Ooo, ahhh
Ooo, ahhh, yeah!
Purple haze all in my eyes, uh
Don't know if its day or night
You got me blowin', blowin' my mind
Is it tomorrow, or just the end of time?
Ooo
Help me
Ahh, yea-yeah, purple haze, yeah
Oh, no, oh
Oh, help me
Purple haze, tell me, baby, tell me
I can't go on like this
Purple haze
You're makin' me blow my mind...mama
Purple haze, n-no, nooo
Purple haze, no, its painful, baby