SING (SING A SONG) - Carpenters

Sing… sing a song… sing out loud… sing out strong…
Sing of good things, not bad… sing of happy, not sad

Sing… sing a song… make it simple to last your whole life long…
Don't worry that it's not good enough for anyone else to hear,
Just sing... sing a song

La la-la la la, la la la-la la la, la la la la-la la la…
Sing… sing a song… let the world… sing along…
Sing of love there could be… sing for you and for me

Sing… sing a song… make it simple to last your whole life long…
Don't worry that it's not good enough for anyone else to hear,
Just sing... sing a song

Just sing... sing a song…
Just sing... sing a song…

La la la la la, la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la…
La la la la la, la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la…
La la la la la, la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la…
La la la la la, la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la…
La la la la la, la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la…
La la la la la, la la la la la la la, la la la la la la la…

ON THE ROAD AGAIN – Willie Nelson

On the road again,
I just can't wait to get on the road again,
The life I love is making music with my friends,
And I can't wait to get on the road again

On the road again,
Goin' places that I've never been,
Seein' things that I may never see again,
And I can't wait to get on the road again

On the road again,
Like a band o' gypsies, we go down the highway,
We're the best of friends,
Insisting that the world keep turning our way,
And our way

Is on the road again,
I just can't wait to get on the road again,
The life I love is makin' music with my friends,
And I can't wait to get on the road again

Instrumental

On the road again,
Like a band o' gypsies, we go down the highway,
We're the best of friends,
Insisting that the world keep turning our way
And our way

Is on the road again,
Just can't wait to get on the road again,
The life I love is makin' music with my friends,
And I can't wait to get on the road again

I can't wait to get on the road again

LISTEN TO THE MUSIC – The Doobie Brothers

Don't you feel it growing, day by day,
People, getting ready for the news,
Some are happy, some are sad
Oh, we got to let the music play

What the people need, is a way to make 'em smile,
It ain't so hard to do if you know how,
Gotta get a message, get it on through,
Oh now mama, don't you ask me why

Whoa, listen to the music… whoa, listen to the music… whoa, listen to the music,
All the time

Well I know, you know better, everything I say,
Meet me in the country for a day,
We'll be happy, and we'll dance,
Oh, we're gonna dance our blues away

And if I'm feeling good to you, and you're feeling good to me,
There ain't nothing we can't do or say,
Feeling good, feeling fine,
Oh, baby, let the music play

Whoa, listen to the music… whoa, listen to the music… whoa, listen to the music,
All the time

Like a lazy flowing river... surrounding castles in the sky…
And the crowd is growing bigger…
Listenin' for the happy sounds, and I got to let them fly

Whoa, listen to the music… whoa, listen to the music… whoa, listen to the music,
All the time

Whoa, listen to the music… whoa, listen to the music… whoa, listen to the music,
All the time

KILLING ME SOFTLY WITH HIS SONG – Roberta Flack

Strumming my pain with his fingers, singing my life with his words,
Killing me softly with his song, killing me softly, with his song,
Telling my whole life, with his words,
Killing me softly… with his song

I heard he sang a good song, I heard he had a style,
And so I came to see him to listen for a while,
And there he was this young boy, a stranger to my eyes

Strumming my pain with his fingers, singing my life with his words,
Killing me softly with his song, killing me softly, with his song,
Telling my whole life, with his words,
Killing me softly… with his song

I felt all flushed with fever, embarrassed by the crowd,
I felt he found my letters, and read each one out loud,
I prayed that he would finish, but he just kept right on

Strumming my pain with his fingers, singing my life with his words,
Killing me softly with his song, killing me softly, with his song,
Telling my whole life, with his words,
Killing me softly… with his song

He sang as if he knew me, in all my dark despair,
And then he looked right through me, as if I wasn't there,
And he just kept on singing, singing clear and strong

Strumming my pain with his fingers, singing my life with his words,
Killing me softly with his song, killing me softly, with his song,
Telling my whole life, with his words,
Killing me softly… with his song

Instrumental *(la la la la la la la la…)*

Strumming my pain with his fingers, singing my life with his words,
Killing me softly with his song, killing me softly, with his song,
Telling my whole life, with his words,
Killing me softly… with his song

He was strumming my pain… yeah, he was singing my life…
Killing me softly with his song, killing me softly, with his song,
Telling my whole life, with his words,
Killing me softly… with his song

DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC – The Lovin' Spoonful

Do you believe in magic, in a young girl's heart?
How the music can free her, whenever it starts, and it's magic,
If the music is groovy,
It makes you feel happy like an old-time movie –
I'll tell you 'bout the magic, and it'll free your soul, but it's like,
Trying to tell a stranger 'bout-a, rock and roll

If you believe in magic, don't bother to choose, if it's,
Jug band music or rhythm and blues, just go and,
Listen, it'll start with a smile, it won't,
Wipe off your face no matter how hard you try –
Your feet start tapping and you can't seem to find,
How you got there, so just blow your mind

Instrumental

If you believe in magic, come along with me,
We'll dance until morning 'til there's just you and me, and maybe,
If the music is right,
I'll meet you tomorrow, sort of late at night –
And we'll go dancing, baby, then you'll see,
How the magic's in the music and the music's in me, yeah

Do you believe in magic?
Believe in the magic of a young girl's soul,
Believe in the magic of rock and roll,
Believe in the magic that can set you free,
Oh… talking 'bout magic

Do you believe in magic?
Do you believe, believer?
Do you believe in magic?

IT'S STILL ROCK AND ROLL TO ME – Billy Joel

What's the matter with the clothes I'm wearing?
Can't you tell that your tie's too wide?
Maybe I should buy some old tab collars?
Welcome back to the age of jive…
Where have you been hiding out lately, honey?
You can't dress trashy 'til you spend a lot of money –
Everybody's talking 'bout the new sound, funny, but it's still rock and roll to me

What's the matter with the car I'm driving?
Can't you tell that it's out of style?
Should I get a set of whitewall tires?
Are you gonna cruise the miracle mile?...
Nowadays you can't be too sentimental,
Your best bet's a true baby blue Continental –
Hot funk, cool punk, even if it's old junk, it's still rock and roll to me

Oh… It doesn't matter what they say in the papers,
Cause it's always been the same old scene,
There's a new band in town but you can't get the sound,
From a story in a magazine… aimed at your average teen

How about a pair of pink sidewinders
And a bright orange pair of pants?
You could really be a Beau Brummel baby
If you just give it half a chance…
Don't waste your money on a new set of speakers,
You get more mileage from a cheap pair of sneakers –
Next phase, new wave, dance craze, anyways, it's still rock and roll to me

Instrumental

Oooooooh,
What's the matter with the crowd I'm seeing?
Don't you know that they're out of touch?
Should I try to be a straight 'A' student?
If you are then you think too much…
Don't you know about the new fashion, honey?
All you need are looks and a whole lotta money –
It's the next phase, new wave, dance craze, anyways, it's still rock and roll to me

Everybody's talking 'bout the new sound, funny, but it's still rock and roll to me

DRIFT AWAY – in the style of Dobie Gray

Day after day I'm more confused,
Yet I look for the light through the pourin' rain,
You know that's a game that I hate to lose,
And I'm feelin' the strain, ain't it a shame?

Oh, give me the beat, boys, and free my soul,
I wanna get lost in your rock 'n' roll and drift away…
Oh, give me the beat, boys, and free my soul,
I wanna get lost in your rock 'n' roll and drift away…

Beginnin' to think that I'm wastin' time,
I don't understand the things I do,
The world outside looks so unkind,
Now I'm countin' on you, to carry me through

Oh, give me the beat, boys, and free my soul,
I wanna get lost in your rock 'n' roll and drift away…
Hey, give me the beat, boys, and free my soul,
I wanna get lost in your rock 'n' roll and drift away…

Instrumental

And when my mind is free, you know a melody can move me…
And when I'm feelin' blue, a guitar's comin' through to soothe me…

Thanks for the joy that you've given me,
I want you to know I believe in your song,
And rhythm and rhyme and harmony,
You've helped me along, makin' me strong

Oh, give me the beat, boys, and free my soul,
I wanna get lost in your rock 'n' roll and drift away…
Give me the beat, boys, and free my soul,
I wanna get lost in your rock 'n' roll and drift away….

Give me the beat, boys, and free my soul,
I wanna get lost in your rock 'n' roll and drift away…
Give me the beat, boys, and free my soul,
I wanna get lost in your rock 'n' roll and drift away…

AMERICAN PIE – Don McLean

Long, long time ago, I can still remember how that music used to make me smile,
And I knew if I had my chance,
That I could make those people dance, and maybe they'd be happy for a while…
But February made me shiver, with every paper I'd deliver,
Bad news on the doorstep, I couldn't take one more step –
I can't remember if I cried, when I, read about his widowed bride,
But something touched me deep inside, the day… the music… died

So bye, bye, Miss American Pie, drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry,
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye,
Singin' this'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die

Did you write the book of love, and do you have faith in God above,
If the Bible tells you so?...
Now do you believe in rock and roll? Can music save your mortal soul?
And, can you teach me how to dance real slow?

Well, I know that you're in love with him, 'cause I saw you dancin' in the gym,
You both kicked off your shoes, and I dig those rhythm and blues –
I was a lonely teenage broncin' buck, with a pink carnation and a pickup truck,
But I, knew I was out of luck, the day… the music… died… I started singin':

Bye, bye, Miss American Pie, drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry,
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye,
Singin' this'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die

Now for ten years we've been on our own, and moss grows fat on a rollin' stone,
But that's not how it used to be…
When the jester sang for the king and queen, in a coat he borrowed from James Dean
And a voice, that came from you and me

Oh, and while the king was looking down, the jester stole his thorny crown,
The courtroom was adjourned, no verdict was returned –
And while Lennon read a book on Marx, the quartet practiced in the park,
And we sang dirges in the dark, the day… the music… died… we were singin'

Bye, bye, Miss American Pie, drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry,
Them good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye,
Singin' this'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die

Bye, bye, Miss American Pie, drove my Chevy to the levee but the levee was dry,
And good ole boys were drinking whiskey 'n rye,
And singin' this'll be the day that I die, this'll be the day that I die

OLD TIME ROCK ‘N’ ROLL – Bob Seger

Just take those old records off the shelf, I'll sit and listen to 'em by myself,
Today's music ain't got the same soul, I like that old time rock 'n' roll

Don't try to take me to a disco, you'll never even get me out on the floor,
In ten minutes I'll be late for the door, I like that old time rock 'n' roll

Still like that old time rock 'n' roll,
That kind of music just soothes the soul,
I reminisce about the days of old,
With that old time rock 'n' roll

Instrumental

Won't go to hear 'em play a tango, I'd rather hear some blues or funky old soul,
There's only one sure way to get me to go, start playing old time rock 'n' roll

Call me a relic call me what you will, say I'm old-fashioned say I'm over the hill,
Today's music ain't got the same soul, I like that old time rock 'n' roll

Still like that old time rock 'n' roll,
That kind of music just soothes the soul,
I reminisce about the days of old,
With that old time rock 'n' roll

Instrumental

Still like that old time rock 'n' roll,
That kind of music just soothes the soul,
I reminisce about the days of old,
With that old time rock 'n' roll

Still like that old time rock 'n' roll,
That kind of music just soothes the soul,
I reminisce about the days of old,
With that old time rock 'n' roll

Still like that old time rock 'n' roll,
That kind of music just soothes the soul,
I reminisce about the days of old,
With that old time rock 'n' roll

BLACK VELVET – Alannah Myles

Mississippi in the middle of a dry spell,
Jimmy Rodgers on the Victrola up high
Mama's dancin' with baby on her shoulder,
The sun is settin' like molasses in the sky…
The boy could sing, knew how to move, everything,
Always wanting more, he'd leave you longing for

Black velvet and that little boy's smile,
Black velvet with that slow southern style,
A new religion that'll bring ya to your knees,
Black velvet if you please

Up in Memphis the music's like a heatwave,
White Lightnin' bound to drive you wild,
Mama's baby's in the heart of every schoolgirl,
"Love Me Tender" leaves 'em cryin' in the aisle…
The way he moved, it was a sin, so sweet and true
Always wanting more, he'd leave you longing for

Black velvet and that little boy's smile,
Black velvet and that slow southern style,
A new religion that'll bring ya to your knees,
Black velvet if you please

Every word of every song that he sang was for you…
In a flash he was gone, it happened so soon… what could you do?

Instrumental

Black velvet and that little boy's smile,
Black velvet in that slow southern style,
A new religion that'll bring ya to your knees,
Black velvet if you please

Black velvet and that little boy's smile,
Black velvet in that slow southern style,
A new religion that'll bring ya to your knees,
Black velvet…
If you please

THE BEAT GOES ON – Sonny and Cher

The beat goes on… the beat goes on…
Drums keep pounding a rhythm to the brain…
La-de-da-de-dee… la-de-da-de-da…

Charleston was once the rage, ah-huh…
History has turned the page, ah-huh…
The miniskirt's the current thing, ah-huh…
Teenybopper is our newborn king, ah-huh

The beat goes on… the beat goes on…
Drums keep pounding a rhythm to the brain…
La-de-da-de-dee… la-de-da-de-da…

The grocery store's the super mart, ah-huh…
Little girls still break their hearts, ah-huh…
And men still keep on marching off to war…
Electrically they keep a baseball score

And the beat goes on… the beat goes on…
Drums keep pounding a rhythm to the brain…
La-de-da-de-dee… la-de-da-de-da…

Grandmas sit in chairs and reminisce…
Boys keep chasing girls to get a kiss…
The cars keep going faster all the time…
Drifters cry, "hey buddy, have you got a dime?"

And the beat goes on… the beat goes on…
Drums keep pounding a rhythm to the brain…
La-de-da-de-dee… la-de-da-de-da…

And the beat goes on, yes, the beat goes on,
And the beat goes on, the beat goes on,
The beat goes on, the beat goes on

CROCODILE ROCK – Elton John

I remember when rock was young, me and Susie had so much fun,
Holding hands and skimming stones, had an old gold Chevy and a place of my own,
But the biggest kick I ever got, was doing a thing called the Crocodile Rock,
While the other kids were rocking 'round the clock,
We were hopping and bopping to the Crocodile Rock, well –
Crocodile Rocking is something shocking when your feet just can't keep still,
I never knew me a better time, and I guess I never will,
Oh, lawdy mama, those Friday nights, when Susie wore her dresses right,
And the Crocodile Rocking was out of sight

Laa, la-la-la-la-laa… la-la-la-la-laa… la-la-la-la-laa

But the years went by and rock just died, Susie went and left us for some foreign guy,
Long nights crying by the record machine, dreamin' of my Chevy and my old blue jeans,
But they'll never kill the thrills we've got, burning up to the Crocodile Rock,
Learning fast as the weeks went past, we really thought the Crocodile Rock would last,
Well –
Crocodile Rocking is something shocking when your feet just can't keep still,
I never knew me a better time, and I guess I never will,
Oh, lawdy mama, those Friday nights, when Susie wore her dresses right,
And the Crocodile Rocking was out of sight

Laa, la-la-la-la-laa… la-la-la-la-laa… la-la-la-la-laa

I remember when rock was young, me and Susie had so much fun,
Holding hands and skimming stones, had an old gold Chevy and a place of my own,
But the biggest kick I ever got, was doing a thing called the Crocodile Rock,
While the other kids were rocking 'round the clock,
We were hopping and bopping to the Crocodile Rock, well –
Crocodile Rocking is something shocking when your feet just can't keep still,
I never knew me a better time, and I guess I never will,
Oh, lawdy mama, those Friday nights, when Susie wore her dresses right,
And the Crocodile Rocking was out of sight

Laa, la-la-la-la-laa… la-la-la-la-laa… la-la-la-la-laa

Laa, la-la-la-la-laa… la-la-la-la-laa… la-la-la-la-laa

GET RHYTHM – Johnny Cash

Hey, get rhythm… when you get the blues, come on,
Get rhythm… when you get the blues,
Get a rock and' roll feelin' in your bones put taps on your toes and, get gone,
Get rhythm… when you get the blues

A little shoeshine boy he never gets low down,
But he's got the dirtiest job in town,
Bending low at the peoples' feet, on the windy corner of the dirty street,
Well I asked him while he shined my shoes, how'd he keep from getting the blues,
He grinned as he raised his little head he popped a shoeshine rag and then he said

Hey, get rhythm… when you get the blues, come on,
Get rhythm… when you get the blues,
A jumpy rhythm makes you feel so fine,
It'll shake all your trouble from your worried mind,
Get rhythm… when you get the blues

Instrumental

Hey, get rhythm… when you get the blues, come on,
Get rhythm… when you get the blues,
Get a rock and' roll feelin' in your bones put taps on your toes and, get gone,
Get rhythm… when you get the blues

Well, I sat down to listen to the shoeshine boy,
And I thought I was going to jump for joy,
Slapped on the shoe polish left and right, he took a shoeshine rag and he held it tight,
He stopped once to wipe the sweat away,
I said you're a mighty little boy to be-a working that way,
He said "I like it" with a big wide grin, kept on a popping and he said again

Get rhythm… when you get the blues, come on,
Get rhythm… when you get the blues,
It only costs a dime, just a nickel a shoe,
But does a million dollars' worth of good for you,
Get rhythm… when you… get… the blues

I'LL HAVE TO SAY I LOVE YOU IN A LOVE SONG – Jim Croce

Well, I know it's kinda late,
I hope I didn't wake you,
But what I gotta say can't wait,
I know you'd understand

Every time I tried to tell you, the words just came out wrong…
So I'll have to say I love you in a song

Yeah, I know it's kinda strange,
Every time I'm near you,
I just run out of things to say,
I know you'd understand

Every time I tried to tell you, the words just came out wrong…
So I'll have to say I love you in a song

Instrumental

Every time the time was right, all the words just came out wrong…
So I'll have to say I love you in a song

Yeah, I know it's kinda late,
Hope I didn't wake you,
But there's something I just gotta say,
Know you'd understand

Every time I tried to tell you, the words just came out wrong…
So I'll have to say I love you in a song

I’D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING – in the style of the New Seekers

I'd like to build the world a home, and furnish it with love
Grow apple trees and honeybees, and snow white turtle doves

I'd like to teach the world to sing, in perfect harmony
I'd like to hold it in my arms, and keep it company

I'd like to see the world for once, all standing hand in hand,
And hear them echo through the hills, for peace throughout the land

I'd like to teach the world to sing, in perfect harmony –
I'd like to teach the world to sing, in perfect harmony –

Isntrulemtal

I'd like to build the world a home, and furnish it with love,
Grow apple trees and honeybees, and snow white turtle doves

I'd like to teach the world to sing, in perfect harmony,
I'd like to hold it in my arms, and keep it company

I'd like to see the world for once, all standing hand in hand,
And hear them echo through the hills, for peace throughout the land

I'd like to teach the world to sing, in perfect harmony…
I'd like to teach the world to sing, in perfect harmony…
I'd like to teach the world to sing, in perfect harmony