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**“Brenda’s Got a Baby” – 2Pac**

I guess she thought she'd get away, wouldn't hear the cries

She didn't realize how much the little baby had her eyes

Now the baby's in the trash heap bawling

Momma can't help her, but it hurts to hear her calling

Brenda wants to run away

Momma say, you making me lose pay

There's social workers here every day

Now Brenda's gotta make her own way

Can't go to her family, they won't let her stay

No money no babysitter, she couldn't keep a job

She tried to sell crack but end up getting robbed

So now what's next, there ain't nothing left to sell

So she sees sex as a way of leaving hell

It's paying the rent, so she really can't complain

Prostitute, found slain and Brenda's her name, she's got a baby

I hear Brenda's got a baby

But Brenda's barely got a brain

A damn shame, the girl can hardly spell her name

That's not our problem, that's up to Brenda's family

Well let me show you how it affects our whole community

Now Brenda really never knew her moms

And her dad was a junkie putting death into his arms

It's sad, cause I bet Brenda doesn't even know

Just cause you're in the ghetto doesn't mean you can't grow

But oh, that's a thought, my own revelation

Do whatever it takes to resist the temptation

Brenda got herself a boyfriend

Her boyfriend was her cousin, now let's watch the joy end

She tried to hide her pregnancy, from her family

Who really didn't care to see, or give a damn if she

Went out and had a church of kids

As long as when the check came they got first dibs

Now Brenda's belly's getting bigger

But no one seems to notice any change in her figure

She's twelve years old and she's having a baby

In love with a molester, who's sexing her crazy

And yet and she thinks that he'll be with her forever

And dreams of a world where the two of them are together, whatever

He left her and she had the baby solo

She had it on the bathroom floor and didn't know so

She didn't know, what to throw away and what to keep

She wrapped the baby up and threw him in a trash heap

**“Keep Ya Head Up” – 2Pac**

Keep ya head up, ooh, child

Things are gonna get easier

Keep ya head up, ooh, child

Things'll get brighter

Keep ya head up, ooh, child

Things are gonna get easier

Keep ya head up, ooh, child

Things'll get brighter

Ayo, I remember Marvin Gaye used to sing to me

He had me feeling like black was the thing to be

And suddenly the ghetto didn't seem so tough

And though we had it rough, we always had enough

I huffed and puffed about my curfew and broke the rules

Ran with the local crew and had a smoke or two

And I realize momma really paid the price

She nearly gave her life to raise me right

And all I had to give her was my pipe dream

Of how I'd rock the mic and make it to the bright screen

I'm trying to make a dollar out of fifteen cents

It's hard to be legit and still pay the rent

And in the end it seems I'm heading for the pen

I try to find my friends, but they're blowing in the wind

Last night my buddy lost his whole family

It's gonna take the man in me to conquer this insanity

It seems the rain'll never let up

I try to keep my head up and still keep from getting wet up

You know, it's funny, when it rains it pours

They got money for wars but can't feed the poor

Little something for my godson Elijah

And a little girl named Corin

Some say the blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice

I say the darker the flesh then the deeper the roots

I give a holla to my sisters on welfare

2Pac cares if don't nobody else care

And I know they like to beat you down a lot

When you come around the block, brothers clown a lot

But please don't cry, dry your eyes, never let up

Forgive, but don't forget, girl, keep your head up

And when he tells you you ain't nothing, don't believe him

And if he can't learn to love you, you should leave him

'Cause, sister, you don't need him

And I ain't trying to gas ya up, I just call 'em how I see 'em

You know what makes me unhappy?

When brothers make babies

And leave a young mother to be a pappy

And since we all came from a woman

Got our name from a woman and our game from a woman

I wonder why we take from our women

Why we rape our women, do we hate our women?

I think it's time to kill for our women

Time to heal our women, be real to our women

And if we don't we'll have a race of babies

That will hate the ladies that make the babies

And since a man can't make one

He has no right to tell a woman when and where to create one

So will the real men get up?

I know you're fed up, ladies, but keep your head up

And the truth is it ain't no hope for the future

And then they wonder why we crazy

I blame my mother for turning my brother into a crack baby

We ain't meant to survive, 'cause it's a set-up

And even though you're fed up

Huh, you got to keep your head up

And uh, to all the ladies having babies on they own

I know it's kinda rough and you're feeling all alone

Daddy's long gone and he left you by your lonesome

Thank the Lord for my kids even if nobody else want 'em

'Cause I think we can make it, in fact, I'm sure

And if you fall, stand tall and comeback for more

'Cause ain't nothing worse than when your son

Wants to know why his daddy don't love him no mo'

You can't complain you was dealt this

Hell of a hand without a man, feeling helpless

Because there's too many things for you to deal with

Dying inside, but outside you're looking fearless

While tears is rolling down your cheeks

You steady hoping things don't fall down this week

'Cause if it did, you couldn't take it

And don't blame me, I was given this world, I didn't make it

And now my son's getting older and older and colder

From having the world on his shoulders

While the rich kids is driving Benz

I'm still trying to hold on to surviving friends

And it's crazy, it seems it'll never let up

But please, you got to keep your head up

**“Outside” – Childish Gambino**

Yeah

Dad lost his job

Mama worked at Mrs. Winner's

Gun pulled in her face

She still made dinner

“Donald watch the meter

So they don’t turn the lights off"

Workin' two jobs so I can get into that white school

And I hate it there

They all make fun of my clothes and wanna touch my hair

And my uncle on that stuff that got my Grandma shook

Drug dealers roughed him up and stole his address book

He’s supposed to pay ‘em back

He owe 'em money but his bank account is zero

So my momma made us sleep with Phillips heads under the pillow

Like that would do somethin'

But she’s got six kids, she’s gotta do somethin'

She don’t want me in a lifestyle like my cousin

And he mad cause his father ain’t around

He lookin’ at me now, like

"Why you so lucky?

I had a father too

But he ain’t around so I'mma take it out on you"

We used to say "I love you"

Now we only think that \*\*\*\*

It feels weird that you’re the person I took sink baths with

Street took you over

I want my cousin back

The world sayin' what you are because you’re young and black

Don’t believe ‘em

You’re still that kid that kept the older boys from teasin'

For some reason

I used to dream every night, now I never dream at all

Hopin' that it's cause I'm livin' everything I want

Used to wake up in a bed between my mom and aunt

Playing with this Land Before Time toy from Pizza Hut

My dad works nights

Putting on a stone face

He's saving up so we can get our own place

In the projects, man that sounds fancy to me

They called me fat nose, my mom say you handsome to me

Mrs. Glover ma'am, your son is so advanced

But he's acting up in class and keeps peeing in his pants

And I just wanna fit in, but nobody was helping me out

They talking hood \*\*\*\* and I ain't know what that was about

Cause hood \*\*\*\* and black \*\*\*\* is super different

So I'm talking hood \*\*\*\* and cool it now like New Edition

Mom and dad wouldn't listen

They left the Bronx so I wouldn't be that

All their friends in NY deal crack

It's weird, you think that they'd be proud of 'em

But when you leave the hood they think that you look down on 'em

The truth is we still struggle on a different plane

7 dollars an hour, WIC vouchers, it's all the same

Facebook messaging hopin' that could patch up \*\*\*\*

But all they get now is, "Can your son read this script?"

There's a world we can visit if we go outside

Outside, outside

We can follow the road

There's a world we can visit if we go outside

Outside, outside

No one knows

In spite of the kinda things they told me bein' alone don't mean that you lonely

Alone means that you finally get it, admit it

Go home, lock up the door, fold up the clothes

Watch cartoons for an hour, turn off the lights

Look at the recluse...

Look at the recluse...

Look at the recluse...

Look at the rec-

**“II. No Exit” – Childish Gambino**

Don't go, gotta know

Please don't run away

I'm a murderer

What can I say?

Don't go, gotta know

Please don't run away

I'm a murderer

What does that change?

Can't sleep

3 A.M., stare at the ceilin', murder the feelin'

Spider crawl in the corner, brown recluse

So appropriate, cornucopia

So be it, say I'm over it

Playin' Lil Durk, "Dis Ain't What U Want"

Look at my feet, I put my sneakers in the trunk

Pass a Fatburger through Atwater village

Laugh for a minute, couldn't cry for the life of me

Park by the bridge, sit on the hood, look at the cars

Stare at my hands, look at the moon, I can't find it, it's gone

What's wrong? Didn't respond when I texted you last night, you alright?

Yeah

Man there's a star bound to a body inside of me

20 million degrees, burn a man to his knees

Late at night in a hurry bought a McFlurry and half of an apple pie

When I'm laughin' I'm satisfied, when I'm dyin', I'm still alive, strange position

I'm in a good mood...so good I'mma kill that spider

And every black "you're not black enough"

Is a white "you're all the same"

DOOM Food like Rapp Snitch Knishes

Cuz its oreos, twinkies, coconuts, delicious

How many gold plaques you want inside your dining room?

I said I want a full house

They said, "You got it dude!"

Holla, holla, holla, holla at yo boy

Like yo dad when he's pissed off

Got flow, I could make a cripple crip walk

[man]s' breath stank, all they do is \*\*\*\* talk

People want a real man, I made 'em wait this long

Maybe if he bombs, he'll quit and keep actin'

And save paper like your aunt does with McDonald napkins

How'd it happen? Honesty did it

See all of my competition at the bodies exhibit

Yeah I bodied the limits and I get at them fakers

If you hate it, cremated them haters

So, my studio be a funeral

Yeah, this is our year, oh you didn't know?

Uh, yeah I'm killin' you, step inside the lion's den

Man I'm hov if the 'O' was an 'I' instead

On stage with my family in front of me

I am what I am: everything I wanna be

**“That Power” – Childish Gambino**

All these haters

See you later

All that I could do

But you dont even feel me though

I know you got that power

That power

Oh, oh oh

So CG but stay real

Though I'm fly I'm ill I'm running \*\*\*\*

3-points, field goal

Rappers used to laugh like I tripped and fell

Cause I don't stunt a gold cross like I Christian Bale

Yeah, they starin' at me jealous cause I do shows bigger

But your looks don't help, like an old gold digger

Uncool, but lyrically I'm a stone cold killer

So it's 400 blows to these Truffaut

Yeah, now that's the line of the century

missed it, too busy

They lyin' 'bout penitentiary

Man, you ain't been there

you been scared

And I'm still living single like Synclaire

Lovin' white dudes who call me white and then try to hate

When I wasn’t white enough to use your pool when I was 8

Stone Mountain you raised me well

I’m stared at by Confederates but hard as hell

Tight jeans penny loafers, but I still drink a Bodine

Staying on my me \*\*\*\*, but hated on by both sides

I’m just a kid who blowing up with my father’s name

[Outro]

This is on a bus back from camp. I’m thirteen and so are you. Before I left for camp I imagined it would be me and three or four other dudes I hadn’t met yet, running around all summer, getting into trouble. It turned out it would be me and just one girl. That’s you. And we’re still at camp as long as we’re on the bus and not at the pickup point where our parents would be waiting for us. We’re still wearing our orange camp t-shirts. We still smell like pineneedles. I like you and you like me and I more-than-like you, but I don’t know if you do or don’t more-than-like me. You’ve never said, so I haven’t been saying anything all summer, content to enjoy the small miracle of a girl choosing to talk to me and choosing to do so again the next day and so on. A girl who’s smart and funny and who, if I say something dumb for a laugh, is willing to say something two or three times as dumb to make me laugh, but who also gets weird and wise sometimes in a way I could never be. A girl who reads books that no one’s assigned to her, whose curly brown hair has a line running through it from where she put a tie to hold it up while it was still wet

Back in the real world we don’t go to the same school, and unless one of our families moves to a dramatically different neighborhood, we won’t go to the same high school. So, this is kind of it for us. Unless I say something. And it might especially be it for us if I actually do say something. The sun’s gone down and the bus is quiet. A lot of kids are asleep. We’re talking in whispers about a tree we saw at a rest stop that looks like a kid we know. And then I’m like, “Can I tell you something?” And all of a sudden I’m telling you. And I keep telling you and it all comes out of me and it keeps coming and your face is there and gone and there and gone as we pass underneath the orange lamps that line the sides of the highway. And there’s no expression on it. And I think just after a point I’m just talking to lengthen the time where we live in a world where you haven’t said “yes” or “no” yet. And regrettably I end up using the word “destiny.” I don’t remember in what context. Doesn’t matter. Before long I’m out of stuff to say and you smile and say, “okay.” I don’t know exactly what you mean by it, but it seems vaguely positive and I would leave in order not to spoil the moment, but there’s nowhere to go because we’re are on a bus. So I pretend like I’m asleep and before long, I really am

I wake up, the bus isn’t moving anymore. The domed lights that line the center aisle are all on. I turn and you’re not there. Then again a lot of kids aren’t in their seats anymore. We’re parked at the pick-up point, which is in the parking lot of a Methodist church. The bus is half empty. You might be in your dad’s car by now, your bags and things piled high in the trunk. The girls in the back of the bus are shrieking and laughing and taking their sweet time disembarking as I swing my legs out into the aisle to get up off the bus, just as one of them reaches my row. It used to be our row, on our way off. It’s Michelle, a girl who got suspended from third grade for a week after throwing rocks at my head. Adolescence is doing her a ton of favors body-wise. She stops and looks down at me. And her head is blasted from behind by the dome light, so I can’t really see her face, but I can see her smile. And she says one word: “destiny.” Then her and the girls clogging the aisles behind her all laugh and then she turns and leads them off the bus. I didn’t know you were friends with them

I find my dad in the parking lot. He drives me back to our house and camp is over. So is summer, even though there’s two weeks until school starts. This isn’t a story about how girls are evil or how love is bad, this is a story about how I learned something and I’m not saying this thing is true or not, I’m just saying it’s what I learned. I told you something. It was just for you and you told everybody. So I learned cut out the middle man, make it all for everybody, always. Everybody can’t turn around and tell everybody, everybody already knows, I told them. But this means there isn’t a place in my life for you or someone like you. Is it sad? Sure. But it’s a sadness I chose. I wish I could say this was a story about how I got on the bus a boy and got off a man more cynical, hardened, and mature and \*\*\*\*. But that’s not true. The truth is I got on the bus a boy. And I never got off the bus. I still haven’t.

**“Brick” – Ben Folds**

As weeks went by

It showed that she was not fine

They told me son it's time to tell the truth

She broke down and I broke down

'Cause I was tired of lying

Driving home to her apartment

For the moment we're alone

She's alone

I'm alone

Now I know it

She's a brick and I'm drowning slowly

Off the coast and I'm headed nowhere

She's a brick and I'm drowning slowly

Six am day after Christmas

I throw some clothes on in the dark

The smell of cold

Car seat is freezing

The world is sleeping

I am numb

Up the stairs to her apartment

She is balled up on the couch

Her mom and dad went down to Charlotte

They're not home to find us out

And we drive

Now that I have found someone

I'm feeling more alone

Than I ever have before

She's a brick and I'm drowning slowly

Off the coast and I'm headed nowhere

She's a brick and I'm drowning slowly

They call her name at seven thirty

I pace around the parking lot

Then I walk down to buy her flowers

And sell some gifts that I got

Can't you see

It's not me you're dying for

Now she's feeling more alone

Then she ever has before

She's a brick and I'm drowning slowly

Off the coast and I'm headed nowhere

She's a brick and I'm drowning slowly

**“The Luckiest” – Ben Folds**

I love you more than I have ever found a way to say to you

Next door there's an old man who lived to his nineties

And one day passed away in his sleep

And his wife; she stayed for a couple of days

And passed away

I'm sorry, I know that's a strange way to tell you that I know we belong

That I know

That I am

I am

I am

The luckiest

I don't get many things right the first time

In fact, I am told that a lot

Now I know all the wrong turns, the stumbles and falls

Brought me here

And where was I before the day

That I first saw your lovely face?

Now I see it everyday

And I know

That I am

I am

I am

The luckiest

What if I'd been born fifty years before you

In a house on a street where you lived?

Maybe I'd be outside as you passed on your bike

Would I know?

And in a white sea of eyes

I see one pair that I recognize

And I know

That I am

I am

I am

The luckiest

**“Smoke” – Ben Folds**

Where do all the secrets live

They travel in the air

You can smell them when they burn

They travel

Those who say the past is not dead

Stop and smell the smoke

You keep on saying the past is not dead

Come on and smell the smoke

You keep saying the past is not even past

You keep saying

We are, smoke

Leaf by Leaf page by page

Throw this book away

All the sadness all the rage

Throw this book away

Rip out the binding, tear the glue

All of the grief we never ever knew

We had it all along

Now its smoke

The things we've written in it

Never really happened

All of the people come and gone

Never really lived

All of the people have come have gone

No one to forgive smoke

We will never write a new one

There will not be a new one

Another one, another one

Here's an evening dark with shame

Throw it on the fire

here's the time I took the blame

Throw it on the fire

Here's the time we didn't speak

it seemed for years and years

Here's a secret

No one will ever know the

realsons for the tears

They are smoke

**“Samson” – Regina Spektor**

Samson went back to bed

Not much hair left on his head

Ate a slice of wonderbread and went right back to bed

Oh, we couldn't bring the columns down

Yeah we couldn't destroy a single one

And history books forgot about us

And the bible didn't mention us, not even once

You are my sweetest downfall

I loved you first

You are my sweetest downfall

I loved you first, I loved you first

Beneath the sheets of paper lies my truth

I have to go, I have to go

Your hair was long when we first met

Samson went back to bed

Not much hair left on his head

He ate a slice of wonder bread and went right back to bed

And history books forgot about us and the bible didn't mention us

And the bible didn't mention us, not even once

You are my sweetest downfall

I loved you first, I loved you first

Beneath the stars came fallin' on our heads

But they're just old light, they're just old light

Your hair was long when we first met

Samson came to my bed

Told me that my hair was red

Told me I was beautiful and came into my bed

Oh I cut his hair myself one night

A pair of dull scissors in the yellow light

And he told me that I'd done alright

And kissed me 'til the mornin' light, the mornin' light

And he kissed me 'til the mornin' light

**“Laughing With” – Regina Spektor**

No one’s laughing at God

When they’ve lost all they’ve got

And they don’t know what for

No one laughs at God on the day they realize

That the last sight they’ll ever see is a pair of hateful eyes

No one’s laughing at God when they’re saying their goodbyes

But God can be funny

At a cocktail party when listening to a good God-themed joke, or

Or when the crazies say He hates us

And they get so red in the head you think they’re ‘bout to choke

God can be funny,

When told he’ll give you money if you just pray the right way

And when presented like a genie who does magic like Houdini

Or grants wishes like Jiminy Cricket and Santa Claus

God can be so hilarious

No one’s laughing at God

No one’s laughing at God

No one’s laughing at God

We’re all laughing with God

No one laughs at God in a hospital

No one laughs at God in a war

No one’s laughing at God

When they’re starving or freezing or so very poor

No one laughs at God

When the doctor calls after some routine tests

No one’s laughing at God

When it’s gotten real late

And their kid’s not back from the party yet

No one laughs at God

When their airplane start to uncontrollably shake

No one’s laughing at God

When they see the one they love, hand in hand with someone else

And they hope that they’re mistaken

No one laughs at God

When the cops knock on their door

And they say we got some bad news, sir

No one’s laughing at God

When there’s a famine or fire or flood

But God can be funny

At a cocktail party when listening to a good God-themed joke, or

Or when the crazies say He hates us

And they get so red in the head you think they’re ‘bout to choke

God can be funny,

When told he’ll give you money if you just pray the right way

And when presented like a genie who does magic like Houdini

Or grants wishes like Jiminy Cricket and Santa Claus

God can be so hilarious

No one laughs at God in a hospital

No one laughs at God in a war

**“Colors and the Kids” – Cat Power**

I could stay here

Become someone different

I could stay here

Become someone better

It's so hard to go in the city

'Cause you want to say hello to everybody

It's so hard to go into the city

'Cause you want to say hey I love you to everybody

When we were teenagers we wanted to be the sky

Now all we want to do is go to red places

And try to stay outta hell

It must be the colors

And the kids

That keep me alive

'Cause the music is boring me to death

It must just be the colors

And it must just be the kids

That keep me alive on this January night.

Yellow hair

You are a funny bear

Yellow hair

You are such a funny bear

It must be the colors

And the kids

That keep me alive

'Cause the music is boring me to death

It must just be the colors

And the kids that keep me alive

'Cause I'd want to go right away

To a January night

I built a shack with an old friend

He was someone I could learn from

Someone I could become

Will you meet me down

On a sandy beach

We can roll up our jeans

So the tide won't get us below the knees

Yellow hair

You are a funny bear

Yellow hair

You are such a funny bear

Slender fingers

Would hold me slender limbs would hold me

And you could say my name

Like you knew my name

**“Metal Heart” – Cat Power**

Losing the star without a sky

Losing the reasons why

You're losing the calling that you've been faking

And I'm not kidding

It's damned if you don't

And it's damned if you do

Be true 'cause they'll lock you up

In a sad sad zoo

Oh hidy hidy hidy what cha tryin' to prove

By hidy hidy hiding you're not worth a thing

Sew your fortunes on a string

And hold them up to light

Blue smoke will take

A very violent flight

And you will be changed

Sand everything

And you will be in a very sad sad zoo.

I once was lost but now I'm found was blind

But now I see you

How selfish of you to believe

In the meaning of all the bad dreaming

Metal heart you're not hiding

Metal heart you're not worth a thing

Metal heart you're not hiding

Metal heart you're not worth a thing

**“I Don’t Blame You” – Cat Power**

Last time I saw you, you were on stage

Your hair was wild, your eyes were bright

And you were in a rage

You were swinging your guitar around

Cuz they wanted to hear that sound

But you didn't want to play

And I don't blame you

I don't blame you

Been around the world, in many situations

Been inside many heads in different positions

But you never wanted them that way

What a cruel price you thought that you had to pay

Them back for all that \*\*\*\* on stage

But it never made sense to them anyway

Could you imagine when they turned their backs

They were only scratching their heads

Cuz you simply deserve the best

And I don't blame you

I don't blame you

They said you were the best

But then they were only kids

Then you would recall the deadly houses you grew up in

Just because they knew your name

Doesn't mean they know from where you came

What a sad trick you thought that you had to play

But I don't blame you

They never owned it

And you never owed it to them anyway

I don't blame you

**“Father and Son” – Cat Stevens**

[Son:]

All the times that I cried, keeping all the things I knew inside

It's hard, but it's harder to ignore it

If they were right, I'd agree, but it's them they know not me

Now there's a way and I know that I have to go away

I know I have to go

[Father:]

It's not time to make a change

Just relax, take it easy

You're still young, that's your fault

There's so much you have to know

Find a girl, settle down

If you want you can marry

Look at me, I am old, but I'm happy

I was once like you are now, and I know that it's not easy

To be calm when you've found something going on

But take your time, think a lot

Why, think of everything you've got

For you will still be here tomorrow, but your dreams may not

[Son:]

How can I try to explain, cause when I do he turns away again

It's always been the same, same old story

From the moment I could talk I was ordered to listen

Now there's a way and I know that I have to go away

I know I have to go

[Father:]

It's not time to make a change

Just sit down, take it slowly

You're still young, that's your fault

There's so much you have to go through

Find a girl, settle down

If you want you can marry

Look at me, I am old, but I'm happy

**“Moonshadow” – Cat Stevens**

Oh, I'm bein' followed by a moonshadow, moonshadow, moonshadow

Leapin and hoppin' on a moonshadow, moonshadow, moonshadow

And if I ever lose my hands, lose my plough, lose my land,

Oh if I ever lose my hands, Oh if... I won't have to work no more.

And if I ever lose my eyes, if my colours all run dry,

Yes if I ever lose my eyes, Oh if... I won't have to cry no more.

Yes I'm bein' followed by a moonshadow, moonshadow, moonshadow

Leapin' and hoppin' on a moonshadow, moonshadow, moonshadow

And if I ever lose my legs, I won't moan, and I won't beg,

Yes if I ever lose my legs, Oh if... I won't have to walk no more.

And if I ever lose my mouth, all my teeth, north and south,

Yes if I ever lose my mouth, Oh if... I won't have to talk...

Did it take long to find me? I asked the faithful light.

Did it take long to find me? And are you gonna stay the night?

I'm bein' followed by a moonshadow, moonshadow, moonshadow

Leapin' and hoppin' on a moonshadow, moonshadow, moonshadow

Moonshadow, moonshadow, moonshadow, moonshadow

**“Faithful” – Common**

She asked if they could spend the night together

He thought, and said, "I'm tryin' to get my life together"

Went home to his lady, these were his confessions

"Baby you a blessin' and my best friend"

I was rollin' around, in my mind it occurred

What if God was a her?

Would I treat her the same? Would I still be runnin' game on her?

In what type of ways would I want her?

Would I want her for her mind or her heavenly body?

Couldn't be out gettin' bogus with someone so godly

If I was wit' her would I still be wantin' my ex?

The lies, the greed, the weed, the sex

Wouldn't be ashamed to give her part of my check

Wearin' her cross, I mean the heart on my neck

Her I would reflect on the streets of the Chi'

Ride wit' her, 'cause I know for me she'd die

Through good and bad call on her like I'm chirpin' her

Couldn't be jealous 'cause other brothers worship her

Walk this earth for her, glory, I'm grateful

To be in her presence I try to stay faithful

He worked with her, she was his lady's best friend

Even if they don't try some ladies test men

And this was a test that was bigger than him

Some believe its the nature that is given to men

He had a good gig, a wife, a kid, a decent home

One reason or another couldn't find peace at home

She asked, "Why do men always have to stray?"

He said, "I'm bad, not as bad as Eric Benet"

"I used to take 'em out to eat but they wasn't really eatin'

Mighta got a little head but I wasn't really cheatin'"

It's hard when your lady don't believe what you say

And what you did in the past you gotta live with today

**“Love is…” – Common**

It's all love where we come from

In the hood love we was told to run from

That same hood where the guns sung

We holla love, hopin' it would come one

Crack got so many lives undone

From lack of love many hide some run

I knew this girl with a son who dreamt of actin' in plays

Demonstration with her man had her trapped in a maze

Tryin' to find herself again, much of that she'd have gave

Love can free us, to it some of us react as a slave

Funny, we love 'em more when they're relaxed in a grave

Wonder if a thug is raw, is he actin' afraid?

Everybody loves sun, why do I attract shade?

Heard of the love of money, but compassion it pays

Talk about it with my youth so she'd understand

What it is to be loved by a man

[Chorus]

Some say that I'm a dreamer 'cause I talk about it often

Seen the hardest[man] soften wit' his homie in a coffin

We walk and stand in, fall in it

With the right companion we all in it

Mary sang a song about it, having broad limits

In the game of life, it's the scrimage

Reminiscing on letters I wrote in my small days

A letter to the people, love always

[Chorus]

How beautiful love can be

On the streets love is hard to see

It's a place I got to be

Loving you is loving me

How beautiful love can be

On the streets love is hard to see

Gotta reach that frequency

Loving you is loving me

Yeah, you know what love is

Even found it on the ground where the thugs live

My man had to dig deep to find his

Couldn't sleep 'cause on the real he had five kids

Live [men], real [men] express and taste it

At crap games, black dames and big faces

Cases in court, fam' showin' love and support

You and your baby's mom thought that love was a sport

As men we were taught to hold it in

That's why we don't know how 'til we're older men

If love is a place I'ma go again

At least now, now I know to go within

At time it can take ya for a spin

Heartbreak hotel then you're home again

I've seen love make a [man] soul pretend

Like a story that he don't want to end

[Chorus]

**“Around My Way (Freedom Ain’t Free)” – Lupe Fiasco**

Reporting live from the other side what you hear

A bunch of nonsense all in my ear

Rich man, poor man, we all gotta pay

Cause freedom ain’t free, especially ’round my way

And we marvel at the state of heart of man

Then turn around and treat Ghana like a garbage can

America’s a big mother\*\*\*\*in’ garbageman

If you ain’t know, you’re part and parcel of the problem

You say no you ain’t, and I say yes you is

Soon as you find out what planned obsolescence is

You say no they didn’t, and I say yes they did

The definition of unnecessary-ness

Manifested

Say that we should protest just to get arrested

That goes against all my hustling ethics

A bunch of jail [man]s say its highly ineffective

Depart from Martin, connect on Malcolm X tip

Insert Baldwin to similar the separate

To me, the truth is more fulfilling than a meth hit

Or finding really fast internet to have some sex with

It’s all one song short of a set list

Couple croissants shy of a continental breakfast

Or blowing out your birthday candles just to make a death wish

So absurd word to Chief Bone Necklace

Down at the Lakota Sioux Casino

A whole culture boiled down to giving you paquino

I go as left as a heart in the chest

Cause the Horn of Africa is now starving to death

First off say peace to Pine Ridge

Shame on all the damage the white man wine did

Ghost dance, Trail of Tears, 5 million beers a year

And all that other crime did

More peace to the teachers of blind kids

To rebels in small cells keeping their mind big

Say everything’s hostile

Suicide bombers and prosperity gospels, emaciated models

With cocaine and blood pouring out their nostrils, they got to

Just to stay awake on the catwalk of life where everybody watch you

Straight hair, high heels and a handbag

Crucifixes, racism and a land grab

Katrina, FEMA trailers, human body sandbags

A peace sign and a pants sag

A money toss cause a 9 stripper mad dash

A friend request following a hash tag

Now everybody want it like the last laugh

A Michael Jackson jacket or a daft mask

Purple Jordans or the mixed girl in your math class

Stable is when the Ba’ath had Baghdad

But corporate jets really had to have that gas bad

War and they hope they all fall from the ratatat

Cause that’s just more dinosaur for the Cadillac

[Hook]

Live from the other side what you see

A bunch of nonsense on my TV

Heaven on Earth is what I need

But I feel I’m in hell every time I breathe

[Hook]

An all white Los Angeles, the dream of Mr. Chandler

Hope and pray they take Columbus day up off the calendar

South Central an example of God’s gifts

So shout to all the mothers raising babies in spa 6

The projects of Oakland city, Detroit ghost towns

Monopolies on poverty where D-boy coke bound

It’s parts of Manilla like the video for Thriller

But the US Embassy is reminiscent of a villa

If poverty is chocolate and privilege vanilla

Then what’s the flavor of the Sunday preacher’s pedophilia

Cash rules everything around these [man]s

As classrooms everywhere around me wither

Hither you can be Mr. Burns or Mr. Smithers

The tyrant or the slave but nowhere in the middle

Of the extremes of America’s dream

Freud fighting Neo, Freddy Krueger refereeing, naaa…

[Hook]

**“Lamborghini Angels” – Lupe Fiasco**

With her eyes to the ceiling and a needle in her brain

He looks back into the crowd, wipes the blood and then explains

How she slipped from this existence to the realm of the deranged

Her becoming must be halted to reverse what she became

From the looseness of her tongue, to the pollution of her aims

To do nothing is barbaric, the solution is humane

You must destroy the mind and hopefully retrain

You torture out the wildness, then replace it with the tame

Blank slate when she recovers, she won't even know her name

Perfect wife and perfect lover, no resistance, no complaints

May God bless the scientific cure for the insane

Knew she couldn't go to school, but she thought that that should change

[Hook (x2)]

With his crucifix inside his pocket said his mission is divine

Put his Bible on the bed and then he touched on his behind

Told him take off all his clothes and put your penis next to mine

Now the little boy think it's normal because they do this all the time

With no life inside his body now he finally think he's safe

But they cut off all his fingers while they piss all in his face

He take pictures with his killers then they sneak back to the states

Now he sit next to the picture of his wife when she was raped

With the teleprompter rolling he looks right into the lens

Doesn't mention his redemption but absolves him of his sins

He forgives them in advance says that he will do again

[John F. Kennedy] My fellow Americans...

It's a mad world out here, I tell you

The world's gone stark, raving mad

Everyone in the world is mad

It's a mad crazy world

[Hook]

I see diamond-flooded demons

Lamborghini angels

Lamborghini angels

Lamborghini angels

Halos down with the doors flapping when they came through

Halos down with the doors flapping when they came through

With a circle on the floor he compels them to be pure

Pulls the beast out of his heart then impales it on a sword

Writes a prayer on some paper and then he nails it to the door

Just the good of you may enter by the mercy of the lord

Listen not to what he speaks, that's been the cursing of his cause

A seduction of his senses by the devils he adores

The unholy has him hostage and his soul is now at war

Follow not his secret knowledge it will bring you no reward

Shun him while in public disallow him from your stores

Have no part in his affairs 'less his pestilence be yours

Make scoundrels of the righteous and virgins into whores

But we must still pray that his color will be cured

[Hook (x2)]

**“Fireworks” – Mitski**

One morning this sadness will fossilize

And I will forget how to cry

I'll keep going to work and you won't see a change

Save perhaps a slight gray in my eye

I will go jogging routinely

Calmly and rhythmically run

And when I find that a knife's sticking out of my side

I'll pull it out without questioning why

And then one warm summer night

I'll hear fireworks outside

And I'll listen to the memories as they cry, cry, cry

I will be married to silence

The gentleman won't say a word

But you know, oh you know in the quiet he holds

Runs a river that will never find home

And then one warm summer night

I'll hear fireworks outside

And I'll listen to the memories as they cry, cry, cry

Oh, one warm summer

I'll hear fireworks outside

And I'll listen to the memories as they cry, cry, cry

Cry, cry, cry

Cry, cry, cry

**“Francis Forever” – Mitski**

I don't know what to do without you

I don't know where to put my hands

I've been trying to lay my head down

I'm writing this at 3am

I don't need the world to see

That I've been the best I can be, but

I don't think I could stand to be

Where you don't see me

On sunny days I go out walking

I end up on a tree-lined street

I look up at the gaps of sunlight

I miss you more than anything

I don't need the world to see

That I've been the best I can be, but

I don't think I could stand to be

Where you don't see me

And autumn comes when you're not yet done

With the summer passing by, but

I don't think I could stand to be

Where you don't see me

**“A Burning Hill” – Mitski**

Today I will wear my white button-down

I’m tired of wanting more

I think I’m finally worn

For you have a way of promising things

and I’ve been a forest fire

I am a forest fire

and I am the fire and I am the forest

and I am a witness watching it

I stand in a valley watching it

and you are not there at all

So today I will wear my white button-down

I can at least be neat

Walk out and be seen as clean

and I’ll go to work and I’ll go to sleep

and all of the littler things

I’ll love some littler things

**“Cruel World” – Phantogram**

I'm putting you out of your misery

Cause darling you're dragging me down

I wish I could say that I'm sorry

But I'm over that, now I'm taking you out

It's a cruel, cruel world

I used to see beauty in people

But now I see muscle and bones

You know I never wanted to hurt you

But I'm sorry, my friend, this is the end

So I'm saying my goodbyes

Goodbye to my good side

It only ever got me hurt

And I finally learned

It's a cruel, cruel world

It's a cruel, cruel world

Erase you from my mind

I'm sorry, but I

I'm cutting all the ties

So I'm saying my goodbyes

Goodbye to my good side

It only ever got me hurt

And I finally learned

It's a cruel, cruel world

It's a cruel, cruel world

Cruel, cruel world

**“Barking Dog” - Phantogram**

Head on the bathroom floor

Tackling in my demon voice

Millions of years go by

Memories of peace and love

Killing to reconstruct

And what will the label do?

Hurt people hurt people too

I'm sorry for what I've done

Head on the bathroom floor

Talking in your demon voice

Millions of years go by

Memories of peace and love

Talking to the barking dog

Never mind the barking dog

Never mind the barking dog

Millions of years go by

Head on the bathroom floor

Taclking in your demon voice

Millions of years go by

Memories of peace and love

I'm sorry for what I've done

And hurt people hurt people too

Hurt people hurt people too

Never mind the walking dog

Never mind the walking dog

**“Ironic” – Alanis Morissette**

A traffic jam when you're already late

A no-smoking sign on your cigarette break

It's like ten thousand spoons when all you need is a knife

It's meeting the man of my dreams

And then meeting his beautiful wife

And isn't it ironic...don't you think

A little too ironic...and, yeah, I really do think...

It's like rain on your wedding day

It's a free ride when you've already paid

It's the good advice that you just didn't take

Who would've thought... it figures

Life has a funny way of sneaking up on you

Life has a funny, funny way of helping you out

Helping you out

An old man turned ninety-eight

He won the lottery and died the next day

It's a black fly in your Chardonnay

It's a death row pardon two minutes too late

And isn't it ironic... don't you think

It's like rain on your wedding day

It's a free ride when you've already paid

It's the good advice that you just didn't take

Who would've thought... it figures

Mr. Play It Safe was afraid to fly

He packed his suitcase and kissed his kids goodbye

He waited his whole damn life to take that flight

And as the plane crashed down he thought

"Well isn't this nice..."

And isn't it ironic... don't you think

It's like rain on your wedding day

It's a free ride when you've already paid

It's the good advice that you just didn't take

Who would've thought... it figures

Well life has a funny way of sneaking up on you

When you think everything's okay and everything's going right

And life has a funny way of helping you out when

You think everything's gone wrong and everything blows up

In your face

**“Perfect” – Alanis Morissette**

Be a good boy

Push a little farther now

That wasn't fast enough

To make us happy

We'll love you just the way you are

If you're perfect

Sometimes is never quite enough

If you're flawless, then you'll win my love

Don't forget to win first place

Don't forget to keep that smile on your face

Be a good boy

Try a little harder

You've got to measure up

Make me prouder

How long before you screw it up

How many times do I have to tell you to hurry up

With everything I do for you

The least you can do is keep quiet

Be a good girl

You've gotta try a little harder

That simply wasn't good enough

To make us proud

I'll live through you

I'll make you what I never was

If you're the best, then maybe so am I

Compared to him compared to her

I'm doing this for your own damn good

You'll make up for what I blew

What's the problem, why are you crying

**“Forgiven” – Alanis Morissette**

You know how us Catholic girls can be

We make up for so much time a little too late

I never forgot it, confusing as it was

No fun with no guilt feelings

The sinners, the saviors, the loverless priests

I'll see you next Sunday

We all had our reasons to be there

We all had a thing or two to learn

We all needed something to cling to

So we did

I sang Alleluia in the choir

I confessed my darkest deeds to an envious man

My brothers they never went blind for what they did

But I may as well have

In the name of the Father, the Skeptic and the Son

I had one more stupid question

[Chorus]

What I learned I rejected but I believe again

I will suffer the consequence of this inquisition

If I jump in this fountain, will I be forgiven

We all had our reasons to be there

We all had a thing or two to learn

We all needed something to cling to

So we did

[Chorus]

“Limp” – Fiona Apple

You wanna make me sick;

You wanna lick my wounds,

Don't you, baby?

You want the badge of honor when you save my hide

But you're the one in the way

Of the day of doom, baby

If you need my shame to reclaim your pride

And when I think of it, my fingers turn to fists

I never did anything to you, man

But no matter what I try

You'll beat me with your bitter lies

So call me crazy, hold me down

Make me cry; got off now, baby-

It wont be long till you'll be

Lying limp in your own hand

You feed the beast I have within me

You wave the red flag, baby you make it run run run

Standing on the sidelines, waving and grinning

You fondle my trigger, then you blame my gun

And when I think of it, my fingers turn to fists

I never did anything to you, man

But no matter what I try

You'll beat me with your bitter lies

So call me crazy, hold me down

Make me cry; get off now, baby-

It wont be long till you'll be

Lying limp in your own hand

**“Love Ridden” – Fiona Apple**

Love ridden, I've looked at you

With the focus I gave to my birthday candles

I've wished on the lidded blue flames

Under your brow

And baby, I wished for you

Nobody sees when you are lying in your bed

And I wanna crawl in with you

But I cry instead

I want your warm, but it will only make

Me colder when it's over,

So I can't tonight, baby

No, not "baby" anymore - if I need you

I'll just use your simple name

Only kisses on the cheek from now on

And in a little while, we'll only have to wave

My hand won't hold you down no more

The path is clear to follow through

I stood too long in the way of the door

And now I'm giving up on you

No, not "baby" anymore- if I need you

I'll just use your simple name

Only kisses on the cheek from now on

And in a little while, we'll only have to wave

No, not "baby" anymore- if I need you

I'll just use your simple name

Only kisses on the cheek from now on

And in a little while, we'll only have to wave

**“Paper Bag” – Fiona Apple**

Hunger hurts, but I want him so bad, oh it kills

'Cause I know I'm a mess he don't wanna clean up

I got to fold 'cause these hands are too shaky to hold

Hunger hurts, but starving works, when it costs too much to love

Hunger hurts, but I want him so bad, oh it kills

Because I know that I'm a mess that he don't wanna clean up

I got to fold because these hands are just too shaky to hold

Hunger hurts, but starving, it works, when it costs too much to love

I was staring at the sky, just looking for a star

To pray on, or wish on, or something like that

I was having a sweet fix of a daydream of a boy

Whose reality I knew, was a hopeless to be had

But then the dove of hope began its downward slope

And I believed for a moment that my chances

Were approaching to be grabbed

But as it came down near, so did a weary tear

I thought it was a bird, but it was just a paper bag

Hunger hurts, and I want him so bad, oh it kills

'Cause I know I'm a mess he don't wanna clean up

I got to fold 'cause these hands are too shaky to hold

Hunger hurts, but starving works, when it costs too much to love

And I went crazy again today, looking for a strand to climb

Looking for a little hope

Baby said he couldn't stay, wouldn't put his lips to mine,

And a fail to kiss is a fail to cope

I said, 'Honey, I don't feel so good, don't feel justified

Come on put a little love here in my void,' he said

'It's all in your head,' and I said, 'So's everything'

But he didn't get it I thought he was a man

But he was just a little boy

Hunger hurts, and I want him so bad, oh it kills

'Cause I know I'm a mess he don't wanna clean up

I got to fold 'cause these hands are too shaky to hold

Hunger hurts, but starving works, when it costs too much to love

**“Pieces of You” – Jewel**

She's an ugly girl, does it make you want to kill her?

She's an ugly girl, do you want to kick in her face?

She's an ugly girl, she doesn't pose a threat.

She's an ugly girl, does she make you feel safe?

Ugly girl, ugly girl, do you hate her

'Cause she's pieces of you?

She's a pretty girl, does she make you think nasty thoughts?

She's a pretty girl, do you want to tie her down?

She's a pretty girl, do you call her a bitch?

She's a pretty girl, did she sleep with your whole town?

Pretty girl, pretty girl, do you hate her

'Cause she's pieces of you?

You say he's a \*\*\*\*\*\*, does it make you want to hurt him?

You say he's a \*\*\*\*\*\*, do you want to bash in his brain?

You say he's a \*\*\*\*\*\*, does he make you sick to our stomach?

You say he's a \*\*\*\*\*\*, are you afraid you're just the same?

\*\*\*\*\*\*, \*\*\*\*\*\*, do you hate him

'Cause he's pieces of you?

You say he's a Jew, does it mean that he's tight?

You say he's a Jew, do you want to hurt his kids tonight?

You say he's a Jew, he'll never wear that funny hat again.

You say he's a Jew, as though being born were a sin.

Oh Jew, oh Jew, do you hate him

'Cause he's pieces of you?

**“I’m Sensitive” – Jewel**

I was thinking that I might fly today

Just to disprove all the things you say

It doesn't take a talent to be mean

Your words can crush things that are unseen

So please be careful with me, I'm sensitive

And I'd like to stay that way.

You always tell me that is impossible

To be respected and be a girl

Why's it gotta be so complicated?

Why you gotta tell me if I'm hated?

So please be careful with me, I'm sensitive

And I'd like to stay that way.

I was thinking that it might do some good

If we robbed the cynics and took all their food

That way what they believe will have taken place

And we'll give it to anybody who has some faith

So please be careful with me, I'm sensitive

And I'd like to stay that way.

I have this theory that if we're told we're bad

Then that's the only idea we'll ever have

But maybe if we are surrounded in beauty

Someday we will become what we see

'Cause anyone can start a conflict

It's harder yet to disregard it

I'd rather see the world from another angle

We are everyday angels

Be careful with me 'cause I'd like to stay that way

**“Adrian” – Jewel**

She sat by his side, watched the years fly by

He looked so fragile, he looked so small

She wondered why he was still alive at all

Little Mary Epperson grew up lovely

She still comes to visit him on Sundays

He's like an unused toy

He's got big hands but the mind of a little boy

Oh, Adrian, come out and play

Adrian came home again last summer

Things just haven't been the same around here

Adrian came home again last summer

Things just haven't been the same around here

People talk

People stare

Oh, Adrian, come out and play

An unfortunate accident in a canoe

Dr. said, 'I'm sorry not much I can do'

The air was so still

His eyes did not blink

Oh, Adrian, come out and play

Little Mary Epperson liked him

She vowed always to watch after him

Still he did not move

Dr. said it's no use

Oh, Adrian, come out and play

She sat by his side, watched the years fly by

He looked so fragile, he looked so small

She wondered why he was still alive at all

Everyone in town had that 'I'm sorry look'

They talked in a whispered hush, said

'I'd turn the machines off'

But still she sat by his side

Said, 'Life he won't be denied

Oh, Adrian, come out and play

Yellow flowers decorate his bedroom

Sign above his door says 'Welcome Home'

But he just sits and stares

He's awake but he's still not there

Oh, Adrian, come out and play

**“White Flag” – Dido**

I know you think that I shouldn't still love you,

Or tell you that.

But if I didn't say it, well I'd still have felt it

Where's the sense in that?

I promise I'm not trying to make your life harder

Or return to where we were

But I will go down with this ship

And I won't put my hands up and surrender

There will be no white flag above my door

I'm in love and always will be

I know I left too much mess and destruction

To come back again

And I caused nothing but trouble

I understand if you can't talk to me again

And if you live by the rules of "it's over"

Then I'm sure that that makes sense

[chorus]

And when we meet

Which I'm sure we will

All that was there

Will be there still

I'll let it pass

And hold my tongue

And you will think

That I've moved on....

**“Life for Rent” – Dido**

While my heart is a shield and I won't let it down

While I am so afraid to fail so I won't even try

Well how can I say I'm alive

If my life is for rent and I don't learn to buy

Well I deserve nothing more than I get

Cos nothing I have is truly mine

If my life is for rent and I don't learn to buy

Well I deserve nothing more than I get

Cos nothing I have is truly mine

Cos nothing I have is truly mine

Cos nothing I have is truly mine

Cos nothing I have is truly mine

I haven't ever really found a place that I call home

I never stick around quite long enough to make it

I apologize once again I'm not in love

But it's not as if I mind

that your heart ain't exactly breaking

It's just a thought, only a thought

But if my life is for rent and I don't learn to buy

Well I deserve nothing more than I get

Cos nothing I have is truly mine

I've always thought

that I would love to live by the sea

To travel the world alone

and live more simply

I have no idea what's happened to that dream

Cos there's really nothing left here to stop me

It's just a thought, only a thought

But if my life is for rent and I don't learn to buy

Well I deserve nothing more than I get

Cos nothing I have is truly mine

If my life is for rent and I don't learn to buy

Well I deserve nothing more than I get

Cos nothing I have is truly mine

**“Thank You” – Dido**

My tea's gone cold, I'm wondering why I got out of bed at all

the morning rain clouds up my window and I can't see at all

And even if I could it'd all be grey, but your picture on my wall

it reminds me that it's not so bad

it's not so bad

I drank too much last night, got bills to pay

my head just feels in pain

I missed the bus and there'll be hell today

I'm late for work again

and even if I'm there, they'll all imply that I might not last the

day

and then you call me and it's not so bad

it's not so bad and

I want to thank you for giving me the best day of my life

Oh just to be with you is having the best day of my life

Push the door, I'm home at last and I'm soaking through and

through

then you handed me a towel and all I see is you

and even if my house falls down now, I wouldn't have a clue

because you're near me and

I want to thank you for giving me the best day of my life

Oh just to be with you is having the best day of my life

[x2]

**“Stereo Hearts” – Gym Class Heroes**

And crank it higher every time they told you to stop?

And all I ask is that you don't get mad at me

When you have to purchase mad D batteries

Appreciate every mix tape your friends make

You never know we come and go like on the interstate

I think I finally found a note to make you understand

If you can hit it, sing along and take me by the hand

Just keep me stuck inside your head, like your favorite tune

You know my heart's a stereo that only plays for you

[Chorus:]

[Bridge:]

I only pray you'll never leave me behind (never leave me)

Because good music can be so hard to find (so hard to find)

I take your hand and hold it closer to mine (yeah)

Thought love was dead, but now you're changing my mind

[Chorus:]

Yeah

My heart's a stereo

It beats for you, so listen close

Hear my thoughts in every no-o-o-te

Make me your radio

And turn me up when you feel low (turn it up a little bit)

This melody was meant for you

Just sing along to my stereo

Gym Class Heroes baby!

If I was just another dusty record on the shelf

Would you blow me off and play me like everybody else?

If I asked you to scratch my back, could you manage that?

Like yea [scratched], check it Travie, I can handle that

Furthermore, I apologize for any skipping tracks

It's just the last girl that played me left a couple cracks

I used to used to used to, now I'm over that

'Cause holding grudges over love is ancient artifacts

If I could only find a note to make you understand

I'd sing it softly in your ear and grab you by the hand

Just keep me stuck inside your head, like your favorite tune

And know my heart's a stereo that only plays for you

[Chorus:]

Let's go!

If I was an old-school fifty pound boombox (remember them?)

Would you hold me on your shoulder wherever you walk?

Would you turn my volume up in front of the cops (turn it up)

**“American Soldier” – Toby Keith**

I'm just trying to be a father,

American soldier, I'm an American soldier,

Yeah, an American Soldier, an American.

Beside my brothers and my sisters I will proudly take a stand,

When liberty's in jeopardy I will always do what's right,

I'm out here on the front lines, so sleep in peace tonight.

American soldier, I'm an American, an American, an American soldier!

Raise a daughter and a son,

Be a lover to their mother,

Everything to everyone.

Up and at 'em bright and early,

I'm all business in my suit,

Yeah, I'm dressed up for success from my head down to my boots,

I don't do it for the money, there's bills that I can't pay,

I don't do it for the glory, I just do it anyway,

Providing for our future's my responsibility,

Yeah I'm real good under pressure, being all that I can be,

I can't call in sick on Mondays when the weekend's been too strong,

I just work straight through the holidays,

Sometimes all night long.

You can bet that I stand ready when the wolf growls at the door.

Hey, I'm solid, hey, I'm steady, hey, I'm true down to the core.

And I will always do my duty, no matter what the price.

I've counted up the cost, I know the sacrifice.

Oh, and I don't want to die for you,

But if dying's asked of me,

I'll bear that cross with honor,

'Cause freedom don't come free.

I'm an American soldier, an American,

Beside my brothers and my sisters I will proudly take a stand,

When liberty's in jeopardy I will always do what's right,

I'm out here on the front lines. Sleep in peace tonight.

**“Watching You” – Rodney Arkias**

Driving through town, just my boy and me

With a Happy Meal in his booster seat

Knowing that he couldn't have the toy 'til his nuggets were gone

A green traffic light turned straight to red

I hit my brakes and mumbled under my breath

His fries went a-flying and his orange drink covered his lap

Well, then my four-year-old said a four letter word

That started with "s" and I was concerned

So I said, "Son, now where'd you learn to talk like that?"

[Chorus:]

He said, "I've been watching you, dad. Ain't that cool?

I'm your buckaroo, I wanna be like you.

And eat all my food and grow as tall as you are.

We got cowboy boots and camo pants.

Yeah, we're just alike. Hey, ain't we, dad?

I wanna do everything you do.

So I've been watching you."

We got back home and I went to the barn

I bowed my head and I prayed real hard

Said, "Lord, please help me help my stupid self."

Then this side of bedtime later that night

Turning on my son's Scooby Doo nightlight

He crawled out of bed and he got down on his knees

He closed his little eyes, folded his little hands

And spoke to God like he was talking to a friend

And I said, "Son, now where'd you learn to pray like that?"

[Chorus:]

**“If Heaven Wasn’t So Far Away” – Justin Moore**

If heaven wasn't so far away

I'd pack up the kids and go for the day

Introduce them to their grandpa

Watch 'em laugh at the way he talks

I'd find my long lost cousin John

The one we left back in Vietnam

Show him a picture of his daughter now

She's a doctor and he'd be proud

Then tell him we'd be back in a couple of days

In the rear view mirror we'd all watch 'em wave

Yeah, and losing them wouldn't be so hard to take

If heaven wasn't so far

If heaven wasn't so far

If heaven wasn't so far away

So far away

So far away

Every day I drive to work across Flint River bridge

A hundred yards from the spot where me and grandpa fished

There's a piece of his old fruit stand on the side of Sawmill Road

He'd be there peelin' peaches if it was twenty years ago

And what I wouldn't give

To ride around in that old truck with him

If heaven wasn't so far away

I'd pack up the kids and go for the day

Introduce them to their grandpa

Watch 'em laugh at the way he talks

I'd find my long lost cousin John

The one we left back in Vietnam

Show him a picture of his daughter now

She's a doctor and he'd be proud

Then tell him we'd be back in a couple of days

In the rear view mirror we'd all watch 'em wave

Yeah, and losing them wouldn't be so hard to take

If heaven wasn't so far away

I'd hug all three of those girls we lost from the class of '99

And I'd find my bird dog Bo and take him huntin' one more time

I'd ask Hank why he took those pills back in '53

And Janis to sing the second verse of "Me and Bobby McGee"

Sit on a cloud and visit for a while

It'd do me good just to see them smile

**“Good Old Days” – Macklemore feat. Kesha**

Rooftop open, and the stars above

Moment frozen, sneakin' out, and fallin' in love

Me, you and that futon, we'd just begun

On the grass dreamin', figuring out who I was

Those good old days

Never thought we'd get old, maybe we're still young

Maybe you always look back and think it was better than it was

Maybe these are the moments

Maybe I've been missin' what it's about

Been scared of the future, thinkin' about the past

While missin' out on now

We've come so far, I guess I'm proud

And I ain't worried 'bout the wrinkles 'round my smile

I've got some scars, I've been around

I've felt some pain, I've seen some things, but I'm here now

Those good old days

You don't know what you've got

'Til it goes, 'til it's gone

You don't know what you've got

'Til it goes, 'til it's gone

I wish somebody would have told me, babe

Someday, these will be the good old days

All the love you won't forget

And all these reckless nights you won't regret

Someday soon, your whole life's gonna change

You'll miss the magic of these good old days

I was thinkin' 'bout the band

I was thinkin' 'bout the fans

We were underground

Loadin' merch in that 12-passenger van

In a small club in Minnesota

And the snow outside of 1st Ave

I just wanted my name in a star

Now look at where we at

Still growin' up, still growin' up

I would lay in my bed and dream about what I'd become

Couldn't wait to get older, couldn't wait to be some

Now that I'm here, wishing I was still young

Those good old days

Wish I didn't think I had the answers

Wish I didn't drink all of that glass first

Wish I made it to homecoming

Got up the courage to ask her

Wish I would've gotten out of my shell

Wish I put the bottle back on that shelf

Wish I wouldn't have worry about what other people thought

And felt comfortable in myself