

**LISTEN
TO THE
MOCKINGBIRD**

25 cents
(more or less)

satiric songs
to tunes you know

by

Tuli Kupferberg

LISTEN
TO THE
MOCKINGBIRD

by & for
Tuli Kupferberg

Some of this material has
disappeared in EVO, Good
News, NY Ace, Revolting
Theater, UPS Newsletter,
Vietnam Songbook, and
Village Voice



Mockingbird Press
381 East 10 Street
NY NY 10009

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AH LOOK AT ALL THE HIPPIY PEOPLE
tune: Eleanor Rigby

Ah, look at all the hippy people!
Ah, look at all the hippy people!

Timotny Leary
Picks up the tab in the church where an orgy has been,
Lives in a dream,
waits at the border
Wearing the face that he kept in a visa before.
Who is it for?

All the hippy people
where do they all come from?
All the nippy people,
where do they all belong?



"MI NOBLE BOY."

Old Uncle Tuli
writing the words of a nitsong that no one will hear,
no one comes near
Look at him working,
Counting his feet in the night when there's nobody there.
What does he care?

All the nippy people
where do they all come from?
All the nippy people
where do they all belong?

Janis and Lenny
Dieu in the can and were buried along with their fame
Everyone came
Abbie and Jerry
Wiping the dirt from their hands as they run from the grave,
Who did they save?

All the hippy people,
where do they all come from?
All the nippy people
where do they all belong?

Ah, look at all the nippy people!
Ah, look at all the nippy people!



"DON'T YOU FEEL
LONGBONE?"

A SOFT SNOW'S GONNA FALL
tune: A hard Rain's Gonna Fall

On where have you been my red eyed son
On where have you been my darling young one
I've mumbled on the site of twelve optioned mountains
I've talked and I've sprawled on six tourist highways
I've stopped in the middle of seven pseudo forests
I've been out in front of a dozen planned oceans
I've been ten thousand miles in pursuit of a contract
And it's a soft and it's a soft it's a soft snow that's gonna fall

On what did you see my red eyed son
On what did you see my darling young one
I saw a newborn babe with diamonds all around it
I saw a highway of puppies with everybody on it
I saw a green branch with sap that kept dripping
I saw a room full of women with their periods all bleedin'
I saw a white house all covered with honey
I saw ten thousand salesmen whose tongues were all sparking
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of stock brokers
And it's a soft and it's a soft it's a soft snow that's gonna fall

What did you hear my red eyed son
And what did you hear my darling young one
I heard the sound of a stereo it roared out a sending
I heard the roar of an amp that could drown the whole world
I heard one hundred drummers whose bands were amazing
I heard ten thousand dialing and everybody listening
I heard the goldisc of a poet who recorded in the gutter
I heard the sound of a clown who laughed in the alley
And it's a soft and it's a soft it's a soft snow that's gonna fall

On who did you meet my red eyed son
Who did you meet my darling young one
I met a child beside a hired pony
I met a black man who walked a white dog
I met a woman whose body was earning
I met a young girl she sold me a rainbow
I met one man who was wounded in judo
I met another man who was wounded with akaido
And it's a soft and it's a soft it's a soft snow that's gonna fall

On what'll you do now my red eyed son
On what'll you do now my darling young one
I'm goin back out fore the snow stops a fallin'
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest green forest
where the people are few and their hands are all full
where the pellets of poison are protecting their waters
where the home in the valley hides the damp dirty prison
where the executioners face is always well smiling
where hunger's forgotten where souls are not ugly
where white is the color where few is the number
I won't tell it nor think it nor speak it nor breathe it
nor reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it
But I'll stand on the parcel until I start sellin'
and I'll puff my song well before I start singin'
And it's a soft and it's a soft it's a soft it's a soft
2 It's a soft snow that's gonna fall

SONG WRITING PAYS BIG
Your poems may be worth thousands,
we will write the music to your words,
new songs, published and recorded.
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AMAZING GRASS

tune: Amazing Grace

Note: I once heard a song like this
whose words I never learned. I
have made up my own version.

Amazing grass--how sweet the smell
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was sick, but now am well
Was hooked but now am free

'Twas speed that taught my heart to fear
And junk my fears convoked
How precious did that grass appear
The hour that I first tokeed

Through many dangers, toils and snares
I have already come
'Tis grass has brought me safe thus far
And grass will lead me home

My connection promised good to me
His word my hope secures
He will my shield and portion be
As long as grass endures

CARACAS, Venezuela (Reuter) — Police have impounded 400 copies of the long-playing record, The Pope Smokes Dope, on the grounds that it is disrespectful to the Roman Catholic Church.

The record, produced by former Beatle John Lennon, includes such phrases as "The Pope smokes weed while saying mass," and "Priests get drunk while the Pope says mass."

EVOLUTION
tune: revolution

You say you want an evolution
well, you know
we all want to save the world.
You tell me it's a kinda revolution,
Well, you know
we all want to save the world.
but when you talk about election,
Dont you know that you can count me out.
Dont you know it aint alright, alright
It aint alright.

You say you got a contribution
well, you know
we'd all love to see the plan.
You ask me for a real solution,
Well, you know
we're doing what we can.
But if you give money to people who say "Please Wait"
All I can tell you is brother that it's too late.
Dont you know it aint alright, alright
It aint alright.

You say youll change the Constitution
Well, you know
we all want to rearrange the bread.
You say it's not the institution,
Well, you know
you better free some prisoners instead.
but if you go darting at Chairman Mao
You aint gonna make it with young folks anyhow.
Dont you know it aint alright, alright
Its not alright.

"Only a few years ago I was a
nothing, plodding along in a nothing
job. Then I joined the REVOLU-
TION! In only a few years I made
it to the top. Now look at me."
The REVOLUTION! needs young
men and women like yourself.
Drop by any time at one of your
neighborhood trouble spots. Or
talk to one of our friendly
recruiters on the street. You too
can enjoy the pleasures of rock
and roll, dope and fucking in the
streets.
Join up now—or there may not
be a later.

FUCK WITH FIRE

being, by your leave, a womens lib
version of PLAY WITH FIRE

Well you got your groupies
And your whores by the score
And your cnauffeur arives your red Rolls
not no Austin anymore
but dont fuck with me
Cause youre fuckin with fire

Your manager's a sharper
Owns a block in St. Johns Wood
And you would surely chuck him
If you only could
but dont fuck with me
Cause youre fuckin with fire



THE BLASÉ GIRL.

Your old fans flashed like diamonds
now they think you are a bore
And they get their kicks in Brooklyn
not at Albert Hall no more
So dont fuck with me
Cause youre fuckin with fire

Well you got some girl frienas
And you will have some others
better watch your chauvinism pigboy
Or start livin with your brother
So dont fuck with me
Cause youre fuckin with fire

So dont fuck with me
Cause youre fuckin with fire

9

IVE ME REGARDS TO EAST BROADWAY
tune: Give My Regards to Broadway

Give my regards to East Broadway
Remember me to Tompkins Square
Tell all the muggers on East Tenth Street
That I wont soon be there
Whisper of how I'm yearning
To make it with the bees an birds
Give my regards to East Broadway
And say I've had it with the cops and turds



GRANOLA

tune: Ramona

Granola I near the sisters got up late
Granola theyre bringing out the plate I hate
I press you caress you and blast the day you came in a sack
I'll always remember the brambling grits they shoulda thrown back
Granola when day is done dont wait my call
Granola I'll drown you neath the water fall
I pray the dawn when I awake to find you gawn
Granola, you dogfeeu, begone!



I'D GIVE EVERYTHING FOR HERZOGOVINA
tune: It's a Long Way to Tipperary

I'd give everything for Herzogovina,
It means everything to me.
I'd give everything to Herzogovina,
My blood, my pre-pu-cci,
My liver and my lights,
I'd give away my rights,
My father and my son,
The moonlight and the sun;
I'd give everything for Herzogovina,
It means everything to me
On to die for Herzogovina--
Woulda give new life to me!



Landmarks of America. The Alamo, San Antonio, Texas. For 13 days in 1836, 180 men withstood a siege by 4,000 Mexican troops in an old mission church. The 180 lost the battle and all were killed, including Travis, Bowie and Crockett. But "Remember the Alamo" became a rallying cry for Texans . . . and all Americans fighting for the cause of freedom. RNS Photo

I WANT TO HOLD YOUR FOOT
tune: I Want To Hold Your Hand

Oh yeh I tola you something
I stink you understood
Then I'll say tnat something
I want to hold your foot
I want to hold your foot
I want to hold your foot

Oh please suck it, to me
And let me be your boot
And please say to me
Youll let me hold your foot
Now let me hola your foot
I want to hold your foot


And when I touch you
I feel nappy inside
It's such a feeling
That my fetish I cant hide
I cant hide
I cant hide

Yeh you got that something
I thought you understood
When I feel that something
I want to hold your foot
I want to hold your foot
I want to hold your foot
Oh yeh I want to hold your foot
I want to hold your foot
I want to hold your foot

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Black corduroy slipper by DANIEL GREEN
has leather sole, 1/2" heel, soft linings.
Available in these widths and sizes:
AA 5 to 10
B 4 to 10

MASTERS OF DYLAN
tune: Masters of War

Come you masters of Dylan you that built the big Concordance
You that built the mistrust you that built the Great Discordance
You that hide behind files you that hide behind desks
I just want you to know I can see through your tests

You that never did nothin but dig to destroy
You play with my world like it's your little toy
You put a pen in my hand and you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run faster when the fast reporters fly

Like Ling Tempco Voight you lie and deceive
A fortune can be won you want me to believe
but I see through your eyes and I see through your brain
Like you see through the garbage that runs down my drain

You write the dispatches for the others to print
Then you set back and watch while EVO makes a mint
You hide in your garret as young peoples money
Flows out of their pockets to the land of milk and honey

You've thrown the worst fear that can ever be hurled
Fear to bring popsongs into the world
For threatenin my song unborn and unnamed
You aint worth the ink that runs through your veins

how much do I know to talk out of turn
You might say that Im old you might say that Im learned
but there's one thing I know though Im older than you
even Grossman would never forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question is your fame that good
Will it buy you forgiveness do you think that it could
I think you will find when your death takes its toll
All the fame that you've won wont win back your soul

And I hope you succeed and success will come soon
I will follow your parade on a hot afternoon
And I'll watch while you're raised up like Galahad
And the groupies destroy whatever peace that you had

FUCK

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ROLLING STONE/AUGUST 3, 1972

NIXON FUCKS ME
tune: Jesus Loves Me

Nixon fucks me, this I know
For the TV tells me so
Guns and bucks to him belong
We are weak and he is strong

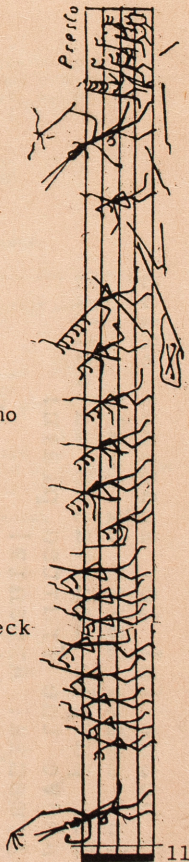
Yes Nixon fucks me
Yes Nixon fucks me
Yes Nixon fucks me
The TV tells me so

Nixon fucks me, he who kills
He whole cemeteries fills
He will wash away our dough
While his bombers blast some mo

Yes Nixon fucks you
Yes Nixon fucks you
Yes Nixon fucks you
The TV tells you so

Nixon fucks me, he will lie
Little children they will die
If the people re-elect
Then this country sinks in dreck

Yes Nixon fucks me
Yes Nixon fucks you
Yes Nixon fucks us
The TV tells me so



12 O BEAUTIFUL FOR SPACIOUS SKIES

O beautiful for spacious skies
For amber waves of grain
For purple mountains majesties
Above the fruited plain!
Armenia! Armenia!
God shed his grace on thee
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea!



ROCKY KILLCOON
tune: Rocky Raccoon

Now somewere in the brown hills of the Poconos
There lived a middle-age politico named Rocky the Goon
And one day his nomination ran off with another guy
hit fat Rocky in the eye Rocky didnt like that
He said Im gonna get that nation
So one day he flew into town
Bookeu nimsel into the local mansion
Rocky killcoon, checked into his gloom
Only to find Nixon's Bible
Rocky had come equipped with a gun
To shoot up the banks of his rivals
His rivals it seems had broken his dreams
By stealing the jail of his fancy
Her name was Attica, she called herself Sal Hepatica
But everyone knew her as Clancy
Now she and her warden who called himself Hardon
Were in the next block at the mowdown
Rocky burst in and grinning a grin
He said Blackboy this is a showdown
But the prisoners were cold they let go their hold
And the guards collapsed in the corner
Now the Committee came in stinking of gin
And proceeded to lie at the tables
They said kock you met your match
And Rocky said Comm it's only a scratch
And I'll be better I'll be better Comm as soon as I am able
Now Rocky Killcoon he fell back in his room
Only to find Nixon's Bible
Nixon cnecked out ana he left it no doubt
To help with good Rocky's revival



SHIT 'N BREAD
tune: Short'nin' Bread

Three little loaves lyin in the store
Two was white and the other looked pore
Sent for the chemist and the chemist said
I do declare there's snit n the bread

Chorus: Mammys little baby hate shittn shittn
Mammys little baby hate shittn bread
Mammys little baby hate shittn shittn
Mammys little baby hate shittn bread

Put on the public put on the Feds
Wonder's gonna take a shit in the bread
That aint all shes gonna do
Wonder's gonna make a bigger profit too

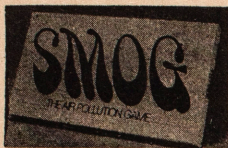
Chorus

Went to the kitchen tested for lead
Filled my test tubes with shit n the bread
Lost the test tubes lost the lead
Lost the reports about shit n the bread

Chorus

Caught me with the test tubes caught me with the lead
Caught me with the Company puttin shit n the bread
Finea six dollars for the test tubes six dollars for the lead
Got six months paid vacation eatin shit n the bread

Chorus: Mammys little baby love shittn shittn
Mammys little baby love shittn bread
Mammys little baby love shittn shittn
Mammys little baby love shittn bread



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The fun way to learn about air pollution and how to control it. For 2 to 4 players. By Urban Systems.

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Learn how to overcome the imbalances that have jeopardized ecological interrelationships; 2-4 players. By Urban Systems.

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SMOKE GETS IN YOUR LUNGS
tune: Smoke Gets in Your Eyes

They asked me how I knew my carcinoma was true
I of course replied something here inside cannot be denied
They said sometimes you'll find all who smoke don't choke
But when your tongue's on fire from that weird desire
Smoke gets in your lungs

So I chaffed them and I wryly laughed to think that they could
doubt my cancer
Yet today my cancer grows apace--I am without my lung

Now crying friends deride laughs I cannot hide
So I smile and say
When a butt but burns--smoke gets in your lungs

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A new type of cigarette holder for those trying to give up smoking. The box is in the shape of a coffin with a skull head on one end. Hot stamped in silver on the brown box it says, "One more cigarette — One more nail." Cigarette is ejected through the skull's mouth when the box is pushed down.

SUMMERHILL

tune: Summertime

Summerhill and the schoolin is easy
Kias are jumpin and the teachers are high
O yo trustee's rich and your parents good lookin
So hush little schoolgirl, dont you cry

Now one of these mornins you be goin to public school
Then youll raise your arms and youll shriek to the sky
But till that mornin theres nothin can harm you
With Neilly and Reichy standin by

So hush little schoolgirl, dont you cry . . .

PARKWAY SCHOOL is proud to announce further expansion of its facilities and our continuing effort to provide the very finest in pre-school and elementary education. Our new 3 story building shall be for the Elementary Dept. with central air-conditioning, wall to wall carpeting, cafeteria etc. This new addition affords us the opportunity to have **OPEN REGISTRATION** for all classes. Our transportation area will also be expanded to cover most neighborhoods.

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on request. Just call 655-5426 or 655-5431

SWAMI
tune: Swanee

Swami how I love you how I love you
Swami Everykinanda
Id give my maya to be
'Mong devotees in
N-E-P-A-
L bet that my Guru's
Waitin for me
Prayin for me
Down by the Ganges
The freaks out West will
Glim me no more
When I get to that Irawaddy shore

Swami how I love you how I love you
Swami Everykinanda
Id walk a million footras
For one of your sutras
My Swaaaami

How would you like to possess a more stiff and permanent rendering of Swami A. Vishnu's patented "Pranayama Dartboard" in full colours? (see inside last two pages). Send me only one five dollar bill American.

.....\$5.00 (U.S.)

* * * * *

A particular treat for children. All is supplied! Pin a tail on the Sacred Cow. Instructive.

.....\$1.75 U.S.

* * * * *

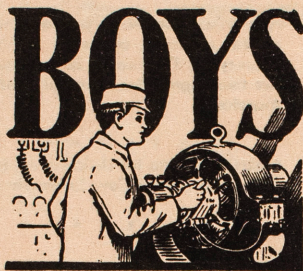
THE MINSTREL BOY

The minstrel boy to the wax has gone
In the ranks of the top ten you'll find him
His lawyers ASCAP he hath girded on
With his masters slung behind him

"Band of song" said the acetate bard
"Tho' all the world bootleg thee
One copyright at least thy rights shall guard
One faithful CPA appraise thee"

The minstrel sold but the rack-job chain
Could not bring that proud soul under
his manager that zhluk neer spoke again
For he tore his contract asunder

And said "No chain shall sully me
My soul of love and bravery
My songs were made for the pure and free
They shall never sell for less than \$3.50"



THE RED-TAILED FLY or THE KHRUSHCHEV FLY
tune: The Blue-Tail Fly

Ven I vas young I used to rush
To Stalyin and give him his borscht
And eliminyate his adversaries
And kill the counter-revolutionyaries

Chorus: Stalyin crack heads and I dont care
Stalyin crack heads and I dont care
Stalyin crack heads and I dont care
But Stalyin's gone away

And ven hed riae to shoot some pheasants
Id follow after to get some peasants
The peasants being rather shy
When starved out by the Khrushchev fly

Chorus:

Vun day he collectivized a farm
The kulaks all over him did svarm
Vun chanced to bit him on the ass
Them kulaks being rather crass

Chorus

The factories they jump they pitch
They mechanize Russia like a sonambitch
Then Stalyin die the comrades vunder vy
The liars say tne Khrushchev fly!

Chorus

They kick him out of The Mausoleum
And put him in The Museum of the Old Regime
"Beneath this shit Im forced to lie
A victim of tne Khrushchev fly!"

Chorus: Stalyin crack heads and I dont care
Stalyin crack heads and I dont care
Stalyin crack heads and I dont care
And Stalyin's gone away

It is a warm spring morning—the morning of the First of May. Banners are flying over the Red Square in Moscow. Comrade Stalin, the leader and teacher of the workers of the world, is standing on the tribune.

The bands are playing joyfully. The military parade begins. The square is covered with tanks and guns and soldiers. Silver airplanes are flying in the sky.

The parade is over, and the demonstration begins. Comrade Stalin raises his hand to greet the columns of happy Soviet citizens. "Long Live the First of May!" is written in golden letters on the banners. And over the columns of workers we can see the portraits of Marx and Engels, Lenin and Stalin.
How happy people are to march to the tribune, singing merry songs and greeting their beloved leader!

THE STREETS OF THE GHETTO (THE HIPPIY'S LAMENT)
tune: The Streets of Laredo (The Cowboy's Lament)

As I walked out in the streets of The Ghetto
As I walked out on The East Side one day
I spied a young hippy all dressed in crushed velvet
All covered with speed scabs and cold as the clay.

"I see by your outfit that you are a hippy"--
These words he did say as I boldly stepped by,
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story;
I have OD'd and I know I must die.

"It was once in The Dom I used to go dancing,
It was once in The Stonewall I used to go gay;
First to the coffee-house and then to the joss-house;
Got a hot shot; I am dying today.

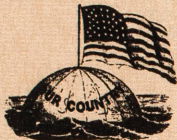
"Get six jolly Yippies to carry my coffin;
Get six pretty call girls to carry my pall;
Put bunches of purple hearts all over my coffin,
Downers to deaden the clods as they fall.

"O beat the bongo slowly and play the bass lowly,
Play the "Hard Rain" as you carry me along;
Take me t' Paradise Alley and lay The Stones o'er me,
For Im a young hippy and I know Ive done wrong.

"Go gather around you a crowd of young hippies
And tell them the story of this, my sad fate,
Tell one and the other before they go further
To stop their wild balling before it's too late.

"Go fetch me a hit, a hit of old Sunshine
To warm my cold brain," the hippy then said;
before I returned, the Atman had left him
And gone to his Guru--the hippy was dead.

We beat the bongo slowly and played the bass lowly
And bitterly wept as we bore him along;
For we all loved our comrade, so brave, young, and handsome
We all loved our brother although hed gone wrong.



THIS LAND IS THEIR LAND
tune: This Land Is My Land

This land is their land
This land aint my land
From California to the New York wildland
Form the redwood sawdust
To the Gulf Stream oilslicks
This land aint made for you and me

As I was running that blooded highway
I saw above me that rented skyway
I saw below me that stripmined valley
This land was sold to the Company

This land is their land
This land aint our land
From California to the New York tiredland
From the sawdust forest
To the Gulf Stream derricks
This land was stole from you and me

They dealed and gambled and they haunted our footsteps
To the darkling sands of the despoiled deserts
And all around us bulldozers pounding
This land was stole for the Company

This land is their land

This land aint my land
From California to the New York wildland
From the sawdust forest
To the Gulf Coast derricks
This land werent made for you and me

When the sun comes boiling and the guards patrolling
All the wheatfields selling and the farmhands moiling
As the smog was shifting a cop was chanting:
"This land was made for them and me"

This land is their land
This land aint our land
From Reganifornia to the New York Grafters
From the redwood sawdust
To the Gulf Coast oilslicks
This land aint fit for you and me . . .
This land wasnt made for you and me . . .
This land belongs to the Company

A U.S. map highlighting points of interest will be running in newspapers in over 40 markets as part of the print effort for United Air Lines' new ad push themed, "Your land is our land." Travel, national and youth-oriented magazines also will be used. Copy points out that United, which flies to 113 U.S. cities has "more vacations than any other airline. And all in the U.S.A. (Where your dollar is still worth a dollar)."

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TOO OLD

Tune: Too Young

They try to tell us we're too old
Too old to really get it on
They say that love's a vice
A vice that once was nice
That weve forgot the meaning of



And yet we're not too old to know
These glands will last tho years may go
And then someday they may recall
Like us, theyre not too old to ball

EVER WONDER who sired the famous robust (but now dead) Fraser The Lion who kept about a dozen lady lions quite happy at a California zoo? Zookeepers at Albuquerque Zoo believe Leo The Lion, foreground, is either the daddy or granddaddy of Fraser. Leo, who is 23 years old at least, is still producing cubs like those in the background.

-upi

URANUS

tune: Aquarius

When the stool is in the seventh house
And your sphincter aligns with Mars
Then piss will please the planets
And gripes will grip the stars.

This is the dawning of the age of Uranus
The age of Uranus
Uranus
Uranus

Harmony and jet propulsion
Sympathy and thrust abounding
No more falsefarts or derisions
Golden living turds of visions
Mystic crystal carbonation
And the minds true eructation.

Uranus
Uranus

Let the moonshine
Let the moonshine
Let the moonshine
Let the moonshine out

JANUARY 21-FEBRUARY 19

THE GOOD YOU: Charm girl! Energized, friendly, ever on the ready for a flippy spree. You'll double- or blind-date or even float as an extra girl. Who cares? All the men cluster around (Uranus, your surprise-party planet, has a magical relation to male genitalia). No need for jealousy (or so your girl friends *think*)—not with amiable, loyal little Aquarius. This year you'll do some smashing, offbeat thing—meet "J," that Sensuous Woman, on a plane and get personal advice; have a date with a celebrity—that will make you a conversation piece. The Good You is generous, the sort of girl who gives at the office and at home. You're everybody's favorite sugar bun just because you're never on an ego trip—even when you could be.

WE SHALL UNDERGO
tune: We Shall Overcome

We shall all go under
We shall all go under
We shall all go under some day
O deep in my heart I do believe
We shall undergo some day

We are quite afraid
We are quite afraid
We are quite afraid today
O deep in my heart I do believe
We shall undergo some day

We dont stand together
We dont stand together
We dont stand together now
O deep in my heart I do believe
We shall undergo some day

The truth wont make us free
The truth wont make us free
The truth wont make us free some day
O deep in my heart I do believe
We shall undergo some day

The Lord will see through us
The Lord will see through us
The Lord will see through us some day
O deep in my heart I do believe
We shall undergo some day

We wont live in peace
We wont live in peace
We wont live in peace some day
O deep in my heart I do believe
We shall undergo some day

We shall undergo
We shall undergo
We shall undergo some day
O deep in my heart I do believe
We shall all go under some day



"OH, NEVER MIND!"

WHO PUT THE VEY
 (IN THE OY OY VEY OY VEY)
 tune: Who Put the Bomp (In the Bomp Ba Bomp Ba Bomp)

I'd like to get the guy who wrote the song
 That made my baby fall in hate with me

Who put the vey in the oy oy vey oy vey
 Who put the sham in the sham a lam a ding dong?
 Who put the cop in the cop sh cop sh cop
 Who put the shit in the shit snit shit shit da?
 Who was that man?
 I'd like to break his hand
 he made my baby fall in hate with me

When my baby heard
 Vey, oy vey vey vey, vey oy vey vey vey
 Every word went right into her heart
 And when she heard them singing
 Sham a lam a sham a lam a ding dong
 She said we'd surely have to part

Who put the vey in the oy oy vey oy vey
 Who put the sham in the sham a lam a ding dong?
 Who put the cop in the cop sh cop sh cop
 Who put the shit in the shit shit shit shit da?
 Who was that man?
 I'd like to break his hand
 he made my baby fall in hate with me

Time that we're alone
 Vey, oy vey vey vey, vey oy vey vey vey
 Sets my babys gall a-glow
 And everytime we dance to
 Sham a lam a sham a lam a ding dong
 She always says she hates me so

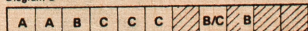
Peggy Sue Got Married

Diagram D¹



White segments: theme of rumour and uncertainty.
 Shaded segments: theme of *Peggy Sue*.
 (Each whole segment is one line of the lyric.)

Diagram D²



Structure of theme of rumour and uncertainty:
 A -- worry about being known as source.
 B -- stress on the information as hearsay.
 C -- stress on possible inaccuracy of the information.

WHY DONT WE DO IT IN THE BED?
tune: Why Dont We Do It in the Road?

Why dont we do it in the bed?
Why dont we do it in the bed?
No one will be fucking there
Why dont we do it in the bed?

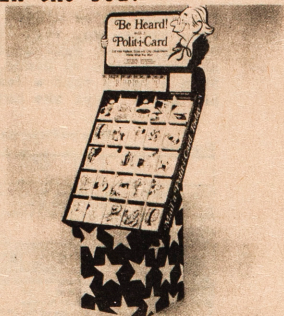
Why dont we do it missionary style?
Why dont we do it missionary style?
No one does it that way anymore
Why dont we do it missionary style?

Why dont we use a prophylactic?
Why dont we use a prophylactic?
No one will be watching us
Why dont we use a prophylactic?

Why dont we do it in the bed?
Why dont we do it in the bed?
Why dont we do it in the bed?
What if no one will be watching us
Why dont we do it in the bed?

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WITH PRINCETON ON OUR SIDE (A Newsong)
tune: God on Our Side, The Patriot Game, "old Irish air"

". . . And underscoring just how much
"the times they are a-changing" was the
presence on the platform of Bob Dylan,
who along with Walter Lippmann, the
columnist, and Mrs. Martin Luther King,
Jr., was awarded an honorary doctorate.
The bearded folk singer and composer
sat nervously with Princeton trustees
and officers wearing a suit but no tie
beneath his loosely tied gown. . . ."
New York Times June 10, 1970

My name is Bob Dylan
From Woodstock (that's West)
Jack Elliot Woodie Guthrie
Sang the songs I love best
Went down to Folklore Center
Seekin fortune or fame
End as a pawn in
The Doctorate Game

The kids they all bug me
It's answers they want
Dont have any answers
I know what I want
Just leave me--be quiet
Got fields of my own
And pleasant Old Woodstock
Will be my new home

What man owes another
Is hard for to know
There's con men and traitors
To bring the heart low
Opportunists and gangsters
Who know that they lie
And fools crying "Love"
With "Kill" in their eyes

If ya think you know better
Go right on ahead
Half-assed poets and prophets
End up dumb and dead
I dont feel too good now
I think I'll go hide
And take some small comfort
With Princeton on my side



The New York Times (by William E. Sauro)

ES AT PRINCETON: Mrs. Martin Luther King Jr. and Bob
er, in robing room after university's 223d commencement.

YASGURS FARM

tune: Maggies Farm

I aint gonna play on Yasgurs farm no more
No I aint gonna play on Yasgurs farm no more
Well I wake up in the morning rub my hands pray it dont rain
I got an axe full of ideas that are driving me quite sane
It's a shame the way he makes me check the door
I aint gonna play on Yasgurs farm no more

I aint gonna play for Yasgurs brother no more
No I aint gonna play for Yasgurs brother no more
Well he hands you a nickel he hands you a dime
he asks you with a grin if youre havin a good time
Then he fines you every time you change the score
I aint gonna play for Yasgurs brother no more

I aint gonna play for Yasgurs pa no more
No I aint gonna play for Yasgurs pa no more
Well he pokes his contract right in your eye just for kicks
His chromy office it is full of PR pricks
There's BMI bouncers around his door
Ah, I aint gonna play for Yasgurs pa no more

I aint gonna play for Yasgurs ma no more
No I aint gonna play for Yasgurs ma no more
Well she talks to all the ushers about dope and God and law
Everybody says she's the gun behind pa
She's sixty-nine but says she's eighty-four
I aint gonna play for Yasgurs ma no more

I aint gonna play on Yasgurs farm no more
I aint gonna play on Yasgurs farm no more
Well I try my best to play just like I am
But everybody wants you to play just like them
They save while you sing and I just get bored
I aint gonna play on Yasgurs farm no more



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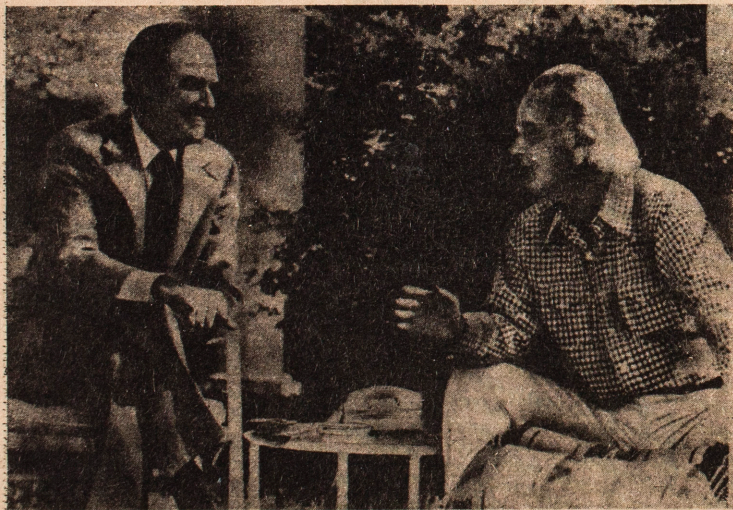
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—UPI Photo

LBJ AND McGOVERN BURY THE HATCHET

Democratic presidential nominee George McGovern (left) talks with former U.S. president Lyndon Johnson at the LBJ ranch in Texas yesterday. It was their first meeting since 1963. In the 1960s, they

split openly and bitterly over Johnson's decision to send 500,000 troops to Viet Nam. McGovern said the meeting was "most friendly." A spokesman for Johnson termed it "cordial and constructive."