

Hotel California (The Eagles, 1977)



On a dark dessert highway, cool wind in my hair
Warm smell of colitas¹, rising up through the air
Up ahead in the distance, I saw a shimmering light
My head grew heavy and my sight grew dim
I had to stop for the night

There she stood in the doorway, I heard the mission bell
And I was thinking to myself,
this could be heaven or this could be hell
Then she lit up a candle and she showed me the way
There were voices down the corridor, I thought I heard them say

Welcome to the Hotel California,
such a lovely place, such a lovely face
Plenty of rooms at the Hotel California,
Any time of year, you can find it here

Her mind is Tiffany-twisted², she got the Mercedes bends
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys, she all calls friends
How they dance in the courtyard, sweet summer sweat
Some dance to remember, some dance to forget

So I called up the captain, please bring me my wine
He said we haven't had that spirit here since nineteen sixty-nine
And still those voices are calling from far away
Wake you up in the middle of the night just to hear them say

Welcome to the Hotel California,
such a lovely place, such a lovely face
They living it up at the Hotel California,
What a nice surprise, bring your alibis

Mirrors on the ceiling, the pink champagne on ice
And she said we are all prisoners here, of our own device
And in the masters chambers, they gathered for the feast,
They stab it with their steely knives,
but they just can't kill the beast

Last thing I remember I was running for the door
I had to find the passage back to the place I was before
Relax, said the night man, we are programmed to receive
You can check out any time you like, but you can't never leave.

¹ **colitas** (spanish) = little tails, sweets...

² **Tiffany-twisted** = Tiffany's jewelry shop → life of luxury

Money (Roger Waters of Pink Floyd, 1973)



Money, get away

Get a good job with more pay and you're O. K.

Money it's a gas

Grab that cash with both hands and make a stash¹

New car, caviar, four star daydream

Think I'll buy me a football team

Money get back

I'm all right Jack keep your hands off of my stack²

Money it's a hit

Don't give me that do goody good³ bullshit

I'm in the hi-fidelity first class travelling set

And I think I need a Lear jet

Money it's a crime

Share it fairly but don't take a slice of my pie

Money so they say

Is the root of all evil today

But if you ask for a raise⁴ it's no surprise that they're

Giving none away

¹ **stash** – der Haufen

² **stack** – der Stapel

³ **do goody good** – Gutes tun

⁴ **raise** – die: (Lohn)erhöhung

Englishman in New York (Sting, 1987)



I don't drink coffee I take tea my dear

I like my toast done on one side

And you can hear it in my accent when I talk

I'm an Englishman in New York

See me walking down Fifth Avenue,

a walking cane here at my side

I take it everywhere I walk,

I'm an Englishman in New York

Chorus

O-ho I'm an alien, I'm a legal alien

I'm an Englishman in New York

O-ho I'm an alien, I'm a legal alien

I'm an Englishman in New York

If "manners maketh man" ¹ as someone said

Then he's the hero of the day

It takes a man to suffer ignorance and smile

Be yourself no matter what they say (Chorus)

Modesty, propriety can lead to notoriety

You could end up as the only one

Gentleness, sobriety are rare in this society

At night a candle's brighter than the sun

Takes more than combat gear to make a man

Takes more than license for a gun

Confront your enemies, avoid them when you can

A gentleman will walk but never run

(Repeat & Chorus)

¹ "manners maketh man" = **manners make the man** (old proverb) – Manieren erst machen dich zum Mann

Boogie Wonderland (Earth, Wind & Fire, 1979)



Dance, Boogie Wonderland.

Ha, ha, dance

Boogie Wonderland

Midnight creeps so slowly into hearts of men

who need more than they get

Daylight deals a bad hand

to a woman who has laid too many bets

The mirror stares you in the face

and says, "Baby, uh, uh, it don't work"

You say your prayers though you don't care;

you dance and shake the hurt

Dance, Boogie Wonderland

Ha, ha, dance

Boogie wonderland

Sounds fly through the night;

I chase my vinyl dreams to Boogie Wonderland

|:I find romance when I start to dance

in Boogie Wonderland:|

All the love in the world can't be gone

All the need to be loved can't be wrong

All the records are playing and my heart keeps saying

"Boogie Wonderland, wonderland"

Dance, Boogie Wonderland

Ha, ha, dance

Boogie Wonderland

Ha, ha

|:I find romance when I start to dance

in Boogie Wonderland:|

Breakfast in America (Supertramp, 1979)



Take a look at my girlfriend

She's the only one I got

Not much of a girlfriend

Never seem to get a lot

Take a jumbo across the water

Like to see America

See the girls in California

I'm hoping it's going to come true

But there's not a lot I can do

Could we have kippers¹ for breakfast

Mummy dear, Mummy dear

They got to have 'em in Texas

Cos everyone's a millionaire

I'm a winner, I'm a sinner

Do you want my autograph

I'm a loser, what a joker

I'm playing my jokes upon you

While there's nothing better to do

Don't you look at my girlfriend

She's the only one I got

Not much of a girlfriend

Never seem to get a lot

Take a jumbo cross the water

Like to see America

See the girls in California

I'm hoping it's going to come true

But there's not a lot I can do

¹ **kippers** – smoked fish (herring)

Beat it (Michael Jackson, 1981)



They told him, "Don't you ever come around here.
Don't wanna see your face. You better disappear."
The fire's in their eyes and their words are really clear
So beat it, just beat it

You better run, you better do what you can
Don't wanna see no blood, don't be a macho man
You wanna be tough, better do what you can
So beat it, but you wanna be bad

[Chorus]

Just beat it, beat it, beat it, beat it
No one wants to be defeated
Showin' how funky strong is your fight
It doesn't matter who's wrong or right
Just beat it, beat it [4x]

They're out to get you, better leave while you can
Don't wanna be a boy, you wanna be a man
You wanna stay alive, better do what you can
So beat it, just beat it

You have to show them that you're really not scared
You're playin' with your life, this ain't no truth or dare
They'll kick you, then they beat you, then they'll tell you it's fair
So beat it, but you wanna be bad [Chorus 2x]

Just beat it, beat it, beat it, beat it, beat it

Beat it, beat it, beat it, beat it
No one wants to be defeated
Showin' how funky strong is your fight
It doesn't matter who's wrong or right [Chorus 3x]

Just beat it, beat it, beat it, beat it
No one wants to be defeated
Showin' how funky strong is your fight
It doesn't matter who's wrong or right

Just beat it, beat it
Beat it, beat it, beat it

Hey Joe (Jimi Hendrix, 1966)



Hey Joe, where you goin' with that gun in your hand?
Hey Joe, I said where you goin' with that gun in your hand?
I'm goin down to shoot my old lady,
you know I caught her messin' 'round with another man.
Yeah,! I'm goin' down to shoot my old lady,
you know I caught her messin' 'round with another man.
Huh! And that ain't too cool.

Hey Joe, I heard you shot your woman down,
you shot her down.
Hey Joe, I heard you shot you old lady down,
you shot her down to the ground. Yeah!

Yes, I did, I shot her,
you know I caught her messin' 'round,
messin' 'round town.
Uh, yes I did, I shot her
you know I caught my old lady messin' 'round town.
And I gave her the gun and I shot her!

Alright (Ah! Hey Joe)
Shoot her one more time again, baby!
Yeah. Oh, alright.

Hey Joe, where you gonna run to now, where you gonna run to?
Hey Joe, I said, where you goin' to run to now,
where you, where you gonna go? Well, dig it!

I'm goin' way down south, way down south,
way down south to Mexico way! Alright!
I'm goin' way down south,
way down where I can be free!
Ain't no one gonna find me babe!
Ain't no hangman gonna,
he ain't gonna put a rope around me!
You better believe it right now!
I gotta go now!
Hey, hey, hey Joe,
you better run on down!
Goodbye everybody. Ow!

Superstition (Stevie Wonder, 1972)



Very superstitious, writings on the wall,
Very superstitious, ladders bout' to fall,
Thirteen month old baby, broke the lookin' glass,
Seven years of bad luck, the good things in your past.

When you believe in things that you don't understand,
Then we suffer, superstition ain't the way.

Very superstitious, wash your face and hands,
Rid me of the problems, do all that you can,
Keep me in a daydream, keep me goin' strong,
You don't want to save me, sad is my song.

When you believe in things you don't understand,
Then you suffer, superstition ain't the way, yeh, yeh.

Very superstitious, nothin' more to say,
Very superstitious, the devil's on his way,
Thirteen month old baby, broke the lookin' glass,
Seven years of bad luck, good things in your past.

When you believe in things that you don't understand,
Then you suffer, superstition ain't the way, no, no, no.

superstition The belief in supernatural causality (astrology, religion, omens, witchcraft, prophecies, etc..) that contradicts natural science.

lookin' glass mirror

ain't isn't / is not



Stevie Wonder (born May 13, 1950, as Stevland Hardaway Judkins), is an American musician, singer, songwriter, record producer, and multi-instrumentalist. A child prodigy, he became one of the most creative and loved musical performers of the late 20th century. He has been blind since shortly after birth.

"Superstition" is a popular song produced, arranged, and performed by Stevie Wonder for Motown Records in 1972.

Hush (Gotthard, 1992)



I got a certain little girl, that's on my mind
No doubt about it, she look so fine
She's the best girl that I've ever had
Sometimes for sure make me feel so bad
Na, na, na.....

Hush, hush, I thought I heard callin' my name now
Hush, hush, she broke my heart
But I love her just the same now
Hush, hush, I thought I heard callin' my name now
Hush, hush, I need her love and I'm now not
To blame now

I've got her early in the morning
I've got her late in the evening
Oh, I wanna never need it now
Oh, gotta, gotta have it, gotta have it now

She's got lovin' like quick sand
Only took one touch of her hand
Blow my mind and I meant so deep
I can't eat all, I can't sleep. Na, na, na.....

Hush, hush, I thought I heard callin' my name now
Hush, hush, she broke my heart
But I lover her just the same now
Hush, hush, I thought I heard callin' my name now
Hush, hush, I need her love and I'm now not
To blame now

Stairway to Heaven (Led Zeppelin, 1971)



There's a lady who's sure all that glitters is gold
And she's buying a stairway to heaven
When she gets there she knows, if the stores are all closed
With a word she can get what she came for
Ooh, ooh, and she's buying a stairway to heaven

There's a sign on the wall but she wants to be sure
'Cause you know sometimes words have two meanings
In a tree by the brook, there's a songbird who sings
Sometimes all of our thoughts are misgiven
|: Ooh, it makes me wonder :|

There's a feeling I get when I look to the west
And my spirit is crying for leaving
In my thoughts I have seen rings of smoke through the trees
And the voices of those who stand looking
|: Ooh, it (really) makes me wonder :|

And it's whispered that soon if we all call the tune
Then the piper will lead us to reason
And a new day will dawn for those who stand long
And the forests will echo with laughter

If there's a bustle in your hedgerow, don't be alarmed now
It's just a spring clean for the May queen
Yes, there are two paths you can go by, but in the long run
There's still time to change the road you're on
And it makes me wonder

Your head is humming and it won't go, in case you don't know
The piper's calling you to join him
Dear lady, can you hear the wind blow and did you know
Your stairway lies on the whispering wind?

And as we wind on down the road
Our shadows taller than our soul
There walks a lady we all know
Who shines white light and wants to show
How everything still turns to gold

And if you listen very hard
The tune will come to you at last
When all are one and one is all, yeah
To be a rock and not to roll

And she's buying a stairway to heaven

Owner Of A Lonely Heart (Yes, 1983)



Move yourself, you always live your life
Never thinking of the future
Prove yourself, you are the move you make
Take your chances win or loser

See yourself, you are the steps you take
You and you - and that's the only way
Shake - shake yourself
You're every move you make
So the story goes

Chorus

|: Owner of a lonely heart :|
Much better than - a
|: Owner of a broken heart :

Say - you don't want to chance it
You've been hurt so before

Watch it now, the eagle in the sky
How he dancin' one and only
You - lose yourself, no not for pity's sake
There's no real reason to be lonely
Be yourself, give your free will a chance
You've got to want to succeed [*Chorus*]

After my own decision
They confused me so
My love said never question your will at all
In the end you've got to go
Look before you leap
And don't you hesitate at all - no no
Owner of a lonely heart [*Chorus*]

Sooner or later each conclusion
Will decide the lonely heart
It will excite it will delight
It will give a better start
Owner of a lonely heart

|: Don't deceive your free will at all :| [3x]
Just receive it, owner of a lonely heart

Runaway (Bon Jovi, 1984)



On the street where you live
girls talk about their social lives
They're made of lipstick, plastic and paint,
a touch of sable in their eyes
All your life all you've asked
when's your Daddy gonna talk to you
You were living in another world
tryin' to get your message through.

No one heard a single word you said.
They should have seen it in your eyes
What was going around your head.

Chorus:

Ooh, she's a little runaway.
Daddy's girl learned fast
All those things he couldn't say.
Ooh, she's a little runaway.

A different line every night guaranteed to blow your mind
I see you out on the streets, call me for a wild time
So you sit home alone 'cause there's nothing left that you can do
There's only pictures hung in the shadows left there to look at you

You know she likes the lights at nights on the neon Broadway signs
She don't really mind, it's only love she hoped to find

[chorus]

No one heard a single word she said
They should have seen it in your eyes
What was going around your head

Ooh, she's a little runaway, daddy's girl learned fast
All those things he couldn't say

Ooh, she's a little runaway, daddy's girl learned fast
Now she works the night away

Ooh, she's a little runaway, daddy's girl learned fast
All those things he couldn't say

Ooh, she's a little runaway, daddy's girl learned fast
Now she was the night away

Sultans Of Swing (Dire Straits, 1979)



You get a shiver in the dark
It's been raining in the park but meantime
South of the river you stop and you hold everything
A band is blowing Dixie double four time
You feel all right when you hear that music ring

You step inside but you don't see too many faces
Coming in out of the rain to hear the jazz go down
Too much competition too many other places
But not too many horns can make that sound
Way on downsouth way on downsouth London town

You check out Guitar George he knows all the chords
Mind he's strictly rhythm he doesn't want to make it cry or sing
And an old guitar is all he can afford
When he gets up under the lights to play his thing

And Harry doesn't mind if he doesn't make the scene
He's got a daytime job he's doing alright
He can play honky tonk just like anything
Saving it up for Friday night
With the Sultans with the Sultans of Swing

And a crowd of young boys they're fooling around in the corner
Drunk and dressed in their best brown baggies
and their platform soles
They don't give a damn about any trumpet playing band
It ain't what they call rock and roll
And the Sultans played Creole

And then the man he steps right up to the microphone
And says at last just as the time bell rings
'Thank you goodnight now it's time to go home'
and he makes it fast with one more thing
'We are the Sultans of Swing'

Dire Straits – ernste Notlage

Crazy little thing called love (Queen, 1979)



This thing called love I just can't handle it

This thing called love I must get round to it

I ain't ready

Crazy little thing called love

This (this thing) called love (called love)

It cries (like a baby)

In a cradle all night

It swings (woo woo)

It jives (woo woo)

It shakes all over like a jelly fish,

I kinda like it

Crazy little thing called love

There goes my baby

She knows how to rock 'n' roll

She drives me crazy

She gives me hot and cold fever

Then she leaves me in a cool cool sweat

I gotta be cool relax, get hip

Get on my tracks

Take a back seat, hitch-hike

And take a long ride on my motor bike

Until I'm ready

Crazy little thing called love

I gotta be cool relax, get hip

Get on my tracks

Take a back seat, hitch-hike

And take a long ride on my motor bike

Until I'm ready (ready Freddie)

Crazy little thing called love

This thing called love I just can't handle it

This thing called love I must get round to it

I ain't ready

Crazy little thing called love

She's not there (Santana, 1977)



No one told me about her

The way she lied

Well, no one told me about her

How many people cried

Well, it's too late to say you're sorry

How would I know, why should I care

Please don't bother trying to find her

She's not there... oh oh oh

Nobody told me about her

What could I do

Well, nobody told me about her

Though they all knew

Well, it's too late to say you're sorry

How would I know, why should I care

Please don't bother trying to find her

She's not there....

Well, let me tell you about the way she looked

The way she acted, the color of her hair

Her voice is soft and cool

Her eyes are clear and bright

But she's not there...

Stop (Sam Brown, 1988)



All that I have is all that you've given me
Did you never worry that I'd come to depend on you
I gave you all the love that I had in me
Now that I've found you've lied, and I can't believe it's true

Wrapped in his arms, I see you across the street
I can't help but wonder if she knows what's going on
You talk about that love but you don't know how it feels
When you realize that you're not the only one

You'd better stop before you tear me all apart
You'd better stop before you go and break my heart
Oh, whoa, you'd better stop

Time after time, I've tried to walk away
But it's not that easy when your soul is torn in two
So I just resign myself to it every day
Now all I can do is leave it up to you

You'd better stop before you tear me all apart
You'd better stop before you go and a break my heart
Oh, whoa, you'd better stop

You'd better stop if you love me
Now it's time to be sorry
I won't believe that you walked out on me

You'd better stop before you tear me all apart
You'd better stop before you break my lonely heart
Whoa, whoa, you better, whoa, whoa
Whoa, oh, you better stop
Better stop

The Raven (The Alan Parsons Project, 1975)



The clock struck midnight

And through my sleeping

I heard a tapping at my door

I looked but nothing lay in the darkness

And so I turned inside once more

To my amazement

There stood a raven

Whose shadow hung above my door

Then through the silence

It spoke that one word

that I shall hear forever more

Nevermore

Thus quoth the raven, nevermore

And still the raven remains in my room

No matter how much I implore

No words can soothe him

No prayer remove him

And I must hear for evermore

Quoth the raven, nevermore

Thus quoth the raven

Nevermore

The song is based on the *Edgar Allan Poe* poem of the same name. It was one of the first rock songs to use a *vocoder*, developed by EMI, to distort vocals.

Hit the Road, Jack (Ray Charles, 1962)



||: Hit the road, Jack
And don't you come back
No more, no more, no more, no more
Hit the road, Jack
And don't you come back no more :|| (What'd you say?)

Woah, woman, oh, woman, don't treat me so mean
You're the meanest old woman that I've ever seen
I guess if you say so
I'll have to pack my things and go (that's right)

||: Hit the road, Jack
And don't you come back
No more, no more, no more, no more
Hit the road, Jack
And don't you come back no more :|| (What'd you say?)

'Cause I'll be back on my feet some day
(Don't care if you do 'cause it's understood)
(You ain't got no money, you just ain't no good
Well, I guess if you say so
I'll have to pack my things and go (that's right)

||: Hit the road, Jack
And don't you come back
No more, no more, no more, no more
Hit the road, Jack
And don't you come back no more :|| (What'd you say?)

Well (don't you come back no more)
Uh, what'd you say? (Don't you come back no more)
I didn't understand it! (Don't you come back no more)
You can't mean that! (Don't you come back no more)
Oh, now, baby, please! (Don't you come back no more)
What you tryin' to do to me? (Don't you come back no more)
Oh, don't hurt me like that!
