

50 Ways to Serve the Customer
A Curated List of Songs about Service
by
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Lyrics

¹ Kleinaltenkamp, Michael: 50 Ways to Serve the Customer – A Curated List of Songs About Service, in: Aichner, Thomas (Ed.). *Serving the Customer*, pp. 57–75. Wiesbaden 2023, Springer Gabler)

Table 1. The 50 songs featured in the chapter (in alphabetical order)

No.	Title	Artist(s)	Year	Service industry	Service topic	URL
1	A Pub with No Beer	Slim Dusty	1957	Hospitality	Service failure	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7cKPchRDaVM
2	Another Brick in the Wall (Part II)	Pink Floyd	1979	Education	Compulsory services	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=34ZmKbe5oG4
3	Bad Haircut	The Squids	1995	Hairdressing	Service failure	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QmbCPDY3S6w
4	Being for the Benefit of Mr. Kite!	The Beatles	1967	Entertainment	Promotion	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bJVWZy4QOy0
5	Betty's Diner	Carrie Newcomer	2005	Hospitality	Social servicescape	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l-MWQ-hBoAc
6	Birdland	Weather Report / The Manhattan Transfer	1977/ 1979	Entertainment	Social servicescape	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Fm10whccto/ https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cZHvsaVTrzQ
7	Blue Hotel	Chris Izaak	1986	Tourism	Service as metaphor	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7s6tufofYrg
8	Cabaret	Liza Minelli	1972	Entertainment	Promotion	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=moOamKxW844
9	Chattanooga Choo Choo	Glenn Miller Band	1941	Tourism	Service process	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bGBwmLRNLJ4
10	Chelsea Hotel #2	Leonard Cohen	1974	Hospitality	Social servicescape	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pekuZglq-Sg
11	Chemo Hero	Dolly Parton	2017	Healthcare	Customer participation	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Mv8Xgx4gTyQ
12	Circus	Britney Spears	2008	Entertainment	Service as metaphor	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IVhJ_A8XUgc
13	Copacabana	Barry Manilow	1978	Hospitality	Front-line employees	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=toV8Lb9h0Vs
14	Doctor Robert	The Beatles	1966	Healthcare	Front-line employees	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Tb9L3iAUhc0
15	Don't Stand so Close to Me	The Police	1980	Education	Front-line employees	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KNIZofPB8ZM
16	Hairdresser	ZZ Top	1996	Hairdressing	Service as metaphor	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DnpZXfJUHUY
17	Hotel California	Eagles	1977	Tourism	Service as metaphor	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vydym4wh9Qo
18	I Don't Need No Doctor	Ray Charles	1966	Healthcare	Service as metaphor	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fPPDehYZkoE
19	Leaving on a Jet Plane	John Denver	1966	Tourism	Pre-encounter stage	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SneCkM0bJq0
20	Love Letter	Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds	2001	Postal services	Service outcome	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-9_WVhF5JKE

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21	Lovely Rita	The Beatles	1967	Public services	Front-line employees	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ysDwR5SIRIQ
22	Magic Bus	The Who	1968	Public transport	Buy, rent, make, let-make	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TmfQOC1bsf4
23	Magical Mystery Tour	The Beatles	1967	Tourism	Promotion	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l8WMGBuNaus
24	Marrakesh Express	Crosby, Stills & Nash	1969	Tourism	Service process	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0TYq9RjdYYU
25	Midnight Train to Georgia	Gladys Knight & the Pips	1973	Tourism	Service outcome	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=A0F9lh8TISM
26	Mr. Cab Driver	Lenny Kravitz	1990	Mobility	Service failure	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PZ8V-FktUNk
27	Please Mr. Postman	The Marvelettes	1961	Postal services	Service outcome	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=425GpjTSIS4
28	On Broadway	George Benson	1978	Entertainment	Front-line employees	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ok__1lAcuwg
29	Piano Man	Billy Joel	1973	Hospitality	Social servicescape	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=QwVjTITdIDQ
30	Private Dancer	Tina Turner	1984	Prostitution	Promotion	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=d4QnalIHIVc
31	Rehab	Amy Winehouse	2006	Healthcare	Customer participation	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KUmZp8pRIuc
32	Return to Sender	Elvis Presley	1962	Postal services	Service outcome	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PU5xxh5UX4U
33	(Get Your Kicks on) Route 66	King Cole Trio	1946	Tourism	Service process	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=dCYApJtsyd0
34	Roxanne	The Police	1978	Prostitution	Buy, rent, make, let-make	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3T1c7GkzRQQ
35	Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting	Elton John	1973	Hospitality	Pre-encounter stage	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=26wEWSUUsUc
36	School's Out	Alice Cooper	1972	Education	Compulsory services	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=f0Q9en-GEBU
37	Service Blues	The Deadline Boys	2010	Science	Service science	https://box.fu-berlin.de/s/wF9JMcj5PiYFKMH
38	Sister Morphine	The Rolling Stones	1971	Healthcare	Front-line employees	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=C39kQoprP0
39	Taxman	The Beatles	1966	Taxation	Compulsory services	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l0zaebtU-CA
40	Tears of a Clown	Smokey Robinson & The Miracles	1970	Entertainment	Front-line employees	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4heHLbchPKk

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41	The Acid Queen	Tina Turner	1975	Healthcare	Promotion	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vdinfZKA_Fw
42	The House of the Rising Sun	The Animals	1964	Prostitution	Pricing	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4-43lLKaqBQ
43	The Letter	The Box Tops	1967	Postal services	Service outcome	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=BQaUs5J2wdI
44	The Show Must Go On	Queen	1991	Entertainment	Service as a metaphor	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t99KH0TR-J4
45	The Show Must Go On	Leo Sayer	1973	Entertainment	Service as a metaphor	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=O6gEkfwozhE
46	Tom's Diner	Suzan Vega	1987	Hospitality	Social servicescape	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nps_iOxEurs
47	Trans-Europa Express	Kraftwerk	1977	Tourism	Service outcome	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XMVokT5e0zs
48	Trust Me, I'm a Dentist	Students of the Faculty of Dentistry of the MSA University	2017	Healthcare	Promotion	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=padsaHPJ3NQ
49	United Breaks Guitars	Dave Carroll	2009	Tourism	Service failure	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5YGc4zOqozo
50	Welcome to Burlesque	Cher	2010	Entertainment	Promotion	https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L506pK0h61E

1 A Pub with No Beer (Slim Dusty, 1957)

Music and Lyrics: Gordon Parsons

Oh it's-a lonesome away from your kindred and all
By the campfire at night we'll hear the wild dingoes call
But there's-a nothing so lonesome, morbid or drear
Than to stand in the bar of a pub with no beer

Now the publican's anxious for the quota to come
And there's a faraway look on the face of the bum
The maid's gone all cranky and the cook's acting queer
Oh, what a terrible place is a pub with no beer

Then the stockman rides up with his dry dusty throat
He breasts up to the bar and pulls a wad from his coat
But the smile on his face quickly turns to a sneer
As the barman says "Sadly, the pub's got no beer"

Then the swaggie comes in smothered in dust and flies
He throws down his roll and rubs the sweat from his eyes
But when he is told, he says what's this I hear
I've trudged fifty flamin' miles to a pub with no beer

Now there's a dog on the v'randa, for his master he waits
But the boss is inside drinking wine with his mates
He hurries for cover and he cringes in fear
It's no place for a dog 'round a pub with no beer

Old Billy the blacksmith, the first time in his life
He's gone home cold sober to his darling wife
He walks in the kitchen, she says "You're early my dear"
But then he breaks down and tells her the pub's got no beer

So, it's-a lonesome away from your kindred and all
By the campfire at night we'll hear the wild dingoes call
But there's-a nothing so lonesome, morbid or drear
Than to stand at the bar of the pub with no beer

2 Another Brick in the Wall (Part II) (Pink Floyd, 1979)

Music and Lyrics: Roger Waters

We don't need no education
We don't need no thought control
No dark sarcasm in the classroom
Teachers leave them kids alone
Hey! Teacher! Leave them kids alone!
All in all, it's just another brick in the wall
All in all, you're just another brick in the wall

We don't need no education
We don't need no thought control
No dark sarcasm in the classroom
Teachers, leave them kids alone
Hey! Teacher! Leave them kids alone!
All in all, you're just another brick in the wall
All in all, you're just another brick in the wall

"Wrong, do it again!"

"Wrong, do it again!"

"If you don't eat yer meat, you can't have any pudding

How can you have any pudding if you don't eat yer meat?"

"You! Yes, you behind the bikesheds, stand still, lady!"

3 Bad Haircut (The Squids, 1995)

Music and Lyrics: Billy Latour & Joey Spatafora

I'm gonna kill you for cutting my hair like that
I came in here looking like this
And I'm leaving here looking like that
How did you get a job here anyway

How do you expect me to walk down the street
My hair looks like a big piece of crap
How did you get a job here
When you don't even know how to cut my hair

I got a bad haircut, ahhhhh
I got a bad haircut, ahhhhh
I got a bad haircut, ahhhhh
I got a bad haircut, ahhhhh

I came in here looking like this
And I'm leaving here looking like that
How did you get a job here
When you don't even know how to cut my hair

I got a bad haircut, ahhhhh
I got a bad haircut, ahhhhh
I got a bad haircut, ahhhhh
I got a bad haircut, ahhhhh

Oh man
Oh Baby Jesus
Look at my hair
They wrecked my hair
Don't go in there
They'll cut your hair like this
Don't go in there
Don't

4 Being for the Benefit of Mr. Kite! (The Beatles, 1967)

Music and Lyrics: John Lennon & Paul McCartney

For the benefit of Mr. Kite
There will be a show tonight on trampoline
The Hendersons will all be there
Late of Pablo Fanques Fair, what a scene
Over men and horses, hoops and garters
Lastly through a hogshead of real fire
In this way Mr. K. will challenge the world

The celebrated Mr. K.
Performs his feat on Saturday at Bishops Gate
The Hendersons will dance and sing
As Mr. Kite flies through the ring, don't be late
Messrs. K and H. assure the public
Their production will be second to none
And of course Henry The Horse dances the waltz

The band begins at ten to six
When Mr. K. performs his tricks without a sound
And Mr. H. will demonstrate
Ten summer sets he'll undertake on solid ground
Having been some days in preparation
A splendid time is guaranteed for all
And tonight Mr. Kite is topping the bill

5 Betty's Diner (Carrie Newcomer, 2005)

Music and Lyrics: Carrie Newcomer

Miranda works the late-night counter
In a joint called Betty's Diner
Chrome and checkered tablecloths
One steamy windowpane

She got the job that shaky fall
And after hours she'll write till dawn
With a nod and smile she serves them all

Here we are all in one place
The wants and wounds of the human race
Despair and hope sit face to face
When you come in from the cold
Let her fill your cup with something kind
Eggs and toast like bread and wine
She's heard it all so she don't mind

Arthur lets his earl gray steep
Since April it's been hard to sleep
You know they tried most everything
Yet it took her in the end
Kevin tests new saxophones
But swears he's leaving quality control
For the Chicago scene, or New Orleans
Where they still play righteous horns

Here we are all in one place
The wants and wounds of the human race
Despair and hope sit face to face
When you come in from the cold
Let her fill your cup with something kind
Eggs and toast like bread and wine
She's heard it all so she don't mind

Jack studies here after work
To get past high school he's the first
And his large hands seem just as
comfortable
With a hammer or a pen
Emma leaned and kissed his cheek
And when she did his knees got weak
Miranda smiles at 'em and winks

Here we are all in one place
The wants and wounds of the human race
Despair and hope sit face to face
When you come in from the cold
Let her fill your cup with something kind
Eggs and toast like bread and wine
She's heard it all so she don't mind

You never know who'll be your witness
You never know who grants forgiveness
Look to heaven or sit with us

Deidra bites her lip and frowns
She works the stop and go downtown
She's pretty good at the crossword page
And she paints her eyes blue black

Tristan comes along sometimes
Small for his age and he's barely five
But she loves him like a mama lion

Veda used to drink a lot
Almost lost it all before she stopped
Comes in at night with her friend Mike
Who runs the crisis line

Michael toured Saigon and back
Hair the color of smoke and ash
Their heads are bowed and hands are
clasped
One more storm has passed

Here we are all in one place
The wants and wounds of the human race
Despair and hope sit face to face
When you come in from the cold
Let her fill your cup with something kind
Eggs and toast like bread and wine
She's heard it all so she don't mind

6 Birdland (Weather Report, 1977; The Manhattan Transfer, 1979)

Music: Joe Zawinul; Lyrics: Jon Hendricks

5000 light years from Birdland
But I'm still preachin' the rythm
Long gone uptight years from Birdland
And I'm still teachin' it with 'em
Years from the land of the Bird
And I am still feelin' the spirit
5000 light years from Birdland
But I know people can hear it

Bird named it, Bird made it
Bird heard it, then played it
Well stated Birdland
It happened down in Birdland

In the middle of that hub
I remember one jazz club
Where we went to pat feet
Down on 52nd Street
Everybody heard that word
That they named it after Bird
Where the rythm swooped and swirled
The jazz corner of the world
And the cats they giggered in there
Were beyond compare

Birdland, I'm singing Birdland
Birdland, old swingin' Birdland

Hey man, the music really turns you on
Really? Ya turn me around and turn me on

Down them stairs, lose them cares
Where? Down in Birdland
Total swing, Bop was king there
Down in Birdland
Bird would cook, Max would look
Where? Down in Birdland
Miles came through, Trane came too there
Down in Birdland
Basie blew, Blakey too
Where? Down in Birdland
Cannonball played that hall there
Down in Birdland, yeah

There will never be nothin' such as that
No more, skoo be wah, no more
Down in Birdland, that's where it was at
I know, ah ah ah ah ah, I know
Back in them days Bop was ridin' high
Hello, heh heh heh heh heh, goodbye!

How well those cats remember their first
Birdland gig
To play in Birdland is an honor we still dig
Yeah, that club was like in another world
Sure enough, yeah baby
All those cats were cookin' on
People just sat and they were steady
lookin' on
Then Bird, he came and spread the word
Birdland

Yes indeed he did
Yes indeed he did
Yes indeed he did
Yes he did Parker played in Birdland
Yes he really did
Yes indeed he really did told the truth way
down in Birdland
Yes indeed he did, Yard bird Parker played
in Birdland
Yes indeed he really did, Charlie Parker
played in Birdland

Bird named it, Bird made it
Bird heard it, then played it
Well stated Birdland
It happened down in Birdland

Everybody dug that beat
Everybody stomped their feet
Everybody digs be bop
And they'll never stop

Down them stairs, lose them cares
Yeah, down in Birdland

Total swing, Bop was king
Yeah, down in Birdland
Bird would cook, Max would look
Yeah, down in Birdland
Miles came through, trane came too
Yeah, down in Birdland
Basie blew, Blakie too
Yeah, down in Birdland
Cannonball played that hall
Yeah, down in Birdland

Down them stairs, lose them cares
Yeah, down in Birdland
Total swing, Bop was king
Yeah, down in Birdland

Bird would cook, Max would look
Yeah, down in Birdland
Miles came through, trane came too
Yeah, down in Birdland
Basie blew, Blakie too
Yeah, down in Birdland
Cannonball played that hall
Yeah, down in Birdland

Down them stairs, lose them cares
Yeah, down in Birdland
Total swing, Bop was king
Yeah, down in Birdland
Bird would cook, Max would look
Yeah, down in Birdland

7 Blue Hotel (Chris Izaak, 1986)

Music and Lyrics: Chris Izaak

Blue hotel
Life don't work out my way

Blue hotel
On a lonely highway
Blue hotel
Life don't work out my way

I wait alone each lonely night
Blue hotel
Blue hotel

Blue hotel
Every room is lonely
Blue hotel
I was waiting only

The night is like her lonely dream
Blue hotel
Blue hotel

Blue hotel
On a lonely highway
Blue hotel
Life don't work out my way

I wait alone each lonely night
Blue hotel
Blue hotel

8 Cabaret (Liza Minelli, 1972)

Music; John Kander, Lyrics: Fred Ebb

What good is sitting alone in your room?
Come hear the music play
Life is a Cabaret, old chum
Come to the Cabaret

Put down the knitting
The book and the broom
It's time for a holiday
Life is a Cabaret, old chum
Come to the Cabaret

Come taste the wine
Come hear the band
Come blow your horn
Start celebrating
Right this way
Your table's waiting

What good's permitting
Some prophet of doom
To wipe every smile away
Life is a Cabaret, old chum
So come to the Cabaret!

I used to have this girlfriend known as
Elsie
With whom I shared four sordid rooms in
Chelsea
She wasn't what you'd call a blushing
flower
As a matter of fact she rented by the hour

The day she died the neighbors came to
snicker
"Well, that's what comes from too much
pills and liquor"
But when I saw her laid out like a Queen
She was the happiest corpse I'd ever seen

I think of Elsie to this very day
I remember how she'd turn to me and say
"What good is sitting all alone in you
room?"

Come hear the music play
Life is a Cabaret, old chum
Come to the Cabaret"

And as for me, ha, and as for me
I made my mind up back in Chelsea
When I go, I'm going like Elsie

Start by admitting
From cradle to tomb
It isn't that long a stay
Life is a Cabaret, old chum
It's only a Cabaret, old chum
And I love a Cabaret

9 Chattanooga Choo Choo (Glenn Miller Band, 1941)

Music: Harry Warren, Lyrics: Mack Gordon

Pardon me boy, is that the Chattanooga Choo Choo?
Track twenty-nine, boy you can gimme a shine
I can afford to board a Chattanooga Choo Choo
I've got my fare and just a trifle to spare

You leave the Pennsylvania station 'bout a quarter to four
Read a magazine and then you're in Baltimore
Dinner in the diner, nothing could be finer
Than to have your ham 'n' eggs in Carolina
When you hear the whistle blowin' eight to the bar
Then you know that Tennessee is not very far
Shovel all the coal in, gotta keep it rollin'
Woo, woo, Chattanooga, there you are

There's gonna be a certain party at the station
Satin and lace, I used to call funny face
She's gonna cry until I tell her that I'll never roam

10 Chelsea Hotel #2 (Leonard Cohen, 1974)

Music and Lyrics: Leonard Cohen

I remember you well in the Chelsea Hotel
You were talkin' so brave and so sweet
Givin' me head on the unmade bed
While the limousines wait in the street
Those were the reason an' that was New York
We were runnin' for the money and the flesh
And that was called love for the workers in song
Probably still is for those of them left
Ah, but you got away, didn't you, baby?
You just turned your back on the crowd
You got away, I never once heard you say
I need you, I don't need you
I need you, I don't need you
And all of that jiving around

I remember you well in Chelsea Hotel
You were famous, your heart was a legend
You told me again you preferred handsome men
But for me you would make an exception
And clenching your fist for the ones like us
Who are oppressed by the figures of beauty
You fixed yourself, you said: Well, never mind
We are ugly but we have the music
And you got away, didn't you, baby?
You just turned your back on the crowd
You got away, I never once heard you say
I need you, I don't need you
I need you, I don't need you
And all of that jiving around

I don't mean to suggest that I loved you the best
I can't keep track of each fallen robin
I remember you well in Chelsea Hotel
That's all, I don't even think of you that often

11 Chemo Hero (Dolly Parton, 2017)

Music and Lyrics: Dolly Parton

Doctors, needles, needles, pins
They've come to poke on me again
Seems like these treatments never end
But I'll be better soon
Sometimes these treatments make me mad
Make my mom and daddy sad
Sometimes they make me feel so bad
But I'll be better soon
'Cause I'm a chemo hero, yeah-yeah
And that's a fact, yeah-yeah
I'm a chemo hero, yeah-yeah
I'm fightin' back, yeah-yeah
Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah
Sisters, brothers, cousins, friends
They're fightin' with me 'til the end
It's a battle we know we can win
That makes them heroes too
We're chemo heroes (yeah-yeah)
'Cause we're helpin' out (yeah-yeah)
We're chemo heroes (yeah-yeah)
That's what love's about, yeah-yeah
Yeah-yeah, everybody shout (yeah-yeah)
(Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah)
Bad cells, bad cells
We gotta get rid of these bad cells
I'm a chemo hero (yeah-yeah)

We're gonna get rid of 'em (yeah-yeah)
Yes, we are
Lost my hair, but I don't care
Lots of scarves and hats to wear
(I'm a chemo hero) yeah-yeah
Yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah
But, you know, old fuzzy wuzzy was a
bear
And fussy wuzzy had no hair
(Chemo hero) he was a chemo hero (yeah-
yeah, yeah-yeah)
That's right (yeah-yeah), yeah-yeah, yeah-
yeah
I'm a chemo hero (yeah-yeah)
And that's a fact, yeah-yeah
I'm chemo hero, yeah-yeah
And I'm fightin' back, yeah-yeah
I'm a chemo hero, yeah-yeah
And that's a fact, yeah-yeah
I'm a chemo hero, yeah-yeah
Everybody shout (yeah-yeah)
(I'm a chemo hero) yeah-yeah, yeah-yeah
I'm a chemo hero (yeah-yeah), yeah-yeah
(I'm a chemo hero) I'm a hero (that's a fact)
You know what kind of hero I am?
I'm a chemo hero, ha-ha

12 Circus (Britney Spears, 2008)

Music and Lyrics: Luke S. Gottwald, Claude Kelly & Benny Blanco

There's only two types of people in the world
The ones that entertain, and the ones that observe
Well, baby, I'm a put-on-a-show kind of girl
Don't like the back seat, gotta be first (oh-oh)

I'm like the ring leader, I call the shots (call the shots)
I'm like a firecracker, I make it hot
When I put on a show
I feel the adrenaline moving through my veins
Spotlight on me and I'm ready to break
I'm like a performer, the dance floor is my stage
Better be ready, hope that you feel the same

All eyes on me in the center of the ring just like a circus
When I crack that whip everybody gon' trip just like a circus
Don't stand there watching me, follow me, show me what you can do
Everybody let go, we can make a dance floor just like a circus

There's only two types of guys out there
Ones that can hang with me and ones that are scared
So, baby, I hope that you came prepared
I run a tight ship, so beware

I'm like the ring leader, I call the shots (call the shots)
I'm like a firecracker, I make it hot
When I put on a show, I feel the adrenaline moving through my veins
Spotlight on me and I'm ready to break
I'm like a performer, the dance floor is my stage
Better be ready, hope that you feel the same

All eyes on me in the center of the ring just like a circus
When I crack that whip everybody gon' trip just like a circus
Don't stand there watching me, follow me, show me what you can do
Everybody let go, we can make a dance floor just like a circus, let's go

Let me see what you can do
I'm runnin' this (like-like-like-like a circus)
Yeah, like a what? (Like-like-like-like a circus)

All eyes on me in the center of the ring just like a circus
When I crack that whip everybody gon' trip just like a circus
Don't stand there watching me, follow me, show me what you can do
Everybody let go, we can make a dance floor just like a circus
All eyes on me in the center of the ring just like a circus
When I crack that whip everybody gon' trip just like a circus
Don't stand there watching me, follow me, show me what you can do
Everybody let go, we can make a dance floor just like a circus

13 Copacabana (Barry Manilow, 1978)

Music: Jack Feldman & Bruce Sussman, Lyrics: Barry Manilow

Her name was Lola, she was a showgirl
With yellow feathers in her hair and a
dress cut down to there
She would merengue and do the cha-cha
And while she tried to be a star
Tony always tended bar
Across the crowded floor, they worked
from eight til four
They were young and they had each other
Who could ask for more?

At the copa (co) Copacabana (Copacabana)
The hottest spot north of Havana (here)
At the copa (co) Copacabana
Music and passion were always the fashion
At the copa they fell in love
Copa, Copacabana

His name was Rico
He wore a diamond
He was escorted to his chair, he saw Lola
dancing there
And when she finished, he called her over
But Rico went a bit to far
Tony sailed across the bar
And then the punches flew and chairs were
smashed in two
There was blood and a single gun shot
But just who shot who?

At the copa (co) Copacabana (Copacabana)
The hottest spot north of Havana (here)
At the copa (co) Copacabana
Music and passion were always the fashion
At the copa, she lost her love

(Copa, Copacabana)
(Copa, Copacabana)
(Copacabana)
(Music and passion were always in
fashion)

Her name is Lola, she was a showgirl
But that was thirty years ago, when they
used to have a show
Now it's a disco, but not for Lola
Still in dress she used to wear
Faded feathers in her hair
She sits there so refined, and drinks herself
half-blind
She lost her youth and she lost her Tony
Now she's lost her mind

At the copa (co) Copacabana (Copacabana)
The hottest spot north of Havana (here)
At the copa (co) Copacabana
Music and passion were always in fashion
At the copa don't fall in love
don't fall in love
(Copacabana)
(Copacabana)

14 Doctor Robert (The Beatles, 1966)

Music and Lyrics: John Lennon & Paul McCartney

Ring, my friend I said you'd call
Doctor Robert
Day or night he'll be there any time at all
Doctor Robert

Doctor Robert
You're a new and better man
He helps you to understand
He does everything he can
Doctor Robert

If you're down he'll pick you up
Doctor Robert
Take a drink from his special cup
Doctor Robert

Doctor Robert
He's a man you must believe
Helping anyone in need
No one can succeed like Doctor Robert

Well, well, well, you're feeling fine
Well, well, well, he'll make you
Doctor Robert

My friend works for the National Health
Doctor Robert
Don't pay money just to see yourself
Doctor Robert

Doctor Robert
You're a new and better man
He helps you to understand
He does everything he can
Doctor Robert

Well, well, well, you're feeling fine
Well, well, well, he'll make you
Doctor Robert

Ring, my friend I said you'd call
Doctor Robert
Doctor Robert

15 Don't Stand so Close to Me (The Police, 1980)

Music and Lyrics: Sting

Young teacher, the subject of schoolgirl fantasy
She wants him so badly knows what she wants to be
Inside him, there's longing, this girl's an open page
Book marking, she's so close now, this girl is half his age

Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me

Her friends are so jealous, you know how bad girls get
Sometimes it's not so easy to be the teacher's pet
Temptation, frustration, so bad it makes him cry
Wet bus stop, she's waiting, his car is warm and dry

Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me

Loose talk in the classroom to hurt they try and try
Strong words in the staff room, the accusations fly
It's no use, he sees her. He starts to shake and cough
Just like the old man in that book by Nabokov

Don't stand, don't stand so
Don't stand so close to me
Don't stand, don't stand so...

16 Hairdresser (ZZ Top, 1996)

Music and Lyrics: Joseph W. "Joe" Hardy & Billy F. Gibbons

What a shame, what a shame, what a shame
The shape my hair is in
It's way too humid, today, my head, it ain't no friend
If I was seen out, I'd have me arrested
Gimme, gimme, gimme my sweet hairdresser

Hairdresser, hairdresser

She's hip to the fastest bob,
She give a good lather-job
She don't stand no messin' around
Gimme, gimme, gimme my hairdresser this town

Hairdresser, hairdresser
Conk it up, conk me baby

I likes a wax, I likes a straight
I don't like the kind of hair you love to hate
I can dig it dread, I can dig it buzzed
I can dig a 'do' that does the fuzz
God, my hair it looks molested
Gimme, gimme, gimme my sweet hairdresser

17 Hotel California (Eagles, 1977)

Music and Lyrics: Glenn Frey and Don Felder

On a dark desert highway
Cool wind in my hair
Warm smell of colitas
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 place)
Such a lovely face

Plenty of room at the Hotel California
Any time of year (any time of year)
You can find it here

Her mind is Tiffany-twisted
She got the Mercedes benz
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys she 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 1969"

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 place)
Such a lovely face

They're living it up at the Hotel California
What a nice surprise (what a nice surprise)
Bring your alibis

Mirrors on the ceiling
The pink champagne on ice
And she said: "We are all just prisoners here of our own device"

And in the master's 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 never leave"

18 I Don't Need No Doctor (Ray Charles, 1966)

Music and Lyrics: Nickolas Ashford, Valerie Simpson & Josephine Armstead

I don't need no doctor
'Cause I know what's ailing me
I don't need no doctor, no, no
'Cause I know what's ailing me
I've been too long away from my baby,
ahh!
I'm coming down with a misery
(I don't need no doctor)
(I don't need no doctor)

I don't need no doctor
For my prescription to be filled
(I don't need no doctor)
(I don't need no doctor)
I don't need no doctor, I tell ya now
For my prescription to be filled
(I don't need no doctor)
(I don't need no doctor)
Only my baby's arms
Could ever take away this chill
(I don't need no doctor)
(I don't need no doctor)

Now the doctor say I need rest (hey hey)
Before I need her tenderness (hmmm
hmm)
Put me on the critical list (hey hey)
When all I need is her sweet kiss (hmmm
hmm)
He gave me a medicated lotion
But it didn't soothe (it didn't soothe)
My emotion (I don't need no doctor)
(I don't need no doctor)

I don't need no doctor
For my hope to live is gone (I don't need
no doctor)
(I don't need no doctor)
I don't need no doctor, no, no
Wahhh! my hope to live is gone (I don't
need no doctor)
(I don't need no doctor)
All I need is my baby
Baby, Please!
Won't you please come on home? (I don't
need no doctor)
You know what I'm talkin' about? (I don't
need no doctor)

I don't need no aspirins (I don't need no
doctor)
I don't need no lotion (I don't need no
doctor)
I say, I don't need (I don't need no doctor)
No vitamin pills (I don't need no doctor)
I don't need (I don't need)

19 Leaving on a Jet Plane (John Denver, 1966)

Music and Lyrics: John Denver

All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go
I'm standin' here outside your door
I hate to wake you up to say goodbye
But the dawn is breakin'. It's early morn
The taxi's waitin'. He's blowin' his horn
Already I'm so lonesome I could die
So kiss me and smile for me
Tell me that you'll wait for me
Hold me like you'll never let me go
'Cause I'm leavin' on a jet plane
Don't know when I'll be back again
Oh babe, I hate to go

There's so many times I've let you down
So many times I've played around
I tell you now, they don't mean a thing
Every place I go, I'll think of you
Every song I sing, I'll sing for you
When I come back, I'll bring your wedding ring
So kiss me and smile for me
Tell me that you'll wait for me
Hold me like you'll never let me go
'Cause I'm leavin' on a jet plane
Don't know when I'll be back again
Oh babe, I hate to go

Now the time has come to leave you
One more time. Let me kiss you
Then close your eyes and I'll be on my way
Dream about the days to come
When I won't have to leave alone
About the times, I won't have to say
Kiss me and smile for me
Tell me that you'll wait for me
Hold me like you'll never let me go
'Cause I'm leavin' on a jet plane
Don't know when I'll be back again
Oh babe, I hate to go
But, I'm leavin' on a jet plane
Don't know when I'll be back again
Oh babe, I hate to go

20 Love Letter (Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, 2001)

Music and Lyrics: Nick Cave

I hold this letter in my hand
A plea, a petition, a kind of prayer
I hope it does as I have planned
Losing her again is more than I can bear
I kiss the cold, white envelope
I press my lips against her name
Two hundred words
We live in hope
The sky hangs heavy with rain

Love letter, love letter
Go get her, go get her
Love letter, love letter
Go tell her, go tell her

A wicked wind whips up the hill
A handful of hopeful words
I love her and I always will
The sky is ready to burst
Said something I did not mean to say
Said something I did not mean to say
Said something I did not mean to say
It all came out the wrong way

Love letter, love letter
Go get her, go get her
Love letter, love letter
Go tell her, go tell her

Rain your kisses down upon me
Rain your kisses down in storms
And for all who'll come before me
In your slowly fading forms
I'm going out of my mind
Will leave me standing in
The rain with a letter and a prayer
Whispered on the wind

Come back to me
Come back to me
O baby please come back to me

21 Lovely Rita (The Beatles, 1967)

Music and Lyrics: John Lennon & Paul McCartney

Lovely Rita meter maid
Lovely Rita meter maid

Lovely Rita meter maid
Nothing can come between us
When it gets dark I tow your heart away

Standing by a parking meter
When I caught a glimpse of Rita
Filling in the ticket in her little white book
In a cap she looked much older
And the bag across her shoulder
Made her look a little like a military man

Lovely Rita meter maid
May I inquire discreetly
When are you free to take some tea with me?, (Lovely meter maid)

Rita!

Took her out and tried to win her
Had a laugh and over dinner
Told her I would really like to see her again
Got the bill and Rita paid it
Took her home and nearly made it
Sitting on a sofa with a sister or two

Oh! Lovely Rita meter maid
Where would I be without you?
Give us a wink and make me think of you
Lovely Rita, meter maid,
Lovely Rita meter maid,
Lovely Rita meter maid,
Lovely
Rita meter maid

22 Magic Bus (The Who, 1968)

Music and Lyrics: Pete Townshend

Every day I get in the queue
To get on the bus that takes me to you

I don't care how much I pay (Too much, the Magic Bus)
I wanna drive my bus to my baby someday (Too much, the Magic Bus)
The Magic Bus, the Magic Bus

Thruppence, sixpence every day (Too much, the Magic Bus)
Just to side my baby (Too much, the Magic Bus)
Thruppence and sixpence each day (Too much, the Magic Bus)
I drive to my baby every way (Too much, the Magic Bus)

Magic Bus (Give me a Hundred), Magic Bus (I won't take under)
I wan' it, I wan' it ... (I said, you can't have it, can't have it)

I don't care how much I pay (Too much, Magic Bus)
I wanna drive my bus to my baby each day (It's a Magic Bus)
I buy it, I buy it, I buy it (Okay, you can have the Magic Bus for one hundred English Pounds)
No, too much
(Give me a Hundred) Can't find
(Give me a Hundred) Can't find
(Take a One-hundred)

I got my Magic Bus, now I got my Magic Bus
I gonna drive my baby every day, and I can go a different way
I gonna ride her, ride her, ride her...
Magic Bus, Magic Bus

23 Magical Mystery Tour (The Beatles, 1967)

Music and Lyrics: John Lennon & Paul McCartney

Roll up
Roll up for the Mystery Tour
Roll up
Roll up for the Mystery Tour

Roll up
(That's an invitation)
Roll up for the Mystery Tour
Roll up
(To make a reservation)
Roll up for the Mystery Tour

The Magical Mystery Tour
Is waiting to take you away
Waiting to take you away

Roll up
Roll up for the Mystery Tour
Roll up
Roll up for the Mystery Tour

Roll up
(We got everything you need)
Roll up for the Mystery Tour
Roll up
(Satisfaction guaranteed)
Roll up for the Mystery Tour

The Magical Mystery Tour
Is hoping to take you away
Hoping to take you away

Mystery trip

24 Marrakesh Express (Crosby, Stills & Nash, 1969)

Music and Lyrics: Graham Nash

Looking at the world through the sunset in your eyes
Traveling the train through clear Moroccan skies
Ducks and pigs and chickens call, animal carpet wall to wall
American ladies five-foot tall in blue

Sweeping cobwebs from the edges of my mind
Had to get away to see what we could find
Hope the days that lie ahead bring us back to where they've led
Listen not to what's been said to you

Would you know we're riding on the Marrakesh Express?
Would you know we're riding on the Marrakesh Express?
They're taking me to Marrakesh
All aboard the train, all aboard the train

I've been saving all my money just to take you there
I smell the garden in your hair
Take the train from Casablanca going South
Blowing smoke rings from the corners of my mouth

Colored cottons hang in the air
Charming cobras in the square
Striped djellabas we can wear at home
Well, let me hear ya now

Would you know we're riding on the Marrakesh Express?
Would you know we're riding on the Marrakesh Express?
They're taking me to Marrakesh

Would you know we're riding on the Marrakesh Express?
Would you know we're riding on the Marrakesh Express?
They're taking me to Marrakesh
All aboard the train, all aboard the train, all aboard

25 Midnight Train to Georgia (Gladys Knight & the Pips, 1973)

Music and Lyrics: Jim Weatherly

L.A proved too much for the man (Too much for the man, he couldn't make it)
So, he's leaving the life he's come to know,
oh
He said he's going back to find (Going back to find)
What's left of his world
The world he left behind, not so long ago

He's leaving (leaving)
On that midnight train to Georgia (leaving on a midnight train)
Hmm, yeah
Said he's going back (going back to find)
To a simpler place and time (and when he takes that ride)
Oh yes, he is (guess who's gonna sit right by his side)
And I'll be with him (I know you will)
On that midnight train to Georgia
(Leaving on a midnight train to Georgia)
I'd rather live in his world (live in his world)
Than live without him in mine (world, world, it's his, his and hers alone)

He kept dreaming (Dreaming)
Oh, that someday he'd be a star
(A superstar, but he didn't get far)
But he sure found out the hard way
That dreams don't always come true
(dreams don't always come true)
Oh no (uh-uh, no, uh-uh)
So he hung all his hopes
And he even sold his own car, hmm
Bought a one way ticket back
To the life that he once knew
Oh yes he did. He said he would

I know he's leaving (leaving)
On that midnight train to Georgia (leaving on a midnight train)
Hmm, yeah
Said he's going back to find, oh (going back to find)

A simpler place and time (and when he takes that ride)
(Guess who's gonna sit right by his side)
And, I'm gonna be with him (I know you will)
On that midnight train to Georgia
(Leaving on the midnight train to Georgia)
I'd rather live in his world (live in his world)
Than live without him in mine (world, world)
(It's his, his and hers alone)

Oh, he's leaving
(Leaving)
On a midnight train to Georgia
(Leaving on a midnight train)
Yeah, oh yo
Said he's going back to find
(Going back to find)
Oh, a simpler place and time (whenever he takes that ride- Guess who's gonna be right by his side)
I've got to be with him
(I know you will)
On that midnight train to Georgia
(Leaving on a midnight train to Georgia)
I'd rather live in his world (live in his world)
Than live without him in mine (world, world. (Is his, his and hers alone)
one love
(All aboard) all aboard
A midnight train to ride
(One love) one love
(All aboard) all aboard
Gotta go on the midnight train to go
(midnight train to go)
(One love) one love
(All aboard) all aboard
Aha, the midnight train to go (midnight train to go)
My world (one love)
His world (all aboard)

Our world, mine and his alone (midnight
train to go)
My world (one love)
His world (all aboard)
Our world, mine and his alone (midnight
train to go)
I've got to go (one love)
I've got to go (all abroad)
I've got to go (midnight train to go)

Hey
I've got to go (one love)
I've got to go (all abroad)
(Midnight train to go)
My world (one love)
His world (all aboard)
My man, his girl
I've got to go, I've got go
I've got to go

26 Mr. Cab Driver (Lenny Kravitz, 1990)

Music and lyrics: Lenny Kravitz

Mr. cab driver won't you stop to let me in
Mr. cab driver don't you like my kind of skin
Mr. cab driver, you're never gonna win

Mr. cab driver won't stop to pick me up
Mr. cab driver, I might need some help
Mr. cab driver only thinks about himself

Mr. cab driver
Mr. cab driver
Mr. cab driver
Mr. cab driver

Mr. cab driver don't like the way I look
He don't like dreads he thinks we're all crooks
Mr. cab driver reads too many story books

Mr. cab driver pass me up with eyes of fire
Mr. cab driver thinks we're all 165'ers
Mr. cab driver fuck you I'm a survivor

Let me in

Mr. cab driver
Mr. cab driver
Mr. cab driver
Mr. cab driver

27 Please Mr. Postman (The Marvelettes, 1961)

Music and Lyrics: Georgia Dobbins, Brian Holland, Robert Bateman,
Freddie Gorman, William Garrett

Oh yeah

(Is there a letter in your bag for me) Please, Please Mister Postman
(Why's it been a very long time) Oh yeah
(Since I heard from this boyfriend of mine)

There must be some word today
From my boyfriend so far away
Please Mister Postman, look and see
Is there a letter, a letter for me

I've been standin' here waitin' Mister Postman
So patiently, for just a card, or just a letter
Sayin' he's returnin' home to me

Please Mister Postman (Mister Postman, look and see) Oh yeah
(Is there a letter in your bag for me?) Please Please Mister Postman
(Why's it been a very long time) Oh yeah
(Since I heard from this boyfriend of mine)

So many days you passed me by
You saw the tears standin' in my eye
You wouldn't stop to make me feel better
By leavin' me a card or a letter

Please Mister Postman look and see (Postman postman)
Is there a letter oh yeah in your bag for me? (Postman postman)
You know its been so long (Postman postman)
Yes, since I heard from this boyfriend of mine (Postman postman)
You better wait a minute, wait a minute

Oh, you better wait a minute
Please, please Mister Postman (Wait a minute Mister Postman)
Please check and see just one more time for me

You better wait, wait a minute
You better wait a minute, wait a minute, wait a minute
Please Mister Postman
Don't pass me by, you see the tears in my eyes

Wait a minute, wait a minute
Wait a minute, please Mister Postman
Wait a minute, wait a minute oh, oh

28 On Broadway (George Benson, 1978)

Music and Lyrics: Barry Mann & Cynthia Weil

They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway
They say there's always magic in the air
But when you're walkin' down the street
And you ain't had enough to eat
The glitter rubs right off and you're nowhere

They say the women treat you fine on Broadway
But lookin' at them just gives me the blues
'Cause how ya gonna make some time
When all you got is one thin dime
And one thin dime won't even shine your shoes

They say that I won't last too long on Broadway
I'll catch a Greyhound bus for home they all say
But they're dead wrong I know they are
'Cause I can play this here guitar
And I won't quit till I'm a star on Broadway

29 Piano Man (Billy Joel, 1973)

Music and Lyrics: Billy Joel

It's nine o'clock on a Saturday
The regular crowd shuffles in
There's an old man sittin' next to me
Makin' love to his tonic and gin

He says: "Son, can you play me a
memory?"
I'm not really sure how it goes
But it's sad and it's sweet and I knew it
complete
When I wore a younger man's clothes

La-la-la de-de da
La-la de-de da da-da

Sing us a song you're the piano man
Sing us a song tonight
Well we're all in the mood for a melody
And you've got us feelin' alright

Now John at the bar is a friend of mine
He gets me my drinks for free
And he's quick with a joke or to light up
your smoke
But there's someplace that he'd rather be

He says Bill I believe this is killing me
As a smile ran away from his face
Well I'm sure that I could be a movie star
If I could get out of this place

Oh, la-la-la de-de da
La-la de-de da da-da

Now Paul is a real estate novelist
Who never had time for a wife
And he's talkin' with Davy who's still in
the navy
And probably will be for life

And the waitress is practicing politics
As the businessmen slowly get stoned
Yes, they're sharing a drink they call
loneliness
But it's better than drinkin' alone

Sing us the song you're the piano man
Sing us a song tonight
Well we're all in the mood for a melody
And you've got us feelin' alright

It's a pretty good crowd for a Saturday
And the manager gives me a smile
'Cause he knows that it's me they've been
comin' to see
To forget about life for a while

And the piano it sounds like a carnival
And the microphone smells like a beer
And they sit at the bar and put bread in my
jar
And say man what are you doin' here?

Oh, la-la-la de-de da
La-la de-de da da-da

Sing us the song you're the piano man
Sing us a song tonight
Well we're all in the mood for a melody
And you've got us feelin' alright

30 Private Dancer (Tina Turner, 1984)

Music and Lyrics: Mark Knopfler

All the men come in these places
And the men are all the same
You don't look at their faces
And you don't ask their names
You don't think of them as human
You don't think of them at all
You keep your mind on the money
Keeping your eyes on the wall

I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
I'll do what you want me to do
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
And any old music will do

I want to make a million dollars
I want to live out by the sea
Have a husband and some children
Yeah, I guess I want a family
All the men come in these places
And the men are all the same
You don't look at their faces
And you don't ask their names

I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
I'll do what you want me to do
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
And any old music will do

Deutch marks or dollars
American Express will do nicely, thank you
Let me loosen up your collar
Tell me, do you want to see me do the shimmy again?

I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
I'll do what you want me to do
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
And any old music will do
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
I'll do what you want me to do
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
And any old music will do
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money
I'm your private dancer, a dancer for money

31 Rehab (Amy Winehouse, 2006)

Music and Lyrics: Amy Winehouse

They tried to make me go to rehab
I said no, no, no
Yes I've been black but when I come back
You'll know, know, know
I ain't got the time
And if my daddy thinks I'm fine
Just try to make me go to rehab
I won't go, go, go

I'd rather be at home with Ray
I ain't got seventy days
'Cause there's nothing, there's nothing you
can teach me
That I can't learn from Mr. Hathaway

I didn't get a lot in class
But I know it don't come in a shot glass

They tried to make me go to rehab
I said no, no, no
Yes I've been black but when I come back
You'll know, know, know
I ain't got the time
And if my daddy thinks I'm fine

Just try to make me go to rehab
I won't go, go, go

The man said "Why you think you here?"
I said "I got no idea"
I'm gonna, I'm gonna lose my baby
So I always keep a bottle near

He said "I just think you're depressed"
This me, yeah baby, and the rest

They tried to make me go to rehab
I said no, no, no
Yes I've been black but when I come back
You'll know, know, know

I don't ever want to drink again
I just, ooh I just need a friend
I'm not gonna spend ten weeks
And have everyone think I'm on the mend

And it's not just my pride
It's just 'til these tears have dried

32 Return to Sender (Elvis Presley, 1962)

Music and Lyrics: Winfield Scott & Otis Blackwell

Return to sender
I gave a letter to the postman
He put it his sack
Bright early next morning
He brought my letter back

Return to sender, address unknown
No such number, no such zone
We had a quarrel, a lover's spat
I write I'm sorry but my letter keeps coming back

So then I dropped it in the mailbox
And sent it special D
Bright and early next morning
It came right back to me

Return to sender, address unknown
No such person, no such zone
This time I'm gonna take it myself and put it right in her hand
And if it comes back the very next day then I'll understand

Return to sender, address unknown
No such number, no such zone
Return to sender
Return to sender
Return to sender
Return to sender...

33 (Get Your Kicks on) Route 66 (King Cole Trio, 1946)

Music and Lyrics: Bobby Troup

If you ever plan to motor west,
Travel my way, take the highway that is best.
Get your kicks on Route Sixty-six.

It winds from Chicago to LA,
More than two thousand miles all the way.
Get your kicks on Route Sixty-six.

Now you go through Saint Looney, Joplin, Missouri,
And Oklahoma City is mighty pretty.
You see Amarillo, Gallup, New Mexico,
Flagstaff, Arizona. Don't forget Winona,
Kingman, Barstow, San Bernardino.

Won't you get hip to this timely tip
When you make that California trip
Get your kicks on Route Sixty-six.

Won't you get hip to this timely tip:
When you make that California trip
Get your kicks on Route Sixty-six.
Get your kicks on Route Sixty-six.
Get your kicks on Route Sixty-six.

34 Roxanne (The Police, 1978)

Music and Lyrics: Sting

Roxanne

You don't have to put on the red light
Those days are over
You don't have to sell your body to the night

Roxanne

You don't have to wear that dress tonight
Walk the streets for money
You don't care if it's wrong or if it's right

Roxanne

You don't have to put on the red light
Roxanne
You don't have to put on the red light

Roxanne (Put on the red light)

Roxanne (Put on the red light)

Roxanne (Put on the red light)

Roxanne (Put on the red light)

Roxanne (Put on the red light)

I loved you since I knew you
I wouldn't talk down to you
I have to tell you just how I feel
I won't share you with another boy

I know my mind is made up
So put away your make up
Told you once I won't tell you again
It's a bad way

Roxanne

You don't have to put on the red light
Roxanne
You don't have to put on the red light

Roxanne (You don't have to put on the red light)

Roxanne (Put on the red light)

Roxanne (Put on the red light)

Roxanne (Put on the red light)

Roxanne (Put on the red light)...

35 Saturday Night's Alright for Fighting (Elton John, 1973)

Music: Elton John, Lyrics: Bernie Taupin

It's getting late, have you seen my mates?
Ma, tell me when the boys get here
It's seven o'clock, and I wanna rock
Want to get a belly full of beer

My old man's drunker than a barrel full of
monkeys
And my old lady, she don't care
My sister looks cute in her braces and
boots
A handful of grease in her hair

Oh, don't give us none of your aggravation
We had it with your discipline
Oh, Saturday night's alright for fighting
Get a little action in
Get about as oiled as a diesel train
Gonna set this dance alight
'Cause Saturday night's the night I like
Saturday night's alright, alright, alright,
ooh

Well, they're packed pretty tight in here
tonight
I'm looking for a dolly who'll see me right
I may use a little muscle to get what I need
I may sink a little drink and shout out,
"She's with me"

A couple of the sounds that I really like
Are the sounds of a switchblade and a
motorbike
I'm a juvenile product of the working class
Whose best friend floats in the bottom of a
glass, oh

Don't give us none of your aggravation
We had it with your discipline
Saturday night's alright for fighting
Get a little action in
Get about as oiled as a diesel train
Gonna set this dance alight
'Cause Saturday night's the night I like
Saturday night's alright, alright, alright,

ooh
Oh, don't give us none of your aggravation
We had it with your discipline
Saturday night's alright for fighting
Get a little action in
Get about as oiled as a diesel train
Gonna set this dance alight
'Cause Saturday night's the night I like
Saturday night's alright, alright, alright,
ooh

Saturday, Saturday, Saturday
Saturday, Saturday, Saturday
Saturday, Saturday
Saturday night's alright
Saturday, Saturday, Saturday
Saturday, Saturday, Saturday
Saturday, Saturday
Saturday night's alright
Saturday, Saturday, Saturday
Saturday, Saturday, Saturday
Saturday, Saturday
Saturday night's alright, whoo

36 School's Out (Alice Cooper, 1972)

Music and Lyrics: William Farley Smith

Well, we got no choice
All the girls and boys
Makin' all that noise
'Cause they found new toys

Well, we can't salute ya
Can't find a flag
If that don't suit ya
That's a drag

School's out for summer
School's out forever
School's been blown to pieces

No more pencils
No more books
No more teacher's dirty looks

Well, we got no class
And we got no principals
We ain't got no innocence
We can't even think of a word that rhymes

School's out for summer
School's out forever
School's been blown to pieces

No more pencils
No more books
No more teacher's dirty looks
Out for summer
Out 'till fall
We might not come back at all

School's out forever
School's out for summer
School's out with fever
School's out completely

37 Service Blues (The Deadline Boys, 2010)

Music: Johannes Raschpichler & Helge Löbler, Lyrics: Helge Löbler

Why do we like the S-D lens?
Because we think it makes much sense.
But how can we know before it's explored?
It's focused on issues which have been ignored.

Ten premises for a good orientation,
open enough to induce flotation
of thoughts and ideas from various institutions,
far far away from having all solutions.

Service for service in SDL,
Service for service that works very well.

Systems and networks are flying around,
trying to offer some more ground.
Like satellites in the SDL space,
designed to add scientific grace.

We are on a journey all together,
and traveling we find all kinds of weather,
Sunshine - and thunder we don't desire,
but even this helps us to inspire.

Service for service in SDL,
Service for service that works very well.

Together we fight for some more meaning,
reminding me well very much on cleaning,
Scientists might have a lot of fun,
but as if the housewife find their work never done.

Service for service in SDL,
Service for service that works very well.

38 Sister Morphine (The Rolling Stones, 1971)

Music and Lyrics: Mick Jagger & Keith Richards

Here I lie in my hospital bed
Tell me, Sister Morphine, when are you coming round again?
Oh, I don't think I can wait that long
Oh, you see that I'm not that strong

The scream of the ambulance is sounding in my ears
Tell me, Sister Morphine, how long have I been lying here?
What am I doing in this place?
Why does the doctor have no face?
Oh, I can't crawl across the floor
Ah, can't you see, Sister Morphine, I'm trying to score

Well it just goes to show
Things are not what they seem
Please, Sister Morphine, turn my nightmares into dreams
Oh, can't you see I'm fading fast?
And that this shot will be my last

Sweet cousin Cocaine, lay your cool, cool hand on my head
Ah, come on, Sister Morphine, you better make up my bed
'Cause you know and I know in the morning I'll be dead
Yeah, and you can sit around, yeah and you can watch all
The clean white sheets stained red

39 Taxman (The Beatles, 1966)

Music and Lyrics: George Harrison

Let me tell you how it will be
There's one for you, nineteen for me
'Cause I'm the taxman
Yeah, I'm the taxman

Should five percent appear too small
Be thankful I don't take it all
'Cause I'm the taxman
Yeah, I'm the taxman

I'll tax the street
(If you try to sit, sit) I'll tax your seat
(If you get too cold, cold) I'll tax the heat
(If you take a walk, walk) I'll tax your feet
(Taxman)

'Cause I'm the taxman
Yeah, I'm the taxman

Don't ask me what I want it for
(Ah, ah, Mr. Wilson)
If you don't want to pay some more
(Ah, ah, Mr. Heath)
'Cause I'm the taxman
Yeah, I'm the taxman

Now my advice for those who die (taxman)
Declare the pennies on your eyes (taxman)
'Cause I'm the taxman
Yeah, I'm the taxman
And you're working for no one but me (taxman)

40 Tears of a Clown (Smokey Robinson & The Miracles, 1970)

Music: Stevie Wonder, Lyrics: William Jr. Robinson & Hank Cosby

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah
Now if there's a smile on my face
It's only there trying to fool the public
But when it comes down to fooling you
Now honey that's quite a different subject

But don't let my glad expression
Give you the wrong impression
Really, I'm sad, oh I'm sadder than sad
You're gone and I'm hurting so bad
Like a clown I appear to be glad (sad, sad, sad, sad)

Now they're some sad things known to man
But ain't too much sadder than
The tears of a clown when there's no one around, uh

Oh yeah, baby
Now if I appear to be carefree
It's only to camouflage my sadness
And honey to shield my pride I try
To cover this hurt with a show of gladness

But don't let my show convince you
That I've been happy since you
'Cause I had to go (why did you go), oh I need you so (I need you so)
Look I'm hurt and I want you to know (want you to know)
For others I put on a show (it's just a show)
Now they're some sad things known to man
But ain't too much sadder than
The tears of a clown when there's no one around, uh

Just like Pagliacci did
I try to keep my surface hid
Smiling in the crowd I try
But in my lonely room I cry
The tears of a clown
When there's no one around,

Oh yeah, baby
Now if there's a smile on my face
Don't let my glad expression
Give you the wrong impression
Don't let this smile I wear
Make you think that I don't care
'Cause really I'm sad

41 The Acid Queen (Tina Turner, 1975)

Music and Lyrics: Pete Townshend

If your child ain't all he should be now
This girl will put him right
I'll show him what he could be now
Just give me one night

I'm the gypsy, the acid queen
Pay me before I start
I'm the gypsy and I'm guaranteed
To mend his aching heart

Give us a room, close the door
Leave us for a while
You won't be a boy no more
Young, but not a child

I'm the gypsy, the acid queen
Pay me before I start
I'm the gypsy, I'm guaranteed
To tear your soul apart

Gather your wits and hold them fast
Your mind must learn to roam
Just as the gypsy queen must do
You're gonna hit the road

My work's been done, now look at him
He's never been more alive
His head it shakes, his fingers clutch
Watch his body writhe

I'm the gypsy, the acid queen
Pay me before I start
I'm the gypsy, I'm guaranteed
To break your little heart

If your child ain't all he should be now
This girl will put him right
I'll show him what he could be now
Just give me one more night

I'm the gypsy, the acid queen
Pay me before I start
I'm the gypsy, I'm guaranteed
To tear your soul apart

42 The House of the Rising Sun (The Animals, 1964)

Music and Lyrics: Traditional, Arrangement: Alan Price

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
And God, I know I'm one

My mother was a tailor
She sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gambling man
Down in New Orleans

Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he is satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk

Oh, mother, tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Spend your lives in sin and misery
In the House of the Rising Sun

Well, I got one foot on the platform
The other foot on the train
I'm goin' back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain

Well, there is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
And God, I know I'm one

43 The Letter (The Box Tops, 1967)

Music and Lyrics: Wayne Carson

Give me a ticket for an aero plane
I ain't got time to take no fast train
Oh, the lonely days are gone
I'll be right home
My baby she wrote me a letter

I don't care how much money I got to spend
Got to get to my baby again
Oh the lonely days are gone
I'll be right home
My baby, she wrote me a letter

Well, she wrote me a letter, said, she couldn't live without me no more
Listen mister, can't you see, I've got to get to my baby once more, anyway

Give me a ticket for an aero plane
I ain't got time to take no fast train
The lonely days are gone
I'll be back home
My baby she wrote me a letter

Well, she wrote me a letter, said, she couldn't live without me no more
Listen mister, can't you see, I've got to get to my baby once more, anyway

Give me a ticket for an aeroplane
I ain't got time to take no fast train
The lonely days are gone
I'll be back home
My baby she wrote me a letter
My baby wrote me a letter
My baby wrote me a letter
My baby wrote me a letter

44 The Show Must Go On (Queen, 1991)

Music and Lyrics: John Deacon, Brian May, Freddie Mercury & Roger Taylor

Empty spaces, what are we living for?
Abandoned places, I guess we know the score, on and on
Does anybody know what we are looking for?

Another hero, another mindless crime
Behind the curtain, in the pantomime, hold the line
Does anybody want to take it anymore?

The show must go on
The show must go on, yeah
Inside my heart is breaking
My makeup may be flaking
But my smile still stays on

Whatever happens, I'll leave it all to chance
Another heartache, another failed romance, on and on
Does anybody know what we are living for?

I guess I'm learning
I must be warmer now
I'll soon be turning, 'round the corner now
Outside the dawn is breaking
But inside in the dark I'm aching to be free

The show must go on
The show must go on
Inside my heart is breaking
My makeup may be flaking
But my smile still stays on

My soul is painted like the wings of butterflies
Fairy tales of yesterday, grow but never die
I can fly, my friends

The show must go on, the show must go on
I'll face it with a grin
I'm never giving in
On with the show

I'll top the bill, I'll overkill
I have to find the will to carry on
On with the show
Show
Show must go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, go on, go on

45 The Show Must Go On (Leo Sayer, 1973)

Music and Lyrics: Leo Sayer

Baby, although I chose this lonely life
It seems it's strangling me now
All the wild men, big cigars, gigantic cars
They're all laughing at me now

Oh, I've been so blind, yeah
I've wasted time, wasted, wasted oh, so much time
Walking on the wire, high wire, yeah
But I won't let the show go on

Baby, there's an enormous crowd of people
And they're all after my blood
I wish maybe they'd tear down the walls of this theater
And let me out, let me out

Oh, I've been abused, ooh-hoo
I broke all the rules, ooh, yeah
I've been taken for a fool, oh, what a fool
But I won't let the show go on

I've been so blind, I've been so blind
I've been so unkind, so unkind
Wasted my time, wasted so much time
But I won't let the show go on

Baby, I wish you'd help me escape
And help me get away
Leave me outside my address
Far away from this masquerade

Oh, I've been so blind, yeah
I've wasted time, wasted, wasted oh, so much time
Walking on the wire, high wire, yeah
But I won't let the show go on
Aah I won't let the show
Oh, won't let the show go on

46 Tom's Diner (Suzan Vega, 1987)

Music and Lyrics: Suzan Vega

I am sitting in the morning
At the diner on the corner
I am waiting at the counter
For the man to pour the coffee
And he fills it only halfway
And before I even argue
He is looking out the window
At somebody coming in

It is always nice to see you
Says the man behind the counter
To the woman who has come in
She is shaking her umbrella
And I look the other way
As they are kissing their hellos
I'm pretending not to see them
And instead I pour the milk

I open up the paper, there's a story of an actor
Who had died while he was drinking
It was no one I had heard of
And I'm turning to the horoscope
And looking for the funnies
When I'm feeling someone watching me
And so I raise my head

There's a woman on the outside
Looking inside. Does she see me?
No she does not really see me
Cause she sees her own reflection
And I'm trying not to notice
That she's hitching up her skirt
And while she's straightening her stockings
Her hair has gotten wet

Oh, this rain, it will continue
Through the morning as I'm listening
To the bells of the cathedral
I am thinking of your voice...

And of the midnight picnic once upon a time
Before the rain began...
I finish up my coffee and it's time to catch the train

47 Trans-Europa Express (Kraftwerk, 1977)

Music and Lyrics: Ralf Hütter & Emil Schult

Trans-Europa Express
Trans-Europa Express
Trans-Europa Express
Trans-Europa Express
Trans-Europa Express
Trans-Europa Express
Trans-Europa Express
Trans-Europa Express

Rendezvous on Champs-Elysees
Leave Paris in the morning with T.E.E.

Trans-Europe Express
Trans-Europe Express
Trans-Europe Express
Trans-Europe Express

In Vienna we sit in a late-night cafe
Straight connection, T.E.E.

Trans-Europe Express
Trans-Europe Express
Trans-Europe Express
Trans-Europe Express
From station to station

Back to Düsseldorf City
Meet Iggy Pop and David Bowie

Trans-Europe Express
Trans-Europe Express
Trans-Europe Express
Trans-Europe Express

48 Trust Me, I'm a Dentist (Students of the Faculty of Dentistry of the MSA University, 2017)

Music and Lyrics: Unknown

Leave it to me, I'm a dentist
Yeah, I'm a dentist
Trust me, I'm a dentist
Come to me, I'm a dentist
Leave it to me, I'm a dentist
Yeah, I'm a dentist
Trust me, I'm a dentist
Come to me, I'm a dentist

Bad oral hygiene, I found something
Plaque caries pain, yes, I found something
In the clinic with the light on
What you actin' scared for
Come and trust me that I'll
Fill it, fill it, fill it, fill it
Stop moving now, you know I'll
Fill it, fill it, fill it, fill it
What you actin' scared for

I'm the who, I'm the who,
I'm the who, that's gonna cure you
And my tools are always new
Brand new, and they never hurt too
I may give you a brand new smile
Guaranteed, it will change your style
You get your smile design
Hurry up, I'll add it to you file

Dzzz, dzzz, the contra that you hear
Sounds bad from the outside
Uh, huh, show me what you got
Cause I don't wanna wast your time
Aw, aw, no more pain
I'm here by your side
Uh, huh, show me what you got
Now come and make it worth my while

Leave it to me, I'm a dentist
Yeah, I'm a dentist
Trust me, I'm a dentist
Come to me, I'm a dentist....

49 United Breaks Guitars (Dave Carroll, 2009)

Music and Lyrics: Dave Carroll

I flew United Airlines on my way to
Nebraska
The plane departed, Halifax, connecting in
Chicago's "O'Hare"
While on the ground, a passenger said
from the seat behind me
"My God, they're throwing guitars out
there"
The band and I exchanged a look, best
described as terror
At the action on the tarmac, and knowing
whose projectiles these would be
So before I left Chicago, I alerted three
employees
Who showed complete indifference
towards me

United... (United...)
You broke my Taylor Guitar
United... (United...)
Some big help you are
You broke it, you should fix it
You're liable, just admit it
I should've flown with someone else
Or gone by car
'Cause United breaks guitars

When we landed in Nebraska, I confirmed
what I'd suspected
My Taylor'd been the victim of a vicious
act of malice at O'Hare
So began a year-long saga, of "Pass the
buck", "Don't ask me", and "I'm sorry, sir,
your claim can go nowhere"
So to all the airlines people, from New
York to New Deli
Including kind Ms. Irlweg, who says the
final word from them is "no"
I heard all your excuses
And I've chased your wild geese
And this attitude of yours, I say, must go

United... (United...)
You broke my Taylor Guitar
United... (United...)
Some big help you are
You broke it, you should fix it
You're liable, just admit it
I should've flown with someone else
Or gone by car
'Cause United breaks guitars

Well, I won't say that I'll never fly with
you again
'Cause, maybe, to save the world, I
probably would
But that won't likely happen
And if it did, I wouldn't bring my luggage
'Cause you'd just go and break it
Into a thousand pieces
Just like you broke my heart
When United breaks guitars

United... (United...)
You broke my Taylor Guitar
United... (United...)
Some big help you are
You broke it, you should fix it
You're liable, just admit it
I should've flown with someone else
Or gone by car
'Cause United breaks guitars
Yeah, United breaks guitars
Yeah, United breaks guitars

50 Welcome to Burlesque (Cher, 2010)

Music and Lyrics: Charlie Midnight, Matthew Gerrard, Steve Lindsey
& John Patrick Shanley

Show a little more,
Show a little less,
Add a little smoke
Welcome to Burlesque

Everything you dream of
But never can possess
Nothing's what it seems
Welcome to Burlesque

Oh, everyone is buying,
Put your money in my hand,
If you got a little extra
well, give it to the band

You may not be guilty
But you're ready to confess
Tell me what you need
Welcome to Burlesque

You can dream of Coco
Do it at your risk
The Triplets grant you mercy
But not your every wish

Jesse keeps you guessing
So cool and statuesque
"Behave yourself" says Georgia
Welcome to Burlesque

Oh, everyone is buying
Put your money in my hand,
If you want a little extra
Well, you know where I am

Something very dark
Is playing with your mind
It's not the end of days
It's just a bump and grind

Show a little more
Show a little less
Add a little smoke
Welcome to... Burlesque