

## FAST CAR BY TRACY CHAPMAN (1988)

You got a fast car  
I want a ticket to anywhere  
Maybe we can make a deal  
Maybe together we can get somewhere  
Any place is better  
Starting from zero, got nothing to lose  
Maybe we'll make something  
Me, myself, I got nothing to prove

You got a fast car  
I got a plan to get us out of here  
I been working at the convenience store  
Managed to save just a little bit of money  
Won't have to drive too far  
Just 'cross the border and into the city  
You and I can both get jobs  
And finally see what it means to be living

See, my old man's got a problem  
He live with the bottle, that's the way it is  
He say his body's too old for working  
His body's too young to look like his  
My mama went off and left him  
She wanted more from life than he could give  
I said somebody's got to take care of him  
So I quit school and that's what I did

You got a fast car  
Is it fast enough so we can fly away?  
We gotta make a decision  
Leave tonight or live and die this way

So I remember when we were driving, driving in your car  
Speed so fast, it felt like I was drunk  
City lights lay out before us  
And your arm felt nice wrapped 'round my shoulder  
And I-I had a feeling that I belonged  
I-I had a feeling I could be someone, be someone, be someone

You got a fast car  
We go cruising to entertain ourselves  
You still ain't got a job  
And I work in the market as a checkout girl  
I know things will get better  
You'll find work and I'll get promoted  
And we'll move out of the shelter  
Buy a bigger house and live in the suburbs

So I remember when we were driving, driving in your car  
Speed so fast, it felt like I was drunk  
City lights lay out before us  
And your arm felt nice wrapped 'round my shoulder  
And I-I had a feeling that I belonged  
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You got a fast car  
I got a job that pays all our bills  
You stay out drinking late at the bar  
See more of your friends than you do your kids  
I'd always hoped for better  
Thought maybe together you and me'd find it  
I got no plans, I ain't going nowhere  
So take your fast car and keep on driving

So I remember when we were driving, driving in your car  
Speed so fast, it felt like I was drunk  
City lights lay out before us  
And your arm felt nice wrapped 'round my shoulder  
And I-I had a feeling that I belonged  
I-I had a feeling I could be someone, be someone, be someone

You got a fast car  
Is it fast enough so you can fly away?  
You gotta make a decision  
Leave tonight or live and die this way

*Chapman, T. (1988). Fast car [Song]. On Tracy Chapman. Elektra Records.*

## LANDSLIDE BY FLEETWOOD MAC (1975)

I took my love, I took it down  
Climbed a mountain and I turned around  
And I saw my reflection in the snow covered hills  
'Til the landslide brought me down

Oh, mirror in the sky, what is love?  
Can the child within my heart rise above?  
Can I sail through the changin' ocean tides?  
Can I handle the seasons of my life?  
Mmm

Well, I've been 'fraid of changin'  
'Cause I've built my life around you  
But time makes you bolder  
Even children get older  
And I'm gettin' older, too

Well, I've been 'fraid of changin'  
'Cause I've built my life around you  
But time makes you bolder  
Even children get older  
And I'm gettin' older, too  
I'm gettin' older, too

Ah, take my love, take it down  
Oh, climb a mountain and turn around  
And if you see my reflection in the snow covered hills  
Well, the landslide will bring it down  
And if you see my reflection in the snow covered hills  
Well, the landslide will bring it down  
Oh, the landslide will bring it down

*Fleetwood Mac. (1975). Landslide [Song]. On Fleetwood Mac. Reprise Records.*

## HALLELUJAH BY LEONARD COHEN (1984)

Now I've heard there was a secret chord  
That David played, and it pleased the Lord  
But you don't really care for music, do you?  
It goes like this, the fourth, the fifth  
The minor falls, the major lifts  
The baffled king composing Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Your faith was strong but you needed proof  
You saw her bathing on the roof  
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew you  
She tied you to a kitchen chair  
She broke your throne, and she cut your hair  
And from your lips she drew the Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

You say I took the name in vain  
I don't even know the name  
But if I did, well, really, what's it to you?  
There's a blaze of light in every word  
It doesn't matter which you heard  
The holy or the broken Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

I did my best, it wasn't much  
I couldn't feel, so I tried to touch  
I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool you  
And even though it all went wrong  
I'll stand before the Lord of Song  
With nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

Hallelujah, Hallelujah  
Hallelujah, Hallelujah

*Cohen, L. (1984). Hallelujah [Song]. On Various Positions. Columbia Records.*

## THE SOUND OF SILENCE BY SIMON & GARFUNKEL (1964)

Hello darkness, my old friend  
I've come to talk with you again  
Because a vision softly creeping  
Left its seeds while I was sleeping  
And the vision that was planted in my brain  
Still remains  
Within the sound of silence

In restless dreams I walked alone  
Narrow streets of cobblestone  
'Neath the halo of a street lamp  
I turned my collar to the cold and damp  
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon light  
That split the night  
And touched the sound of silence

And in the naked light I saw  
Ten thousand people, maybe more  
People talking without speaking  
People hearing without listening  
People writing songs that voices never share  
No one dared  
Disturb the sound of silence

"Fools" said I, "You do not know  
Silence like a cancer grows  
Hear my words that I might teach you  
Take my arms that I might reach you"  
But my words like silent raindrops fell  
And echoed in the wells of silence

And the people bowed and prayed  
To the neon god they made  
And the sign flashed out its warning  
In the words that it was forming

And the sign said, "The words of the prophets  
Are written on the subway walls  
And tenement halls  
And whispered in the sounds of silence"

*Simon, P., & Garfunkel, A. (1964). The sound of silence [Song]. On Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M.. Columbia Records.*

## HOTEL CALIFORNIA BY EAGLES (1976)

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 thinkin' 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, uh  
She got a lot of pretty, pretty boys that 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 livin' 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"

*Eagles. (1976). Hotel California [Song]. On Hotel California. Asylum Records.*