

# ROMANTICISM TODAY: THE SINGER/SONGWRITER-PARADIGM

## Lecture 8: Roots Rock/Folk Rock/Pop Rock/Prog Rock

- 1) Roots Rock: Lucinda Williams and John Hiatt
- 2) Folk Rock: Sandy Denny and Richard Thompson
- 3) Pop Rock: Gerry Rafferty and Mark Knopfler
- 4) Prog Rock: Steven Wilson

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### 1) Roots Rock: Lucinda Williams and John Hiatt

**Lucinda Williams, "Ventura"**

*World Without Tears (2003)*

Decide I'm gonna make myself  
A little something to eat  
Get a can down off the shelf  
Maybe a little something sweet

Haven't spoken to no one  
Haven't been in the mood  
Pour some soup, get a spoon  
Stir it up real good

I go out with a friend  
Maybe a little music might help  
But I can't pretend  
I wish I was somewhere else

I wanna watch the ocean bend  
the edges of the sun then  
I wanna get swallowed up in  
An ocean of love

Put on my coat  
Go out into the street  
Get a lump in my throat  
And look down at my feet

Take the long way home  
So I can ride around  
Put Neil Young on  
And turn up the sound

Drive up the coastline  
Maybe Ventura  
Watch the waves make signs  
Out on the water

I wanna watch the ocean bend  
the edges of the sun then  
I wanna get swallowed up in  
An ocean of love

Stand in the shower  
Clean this dirty mess  
Get me back my power  
And drown this unholiness

Lean over the toilet bowl  
And throw up my confession  
Cleanse my soul  
Of this hidden obsession

I wanna watch the ocean bend  
the edges of the sun then  
I wanna get swallowed up in  
An ocean of love

### **Lucinda Williams, "American Dream"**

*World Without Tears* (2003)

Last time I saw you, you had dirt under your nails  
Your eyes were glassy and you looked so pale  
You said my life has become a livin' hell  
Ain't got enough money to pay my bills

Everything is wrong  
Everything is wrong

Got a friend with a needle stuck in his arm  
He got hooked on heroin in Vietnam  
It used to help kill the pain some of the time  
Now I can't sleep at all since I got back home

Everything is wrong...

I worked in the strip mines off and on  
Now I can't seem to get rid of this cough  
Ain't been many jobs these last few months  
And the last one I had I got laid off

Everything is wrong...

I ain't got no hot water and they shut off the heat  
Can you loan me some money for something to eat  
Been out here on this corner for about a week  
Tryin hard to stand on my own two feet

Everything is wrong...

They want to try and tell me where I can live  
They kicked me off my land and told me they'd give me  
A nice little tract house with running water  
But how am I gonna explain that to my Navaho mother

Everything is wrong...

My American dream almost came true  
But the things they promised me never came through  
I believe in the American dream  
But things are never quite what they seem

Everything is wrong  
Everything is wrong  
Everything is wrong  
Everything is wrong

### **John Hiatt, "Memphis in the Meantime"**

*Bring the Family* (1987) / Live 1997 (The Nashville Queens), 2000 (solo)

I got something to say little girl  
You might not like my style  
But we've been hanging around this town  
Just a little too long a while  
You say you're gonna get your act together  
Gonna take it out on the road  
But if I don't get outta here pretty soon  
My head's going to explode  
Sure I like country music  
I like mandolins  
But right now I need a telecaster  
Through a vibro-lux turned up to ten

*[Chorus:]*

Lets go to Memphis in the meantime baby  
Memphis in the meantime girl

I need a little shot of that rhythm baby  
Mixed up with these country blues  
I wanna trade in these old cowboy boots  
For some fine Italian shoes  
Forget the mousse and the hairspray, sugar,  
We don't need none of that  
Just a little dab'll do ya girl  
Underneath a pork pie hat  
Until hell freezes over  
Maybe you can wait that long  
But I dont think Ronnie Milsap's gonna ever  
Record this song

*[Chorus 2x]*

Maybe there's nothin' happenin' there  
Maybe there's somethin' in the air  
Before our upper lips get stiff  
Maybe we need us a big old whiff

If we could just get off of that beat little girl  
Maybe we could find the groove  
At least we can get ourselves a decent meal  
Down at the Rendezvous  
'Cause one more heartfelt steel guitar chord  
Girl, it's gonna do me in  
I need to hear some trumpet and saxophone  
You know sound as sweet as sin  
And after we get good and greasy  
Baby we can come on home  
Put the cowhorns back on the Cadillac  
And change the message on the code-a-phone

*[Chorus]*

### **John Hiatt, "Is Anybody There?"**

*Slow Turning* (1988)

Well, I'm out here on my own  
Following a star  
Asking on my knees,  
For some direction, please,  
And, God, you know it's hard

Cause I'm such a stubborn man  
Lord, I'm stubborn as a mule  
Even though I struggle some,  
I believe a change will come  
And I hear you love a fool

I see a road and a flash of lightning  
Let me tell you it's frightening

*[Chorus:]*

Is anybody there?  
Oh, I need somebody tonight  
To care  
I'm feeling alone and it just don't seem right  
Is anybody there?  
Oh, I need somebody to be  
To know that I'm good enough for love  
To walk beside me

And as a woman in this world  
Well you must have felt like this  
That a man might come along  
With another hard luck song  
And betray you with a kiss

But would you reconsider me  
Though I know I've caused you pain  
I've taken vows with you  
I believe them to be true  
Now can we take a little rain?

We could hit that road in a flash of lightning  
Maybe it won't be so frightening

*[Chorus 2x]*

I'm gonna keep on walking, baby

## **2) Folk Rock: Sandy Denny and Richard Thompson**

### **Sandy Denny, "It'll Take a Long Time"**

*Sandy* (1972) / Live at the Troubadour 1974 (*Sandy* remastered 2005)

Oh, it's like a storm at sea  
And everything is lost  
And the fretful sailors calling out their woes  
As to the waves they're tossed

Oh, they are all gentlemen  
And never will they know  
If there is a reason each of them  
Must go to join the cruel flow

And it'll take a long, long time  
It'll take a long, long time  
It'll take a long, long time  
Oh, it'll take such a long, long time

There is no need for rules  
There's no one to score the game  
And there is nobody living in this town  
As even knows its name

And it'll take a long, long time  
It'll take a long, long time  
It'll take a long, long time  
Oh, it'll take such a long, long time

### **Richard Thompson, "From Galway to Graceland"**

*Watching the Dark* (3 CD compilation, 1993)

Oh she dressed in the dark and she whispered amen  
She was pretty in pink like a young girl again  
Twenty years married and she never thought twice  
She sneaked out the door and walked into the night  
And silver wings carried her over the sea  
From the west coast of Ireland to West Tennessee  
To be with her sweetheart, oh she left everything  
From Galway to Graceland to be with the king

She was humming Suspicion, that's the song she liked best  
She had "Elvis I Love You" tattooed on her breast  
When they landed in Memphis, well her heart beat so fast  
She'd dreamed for so long, now she'd see him at last  
She was down by his graveside day after day  
Come closing time they would pull her away  
Ah to be with her sweetheart, oh she'd left everything  
From Galway to Graceland to be with the king

Ah, they came in their thousands from the whole human race  
To pay their respects at his last resting place  
But blindly she knelt there and she told him her dreams  
And she thought that he answered or that's how it seems  
Then they dragged her away it was handcuffs this time  
She said "My good man are you out of your mind.  
Don't you know that we're married? See, I'm wearing his ring.

From Galway to Graceland to be with the king.  
I come from Galway to Graceland to be with the king.”

### **Richard Thompson, “Dad’s Gonna Kill Me”**

*Sweet Warrior* (2007) / *Live Warrior* (2009)

Out in the desert there's a soldier lying dead  
Vultures pecking the eyes out of his head  
Another day that could have been me there instead  
Nobody loves me here  
Nobody wants me here

Dad's gonna kill me  
Dad's gonna kill me

You hit the booby trap and you're in pieces  
With every bullet your risk increases  
Old Ali Baba, he's a different species  
Nobody loves me here  
Nobody wants me here

Dad's gonna kill me  
Dad's gonna kill me

I'm dead meat in my HumV Frankenstein  
I hit the road block, god knows I never hit the mine  
The dice rolled and I got lucky this time

Dad's gonna kill me  
Dad's gonna kill me

I've got a wife, a kid, another on the way  
I might get home if I can live through today  
Before I came out here I never used to pray  
Nobody loves me here  
Nobody wants me here

Dad's gonna kill me

Dad's in a bad mood, dad's got the blues  
It's someone else's mess that I didn't choose  
At least we're winning on the Fox evening news  
Nobody loves me here  
Nobody wants me here

Dad's gonna kill me  
Dad's gonna kill me

Dawn patrol went out and didn't come back  
Hug the wire and pray like I told you, mac  
Or they'll be shoveling bits of you into a sack

Dad's gonna kill me  
Dad's gonna kill me

And who's that stranger walking in my dreams  
And whose that stranger cast a shadow 'cross my heart  
And who's that stranger, I dare speak his name  
Must be old death a-walking  
Must be old death a-walking

Dad's gonna kill me

7 muzzle monkeys standing in a row  
Standing waiting for the sandbox to blow  
Sitting targets in the wild west show  
Nobody loves me here  
Nobody needs me here

Dad's gonna kill me  
Dad's gonna kill me

Another angel got his wings this week  
Charbroiled with his own Willie Pete  
Nobody's dying if you speak double-speak

Dad's gonna kill me  
Dad's gonna kill me  
Dad's gonna kill me

### **3) Pop Rock: Gerry Rafferty and Mark Knopfler**

#### **Gerry Rafferty, "Baker Street"**

*City to City* (1978) / Live Hamburg 1993

Winding your way down on Baker Street  
Light in your head and dead on your feet  
Another crazy day  
You'll drink the night away  
And forget about everything

This city desert makes you feel so cold  
It's got so many people, but it's got no soul  
And it's taken you so long  
To find out you were wrong  
When you thought it held everything

You used to think that it was so easy  
You used to say that it was so easy  
But you're trying, you're trying now  
Another year and then you'd be happy  
Just one more year and then you'd be happy  
But you're crying, you're crying now

Way down the street there's a light in his place  
He opens the door, he's got that look on his face  
And he asks you where you've been  
You tell him who you've seen  
And you talk about anything

He's got this dream about buying some land  
He's gonna give up the booze and the one-night stands  
And then he'll settle down  
In some quiet little town  
And forget about everything

But you know he'll always keep moving  
You know he's never gonna stop moving  
'Cause he's rolling, he's the rolling stone  
And when you wake up, it's a new morning  
The sun is shining, it's a new morning  
And you're going, you're going home

### **Mark Knopfler (Dire Straits), "Brothers in Arms"**

*Brothers in Arms* (1985)

These mist-covered mountains  
Are a home now for me  
But my home is the lowlands  
And always will be  
Some day you'll return to  
Your valleys and your farms  
And you'll no longer burn  
To be brothers in arms

Through these fields of destruction  
Baptisms of fire  
I've witnessed your suffering  
As the battle raged high  
And though they did hurt me so bad  
In the fear and alarm  
You did not desert me  
My brothers in arms

There's so many different worlds  
So many different suns  
And we have just one world  
But we live in different ones

Now the sun's gone to hell  
And the moon riding high  
Let me bid you farewell  
Every man has to die  
But it's written in the starlight  
And every line in your palm  
We're fools to make war  
On our brothers in arms

#### **4) Prog Rock: Steven Wilson**

**Steven Wilson, "Happy Returns/Ascendant Here On..."**

*Hand. Cannot. Erase (2015)*

Hey brother, happy returns  
It's been a while now  
I bet you thought that I was dead  
But I'm still here, nothing's changed

Hey brother, I'd love to tell you  
I've been busy  
But that would be a lie  
'Cause the truth is  
The years just pass like trains  
I wave but they don't slow down  
They don't slow down

Hey brother, I see the freaks and  
Dispossessed on day release  
Avoiding the police  
I feel I'm falling once again  
But now there's no one left to catch me

Hey brother, I feel I'm living in parentheses  
And I've got trouble with the bills  
Do the kids remember me?  
Well I got gifts for them  
And for you more sorrow  
But I'm feeling kind of drowsy now  
So I'll finish this tomorrow

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