**The 1960s-70s Through Music**

**Bob Dylan – “The Times They Are A-Changin’”**

Come gather 'round people
Wherever you roam
And admit that the waters
Around you have grown
And accept it that soon
You'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you
Is worth savin’
Then you better start swimmin'
Or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come writers and critics
Who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide
The chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon
For the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who
That it's namin’
For the loser now
Will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside
And it is ragin’
It'll soon shake your windows
And rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'.

**Black Sabbath – “War Pigs”**

Generals gathered in their masses
Just like witches at black masses
Evil minds that plot destruction
Sorcerers of deaths construction
In the fields the bodies burning
As the war machine keeps turning
Death and hatred to mankind
Poisoning their brainwashed minds, oh lord yeah!

Politicians hide themselves away
They only started the war
Why should they go out to fight?
They leave that role to the poor

Time will tell on their power minds
Making war just for fun
Treating people just like pawns in chess
Wait till their judgment day comes, yeah!

Now in darkness, world stops turning
As the war machine keeps burning
No more war pigs of the power
Hand of God has struck the hour
Day of judgment, God is calling
On their knees, the war pigs crawling
Begging mercy for their sins
Satan, laughing, spreads his wings
All right now!
Country Joe & the Fish – “Vietnam Song”
Intro Spoken
Give me an "F! ..."F"! give me a "U"! ..."U"!
Give me a "C"! ..."C"! Give me a "K"! ..."K"!
WHATS THAT SPELL? ..."*****" (x5)

Well come on all of you big strong men, Uncle Sam needs your help again,
he got himself in a terrible jam, way down yonder in Vietnam,
put down your books and pick up a gun, we're gunna have a whole lotta fun.

CHORUS
and its 1,2,3 what are we fightin for?
don't ask me i don't give a dam, the next stop is Vietnam,
and its 5,6,7 open up the pearly gates. Well there aint no time to wonder why...WHOPEE we're all gunna die.

now come on wall street don't be slow, why man this's war a-go-go,
there's plenty good money to be made, supplyin' the army with the tools of the trade,
just hope and pray that when they drop the bomb, they drop it on the Vietcong.

CHORUS

now come on generals lets move fast, your big chance is here at last.
nite you go out and get those reds cuz the only good commie is one thats dead,
you know that peace can only be won, when you blow em all to kingdom come.

CHORUS

(spunen)- listen people i dont know you expect to ever stop the war if you cant sing any better than that... theres about 300,000 of you fuc|ers out there.. i want you to start singing..

CHORUS

now come on mothers throughout the land, pack your boys off to vietnam,
come on fathers don't hesitate, send your sons off before its too late,
be the first one on your block, to have your boy come home in a box

CHORUS

The Who – “My Generation”
'people try to put us down (talkin' bout' my generation)
just because we all get around (talkin' bout' my generation)
things they do look awful c c cold (talkin' bout' my generation)
i hope i die before i get old (talkin' bout my generation)

Chorus
My Generation, It's My Generation baby

why don't you all fade away (talkin bout my generation)
and don't try an' think what we all say (talkin bout my generation)
i'm not trying to cause a big sensation (talkin bout my generation)
just talkin bout my generation (talkin bout my generation)

Chorus
My, My, My, My Generation

people try to put us down (talkin' bout' my generation)
just because we get around (talkin' bout' my generation)
things they do look awful c c cold (talkin' bout' my generation)
i hope i die before i get old (talkin' bout my generation)

Chorus

talkin bout my generation (my generation)
Buffalo Springfield – “For What It’s Worth”
There's something happening here
What it is ain't exactly clear
There's a man with a gun over there
Telling me I got to beware
I think it's time we stop, children, what's that sound
Everybody look what's going down
There's battle lines being drawn
Nobody's right if everybody's wrong
Young people speaking their minds
Getting so much resistance from behind
I think it's time we stop, hey, what's that sound
Everybody look what's going down
What a field-day for the heat
A thousand people in the street
Singing songs and carrying signs
Mostly say, hooray for our side
It's time we stop, hey, what's that sound
Everybody look what's going down
Paranoia strikes deep
Into your life it will creep
It starts when you're always afraid
You step out of line, the man come and take you away
We better stop, hey, what's that sound
Everybody look what's going down
Stop, hey, what's that sound
Everybody look what's going down
Stop, now, what's that sound
Everybody look what's going down
Stop, children, what's that sound
Everybody look what's going down

Credence Clearwater Revival – “Fortunate Son”
Some folks are born made to wave the flag,
Ooh, theyre red, white and blue.
And when the band plays hail to the chief,
Ooh, they point the cannon at you, lord,

It aint me, it aint me, I aint no senators son, son.
It aint me, it aint me; I aint no fortunate one, no.

Some folks inherit star spangled eyes,
Ooh, they send you down to war, lord,
And when you ask them, how much should we give?
Ooh, they only answer more! more! more! yoh,

It aint me, it aint me, I aint no military son, son.
It aint me, it aint me; I aint no fortunate one, one.

It aint me, it aint me, I aint no fortunate son, no no no,
It aint me, it aint me, I aint no fortunate son, no no no,

Jefferson Airplane – “Volunteers”
Look what's happening out in the streets
Got a revolution got to revolution
Hey I'm dancing down the streets
Got a revolution got to revolution
Aint it amazing all the people I meet
Got a revolution got to revolution
One generation got old
One generation got soul
This generation got no destination to hold
Pick up the cry

Hey now its time for you and me
Got a revolution got to revolution
Come on now were marching to the sea
Got a revolution got to revolution
Who will take it from you
We will and who are we
We are volunteers of America
Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young – “Ohio”
Tin soldiers and Nixon's comin'.
We're finally on our own.
This summer I hear the drummin'.
Four dead in Ohio.

Gotta get down to it.
Soldiers are cutting us down.
Should have been done long ago.
What if you knew her and
Found her dead on the ground?
How can you run when you know?

Na, na, na, na, na, na, na, na.
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na.
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na.
Na, na, na, na, na, na, na.

Cream – “Politician”
Hey now baby, get into my big black car.
Hey now baby, get into my big black car.
I want to just show you what my politics are.

Im a political man and I practice what I preach.
Im a political man and I practice what I preach.
So dont deny me baby, not while youre in my reach.

I support the left, though Im leaning, leaning to the right.
I support the left, though Im leaning to the right.
But Im just not there when its coming to a fight.

Hey now baby, get into my big black car.
Hey now baby, get into my big black car.
I want to just show you what my politics are.

Bob Marley – “Redemption Song”
Old pirates, yes, they rob i;
Sold I to the merchant ships,
Minutes after they took i
From the bottomless pit.
But my hand was made strong
By the and of the almighty.
We forward in this generation
Triumphantly.
Wont you help to sing
These songs of freedom? -
cause all I ever have:
Redemption songs;
Redemption songs.

Emancipate yourselves from mental slavery;
None but ourselves can free our mind.
Wo! have no fear for atomic energy,
cause none of them-a can-a stop-a the time.
How long shall they kill our prophets,
While we stand aside and look? ooh!
Some say its just a part of it:
Weve got to fulfil de book.

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Should have been done long ago.
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