

# 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'.

Come mothers and fathers  
Throughout the land  
And don't criticize  
What you can't understand  
Your sons and your daughters  
Are beyond your command  
Your old road is  
Rapidly agin'  
Please get out of the new one  
If you can't lend your hand  
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn  
The curse it is cast  
The slow one now  
Will later be fast  
As the present now  
Will later be past  
The order is  
Rapidly fadin'  
And the first one now  
Will later be last  
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 death's 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

(spoken)- 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 fuclers 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'dig what we all s s 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

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, they're 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,  
  
Yeah!  
Some folks are born silver spoon in hand,  
Lord, dont they help themselves, oh,  
But when the taxman comes to the door,  
Lord, the house looks like a rummage sale, yes,

It aint me, it aint me, I aint no millionaires son, no.  
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 one, no no no,  
It aint me, it aint me, I aint no fortunate son, no no no,

### **Jefferson Airplane – “Volunteers”**

Look whats happening out in the streets  
Got a revolution got to revolution  
Hey Im 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, 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 minds.  
Have no fear for atomic energy,  
cause none of them can stop 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.

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?

Tin soldiers and Nixon's comin'.  
We're finally on our own.  
This summer I hear the drummin'.  
Four dead in Ohio.  
Four dead in Ohio.  
Four dead in Ohio.  
Four dead in Ohio.  
Four dead in Ohio.  
Four dead in Ohio.  
Four dead in Ohio.  
Four dead in Ohio.

Wont you help to sing  
These songs of freedom? -  
cause all I ever have:  
Redemption songs;  
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?  
Yes, some say its just a part of it:  
Weve got to fulfil de book.  
Wont you help to sing  
Dese songs of freedom? -  
cause all I ever had:  
Redemption songs -  
All I ever had:  
Redemption songs:  
These songs of freedom,  
Songs of freedom.