

Song Lyrics for Analysis and Discussion

Strange Fruit Billie Holiday

Southern trees bear a strange fruit,
Blood on the leaves and blood at the root,
Black bodies swinging in the Southern breeze,
Strange fruit hanging from the poplar trees.

Pastoral scene of the gallant South,
The bulging eyes and the twisted mouth,
Scent of magnolia, sweet and fresh,
Then the sudden smell of burning flesh.

Here is the fruit for the crows to pluck,
For the rain to gather, for the wind to suck,
For the sun to rot, for the tree to drop,
Here is a strange and bitter crop.

Subdivisions Rush

Sprawling on the fringes of the city
In geometric order
An insulated border
In between the bright lights
And the far unlit unknown

Growing up it all seems so one-sided
Opinions all provided
The future pre-decided
Detached and subdivided
In the mass production zone

Nowhere is the dreamer
Or the misfit so alone

Subdivisions—
In the high school halls
In the shopping malls
Conform or be cast out
Subdivisions—
In the basement bars
In the backs of cars
Be cool or be cast out

Any escape might help to smooth
The unattractive truth
But the suburbs have no charms to soothe
The restless dreams of youth

Drawn like moths we drift into the city
The timeless old attraction
Cruising for the action
Lit up like a firefly
Just to feel the living night

Some will sell their dreams for small desires
Or lose the race to rats
Get caught in ticking traps
And start to dream of somewhere
To relax their restless flight

Somewhere out of a memory
Of lighted streets on quiet nights...

Subdivisions—
In the high school halls
In the shopping malls
Conform or be cast out
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Any escape might help to smooth
The unattractive truth
But the suburbs have no charms to soothe
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Subterranean Homesick Alien Radiohead

The breath of the morning
I keep forgetting
The smell of the warm summer air
I live in a town where you can't smell a thing
You watch your feet for cracks in the pavement

High up above aliens hover
Making home movies for the folks back home
Of all these weird creatures who lock up their spirits
Drill holes in themselves and live for their secrets

They're all uptight, uptight

I wish that they'd swoop down in a country lane
Late at night when I'm driving
Take me on board their beautiful ship
Show me the world as I'd love to see it

I'd tell all my friends but they'd never believe me
They'd think that I'd finally lost it completely
I'd show them the stars and the meaning of life
They'd shut me away, but I'd be all right, all right
I'm just uptight

No Surprises

Radiohead

A heart that's full up like a landfill,
A job that slowly kills you,
Bruises that won't heal.

You look so tired-unhappy,
Bring down the government,
They don't, they don't speak for us.

I'll take a quiet life,
A handshake of carbon monoxide,
With no alarms and no surprises,
No alarms and no surprises,
No alarms and no surprises,
Silent silence.

This is my final fit, my final bellyache,
With no alarms and no surprises,
No alarms and no surprises,
No alarms and no surprises please.

Such a pretty house and such a pretty garden.
No alarms and no surprises,
No alarms and no surprises,
No alarms and no surprises please.

(Get me out of here)

The Pyramid Song

Radiohead

Jumped in the river, what did I see?
Black-eyed angels swam with me
A moon full of stars and astral cars
And all the figures I used to see
All my lovers were there with me
All my past and future
And we all went to heaven in a little rowboat
There was nothing to fear and nothing to doubt

I jumped into the river
Black-eyed angels swam with me

A moon full of stars and astral cars
And all the figures I used to see
All my lovers were there with me
All my past and future
And we all went to heaven in a little rowboat
There was nothing to fear, nothing to doubt
There was nothing to fear, nothing to doubt
There was nothing to fear, nothing to doubt

Videotape

Radiohead

When I'm at the pearly gates
This'll be on my videotape
When Mephistopholes is just beneath
And he's reaching up to grab me

This is one for the good days
And I have it all here in red blue green
You are my center when I spin away
Out of control on videotape

This is my way of saying bye
'Cause I can't do it face to face
So I'm talking to you before...

No matter what happens now
Shouldn't be afraid
Because I know
Today has been the most perfect day
I've ever seen

Wooden Jesus

Temple of the Dog

Wooden Jesus where are you from?
Korea, Canada, or maybe Taiwan?
I didn't know it was the Holy Land
But I believed from the minute the check left my
hand
And I pray

Can I be saved?
I spend all my money
On a future grave
Wooden Jesus I'll cut you in
On twenty percent of my future sin

Porcelain Mary, her majesties pure
Looking for virgin territory

Coat hanger halos that don't come cheap
From television shepherds with living room sheep
And I pray

Can I be saved?
I spend all my money
On a future grave
Wooden Jesus I'll cut you in
On twenty percent of my future sin

Black
Pearl Jam

Sheets of empty canvas, untouched sheets of clay
Were laid spread out before me as her body once did
All five horizons revolved around her soul
As the earth to the sun
Now the air I tasted and breathed has taken a turn

Oh, and all I taught her was everything
Oh, I know she gave me all that she wore
And now my bitter hands chafe beneath the clouds
Of what was everything
Oh, the pictures have all been washed in black,
Tattooed everything

I take a walk outside
I'm surrounded by some kids at play
I can feel their laughter,
So why do I sear?

Oh, and twisted thoughts that spin round my head
I'm spinning, oh, I'm spinning
How quick the sun can drop away

And now my bitter hands cradle broken glass
Of what was everything
All the pictures have all been washed in black,
Tattooed everything
All the love gone bad turned my world to black
Tattooed all I see, all that I am, all I'll be

I know someday you'll have a beautiful life
I know you'll be a star
In somebody else's sky
But why, why, why
Can't it be, can't it be mine?

Dead Man
Pearl Jam

The settling of my every step
Inching off of the earth
Is magnified by the things I've done
The thing that I've become.

Every lift of my hand
Coffee cup and back.
Is magnified by the things I've done
The things I've seen, the things I've caused.

I'm a dead man walking.

The hammer that I once brought down
Now hovers over me.
Casts a shadow
Across [or "A cross"] onto me.

The hallways are all mocking me
What I've become
They're all mocking me
I'm a dead man walking

Force of Nature
Pearl Jam

Understand she's a force of nature
Contraband hiding deep inside her soul
Exorcising her will to lose control
She lets go

A common man, he don't stand a chance, no
Wonderland pulling Alice in the hole
No way to save someone who won't take the rope
And just lets go

One man stands, the edge of the ocean
A beacon on dry land
Eyes upon the horizon
In the dark before the dawn

Hurricane has the trade winds blowing
A gale force shaking windows in the storm
Shipwreck on the rock that he calls home
With one light on

Somewhere there's a siren singing
A song only he hears
All the strength that you might think
Would disappear resolving

One man stands alone, awaiting
For her to come home
Eyes upon the horizon
In the dark before the darkness meets the dawn

Makes me ache, makes me shake
Is it so wrong to think that love can keep us safe?

Last I saw, he was out there waiting
A silhouette in the black light, full moon glow
In the sand there he stands upon the shore
Forevermore

Somewhere there's a siren singing
A song only he hears
All the strength that you might think
Would disappear resolving

One man stands alone, awaiting
For her to come home
Eyes are closed, you cannot know
But his heart don't seem to roam

Cult of Personality

Living Colour

Look into my eyes, what do you see?
The cult of personality
I know your anger, I know your dreams
I've been everything you want to be
I'm the cult of personality
Like Mussolini and Kennedy
I'm the cult of personality

Neon lights, a Nobel Prize
The mirror speaks, the reflection lies
You don't have to follow me
Only you can set you free

I sell the things you need to be
I'm the smiling face on your TV
I'm the cult of personality
I exploit you, still you love me
I tell you one and one makes three
I'm the cult of personality
like Joseph Stalin, Gandhi
I'm the cult of personality

Neon lights, a Nobel Prize
When a leader speaks, that leader dies
You don't have to follow me
Only you can set you free

You gave me fortune, you gave me fame
You gave me power in your god's name
I'm every person you need to be
I'm the cult of personality

New Jack Theme

Living Colour

Buy and die, or sell and be free
We are the new jacks, this is our reality
Do unto others, leave no one alive
This is our creed, we will survive

No control is how I'm living
On the edge with no forgiving

Things get rough when you've got time to kill
You've got the cash, then I've got your thrill
I make more money than a judge or a cop
Give me a reason why I should stop

Large is how I'm living
On the edge with no forgiving

Some people say that my soul is lost
I'll lose my life if I start to turn soft
From where I am there is no turning back
Crack is the master, I am a new jack

Doesn't anybody see me?
Doesn't anybody hear me?

I'll never change, I'll never stop
I've got cold cash, I'm on the top
We can get busy if you want to play
I'll have the last laugh when I blow you away

Don't you see me?
Can't you hear me?

John Walker's Blues

Steve Earle

I'm just an American boy raised on MTV
And I've seen all those kids in the soda pop ads
But none of 'em looked like me
So I started lookin' around for a light out of the dim
And the first thing I heard that made sense was the
word
Of Mohammed, peace be upon him

A shadu la ilaha illa Allah
There is no God but God

If my daddy could see me now—chains around my feet
He don't understand that sometimes a man
Has got to fight for what he believes
And I believe God is great, all praise due to him
And if I should die, I'll rise up to the sky
Just like Jesus, peace be upon him

A shadu la ilaha illa Allah
There is no God but God

We came to fight the Jihad and our hearts were pure
and strong
As death filled the air, we all offered up prayers
And prepared for our martyrdom
But Allah had some other plan, some secret not
revealed
Now they're draggin' me back with my head in a sack
To the land of the infidel

A shadu la ilaha illa Allah
A shadu la ilaha illa Allah

This can't be undone
Can't be outrun

It's in my head
There's blood in the sink
I can't calm down
I can't think
I keep calling there's blood in the trunk
I can't calm down

Pick up
Pick up

Bull Black Nova
Wilco

It's in my hair
It's on my clothes
It's in the river over the road
It's shining down, my angry star
Hanging on the hood of my car

I'm not going far
I'm not going far

It's coming down
They're coming up the shoulders
What have they found?
I wonder if they know
I'm in a bull black Chevy Nova
Silhouetted by the setting sun

This can't be undone
This can't be undone

If I'm the one with blood on my sofa
Blood in the sink, blood in the trunk
High at the wheel of a bull black Nova
Then I'm sorry as the setting sun