

VAN MORRISON



Lit Up
Inside

SELECTED LYRICS



Lit Up
Inside

City
Lights

Lit Up Inside

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VAN MORRISON

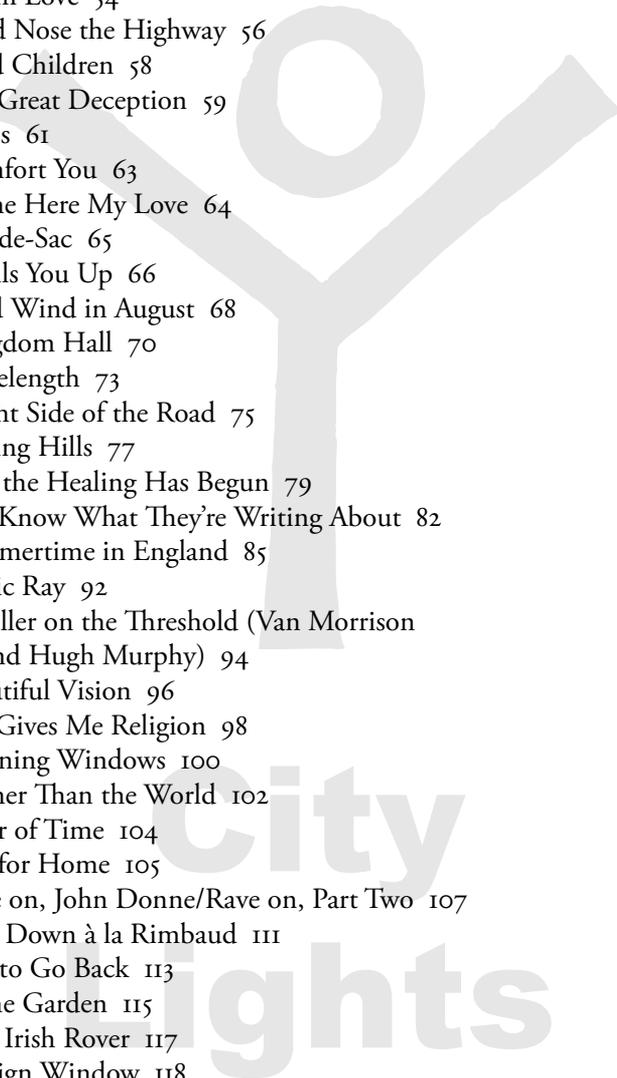
City
Lights

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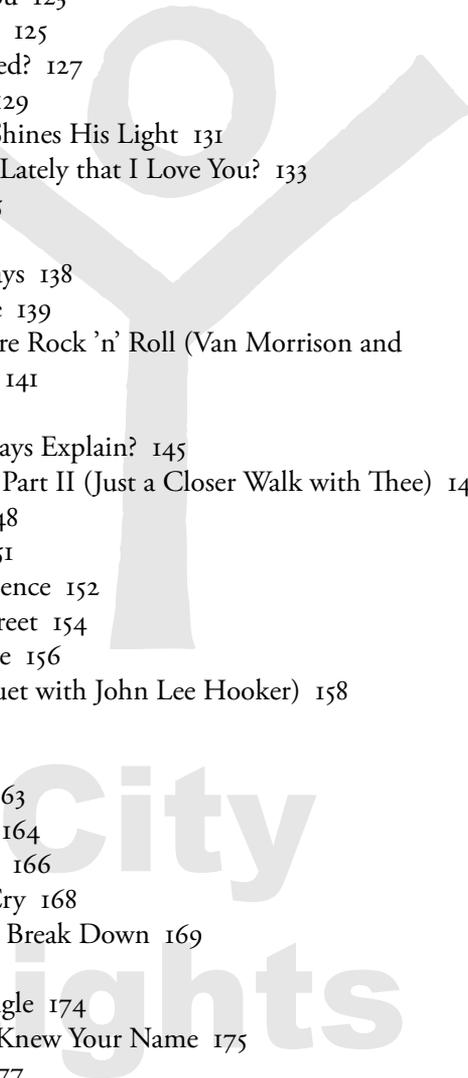
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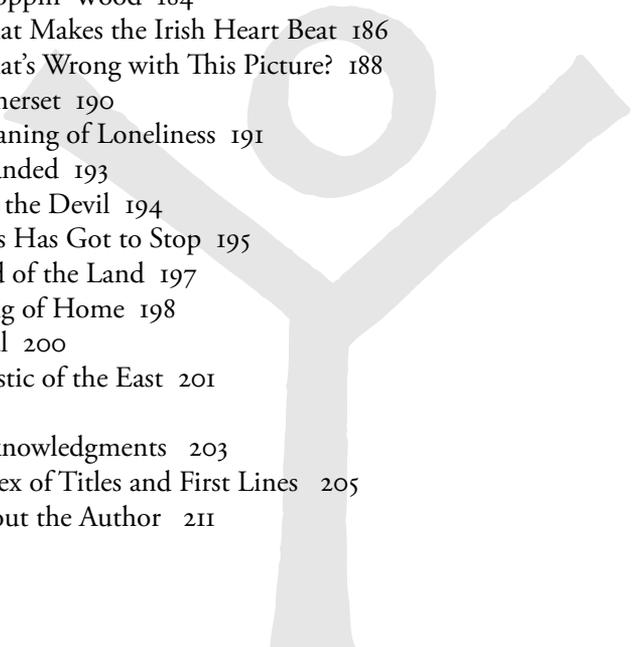
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City Lights

Foreword by *David Meltzer*

Roland Barthes writes about “the grain of voice,” a special quality of tone and phrasing, unique in how it affects the listener. We can hear it in many American blues singers, country singers, jazz vocalists, voices that seem to come out of seemingly timeless realms. I remember hearing Them’s first crossover hit, “Gloria,” followed by the mysterious “Here Comes The Night”—Van Morrison was 18 years old, fronting a Belfast band, and his “grain of voice” reflected an edgy joy and forthright certainty.

Morrison was born in Belfast in 1945, and his father was a record collector who loved blues and jazz, which the son embraced with an ongoing passion. An essential revelation, Morrison absorbed that music as the ground of what would become his own art. He was also a reader of poetry, and his lyrics call out Rimbaud, Blake, Donne, Whitman, Gibran, Coleridge, Yeats; even T.S. Eliot gets a nod.

“Songs are kinda like windows,” Van Morrison says in an early interview, and this collection of lyrics offers a major insight into his experience. Written with a fierce purity, they explore the unfolding journey of his life. His range of subjects is wide and personal; they form a life narrative, an ongoing involvement with self’s unfolding. Childhood or youthful memories are constant themes, appearing in many of the songs that evoke a time before the difficult, glaring public life. Indeed, his songs often reflect an ongoing struggle with fame’s deceptions and reductions. His love songs exult in the bewilderment and joy of exploring a key need, a tangle or release of an ongoing mystery.

For me, Morrison’s best lyrics are the ones filled with lived detail. I can especially appreciate his remembrance lyrics of life in Belfast as a child and young man. “In the Days Before Rock ’n’ Roll” reminds me of my own days as a youngster in Brooklyn, trying to connect at night with a Del Rio station that

played early country & western and traditional country music; trying to tune in to Sunday radio stations playing gospel music and live church exaltation; hearing early R&B and getting tantalizing tastes of rural and urban blues. For Morrison and myself these were unknown worlds, and we were entering them like lost continents that offered up infinite revelations.

Morrison is an improviser in performance, like a jazz musician or those blues singers who improvise songs on the spot. His art heart is scored both on the page and in the air, as with many of the Beat poets—for most of them, it was also music that shaped their line, their beat. Listening to Kerouac sing and scat and recite his varied blues lyrics we have an example of this way of getting the music in and out of the words, and Morrison is deep in that practice as well, living moment to moment in his performance, improvising, taking chances.

It's fitting that City Lights, with its long history of publishing dissidents, poets, and "outsiders"—an entire catalog of creative voices who have questioned or simply rejected mainstream culture—is publishing the U.S. edition of Van Morrison's selected lyrics, and it's fitting, too, that it's being published in the UK by the august Faber & Faber, home of the Modern Poets series (once upon a time edited by T.S. Eliot). City Lights remains a vital force in American publishing, bringing out works that challenge and affirm the resilient creative spirit. Morrison's aesthetic, his integrity and commitment to authenticity, fit right in with the ongoing constancy of the City Lights list of writers, poets, and musicians who have embraced both the possible and the impossible. He is a genuine original.

Lights

Foreword by *Ian Rankin*

On a windswept Scarborough beach, I really started to get Van Morrison.

I'd liked what I'd heard up to then, but I hadn't heard much. This was 1989 and I was toiling: a flat in Tottenham I shared with my wife and our cat; a writing career that wasn't exactly making waves; a 90-minute-each-way commute to my job as a hi-fi reviewer in a dank basement in Upper Norwood. One morning, as I fought my way onto the train, I felt my heart bursting through my chest. I was sweating and shaking, adrenaline surging. The train left without me and I headed to the doctor's office. Panic attacks, he said. Get out of London for a bit, if you can. I packed a few things, including my Walkman and a dozen Van Morrison cassettes—his record company was reissuing his early catalog and had sent review copies. Tottenham Hale to King's Cross to York, where I stood on a platform staring at the departures board. Scarborough: I'd never been there. Ticket, train, and eventually an out-of-season bed and breakfast with no view. On with the headphones and down to the deserted seafront with *Veedon Fleece*, *St Dominic's Preview*, *Hard Nose the Highway*. . . .

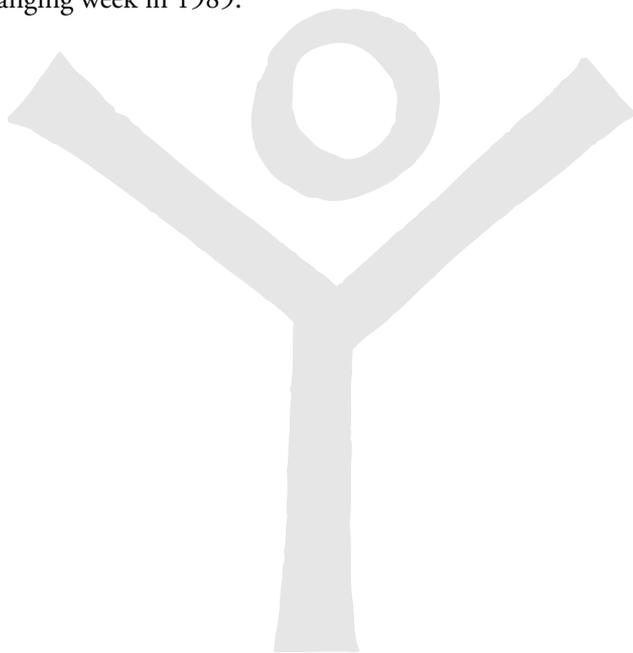
There were stories in the music, and characters and commentary. There was a search for the spiritual in the commonplace, the personal straining towards the universal. I smiled at "chamois cleaning all the windows," trying to think of another great lyricist who would begin a song with the conjuring of such an everyday chore. But then windows *do* need to be cleaned, or else there's a lack of clarity. Amidst the poetry there was room for disenchantment and anger, too. "The Great Deception" tackled politics, lazy ideals, and the recording industry. This was a music filled with beautiful visions, sung with passion and immaculate phrasing by a singer who was both of the world and

rooted in a particular upbringing and landscape. My wife had grown up in 'Troubles'-era Belfast, so I recognized some of the street names and the route maps through the Irish countryside. Mind, I wasn't sure exactly what hard-nosing the highway actually meant, but I was getting an inkling.

When Van Morrison sang of standing on the threshold, I realized he could be talking for all of us, poised throughout our lives between what we have already experienced and what may lie ahead. I was trying to summon the courage to quit my job and try to write full-time, to leave London and go travelling. Maybe that would be the end of the panic attacks—I wouldn't know unless I took that first step over the threshold. Meantime, I turned my collar up against the elements and, when the music stopped, ejected one tape and replaced it with another. Great tunes and arrangements, impeccable musicianship, and that inimitable voice—but the words were a vital part of the whole, even when the sentiment was a simple but joyous "I'm in heaven when you smile."

So anyway, after a few days alone with myself I had to return to London, where my wife and I began to draw up our escape plan. Nearly 30 years on, I still have those cassettes. Plus the CDs and some of the vinyl. (And my wife.) And Van Morrison has continued to write with lyricism, passion and clear-headed articulation. From "Mystic Eyes" (1964–66) to "Mystic of the East" (2012), there's a spiritual element throughout, but there are also stories teeming with incident and characters, and grand travelogues, and an extolling of life's simple pleasures—love and friendship, a quiet drink, silent empty spaces. In 1995's "Songwriter" he implores his audience: "Please don't call me a sage/I'm a songwriter." And so he is, but not every songwriter's lyrics cast such a spell when stripped of the accompanying music. His words chart his life, from Belfast to Boston and beyond. You'll feel you know him more deeply after reading them. Better

still, they'll lead you back into the music, music to warm the soul, just as it did on a freezing beach in Scarborough, one life-changing week in 1989.



City Lights

Introduction

Any significant writer creates their own world. Van Morrison has certainly done this through his music, which, as the playwright Stewart Parker put it, is an “amalgam of urban styles which Morrison has made his own.” This book exists because Morrison has also created a world through his words. It is a world of back streets and mystic avenues; memories of childhood wonder and of adult work suffuse it; it is a place where the chime of church bells and the playing of the radio break a silence that can be sometimes stifling, at other times spiritual. It is a world generously peopled (in all senses of that phrase), but solitude and the benefits of being “cloud-hidden” are never overlooked. Here love exists but may not last in either its divine or earthly forms. It is a place of sharp dealing but also of consolation, comfort, and even grace. It is a world bounded by the river and the railway line, though these are means of passage as much as boundaries. The river and the railway are key features of the lexicon of twentieth-century popular music, but, in their opposition of the natural and the man-made, they also echo the famous definition by Louis MacNeice (himself influenced by various forms of popular music) of Belfast being located between the “mountains and the gantries.” Belfast is, then, as good a name as any for the world that we find in Morrison’s words, but, as with MacNeice’s poetry and Parker’s plays, though Belfast may begin as a real place, it is ultimately more important as a site of the imagination. As such, it is not confined to the actual city of that name but is instead a terrain that can expand and contract as creative needs dictate.

This volume is made up of about a third of Morrison’s work over a fifty-year career, and it aims to be a representative selection of that work. It begins and ends with versions of Belfast: “The Story of Them” and “Mystic of the East.” These are rooted

in the city in which Morrison was born and grew up, and to which he has returned. Those bare biographical facts tell us little, however, about how Belfast is made and remade throughout his writing. The Belfast that has appeared in so many headlines during Morrison's life has also generated more than its share of remarkable writers over the last fifty years, but Morrison can stand shoulder to shoulder with them as someone who has not merely described his city, but rather shaped and moulded it to his own artistic ends.

"The Story of Them," one of the earliest lyrics gathered here, demonstrates just how soon he was doing this and with what degree of originality. It provides a map of the city like no other before it (and few since). This is a lyric written from within the moment and presents a version of Belfast recorded nowhere else: it's a Belfast in which the move from the Spanish Rooms on the Falls to the Maritime Hotel, just off the city center, acknowledges no sectarian division. Instead, in this version of Belfast it is long hair and perceived scruffiness that are the markers of difference: this is a city mapped by music. While this may seem unremarkable—popular music in all its forms has, after all, consistently used place names—in the postwar years when America began to export new and exciting forms of music it was hard, on the eastern seaboard of the Atlantic, not to associate the originality and excitement of that music with the places in which it was set. So the names roll through the music as it develops from Mississippi to Chicago, from Kansas City to Broadway, from Memphis to Detroit, from New Orleans to New York. What Morrison understood before almost anyone else was that such places were not remote for those writing about them; these were the streets, rivers, cities, and landscapes outside their doors. This involved recognizing the places of popular music not as the exoticized landscapes of a glamorously foreign America, but rather as the often ambivalently welcoming places within which lives are lived and find expression. Given this, the

blues can then roll down Royal Avenue just as readily as along the Mississippi and into Chicago. Morrison was therefore ahead of many of his contemporaries—Lennon and McCartney, Ray Davies, Jagger and Richards—in making lyrical use of his own place. (Chuck Berry, after all, wrote about Liverpool before the Beatles did.) To say that Morrison invented a Lagan Delta may seem improbable until one remembers that Belfast is a city of many rivers—the Beechie, the Connswater and the Lagan are all named in his songs—and these are matched by the variety of music that flows through its streets in his imagining of it. This intuition about place is all the more remarkable when one thinks of the history of poetry in Belfast and Northern Ireland. The story of that poetry often involves a search for predecessors who can, in the face of pressure from metropolitan centers, enable the use of a local territory for imaginative purposes; so Seamus Heaney looks back to Patrick Kavanagh, just as Paul Muldoon looks back to Heaney. Morrison, under the considerable cultural pressure of the emergence of a new, American-oriented popular culture and operating on his own terms, comes early to an understanding of the value of his own place, and is in turn then able to give expression to the experience of that place.

None of this is to say that Belfast is in any way a confined location. As with any deeply imagined terrain it has its specific features, yet can open out to encompass anything and everything that creativity may need to call on. It can be as small as a room or a backyard, or as open-ended as a threshold onto wonder. Even as he was asserting the right of the real Belfast as a fit location for his lyrics, Morrison was also beginning to see through and beyond it. Belfast is the first location for the visionary aspects of Morrison's writing as it moves from the everyday into the possibility of the extraordinary; from his earliest writing, back streets can turn into mystic avenues. The city is then made to yield to a form of what we have to call urban pastoral when transformed by everyday vision. In that phrase

we also have to understand that the visionary is elevating and celebrating the everyday.

Belfast is also filtered through many song styles. The conventions governing the lyrics of the blues are different from those of the soul ballad and different again from the country-and-western song, to pick just three styles. In this volume these styles are to be seen in the different shapes that the lyrics make on the page, from the brevity and repetition of “Mystic Eyes,” through the rolling variations of “Summertime in England” and the way in which the spoken section of “See Me Through Part II” breaks into the regularity of the hymn form, to the formality on the page of “Songwriter.” Each song style answers to different imperatives, satisfies different needs. In each instance, the writer has to balance the need to stay close enough to the convention to keep the style recognizable while also challenging and stretching those conventions. In Morrison’s case the popular song, in whatever form, is constantly challenged and stretched: the aim, to adapt a phrase of Seamus Heaney’s, is to make it eat stuff it has never eaten before. Partly because so many of the forms in which he works are, as he knows, deep-rooted, Morrison’s voice has a maturity and an interest in matters that go beyond those usually thought of as the preserve of the song lyric.

In none of this, then, can we say that his writing is confined to a specific locale. In using Belfast (and, later, other Northern Irish places), Morrison’s lyrics move in two directions: drilling down and back into origins and memories, and surging outwards in ever-expanding waves to other places and to that territory that is beyond place. On the one hand, the details of his city are associated with the many musics first heard there. These were both local (Orange bands, Salvation Army bands, gospel and praise music, hymns and folk music) and what we now think of as American (jazz, blues, rhythm and blues, gospel and soul). But the traffic between America and Belfast is long-standing. Emigrants from Ireland, many carry-

ing their music with them, have been settling in America for centuries, and Belfast was one of the first places where the newly formed, post-revolutionary United States established a trade consulate. In the postwar period, as one of the war children, this connection was most obviously experienced by Morrison through records (and his father's collection has achieved almost legendary status), and even more particularly through the radio, which is, in its different guises—"wireless," "wavelength," and "ether" are some of its other names in the songs—one of the recurrent features of Morrison's writing. It is always an immediate, even comforting presence: in that remarkable song "T.B. Sheets," radio becomes the only possible consolation—"I turned on the radio/If you wanna hear a few tunes, I'll turn on the radio for you/There you go, there you go, there you go, baby, there you go." The radio in Morrison's writing is not the voice of some remote central authority, but rather an intimate presence bringing music from many different places (American music via European stations), and many of the features of that music, far from being in opposition to the "Sunday-school culture" associated with local forms of music, have their roots in that culture. Radio and its correlates represent forms of connection, of both reception and transmission. The world outside comes sweeping in and is then sent rippling back out in a movement of contraction and expansion.

Morrison's recognition that the music which came to him through records and the radio has a kinship with and owes debts to the music of the streets, churches and tin tabernacles of his childhood enables him to distill the city into its abstract components—such as the train and the river (to take the title of Jimmy Giuffre's theme music from *Jazz on a Summer's Day*)—and use these to build a more expansive landscape. Belfast, too, can be taken and rendered into symbolic, even mythologized places. In this way Belfast is a constantly expanding territory: its borders are tested, its limits are stretched. So when the scene of the

songs moves, as it does, to other places—London, Buffalo, Boston, San Francisco, England in summertime—it’s not that they have nothing new to offer so much as that they are encountered as already familiar, known in advance and accepted for what they might add to the imaginative terrain. By the time of “Saint Dominic’s Preview,” for example, “the chains, badges, flags and emblems” of Belfast are seen to be on an equal footing with the archetypal blues location of the crossroads and the crying railroad trains of country music: “And for every cross-country corner/For every Hank Williams railroad train that cries/And all the chains, badges, flags and emblems . . .”

Belfast, in Morrison’s imaginative encounters with it, has an expansive quality, then, and while by no means all of his lyrics are to be thought of as literally located in the city and its environs—the room in “Gloria” or the “old graveyard” of “Mystic Eyes” could be anywhere—it remains the foundational location, the place where music first played and thus enabled the expansion into all other places. So when Morrison’s lyrics move outwards and away from Belfast, “way up to Caledonia,” say, that movement is both outwards towards a mythical pan-Scottish territory and yet carries with it the memory of Louis Jordan’s “Caldonia” (which Morrison has covered). The lyrics journey towards more recognizably American landscapes, but there is no sense of either being overawed or of simply offering the scale and unfamiliarity of these places as interesting in their own right. Instead there is a near-paradoxical sense of familiarity rooted in pre-existing knowledge derived from music and literature absorbed initially in Belfast: “I heard Leadbelly and Blind Lemon/On the street where I was born/Sonny Terry, Brownie McGhee and/Muddy Waters . . . /I went home and read . . . /Kerouac’s *Dharma Bums* and *On the Road*.” The songs of America, as we might call them, can, then, stand beside the deep American pastoral of *Basement Tapes*—era Bob Dylan and the first albums of The Band. Like them, though he has come

from much farther away, Morrison understands the deep roots of these songs and knows that the sweetness of Tupelo honey is given some of its savor by the bitterness of Tupelo blues.

The other element that enters the lyrics at this time, despite the temptations of American pastoral, is a hard-edged rejection of the too-easy comforts of a counterculture peopled by those ultimately “determined/Not to feel anyone else’s pain.” The blandishments and deceptions of the music business are a frequent and justified target of Morrison’s songs, distractions from the real work of being a “Songwriter,” which, as with cleaning windows in his youth, is a matter of being “a working man in my prime.” Against the music business’s sharp practices, we have to consider the generosity of Morrison’s lyrics: they are richly populated by a cast of formative influences, cultural icons and contemporaries. Any reader of these words can acquire an extraordinary musical education simply by noting the names of other musicians and singers. What most of these names have in common is the fact that, confronted with a sharp-edged and often punitive world, they too sought for ways to express both the details of that world and to reach for something beyond it. Whether these figures are defined as blues or soul or rock-and-roll singers, their origins are most often in forms of sacred music. Consequently, in their music there is a frequently unresolved tension between celebrating such joys as are to be found in a hard, secular world and a striving to express something beyond that world. Looking at the many literary names that pepper such songs as “Rave on John Donne” in this context makes one realize that these writers are named too because they share this irresolution between the sanctified and the sinful.

No matter how specific his songs are, how rooted in this world, there is always that element of searching for that which lies beyond. It’s there from the start in “Mystic Eyes” (and could the name “Gloria” really have been chosen at random? Like the greatest of soul songs there is an aching ambiguity in many of

Morrison's lyrics as they slide back and forth between the sacred and secular) and it continues throughout his writing. There are songs here that reach, however uncertainly, for something that cannot be articulated. Another feature of the writing is just how often it courts silence. "On Hyndford Street" (a phrase from which provides the title for these selected lyrics) is notable for its concern with not only the sounds but also the silences of Belfast. If Morrison's music is a compound of the urban sounds itemised here—the wireless playing Radio Luxembourg, the railway, "Sunday six bells," "Debussy," "voices echoing late at night over Beechie River"—then the words are trying to capture, here and elsewhere, a kind of living silence. Anyone who has seen Morrison perform live will know that he plays with the full dynamic range available to him: he and his band can switch from full-throated roar to stealth mode, as if trying to play silence itself. His words, too, attempt this impossibility – silence runs through them. It's there in the last lyric collected here, "Mystic of the East": "I can't find any reason to speak." But this song also returns us to the streets of "Cleaning Windows," in which he is earning a living and, away from manual labor, developing interests in mysticism and music and literature. If Belfast is known for political violence and, prior to that, for being an industrial city, Morrison's words offer an alternative to the first and an all too rare glimpse of the second: accounts of physical labor are still remarkably rare in all kinds of writing. But what they also suggest is that even somewhere as apparently unpromising as industrial east Belfast, Morrison's original stamping ground, can be offered as a place of potential spiritual wonder. Taken as a whole, Morrison's words, then, offer those things that we look for in popular song, but they also offer so much more.

It is for others to interpret the details of these songs as they see fit, for others to argue the merits of those interpretations. Despite the temptations of such argument, what I've tried to of-

fer here is a map of the world of Van Morrison's lyrics. Some will find it useful, I hope, as a guide to some of the features of that world. Others may well find it more pleasurable and instructive simply to get lost in this rich, expansive, many-peopled place, with its grittiness, its visions, its longing and loss, and its sense of deep fulfillment. Whichever way you choose to proceed, we can all, in this volume, follow the words as they "rave on . . . on printed page."

Eamonn Hughes
May 2014

City Lights

The Story of Them

When friends were friends
And company was right
We'd drink and talk and sing
All through the night
Morning came leisurely and bright
Downtown we'd walk
And passers-by
Would shudder with delight
Mmmmm
Good times

At Izzie's, man
All the cats were there
Just dirty enough to say
"We don't care"
But the management had had complaints
About some cats with long, long hair
"Look, look, look"
And the people'd stare
"Why, you won't be allowed in anywhere"
Barred from pubs, clubs and dancing halls
Made the scene at the Spanish Rooms on the Falls
And, man, four pints of that stuff was enough to have you
Out of your mind
Climbing, climbing up the walls
Out of your mind
But it was a gas, all the same
Mmmmm
Good times

Now just right about this time with the help of the three Js

Started playin' in the Maritime
That's Jerry, Jerry and Jimmy
And you know they were always fine
And they helped us run the Maritime
And don't forget Kit
Boppin' people on the head and knockin' them out
You know he did his bit and all
Was something else then
Mmmmmm
Good times

Now people say, "Who are,
Or what are,
Them?"

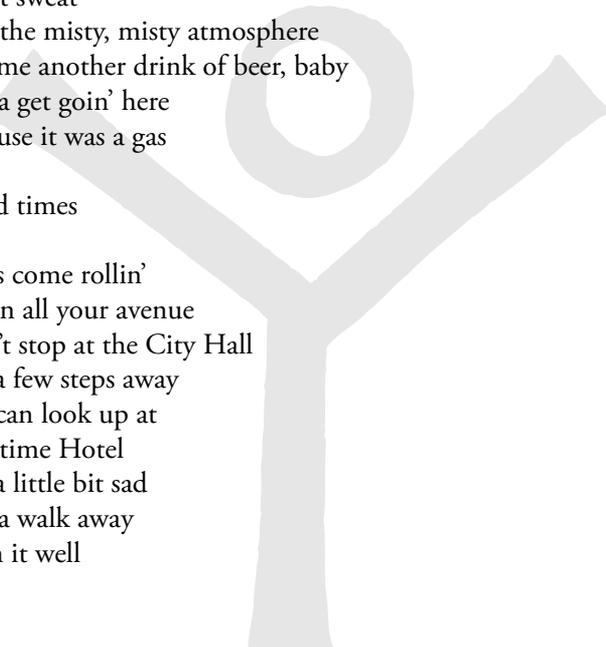
That little one sings and that big one plays the guitar with a
Thimble on his finger, runs it up and down the strings
The bass player don't shave much
I think they're all a little bit touched
But the people came
And that is how we made our name
Too much, it was
Mmmmmm
Yeah, good times

Wild, sweaty, crude, ugly
And mad
And sometimes just a little bit sad
Yeah, they sneered and all
But up there, we just havin' a ball
It was a gas, you know
Lord
Some good times

We are Them, take it or leave it

Do you know they took it?
And it kept coming
And we worked for the people
Sweet sweat
And the misty, misty atmosphere
Gimme another drink of beer, baby
Gotta get goin' here
Because it was a gas
Lord
Good times

Blues come rollin'
Down all your avenue
Won't stop at the City Hall
Just a few steps away
You can look up at
Maritime Hotel
Just a little bit sad
Gotta walk away
Wish it well



City Lights

Gloria

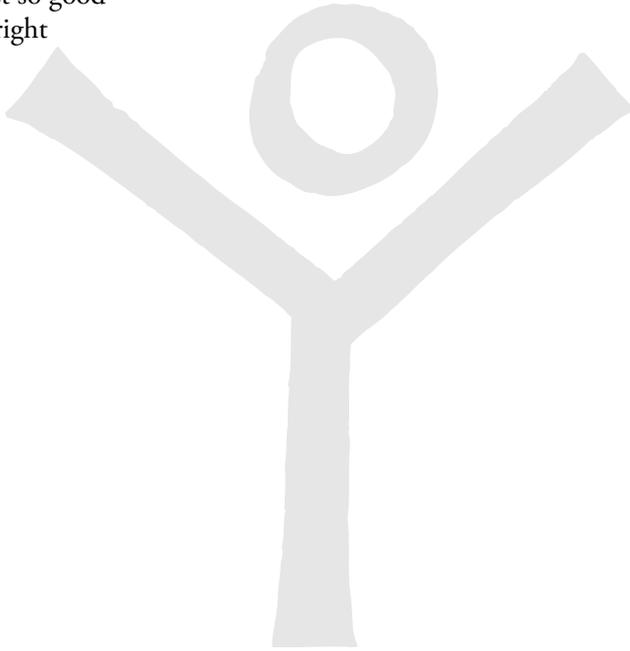
Like to tell you 'bout my baby
You know she comes around
Just about five feet four
From her head to the ground
You know she comes around here
Just about midnight
She make me feel so good, Lord
She make me feel alright

And her name is G-L-O-R-I-I-I-I
G-L-O-R-I-A – Gloria
G-L-O-R-I-A – Gloria
I'm gonna shout it all night
Gloria
I'm gonna shout it every day
Gloria

She comes around here
Just about midnight
She make me feel so good, Lord
She make me feel alright
Comes walkin' down my street
Comes up to my house
She knocks upon my door
And then she comes to my room
She make me feel alright
G-L-O-R-I-A
G-L-O-R-I-A

I'm gonna shout it all night
I'm gonna shout it every day

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
It's so good
Alright
Just so good
Alright



City Lights

My Lonely Sad Eyes

Fill me my cup
And I'll drink your sparkling wine
Pretend that everything is fine
Till I see your sad eyes
Throw me a kiss
Across a crowded room
Some sunny windswept afternoon
Is none too soon for me to miss my sad eyes
Not bad eyes or glad eyes
But you, my sad eyes

Fortunate and free
And there go you and I
Between the earth and sky
But who are you and I wonder why we do so?
My sad eyes
Lonely

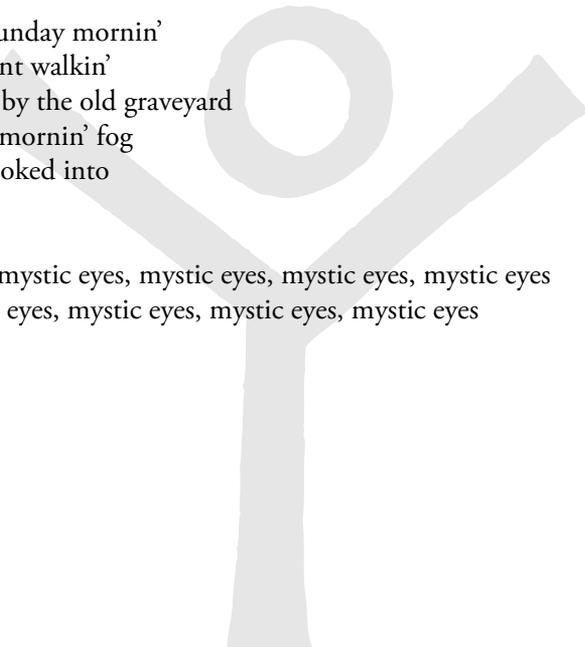
Oh what a story
The moon in all its glory, the song I sing and everything
For you, my sad eyes

You'd better
Fill me my cup
And I'll drink your sparkling wine
Pretend that everything is fine
Till I see your sad eyes
Not bad eyes or glad eyes
But you, my sad eyes
My lonely sad eyes

Mystic Eyes

One Sunday mornin'
We went walkin'
Down by the old graveyard
In the mornin' fog
And looked into
Yeah

Those mystic eyes, mystic eyes, mystic eyes, mystic eyes
Mystic eyes, mystic eyes, mystic eyes, mystic eyes



City
Lights

Philosophy

Told you, darling, all along
I was right and you were wrong
Pleasin' you is so hard to do
Tried all night long to be true

Can't sow wild oats 'spect to gather corn
Can't take right and make it wrong
Told you, darlin', long time ago
You gotta reap what you sow
And what you sow, yeah
Gonna make you weep someday, someday, someday
Yeah, what you sow
Gonna make you weep

Tried to keep you satisfied
Broke my heart, hurt my pride
It's all over now s'far as I can see
It's a lonely road and a memory
Of daily walkin' and talkin' about you and me, can't you see
I said, daily walkin' and talkin'

Can't sow wild oats 'spect to gather corn
Can't take right and make it wrong
Told you, darlin', long time ago
You gotta reap what you sow
And what you sow, yeah
Gonna make you weep someday, someday, someday
Yeah, what you sow, yeah
Gonna make you weep
Someday

Brown Eyed Girl

Hey, where did we go, days when the rains came
Down in the hollow, playing a new game
Laughing and a-running, hey, hey
Skipping and a-jumping
In the misty morning fog with our, our hearts a-thumping
And you, my brown eyed girl
You, my brown eyed girl

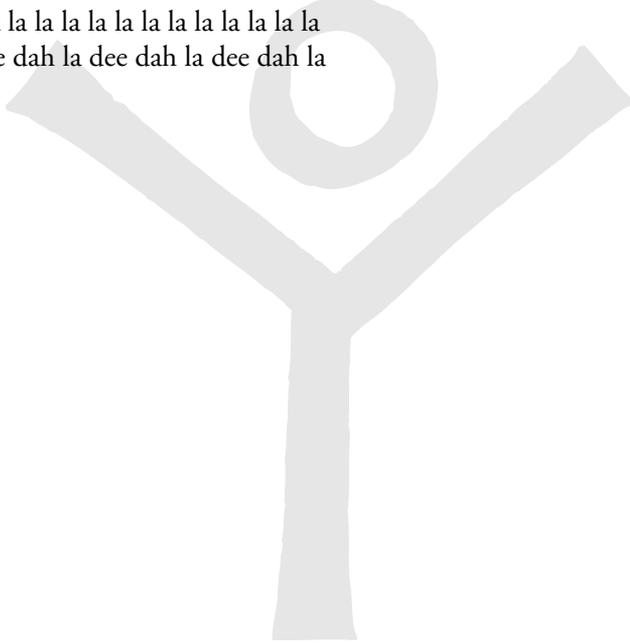
Whatever happened, to Tuesday and so slow
Going down the old mine with the transistor radio
Standing in the sunlight laughing
Hiding behind a rainbow's wall
Slipping and a-sliding all along the waterfall
With you, my brown eyed girl
You, my brown eyed girl

Do you remember when we used to sing
Sha la la la la la la la lala dee dah
Just like that
Sha la la la la la la la lala dee dah
La dee dah

So hard to find my way, now that I'm all on my own
I saw you just the other day, my, how you have grown
Cast my memory back there, Lord
Sometimes I'm overcome thinking about
Making love in the green grass, behind The Stadium
With you, my brown eyed girl
You, my brown eyed girl

Do you remember when we used to sing

Sha la la la la la la la lala dee dah
Laying in the green grass
Sha la la la la la la la lala dee dah
Dee dah dee dah dee dah dee dah dee
Sha la
Dee dah la dee dah la dee dah la



City Lights