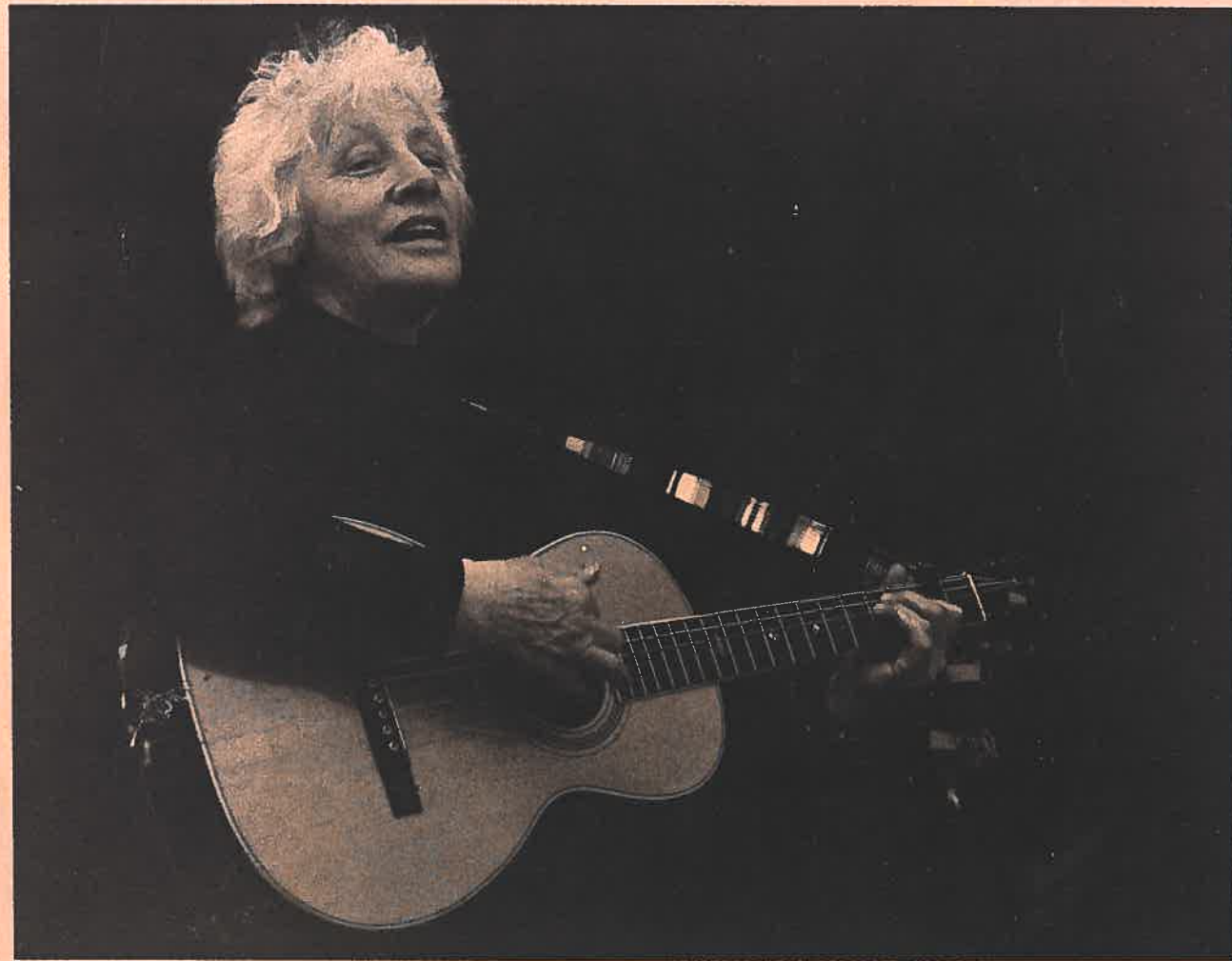


The Malvina Reynolds Songbook



Including Little Boxes, What Have They Done to The Rain,
Turn Around, Morningtown Ride, The Little Mouse,
We Hate to See Them Go.

4th Edition, revised and enlarged

\$7.00

Schroder Music Company

The Malvina Reynolds Songbook



Illustrations by Emmy Lou Packard

Schroder Music Company
Berkeley, California

Index of Songs

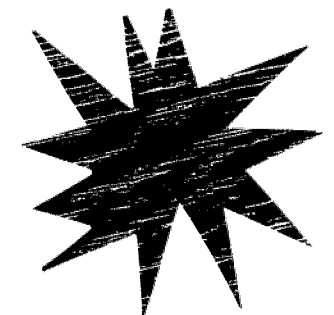
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The Albatross

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

MODERATE

Ami

IT IS AN AN-CIENT MAR-IN-ER WHO STOP-PETH ONE OF

Dmi Ami Gmi Ami

THREE. HE KILLED THE BLESS-ED AL-BA-TROSS WHEN HE WAS OUT TO

E C (LAST TIME TO CODA) B7 E

SEA, AND THE GUILT IT HANGS A- BOUT HIS NECK, THE SAME AS YOU AND

Ami F Ami E7

ME, POOR OLD SAIL-OR WHO SHOT THE GEN-TLE

Ami D.C.

BIRD.

CODA

B7 E Ami F rall.

STICK-UP, BUT GOUGE THE WORLD OF MEN, AND LEAVE BAD DREAMS TO

Ami a tempo E7 Ami

SAIL-ORS WHO KILL THE GEN-TLE BIRD.

I don't know why he shot him,
The silly gooney duck,
But if you shoot an albatross
You sure are out of luck,
For forever, ever, after
It will hang around your neck.
Poor old sailor
Who shot the gentle bird.

I also wear the albatross,
The bird of guilt I bear,
I shafted my best buddy
In a moment of despair,
And the guilt is always with me
In my dreams and everywhere.
Poor old sailor
Who shot the gentle bird.

Yet those that kill their thousands
With napalm in the street,
They live a good respected life
And sleep an easy sleep,
And they'd never shoot an albatross,
It isn't good to eat.
Poor old sailor
Who shot the gentle bird.

So never kill a gooney bird
Or knife your loving kin,
And never burn a single soul,
Be sure it's more than ten,
And never do a stick-up
But gouge the world of men,
And leave bad dreams to sailors
Who kill the gentle bird.



Backyard Blues

WORDS BY MALVINA REYNOLDS & JACK LYONS
MUSIC BY JACK LYONS

SOME DAY YOU'RE GOING TO BE SOB-RY FOR YOU
YOU DID-N'T WANT ME TO SLEEP IN THE HOUSE,

MAK-ING ME SLEEP IN THE YARD. I
SAID I WAS DIRTY AND SMELLED LIKE A MOUSE. I

CAME TO YOU RIGHT OFF OF THE ROAD, BUT
WASHED UP LAST WEEK WHEN I FELL IN THE CREEK,

HUNG-RY AND COLD AND TIRED. YOU FED ME A
YOU MADE ME SLEEP IN THE YARD. WHEN I GET TO

BOWL OF YOUR GOOD SOUP, AND I DID-N'T
BE A ROCK AND ROLL STAR, WITH DIA-MOND

TAKE THAT SO HARD, BUT WHEN IT CAME
JEANS AND A GOLD-EN GUI-TAR, I WON'T E-VEN

NIGHT AND THE TOWN GOT DARK, YOU MADE ME
WON- DER WHERE YOU ARE, CAUSE YOU MADE ME

SLEEP IN THE YARD. YOU WAS
SLEEP IN THE YARD.

CHORUS

SLEEP IN IN YOUR CO-ZY BED WITH SHEETS AND A
CLEAN PIL-LOW CASE, WHILE I SLEPT OUT

THERE ON THAT CAN-VAS COT WITH AN AL-LEY CAT
TO TAKE YOUR PLACE.



The Ballad of Robban's First Ride

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

THE WIN-TER CAME EAR-LY IN SEV-EN-TY TWO, WITH A HELL OF A STORM COMING
 DOWN, AND MA-RY AND TOM BUND-LED IN- TO THE CAR, 'CAUSE MA-RY WAS HOS-PI-TAL
 BOUND. THEY DID-N'T GET FAR TILL THE TEL-E-PHONE RANG, IT WAS TO-NY AND JOHN ON THE
 LINE. "YOU'D BET-TER GET O-VER," SAID TOM-MY TO JOHN, " 'CAUSE MA-RY HAS COME TO HER
 TIME!"

A tree it has fallen athwart of the road,
 And we're stuck here and cannot get by."
 So our two British stalwarts start driving again
 Right into the hurricane's eye.
 They drove till they came to the Marlboro hill
 And they helped Mary over the log,
 They couldn't turn round so they had to back down,
 It was nearly a mile to the road.

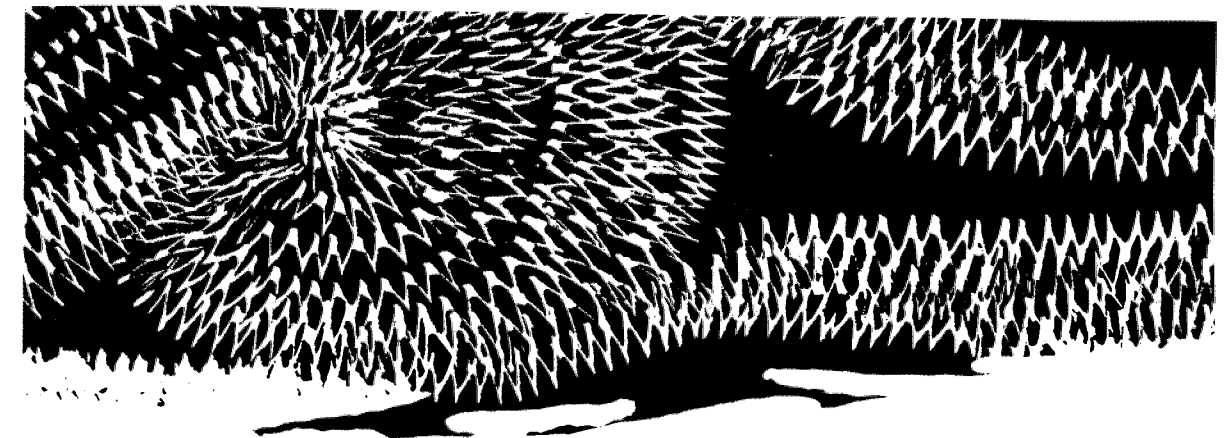
They leaned on the horn and they drove like the wind.
 "You bastards get out of the way!
 Cause the Toleno baby of Mary and Tom
 Is due to be borning this day."
 Said Mary, "I tell you the baby is here."
 Said Tony, "Hold on for a bit.
 Brattleboro is some two miles away
 And the hospital's farther on yet."

But the head of the baby emerged into view,
 And Tom took the shoulders in hand,
 And Tony and John are as white as a sheet
 And driving as fast as they can.
 They wrapped the young creature in John's woolly coat
 From his feet to his little round head,
 And the baby said, "Ma, what you doing out here!
 You ought to be home in your bed."

They pulled up the car at the hospital door
 And Tony he hardly could speak.
 "There's a baby was born in the back of our car!"
 Said the nurse, "That's the third one this week."
 The doctor he was the philosopher type,
 And his thinking was easy and large.
 "There's many a kid gets his first start in life
 In the back of a second-hand Dodge."

They rolled out the gurney and brought in the two,
 Both mother and child doing fine,
 When the nurse asked the question, "Whose baby is this?"
 All three of the men answered, "Mine!"
 Then Tony and John went on down to the pub
 To get them a jug of the brew,
 And they told all the folks who were drinking around
 The story I'm telling to you.

They told all the folks that were drinking around
 Of the babe that was born on the road,
 And they all drank a toast to the health of the child
 And the heroes who carried the load.
 Robban Anthony John who was born in the Dodge,
 That was the new baby's name,
 And the bartender set up the drinks on the house,
 And I hope you'll be doing the same.



The Battle of Maxton Field

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

Now brave the Klansmen rallied there in Maxton town that night, all
 armed with knives and pistol guns and hon-in for a fight. Oh
 rally round, you Klansmen bold, but do not show your face. We'll
 burn the fiery cross to-night and save the Nordic race. Oh the
CHORUS
 Klan, oh the Klan, it
 calls on every red blood fighting man who is
 free and white and bi-got, gets his courage from a spi-got, and pro-
 tects his racial pur-i-ty the ve-ry best he can.

The Indians, the Indians,
 They are our natural foe,
 They lure our girls with coke and pie
 And take them to the show,
 They wear blue jeans and leather coats,
 But anyone can see
 They are not real Americans
 The like of you and me.

The heros left their stores and plows,
 Their pool-halls and their bars,
 And in their gallant hooded shirts
 They drove up in their cars,
 For in this grave emergency
 That mustered every soul,
 Who should appear to lead the fight
 But wizard Jimmy Kole!

Now as the cars were drawing in
 An ominous sound was heard,
 Was that an Indian battle cry
 Or just a gooney bird?
 Is that a gooney bird I see
 Or grandpa's fighting cock,
 Or is it a Lumbee war bonnet
 That comes from Chimney Rock?

Chorus

The headlights shone, the Klansmen stood
 In circle brave and fine,
 When suddenly a whoop was heard
 That curdled every spine,
 An Indian youth with steely eyes,
 Sauntered in alone,
 He calmly drew his shootin' iron
 And conked the microphone.

Another shot, the lights went out,
 There was a moment's hush,
 Then a hundred thousand Lumbee boys
 Came screaming from the brush,
 Well, maybe not a million quite
 But surely more than four,
 And the Klansmen shook from head to foot
 And headed for the door.

The Lumbee Indians whooped and howled
 In the ancient Lumbee way,
 And the Klansmen melted off the ground
 Like snow on a sunny day,
 Our histories will long record
 This perilous advance,
 When many a Klansman left the field
 With buckshot in his pants.

Chorus

The coppers listened from afar,
 They did not lift a gun,
 They heard the noise, they said, "The boys
 Are having a little fun."
 But when they saw the nightshirt lads
 Trooping down the road,
 They knew that something went amiss,
 The wrong switch had been throwed.

When the coppers reached the battlefield,
 They saw no single soul;
 In Pembroke Town, the Indians
 Were hanging Jimmy Kole,
 Not James himself, for he had fled
 With his shirt-tail waving free,
 But all the joyful Lumbee boys,
 They hanged his effigy.

Last chorus:

Oh the Klan,
 Oh the Klan,
 They've hung their little nightshirts
 in the can,
 If you want to see them run,
 Shoot a pistol toward the sun,
 And give an Indian war whoop like a
 joyful Lumbee man.



Bury Me In My Overalls

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

1. BU-RY ME IN MY O-VER-ALLS, DON'T USE MY GAB-AR-DINES.
 2. UN- DER-TAK-ER WILL GET MY DOUGH, THE GRAVE WILL GET MY BONES, AND

BU-RY ME IN MY O-VER-ALLS OR IN MY BEAT UP JEANS.
 WHAT IS LEFT WILL HAVE TO GO FOR ONE OF THOSE GRAN-ITE STONES, BUT

GIVE MY SUIT TO UN-CLE JAKE, HE CAN WEAR IT AT MY WAKE, AND
 THIS SUIT COST ME TWO WEEKS PAY SO LET IT LIVE AN-OTH-ER DAY, AND

BU-RY ME IN MY O-VER-ALLS. (2) THE
 BU-RY ME IN MY O-VER-ALLS. (3) THE

HELL BE-LOW, SO COME TO GLO-RY IN YOUR O-VER-

ALLS.

The grave it is a quiet place,
 There is no labor there,
 And I will rest more easy
 In the clothes I always wear,
 This suit was made for warmer climes,
 Holidays and happy times,
 So bury me in my overalls.

I gave a hand to clear the land
 And make the cities rise,
 I helped to bring the harvest in
 And lay the railroad ties,
 I boomed about from east to west,
 It's time I had a little rest,
 So bury me in my overalls.

And when I get to heaven
 Where they tally work and sin,
 They'll open up those pearly gates
 And holler, "Come on in!
 A workin stiff like you, we know,
 Has had his share of hell below,
 So come to glory in your overalls!"

The Cement Octopus

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

Musical score for 'The Cement Octopus' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords E, E7, A, B7, and A7 are indicated above the notes.

THERE'S A CE - MENT OC - TO - PUS SITS IN SAC - RA - MEN - TO, I THINK.
GETS RED TAPE TO EAT, GAS - O - LINE TAX - ES TO DRINK.
AND IT GROWS BY DAY AND IT GROWS BY NIGHT, AND IT ROLLS O - VER EV - RY
THING IN SIGHT. OH STAND BY ME AND PRO - TECT THAT TREE FROM THE
FREE - WAY MI - SER - Y.

Who knows how the monster started to grow that way,
Its parents are frightened, they wish it would go away.
But the taxes keep coming, they have to be spent
On the big bulldozers and tanks of cement,
Oh, stand by me and protect that tree
From the freeway misery.

That octopus grows like a science-fiction blight,
The Bay and the Ferry Building are out of sight,
The trees that stood for a thousand years,
We watch them falling through our tears,
Oh, stand by me and protect that tree
From the freeway misery.

Old John MacLaren won't take this lying down,
We can hear his spirit move in the sandy ground,
He built this Eden on the dune plain,
Now they're making it a concrete desert again,
Oh, stand by me and protect that tree
From the freeway misery.

The men on the highways need those jobs, we know,
Let's put them to work planting new trees to grow,
Building new parks where kids can play,
Pushing that cement monster away,
Oh, stand by me and protect that tree
From the freeway misery.



The Bloody Neat

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

MODERATE
CHORUS

CHORUS

DON'T BE SO BLOOD-Y NEAT, DON'T BE SO BLOOD-Y CLEAN,
LA - DY MAL-BETH SHE WASHED HER HANDS BUT THE
BLOOD COULD STILL BE SEEN.

VERSE

WELL YOU CLIP AND LOMB YOUR HAIR, AND YOU WASH AND BRUSH YOUR
MIND, BUT YOU CAN'T WASH OUT THE WRONG YOU DO TO
ALL OF HU - MAN KIND.

They say we can wade in the water
To wash our sins away,
But the blood you shed turns the ocean red
Tho you wash till judgement day.

Chorus

Well the plowman plows the field,
And he's dust from head to toe,
But the man at the desk who deals in death,
His hands are white as snow.

Chorus

Daddy's in the Jail

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

DAD-DY'S IN THE JAIL, OH YES.

DAD-DY'S IN THE JAIL, OH YES.

DAD-DY'S IN THE JAIL THO HE DID NO WRONG, AND HOW ARE WE GON' TO
GET A - LONG? OH YES.

Mama is working, Oh yes.
Mama is working, Oh yes.
Fifty a week and seven plates,
Worry's at the door and that makes eight, Oh yes.

Daddy's in the jail, Oh yes.
Daddy's in the jail, Oh yes.
I ask my mama the reason why,
Doesn't know the answer, all she does is cry,
Oh yes.

Wrote to my Daddy, Oh yes.
Wrote to my Daddy, Oh yes.
Asked my Daddy, the answer came back,
They put me into jail cause my skin is black,
Oh yes.

Daddy's in the jail, Oh yes.
Daddy's in the jail, Oh yes.
They call him a panther, but that can't be,
Panther's in the forest, running free, Oh yes.

The Day the Freeway Froze

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

'T WAS AT EIGHT - O - FIVE A. M. ON A HOT OLD JU - LY
 DAY, WHEN A HIK - ER GOT UP ON THE GAR - FIELD RAMP WHERE HE
 WAS - NT SUP - POSED TO BE. HE WAS HIT BY A FAIR - LANE RIV -
 IER - A WITH AUT - O - MAT - IC DRIVE, AND A CHEV - RO - LET BEL
 AIRE COU - PE AND HE DID - NT STAY LONG A - LIVE. ON THE
CHORUS
 DAY THE FREE - WAY FROZE IN LOS AN - GE - LES U. S. A.,
 WHAT AN AF - FAIR! I WISH I'D BEEN THERE ON THE DAY
 THE FREE - WAY FROZE.

Well, the cars began to stop,
 But the ramps kept feeding slow,
 And a little V W superbug
 Was winged by a Dynaflo.
 And some of them could have made it,
 Going out on a ramp marked "In",
 But nobody does the like of that
 Because that is a cardinal sin.

Meantime down in town,
 At the Spring Street underpass,
 A couple of trucks collided
 And one had a load of gas.
 It could have been a holocaust
 Cause no one could turn about,
 But the engines got up on the cloverleaf
 And they put that fire out.

Chorus

Mr. Gorbach sat at his wheel,
 A hungry man was he,
 And up ahead was an unmanned truck
 From Momma's Bakery.
 He opened the drawer marked "D"
 And found doughnuts glazed and plain,
 And he pulled real hard and the drawer flew out,
 And the doughnuts fell like rain.

Well, the people jumped around
 And the doughnuts soon were gone,
 And Stanley Hackett he had ten,
 But coffee he had none.
 Then somebody found a truck
 That was full of cows and steers,
 And he opened the doors, and the cattle strolled
 Among the lanes and piers.

Chorus

A Bekins van was stalled,
 And some ladies worked amain,
 And they set themselves up in housekeeping
 In the Harbor outbound lane,
 And a truck load of brassieres
 Was very quickly gone,
 When they all cried "Viva Havana!"
 And tied the arm bands on.

The greatest find of all
 Was a wagonload of rum,
 It was all dealt out with a generous hand
 To whoever wanted some,
 And a couple of guys they ran along
 With car tops for their track,
 Wearing "Save the Bay" sandwich boards
 Which they carried front and back.

It was seven hours, they say,
 Till the jam began to go.
 The last lost car was towed away
 After eighty hours or so.
 Three thousand ice cream bars were sold
 To the sound of the auto horn,
 Twenty three people died that day,
 And three little babes were born.

Chorus:

On the day the freeway froze
 In Los Angeles, USA,
 What an affair!
 I wish I'd been there
 On the day
 The Freeway froze.

The Desert

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

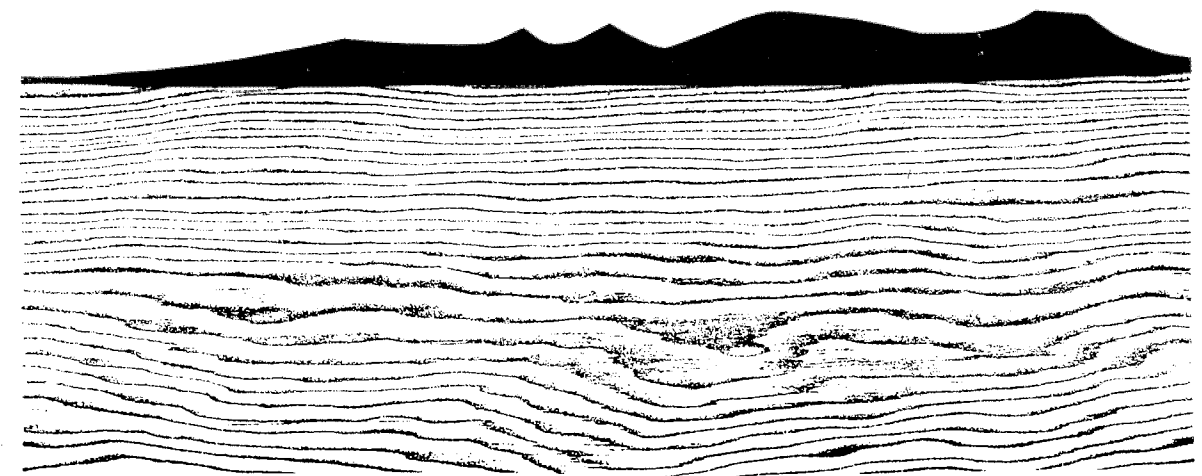
The musical score is written in 3/4 time and consists of several staves. The lyrics are: "I SING OF THE DES-ERT, THE DIRT IS SO CLEAN, THE AIR IS SO FAIR. [LAST TIME] THE AND FOLKS ARE NOT MEAN, 'CAUSE THERE'S NO PEO- PLE THERE. I THAT'S WHERE I'LL HIDE, AND THAT'S WHERE I'LL BIDE, TILL THE TIDE OF THE CIT- IES PASS- ES A- WAY." The score includes various musical notations such as clefs, notes, rests, and dynamic markings like 'Amc', 'Emc', and 'G7'. There are also performance instructions like '1. THRU 4' and 'BY LAST TIME'.

I sing of the desert, the bushes are brave,
On the hot sandy plain,
They root and survive
Without sprinkler or rain.

I sing of the desert, the snakes and the toads,
They're used to the clime.
If they keep off the roads
They live a long time.

I sing of the desert, the nights are so clear,
The air is so still,
You can reach for a star
Whenever you will.

I sing of the desert, it's ample and wide,
And that's where I'll stay,
And that's where I'll hide,
And that's where I'll bide,
Till the tide of the cities passes away.



The Devil's Baptizin

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

A woman there was with a mind of her own
 Said the world needed changing before it was done,
 But the Devil said "Red!"
 And they branded her head,
 And her children went hungry for comfort and bread,
 And that was the Devil's baptizin.

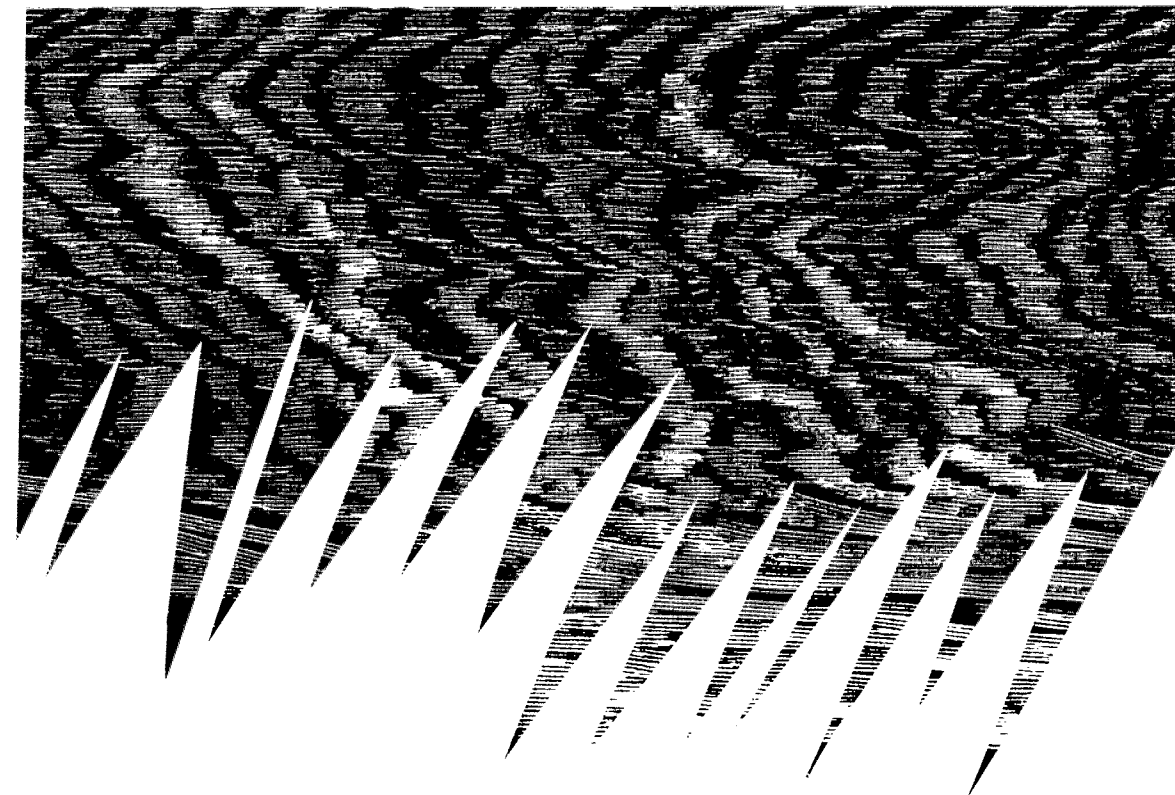
Chorus

There was a love that was clear as the day,
 And a babe like a flower that grows from the clay,
 But the Devil said "Sin!"
 And the people came in,
 And they offered the woman for sale to the men,
 And that was the Devil's baptizin.

Chorus

There was a child who walked all alone,
 And reached for the bread and rejected the stone,
 But the Devil said "Crime!"
 And the kid served his time,
 And he came out of prison all covered with slime,
 And that was the Devil's baptizin.

At the Devil's baptizin the incense you smell
 Is the sulfur from Hell
 Arisin.



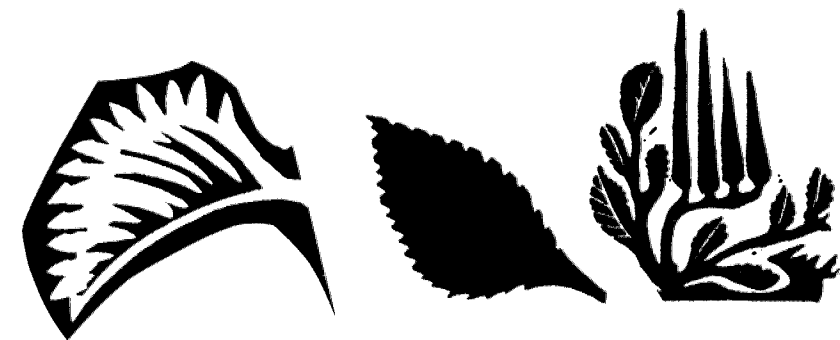
Dialectic

FREELY

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

IT'S HARD TO BE-LIEVE THAT PEO-PL E LIVE IN SUCH PAL-A-CES,
WITH FINE CARVED WOOD AND CAR-PETS LIKE CLOUDS ON THE FLOOR,
AND RIDE A-ROUND IN GOLD PLAT-ED AU-TO-MO-BILES
WITH A FLUNK-Y TO DRIVE AND A FLUNK-Y TO O-PEN THE DOOR.
IT'S HARD TO BE-LIEVE, BUT PEO-PL E DO LIVE THAT WAY.
AND THAT'S WHY THOU-SANDS LIVE ON THE RI-VER BANK,
AND HAVE HARD-LY E-NOUGH TO EAT FROM DAY TO DAY.
IT'S HARD TO BE-LIEVE THAT THOU-SANDS LIVE IN SUCH SHAN-TIES,
OR ARE JAMMED IN-TO SLUMS WHERE WE DO NOT US-UAL-LY GO,

AND THEY DON'T KNOW HOW THEY'LL MAKE IT TO THE NEXT PAY DAY,
IF THEY HAVE A PAY DAY, THAT IS, WHEN THINGS GET SLOW.
IT'S HARD TO BE-LIEVE BUT PEO-PL E DO LIVE THAT WAY,
AND THAT'S WHY A FEW LIVE IN REAL PAL-AC-ES,
AND CAN-NOT SPEND MON-EY AS FAST AS THEY GET IT,
NO MAT-TER HOW HARD THEY TRY, OR
HOW MAN-Y HOUS-ES OR AU-TO-MO-BILES THEY BUY.



The Emperor's Nightingale

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

PREELY

1. THE EM- PER - OR'S NIGHT - IN - GALE SANG IN THE FOA - EST,
 7. BUT WITH KINGS AND WITH COURTS YOU CAN NEV - ER BE CER - TAIN.

AND THE EM - PER - OR LIS - TENED TO HEAR HIS SWEET SONG.
 THEY TIRED OF THE CHIRP'S HIGH FI - DEL - I - TY SONG.

THE BIRD WAS HIS TREAS - URE AND SANG FOR HIS PLEAS - URE, AND THE
 WITH NO SING - ER NEAR HIM AND NO BIRD TO CHEER HIM, THE

EM - PER - OR LIS - TENED THE WHOLE EVE - NING LONG. AND THE
 EM - PER - OR'S EVE - NINGS WERE WEAR - Y AND LONG. FOR THE

NIGHT - IN - GALE SANG AS HIS SMALL HEART DIC - TAT - ED, THE
 EM - PER - OR'S NIGHT - IN - GALE, HE HAD DE - PART - ED. HE

SONG HE CRE - AT - ED WAS GEN - TLE AND TRUE, AND
 COULD NOT BE FOUND THO THEY LOOKED EV - 'RY - WHERE, FOR THE

ALL THOSE WHO HEARD HIM WERE EASED OF THEIR BUR - DEN, THE KING AND THE
 DEAR LIT - TLE PEL - LA WAS SING - ING CAP - PEL - LA ON THE VER - Y LAST

COURT AND THE WOOD - CUT - TER TOO. (2) SOME BIG TIME PRO - MOT - ERS, THEY
 TREE LEFT IN WASH - ING - TON SQUARE. (3) ONE OF THE CREW SAID, "THAT

GA - THERED TO - GETH - ER, THEY SAID, "THERE'S A FOR - TUNE IN THAT LIT - TLE SOUL.
 BIRD IS A PHO - NY. HE'S LIT - TLE AND BO - NY, HIS FEATH - ERS ARE GRAY. WE'LL

FIP - TI - ETH AND BROAD - WAY IS OUR PAIN - ATE ROAD - WAY, IF
 FIX UP A SING - ER WHO'LL BE A HUM - DING - ER E -

WE CAN GET NIGHT - IN - GALE UN - DER CON - TROL (3) THEN WAR - BLE ALL DAY (4) AN -
 LEC - TRON - IC MAR - VEL WHO'LL

KING - SHIP THE BIRD (5) SO THEY O - PEN AND CLOSE (6) THE EV - E - RY FLOOR.

4. Another one said, "That's a dandy promotion,
 A handier notion I seldom have heard.
 We'll make one real classy, with platinum chassis,
 Oh brother, won't we give His Kingship the bird!"
5. So they fixed up a chirp that was really a wonder,
 With woofers and tweeters, transistors and those,
 And the whole bit was rolled in a body all golden,
 With emerald eyes that could open and close.
6. The king thanked them kindly, the court was enchanted,
 They were instantly granted a million or more.
 'Twas easy as nothing, you just pressed a button
 And music came rolling on every floor.



Fantastic Man

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

Handwritten musical score for 'Fantastic Man' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics written below. Chords are indicated above the notes. The piece includes a chorus, a coda, and a spoken section. The lyrics are: 'I SEE YOU FOR A MINUTE, IT LAST ME ALL THE YOUR EYES ARE ORANGE, YOUR HAIR IS OLIVE (LAST TIME TO CODA) DAY, BUT YOU ARE ALWAYS WITH YOURSELF AND NEVER GET A GREEN, YOU ARE THE VERY TALLEST MAN THAT I HAVE EVER -WAY, FANTASTIC MAN, HOW CAN YOU STAND BEING SO FANTASTIC, MAN. ME, FANTASTIC MAN. (SPOKEN) HOW CAN YOU BEAR IT!'.

Your plastic Stetson
Sits on your hair,
About to lift its glory wings
And fly away somewhere,
Chorus

Your hair goes northward,
Your beard goes east and west,
The noble Jack of Diamonds
Is emblazoned on your vest,
Chorus

You are a wonder
That's wonderful to see,
I sometimes wonder
What do you think of me, Fantastic Man,
(spoken) How can you bear it!

Your laugh comes rolling
On down the Avenue,
The rattle of the traffic
Simply can't compete with you,
Chorus

I'm pleased to see you,
I'm pleased to go,
I pass your corner
And I always say Hello,
Chorus

God Bless the Grass

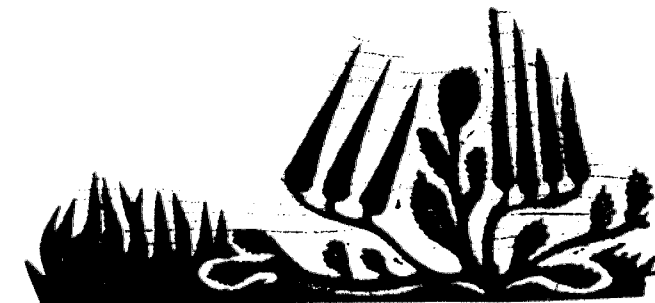
WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

Handwritten musical score for 'God Bless the Grass' in C major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics written below. Chords are indicated above the notes. The piece is marked 'SLOW'. The lyrics are: 'GOD BLESS THE GRASS THAT GROWS THRU THE CRACK. THEY ROLL THE CONCRETE OVER IT TO TRY AND KEEP IT BACK. THE CONCRETE GETS TIRED OF WHAT IT HAS TO DO, IT BREAKS AND IT BUCKLES AND THE GRASS GROWS THRU, AND GOD BLESS THE GRASS.'.

God bless the truth that fights toward the sun,
They roll the lies over it and think that it is done.
It moves through the ground and reaches for the air,
And after a while it is growing everywhere,
And God bless the grass.

God bless the grass that grows through cement.
It's green and it's tender and it's easily bent,
But after a while it lifts up its head,
For the grass is living and the stone is dead,
And God bless the grass.

God bless the grass that's gentle and low,
Its roots they are deep and its will is to grow.
And God bless the truth, the friend of the poor,
And the wild grass growing at the poor man's door,
And God bless the grass.



The Faucets Are Dripping

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

CHORUS

C

THE FAU- CETS ARE DRIP- PING IN OLD NEW YORK CI- TY, THE

F *C*

FAU- CETS ARE DRIP- PING AND OH WHAT A PI- TY. THE

G7

RE - SER- VOIR'S DRY- ING BE - CAUSE IT'S SUP - PLY - ING THE

fine

FAU- CETS THAT DRIP IN NEW YORK.

VERSE

C

YOU CAN'T ASK THE LAND- LORD TO PUT IN A WASH- ER, HE'D

F *C*

RATH- ER YOU'D MOVE THAN TO PUT IN A WASH- ER. THE

G7

FAU- CETS ARE DRIP - PING, THEY SOUND IN MY EARS. THE

C *D.C.*

TAP IN THE BATH- ROOM'S BEEN RUN- NING FOR YEARS.

There's a wild streak of green in the sink in the kitchen,
It comes from the rill trickling out of the plumbing,
The streams from the mountains, the pools from the lea
All run from my faucet and down to the sea.

Chorus

You can't ask the landlord to put in a washer,
You can't ask the landlord to mend the old stairs,
He takes in the rents and he lives in Miami,
Where faucets don't drip and there's sun everywhere.

Chorus

The faucets are dripping, the landlord's content,
With every new tenant he raises the rent,
The buildings can crumble, the tenants can cry,
There's a shortage of housing, you'll live there or die.

Chorus

They're building some buildings and fine city centers,
It's sure working hell with the low-income renters,
They're jammed into rooms with the rat and the fly
Where the faucets all drip and the floor's never dry.

Chorus



The Fragile Sea

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

OUR FA-THERS KNEW THE O-CEAN AS A FRIEND-LY EN-EM-
 OUR SIS-TER IS THE SEA BIRD, OUR BROTH-ER IS THE

Y, THEY TOOK THEIR E-QUAL CHANCES IN THE STORM.
 GAA, THE SMALLEST PLANKTON CREATURES AS IM-PORTANT AS WE

ARE. THEY TRUST-ED IN THE SAIL, THEY FOUGHT THE MIGHT-Y
 THE CHAIN OF LIFE'S BEEN MOVING THRU A HUN-DRED MILLION (A)

WHALE, THEY PLAYED LIKE SUN-NY CHIL-DREN ON THE SHORE.
 YEARS, WE CUT IT AT OUR PER-IL AND THE PIPE-LINE IS THE

SHEARS. THE SEA, THE SEA, THE FRAGILE SEA. OUR

SOURCE, OUR PRO-VI-DER AND OUR ROAD TO LIBER-TY. NOW WE

USE IT AS A DUMP HOLE IN THIS MAD E-CON-O-MY,

AND WE NE-VER WILL SUR-VIVE A DY-ING SEA.

Do you see the seagull dead in his integument of tar
 Who was once a soaring creature of the sky?
 It's the oil company that's now the ruler of the sea
 That makes ocean and its children fail and die.
 Chorus

Have you seen the crystal waters of the North Canadian coast?
 That's how this planet's oceans used to be.
 With our muscle and our brain we must make it so again,
 For we never will survive a dying sea.

The sea, the sea, the fragile sea,
 Our source, our provider and our road to liberty,
 Now we use it as a dump hole for this mad economy,
 And we never will survive a dying sea.

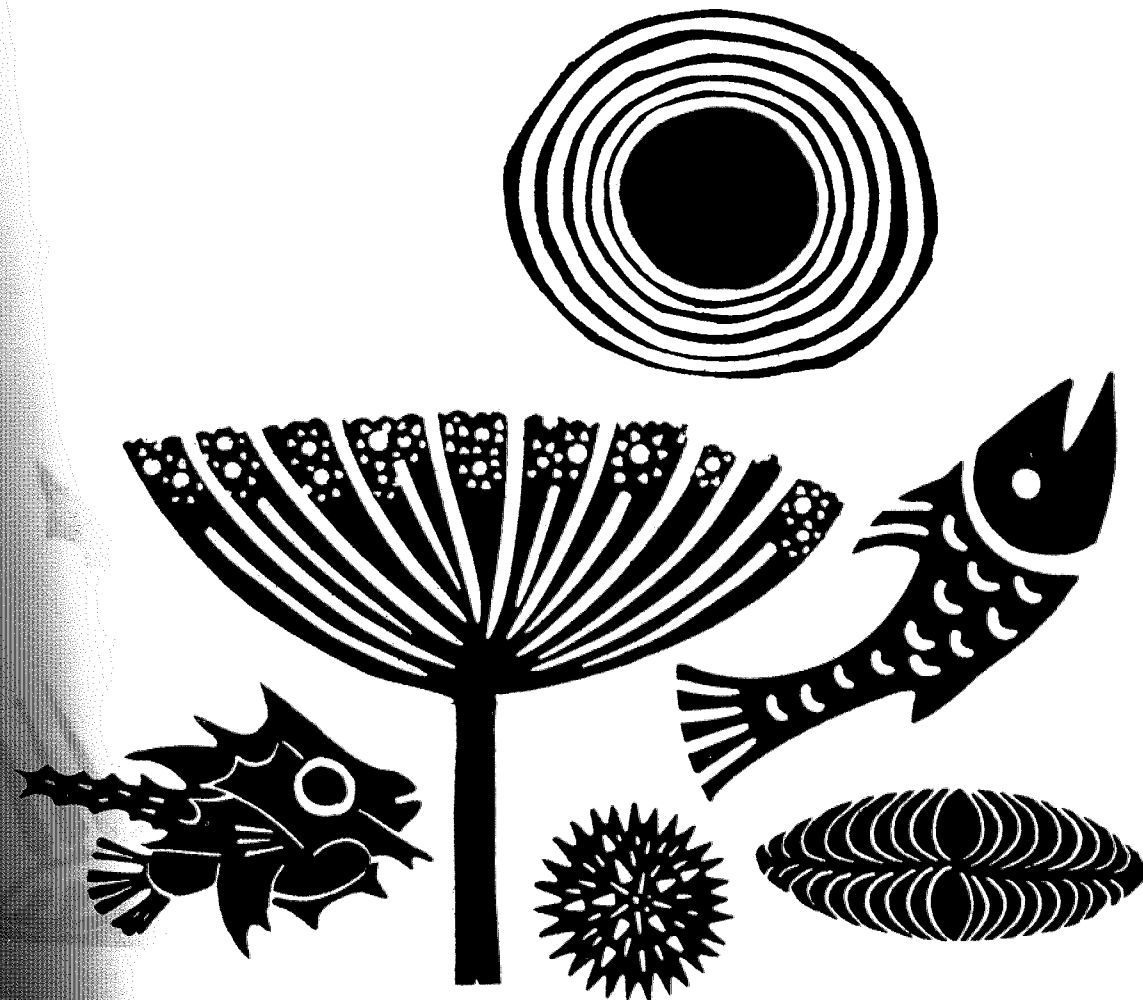


From Way Up Here

WORDS BY MALVINA REYNOLDS
MUSIC BY PETE SEEGER

FROM WAY UP HERE THE EARTH LOOKS VE-RY SMALL, IT'S JUST A LIT-TLE BALL OF
 ROCK AND SEA AND SAND, NO BIG-GER THAN MY HAND. FROM WAY UP HERE THE
 EARTH LOOKS VE-RY SMALL, THEY SHOULD-N'T FIGHT AT ALL DOWN THERE, UP-ON THAT LIT-TLE
 SPHERE. THEIR TIME IS SHORT, A LIFE IS JUST A DAY, YOU'D THINK THEY'D FIND A WAY.
 YOU'D THINK THEY'D GET A-LONG AND FILL THEIR MA-GIC DAYS WITH SONG.
 FROM WAY UP HERE THE EARTH LOOKS VE-RY SMALL, IT'S JUST A LIT-TLE BALL, SO
 SMALL, SO BEAU-TI-FUL AND CLEAR. THEIR TIME IS SHORT, A LIFE IS JUST A DAY, MUST
 BE A BET-TER WAY TO USE THE TIME THAT RUNS A-MONG THE DIS-TANT SUNS.

FROM WAY UP HERE THE EARTH IS VE-RY SMALL, IT'S
 JUST A LIT-TLE BALL, SO SMALL, SO BEAU-TI-FUL AND DEAR.
 (INSTRUMENTAL OR WHISTLING)





Green Shadows

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

B^7 E_{mi}
 YOU WALK IN - TO THIS ROOM, THE TREES ARE ALL A - ROUND YOU.
 C B^7
 GREEN SHAD - OWS KISS YOUR HEAD, THE GEN - TLE SOUNDS SUR - ROUND YOU,
 E_{mi} A B^7 E_{mi}
 YOUR SOUL LIES DOWN ON THE PINE - Y BED.

The walls are random walls,
 You do not feel them press you,
 Green shadows touch your eyes,
 Their silent welcomes bless you,
 Your dreams come singing from the skies.

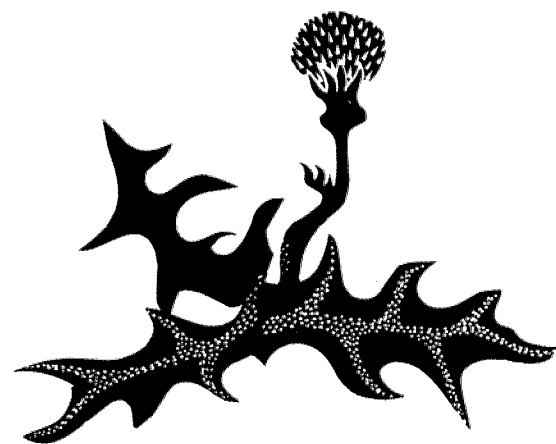
You are no longer one
 But all that breathes beside you,
 You are the craggy bark,
 The leaves that move and hide you,
 Green shadows and the rising dark.

You walk into this room
 The trees are all around you,
 This is a living day,
 No hostile sounds will wound you,
 The chain saw's cry is far away.

I Don't Have Anything

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

HE SAID I DON'T HAVE AN-Y-THING, HE SAID THINGS CAN HOLD YOU
 DOWN. IF THE I HAD A HOUSE I'D
 DAN-DE-LION'S SEED, HE
 CAR-RY IT A-ROUND LIKE A SNAIL, IF I HAD A MAIL BOX
 THROUSIT IN THE AIR AN-Y- WHERE. HE DOES-N'T SEEM TO CARE
 I'D WAIT FOR THE MAIL. IF YOU BUY A PLOT OF GROUND,
 WHO OWNS THE TI-TLE DEED TO THE LAND ON WHICH HE STANDS,
 THAT'S WHERE YOU ARE BOUND, IF YOU HAVE KEYS AND LOCKS THEY LOCK YOU
 HOLD-ING UP HIS HANDS, TO SEND HIS CHILG OUT ON A SIL-VER
 IN. HE SAID I DON'T HAVE AN-Y-THING. DC.
 WING. HE SAID I DO NOT OWN A THING.



I Wish You Were Here

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

I WISH YOU WERE HERE TO GET UN- DER- FOOT, I
 WISH YOU WERE HERE TO GET IN MY WAY, TO
 CALL ME FROM WORK, TO CALL ME TO PLAY, I
 WISH YOU WERE HERE A - GAIN.

Oh what did I do that had to be done,
 And what did I read that had to be read,
 When I might have turned to watch you instead,
 I wish you were here again.

The monuments rise, the monuments fall,
 The papers are signed and turn into chaff,
 But I can recall the sound of your laugh,
 I wish you were here again.

I wish you were here to get underfoot,
 I wish you were here to get in my way,
 To call me from work, to call me to play,
 I wish you were here again.

It Isn't Nice

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

IT IS-N'T NICE TO BLOCK THE DOOR-WAY, IT IS-N'T NICE TO GO TO
 JAIL, THERE ARE NIC-ER WAYS TO DO IT BUT THE NICE WAYS AL-WAYS
 FAIL. IT IS-N'T NICE, IT IS-N'T NICE, YOU TOLD US ONCE, YOU TOLD US
 TWICE, BUT IF THAT IS FREE-DOM'S PRICE WE DON'T MIND.

It isn't nice to carry banners
 Or to sit in on the floor,
 Or to shout our cry of Freedom
 At the hotel and the store,
 It isn't nice, it isn't nice,
 You told us once, you told us twice,
 But if that is Freedom's price,
 We don't mind.

We have tried negotiations
 And the three-man picket line,
 Mr. Charlie didn't see us,
 And he might as well be blind.
 Now our new ways aren't nice
 When we deal with men of ice,
 But if that is Freedom's price,
 We don't mind.

How about those years of lynchings
 And the shot in Evers' back?
 Did you say it wasn't proper,
 Did you stand out on the track?
 You were quiet just like mice,
 Now you say we aren't nice,
 But if that is Freedom's price,
 We don't mind.

It isn't nice to block the doorway,
 It isn't nice to go to jail,
 There are nicer ways to do it
 But the nice ways always fail.
 It isn't nice, it isn't nice,
 But thanks for your advice,
 Cause if that is Freedom's price,
 We don't mind.



Let It Be

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

WHEN YOU WALK IN THE FOR-EST, LET IT BE. THERE'S A FLO-WER IN THE WOOD, LET IT
 BE. THERE'S A FLO-WER IN THE WOOD, AND IT'S IN-NO-CENT AND GOOD, BY THE
 STONE WHERE IT STANDS LET IT BE. LET IT BE, LET IT BE. IT'S SO
 LOVE-LY WHERE IT IS LET IT BE. THO YOU WANT IT FOR YOUR OWN, IF YOU
 TAKE IT FROM ITS PLACE, IT WILL NOT BE WHAT IT WAS WHEN YOU LOVED IT WHERE IT STOOD IN THE
 WOOD. LET IT BE, LET IT BE, IT'S SO LOVE-LY WHERE IT IS, LET IT
 BE. IT'S A THOUGHT-FUL CHILD, IN-NO-CENT AND WILD, BY THE
 STONE, BY THE REED, LET IT BLOOM, LET IT SEED, LET IT BE.

Let Them Eat Cake

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

FREE

E B7

LET THEM EAT CAKE, SAID MARIE ANTOINETTE. SO THEY

TEMPO

E

CHOPPED OFF HER HEAD UNTIL SHE WAS DEAD. THE SO-

B7 E B7

LU-TION WAS DRAS-TIC, THE STO-RY'S FAN-TAS-TIC, THEY TALK OF IT

E A E

YET. LET THEM EAT CAKE, SO THEY FEED US ON CAKE. IT'S

B7 E A

LOAD-ED WITH SU-GAR, THE FLA-VOR'S A FAKE. WE THINK WE HAVE

E 1,2 3 B7

EAT-EN, THEY SAY IT'S A TREAT, BUT WHEN IT'S ALL O-VER OUR

E B7 E

STO-MACH SAYS, "BUD-DY, WHEN DO WE EAT!"

LAST B7 E

LIE, AND IF WE LEAVE THEIR HEADS ON WE'LL DIE.

2. Let them eat cake,
So they feed us on lies,
Icky with color
They dazzle the eyes.
They sound and they sound
As though something's been said,
But the questions we're asking
Keep rolling around in our head.
3. Let them eat cake,
Said Marie Antoinette,
So they feed us on twinkies
While they eat the meat,
They stuff us with plastic
They tell us it's great,
And we gag at the colored pollution
They put on the plate.
4. Let them eat cake
From the frozen food bin,
A concoction of nothing
With air beaten in,
We eat and are hungry,
Their word is a lie,
And if we leave their heads on
We'll die.



Little Boxes

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

Musical score for 'Little Boxes' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of five staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: D, G, A7, and D.

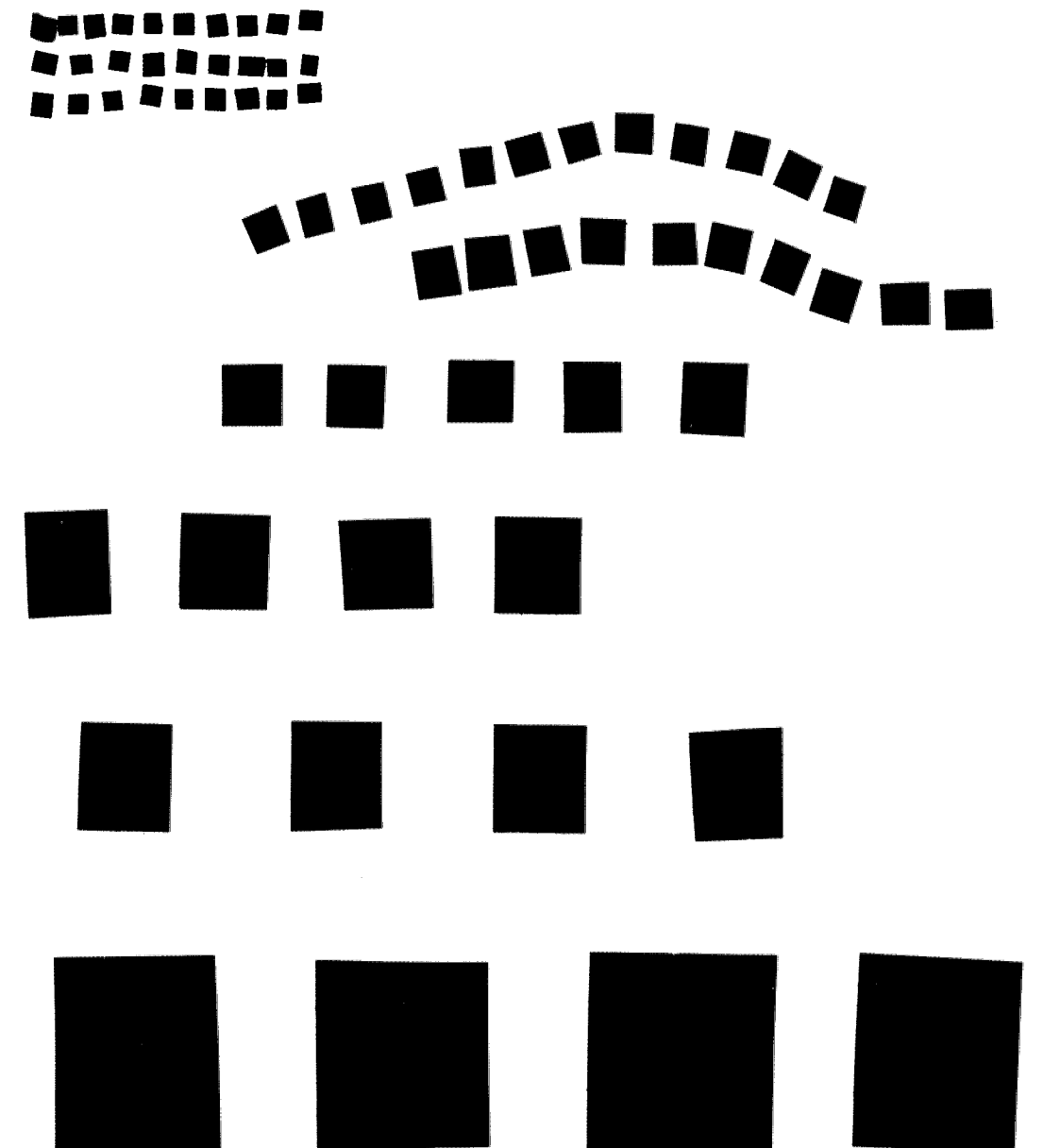
LIT-TLE BOX-ES ON THE HILL-SIDE, LIT-TLE BOX-ES MADE OF
 TICK-Y TACK-Y, LIT-TLE BOX-ES ON THE HILL-SIDE, LIT-TLE BOX-ES ALL THE
 SAME. THERE'S A GREEN ONE AND A PINK ONE AND A BLUE ONE AND A
 YEL-LOW ONE, AND THEY'RE ALL MADE OUT OF TICK-Y TACK-Y, AND THEY ALL LOOK JUST THE
 SAME.

And the people in the houses
 All went to the university,
 Where they were put in boxes
 And they came out all the same,
 And there's doctors and lawyers,
 And business executives,
 And they're all made out of ticky tacky,
 And they all look just the same.

And they all play on the golf course
 And drink their martinis dry,
 And they all have pretty children
 And the children go to school,
 And the children go to summer camp,
 And then to the university
 Where they are put in boxes
 And they come out all the same.

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And the boys go into business
 And marry and raise a family
 In boxes made of ticky tacky
 And they all look just the same.
 There's a green one and a pink one
 And a blue one and a yellow one,
 And they're all made out of ticky tacky
 And they all look just the same.



The Little Red Hen

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

THE LIT-TLE RED HEN FOUND A GRAIN OF WHEAT, SAID "THIS LOOKS GOOD E-
 NOUGH TO EAT, BUT I'LL PLANT IT IN-STEAD, MAKE ME SOME BREAD,"
 SAID TO THE O-THER GUYS DOWN THE STREET, "WHO WILL HELP ME PLANT THIS
 WHEAT!" "NOT I!" SAID THE DOG AND THE CAT. "NOT
 I!" SAID THE MOUSE AND THE RAT. "I WILL THEN," SAID THE
 LIT-TLE RED HEN, AND SHE DID.
 I PLANT-ED AND HOED THIS GRAIN OF WHEAT, THEM THAT WORKS NOT,
 SHALL NOT EAT, THAT'S MY CRE-DO," THE LIT-TLE BIRD SAID, AND
 THAT'S WHY THEY CALLED HER RED.

Well the sun shone bright, the rain it blew,
 The grain of wheat it grew and grew,
 It began to sprout, headed out,
 Till it was ripe enough.
 Said, "Who will help me harvest this stuff?"

Chorus

She lugged it to the miller to grind to flour,
 Cause the others would offer her no manpower,
 And at baking time they all declined
 To help her with the job;
 They were a dog gone no-good mob.

Chorus

The bread looked good and smelled so fine
 The gang came running and fell in line;
 "We'll do our part with all our heart
 To help you eat this chow!"
 She said, "I do not need you now.

"I planted and hoed this grain of wheat.
 Them that works not, shall not eat,
 That's my credo," the little bird said,
 And that's why they called her Red.



The Money Crop

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

1. WELL MO-NEY HAS ITS OWN — WAY, AND MO-NEY HAS TO
 2. MANY A CHILD GOES HUN-GER-ING BE- CAUSE THE WAGE IS

GROW. IT GROWS ON HU-MAN BLOOD AND BONE, AS A NY CHILD WOULD
 LOW, AND MEN DIE ON THE BAT-TLE-FIELD TO MAKE THE MO-NEY

KNOW. IT'S I- RON STUFF AND PA- PER STUFF WITH NO LIFE OF ITS
 GROW. AND THOSE THAT TAKE THE MO- NEY CROP ARE A. VID WITH-OUT

OWN, AND SO IT TAKES ITS GROW-ING SAP FROM HU-MAN BLOOD AND
 END, THEY PLANT IT IN THE TEN-E- MENTS TO MAKE IT GROW A-

BONE. AND -GAIN. THE BONE BLOOD AND BONE.

3. The little that they leave for us,
 It cannot be a seed,
 We spend it on the shoddy clothes
 And every daily need,
 We spend it in a minute,
 In an hour it is gone,
 To find its way to grow again
 On human blood and bone,
 Blood and bone.



Magic Penny

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

Musical score for "Magic Penny" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of nine staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords G, D7, C, and A7 are indicated above the notes.

LOVE IS SOME-THING IF YOU GIVE IT A-WAY, GIVE IT A-WAY,
 GIVE IT A-WAY, LOVE IS SOME-THING IF YOU GIVE IT A-WAY, YOU
 END UP HAV-ING MORE. IT'S JUST LIKE A MA-GIC PEN-NY,
 MON-BY'S DAN-DY AND WE LIKE TO USE IT, BUT
 HOLD IT TIGHT AND YOU WON'T HAVE AN-Y, LEND IT, SPEND IT AND YOU'LL
 LOVE IS BET-TER IF YOU DON'T RE-FUSE IT, IT'S A TREAS-URE AND YOU'LL
 HAVE SO MA-NY, THEY'LL ROLL ALL O-VER THE FLOOR. FOR
 NE-VER LOSE IT UN-LESS YOU LOCK UP YOUR DOOR. FOR MORE SO
 LET'S GO DANC-ING 'TIL THE BREAK OF DAY, AND IF THERE'S A PI-PER
 WE CAN PAY, FOR LOVE IS SOME-THING IF YOU GIVE IT A-WAY, YOU
 END UP HAV-ING MORE.

Mrs. Clara Sullivan's Letter

WORDS BY MALVINA REYNOLDS
 MUSIC BY PETER SEEGER

Musical score for "Mrs. Clara Sullivan's Letter" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords G, C, and D7 are indicated above the notes.

DEAR MISTER ED-I-TOR IF YOU CHOOSE, PLEASE SEND ME A CO-PY OF THE
 LA-BOR NEWS. I'VE GOT A SON IN THE IN-FAN-TRY, AND
 HE'D BE MIGHT-Y GLAD TO SEE THAT SOME-ONE, SOME-WHERE, NOW AND THEN,
 THINKS A-BOUT THE LIVES OF THE MIN-ING MEN, IN PER-RY COUN-TY.

In Perry County and thereabout
 We miners simply had to go out.
 It was long hours, substandard pay,
 Then they took our contract away.
 Fourteen months is a mighty long time
 To face the goons from the picket line
 In Perry County.

I'm twenty-six years a miner's wife,
 There's nothing harder than a miner's life,
 But there's no better man than a mining man,
 Couldn't find better in all this land.
 The deal they get is a rotten deal,
 Mountain greens and gravy meal,
 In Perry County.

We live in barns that the rain comes in
 While operators live high as sin,
 Ride Cadillac cars and drink like a fool
 While our kids lack clothes to go to school.
 Sheriff Combs he has it fine,
 He runs the law and owns a mine
 In Perry County.

What operator would go dig coal
 For even fifty a day on the mine pay-roll!
 Why, after work my man comes in
 With his wet clothes frozen to his skin,
 Been digging coal so the world can run
 And operators can have their fun
 In Perry County.

When folks sent money to the Hazard Press
 To help the strikers in distress,
 They gave that money, yours and mine,
 To the scabs who crossed the picket line,
 And the state militia and the F.B.I.
 Just look on while miners die
 In Perry County.

I believe the truth will out some day
 That we're fighting for jobs at decent pay.
 We're just tired of doing without,
 And that's what the strike is all about,
 And it helps to know that folks like you
 Are telling the story straight and true,
 About Perry County.

The New Restaurant

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

Musical notation for 'The New Restaurant' in 2/4 time, G major. The melody is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the staff: Am, C, G7, F, C, G7, C.

I STOPPED IN-TO A RESTAU-RANT, AND OH IT WAS A
 DREAM. FROM A HALF MILE UP THE HIGHWAY YOU COULD SEE THE FIX-TURES
 GLEAM. THEY HEAT-ED UP THE COF-FEE CUPS WITH EX-TRA PRES-SURE
 STEAM, BUT THE FOOD WAS TERRI-BLE.

The waitresses were charming, they had such lovely eyes,
 Their smiles all matched exactly and their uniforms likewise,
 Their hair was piled as sweetly as the topping on the pies,
 But the food was terrible.

The decor was a symphony in brown and gold and white,
 The silver and the crockery would fill you with delight,
 The menu was a masterpiece, so witty and so bright,
 But the food was terrible.

They must have spent a fortune on the furniture and such,
 On the place mats and the napkins, just like linen to the touch,
 So the budget for the kitchen really wasn't very much,
 And the food was terrible.

Another generation will forget the taste of meat,
 Of tomatoes from the garden and of bread that's made of wheat,
 And they'll never even notice, when it's plastic that they eat,
 That the food is terrible.

No Hole In My Head

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

Musical notation for 'No Hole In My Head' in 4/4 time, G major. The melody is written on a single staff with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the staff: E, A7, G7, F, C, E, C7.

EV-ERY-BOD-Y THINKS MY HEAD'S FULL OF NO-THING, WANTS TO PUT HIS
 CALL ME A DUPE OF THIS AND THE OTH-ER, CALL ME A PUP-PET
 SPE-CIAL STUFF IN, FILL THE SPACE WITH CAN-DY WRAP-PERS, KEEP OUT SEX AND
 ON A STRING, THEY, THEY DON'T KNOW MY HEAD'S FULL OF ME AND THAT I HAVE MY
 REV-D-LU-TION. BUT THERE'S NO HOLE IN MY HEAD. SPOKEN TOO BAD.
 OWN SPE-CIAL THING, AND THERE'S NO HOLE IN MY HEAD TOO BAD.

I have lived since early childhood
 Figuring out what's going on, I,
 I know what hurts, I know what's easy,
 When to stand and when to run,
 And there's no hole in my head.
 Too bad.

So please stop shouting in my ear, there's
 Something I want to listen to, there's
 A kind of birdsong up somewhere, there's
 Feet walking the way I mean to go,
 And there's no hole in my head.
 Too bad.

Repeat first verse



No Room

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

FREELY WITH FEELING

1. NO ROOM! NO ROOM! NO ROOM! SAID THE MAD
 2. NO ROOM! NO ROOM! NO ROOM! NO ROOM AT THE

HAT - TER. HIS BRAIN HAD TURNED TO BAT - TER
 TA - BLE. ADD - ING AN - OTH - ER AL - ICE

FROM EAT - ING TU - NA FISH OR SWORD - FISH OR SOME SUCH MAT - TER.
 MIGHT MAKE ONE TOO. MA - NY, AND THE TEA POT EMP - TY,

SOME - THING HE ET, TO BE SURE. DON'T BRING AN - OTH - ER
 NOT E - NOUGH CRUM - PETS TO GO ROUND.

BA - BY IN. THE DUCH - ESS WILL FEED IT PEP - PER, OR

IT MIGHT TURN IN - TO A PIG BE - CAUSE IT KNOWS NO

BET - TER. NO - TER NO ROOM! NO ROOM! NO ROOM!

HO - LY IS THE FOE - TUS. BUT BA - BIES ONCE BORN ARE SIM - LY

HU - MAN, AND IF THEY DIE IN THE STREETS OF CAL - CUT - TA,

NO ONE WILL NO - TICE BUT THEIR MA, AND AIN'T THAT JUST LIKE A

NO - MAN. DON'T BRING AN - OTH - ER BA - BY IN. THE DUCH - ESS WILL

FEED IT PEP - PER, OR IT MIGHT TURN IN - TO A

PIG BE - CAUSE IT KNOWS NO BET - TER. NO ROOM!



On the Rim of the World

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

SHE IN·CHES A · LONG ON THE RIM OF THE WORLD,
 SHE LOOKS LIKE A PRIN·CESS IN SOME·BO·DY'S RAGS, SHE
 AL·WAYS A · BOUT TO GO O·VER,
 DREAMS OF A WORLD WITH·OUT DAN·GER,
 HOW SHE CAN MAN·AGE I NE·VER WILL KNOW, TO
 CLIMB·ING THE STAIRS TO A ROOM OF HER OWN WITH
 GET FROM ONE DAY TO THE OTH·ER.
 SOME·ONE WHO IS·N'T A STRAN·GER. BUT
 SCROUN·ING A BUCK OR A BED OR THE
 NOW SHE EATS WHAT SHE CAN, AND AC·
 SHARE OF A ROOF FOR HER HEAD, THIS
 CEPTS WHAT THERE IS FOR A MAN, THIS
 NO·BOD·Y'S CHILD, THIS PRE·CAR·I·OUS GIRL, WHO
 LIVES ON THE RIM OF THE WORLD.

LAST TIME REPEAT FIRST VERSE

The Pied Piper

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

Handwritten musical score for 'The Pied Piper' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of six staves of music with lyrics written below. Chords are indicated by letters above the notes. The lyrics are: 'RATS, RATS, EV-RY-WHERE, IN THE KIT-CHEN AND DOWN THE STAIR, ROCK-ING BA-BIES IN THEIR CRA-DLES, TAST-ING SOUP IN THE COOKS' SOUP LA-DLES, EAT-ING FLOUR FROM EV-RY BIN, AND RAIS-ING THE DE-VIL IN HAM-E-LIN, HAM-E-LIN, GER-MAN-Y, LONG TIME A-GO. LAST TIME GER-MAN-Y, MY GRAND-MA TOLD ME SO, A LONG, LONG, TIME A-GO.'

Rats, rats, everywhere,
Wherever you looked, the rats were there,
Took a nap in Papa's shoes,
Sat in the living room and read the news,
What a condition that town was in,
Little old town of Hamelin,
Hamelin, Germany, long time ago.

Mayor and Council scratched their heads,
Tossed and turned in their ratty beds,
Passed a big appropriation
To count the rats in the population,
Solemnly resolved that it was sin
For rats to live in Hamelin . . .

Little man knocked at the Mayor's door,
No one had ever seen him before,
Dressed in clothes of a gayer mood
Than ever are seen in Hollywood,
"If the Mayor will let me in
I'll drive the rats from Hamelin . . ."

They hugged him, kissed him, patted his head;
"What is your name?" the Mayor said.
"I'm the Pied Piper. I blow this horn,
And there never was a rat that ever was born
That could resist my merry din,
Not even the rats of Hamelin . . ."

"Oh, blow your horn both far and wide,
And save our city!" the mayor cried.
"Whatever you ask, we will gladly pay,
If you'll only drive these rats away.
A couple of grand you will surely win
If you get the rats out of Hamelin . . ."

A tweedley-dee and foodley-doh,
A little tune he started to blow,
It sounded like bacon, it sounded like cheese,
It sounded like kitcheny melodies,
The rats came out with a snicker and a grin
From all the houses of Hamelin . . .

They followed the music bright and gay,
Over the hills and far away,
The Hamelinians loudly cheered
As the rat procession disappeared,
And never a rat was seen again
In the little old town of Hamelin . . .

The Piper waited, hat in hand,
To collect his fee for a couple of grand,
Mayor and Council scratched their pates,
"This is way above union rates!
For a tune on the flute or the violin
We only pay scale in Hamelin . . ."

Pied Piper said, "Okay,"
Put on his hat and turned away,
Started playing a couple of tunes
That sounded like candy and toy balloons,
Like merry-go-rounds in a jolly spin,
Calling the children of Hamelin . . .

The children came out into the street,
Followed the Piper with dancing feet,
Followed the music bright and gay
Over the hills and far away,
The town got quiet like it never had been
Since the beginning of Hamelin . . .

In some country far away,
Some lads and lassies swing and sway,
And a gaudy Piper, old and gray,
Plays on his clarinet night and day,
While way back home their sorrowing kin
Mourn for the children of Hamelin,
Hamelin, Germany,
My grandma told me so,
A long, long time ago.

Quiet

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT MUCH, AND
WHAT I DON'T KNOW I DON'T SAY, AND
WHEN I HAVE NO THING TO SAY I'M
QUI-ET.
WHEN THERE'S OC-CA-SION TO HOL-LEK, I'LL BUY IT.
I CAN MAKE NOISE WITH THE BEST. BUT
MOST OF THE REST OF THE TIME, I'M
QUI-ET.

I've made mistakes in the past,
Things that I blush over yet,
But I hardly ever regret
Having been quiet.

I have a T.V. at home
And I do truly enjoy it.
I can just leave it alone
And it's quiet.

I'm not unsociable, no,
People are fine in repose;
Somehow my favorites are those
Who are quiet.

Quiet's a wonderful sound,
Sweeter than oboe or fiddle,
Someday I'm going to be found in the middle
Of quiet.

Sing me a song of the sea
Soft as the breath of a breeze,
Sing me to sleep and then please
Keep quiet.



Morningtown Ride

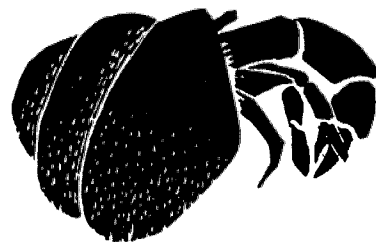
WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

Musical score for 'Morningtown Ride' in C major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: C, F, G7, and Dm.

TRAIN WHIS-TLE BLOW-ING MAKES A SLEEP-Y NOISE,
 UN- DER- NEATH THEIR BLAIN-KETS GO ALL THE GIRLS AND BOYS,
 HEAD- ING FROM THE STA- TION, OUT A- LONG THE BAY,
 ALL BOUND FOR MORN- ING- TOWN, MAN- Y MILES A- WAY.

Sarah's at the engine, Tony rings the bell,
 John swings the lantern to show that all is well.
 Rocking, rolling, riding, out along the bay,
 All bound for Morningtown, many miles away.

Maybe it is raining where our train will ride,
 But all the little travelers are snug and warm inside.
 Somewhere there is sunshine, somewhere there is day,
 Somewhere there is Morningtown, many miles away.



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Rand Hymn

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

Musical score for 'Rand Hymn' in C major, 4/4 time. The score consists of four staves of music with lyrics underneath. Chords are indicated above the notes: C, F, G7, and Dm.

THE RAND COR-POR- A- TION'S THE BOON OF THE WORLD, THEY
 THINK ALL DAY LONG FOR A FEE. THEY SIT AND PLAY GAMES A- BOUT
 GO- ING UP IN FLAMES, FOR COUN- TERS THEY USE YOU AND ME, HONEY BEE, FOR
 COUN- TERS THEY USE YOU AND ME.

It's so nice to know we have Rand on our side,
 We'll always have good old Rand around;
 A zillion will be fried out, but in some neat hideout
 Rand will be safe under ground, praise the Lord,
 Rand will be safe under ground.

With a stroke of the pen, they can change us from men
 Into numbers that flash on the wall.
 These brainy heroes transform us to zeros,
 So who gives a damn if we fall, after all,
 Who gives a damn if we fall.

Their superior genes will be safe behind screens,
 With the rest of our line doomed to die;
 We'll be all sorted out, past a shadow of doubt,
 By the all-wise electronic eye; bow down
 To the mighty electronic eye.

They will rescue us all from a fate worse than death,
 With a touch of the push-button hand;
 We'll be saved at one blow from the designated foe,
 But who's going to save us from Rand, dear Lord,
 Who's going to save us from Rand?



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Rosie Jane

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

FREELY

THIS SONG IS AD-DRESSED TO MY SIS-TERS. AN-Y
MAN WHO IS PRE-SENT MAY LIS-TEN, AN-Y PRIEST, AN-Y
PUB-LIC OF-FI-LIAL, AN-Y PHY-SI-CIAN. BUT IT
GIVES HIM NO LI-CENSE TO TOUCH US, WE MAKE THE DE- CI- SION.
TEMPO
ME AND LY-DI-A, JO-SIE AND RO-SIE AND
EVE, WE HAND-LE THIS MAT-TER OUR-SELVES, YOU'D
BET-TER BE-LIEVE, OR YOU'D BET-TER LEAVE.
CHORUS
RO-SIE JANE, ARE YOU PREG-NANT A-GAIN? RO-SIE JANE, YOU CAN
HARD-LY TAKE CARE OF THE FOUR YOU HAD BE- FORE.
WHAT IN HEAV-EN'S NAME WERE YOU THINK-ING OF! RO-SIE JANE, WAS IT

① TO VERSE ONE!

VERSE 1!

LOVE? I HAD AN EX-TRA SHOT ON TOP OF WHAT I'D GOT, IN A
WORD I WAS DRUNK, SO WAS BILL. AT LEAST I THINK IT WAS BILL, AND I'D FOR-
GOT TO TAKE MY PILL. I GUESS IT WAS GOD'S WILL. **REPEAT CHORUS TO**
② TO VERSE TWO!
VERSE 2!
LOVE? WHEN THAT BA-BY IS A CHILD, IT WILL SUF-FER FROM NEG-LECT, BE
PICKED UP-ON AND PECKED, AND RUN O-VER AND WRECKED, AND ITS HEAD WILL BE CROWNED WITH THE
THORN.— BUT WHILE IT'S IN-SIDE HER IT MUST RE-MAIN IN-TACT, AND IT
CAN-NOT BE MUR-DERED TILL IT'S BORN. ROS-IE JANE, ARE YOU PREG-NANT A-GAIN, ROS-IE
JANE, YOU CAN HARD-LY TAKE CARE OF THE FOUR YOU HAD BE- FORE.
WHAT IN HEAV-EN'S NAME WERE YOU THINK-ING OF! RO-SIE JANE, WAS IT
LOVE?



Singin Jesus

WORDS AND MUSIC BY: MALVINA REYNOLDS

LET ME TELL YOU 'BOUT SING-IN JE-SUS, AND THE WORDS HE SAID WERE
 TRUE. HE WENT UP ON THE MOUN-TAIN, AND THE PEOP-LE, THEY CAME
 TOO. THERE WERE SIN-NERS, THERE WERE HIP-PIES, AND THE POOR AND LOW-LY
 KIND. BUT THE GOOD LORD SAID, "COME UN-TO ME, AND EASE YOUR TROU-BLED
 MIND." HE WAS A SING-IN JE-SUS, TAAN-LIN NEAR AND
 FAR. SING-IN JE-SUS, WITH AN OLD BEAT UP GUI-
 TAR, AND ON HIS HANDS, A SCAR.

Well, some men preach you a sermon,
 They want to save your soul,
 Listen to Singin Jesus,
 Preachin with the rock and roll.
 Some men preach you a sermon,
 Say give away your cloak and shoes,
 Listen to barefoot Jesus
 Preachin with the rhythm and blues.

Chorus

And his song said, Men are brothers,
 And it rang out clear and great,
 And what the color of the brothers' skin
 He did not stipulate.
 Said, Stop your feudin and fightin,
 Kick those no-good wars,
 Beat your swords into ploughshares
 And your guns into steel guitars.

Chorus

Sing Along

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

I GET BUTTERFLIES IN MY STOMACH, WHEN-
 EVER I START TO SING, AND WHEN I'M AT A
 MI - CRO - PHONE I SHAKE LIKE A - NY - THING, BUT
 IF YOU'LL SING A - LONG WITH ME I'LL HOL - LER RIGHT OUT
 LOUD, 'CAUSE I'M AW - F'LY NERVOUS LONE - SOME BUT I'M
 SWELL WHEN I'M A CROWD. SING A - LONG SING A -
 LONG, AND JUST SING "LA LA LA LA LA IF
 YOU DON'T KNOW THE SONG, YOU'LL QUICK - LY LEARN THE

MU - SIC YOU'LL FIND YOUR - SELF A WORD, 'CAUSE
 WHEN WE SING TO - GETH - ER WE'LL BE HEARD.

Oh, when I need a raise in pay and have to tell my boss,
 If I go see him by myself I'm just a total loss,
 But if we go together I'll do my part right pretty,
 Cause I'm awf'ly nervous lonesome, but I make a fine committee.

Chorus

My congressman's important, he hobnobs with big biz,
 He soon forgets the rest of us who put him where he is.
 I'll just write him a letter to tell him what I need,
 With a hundred thousand signatures why even he can read.

Chorus

Oh, life is full of problems, the world's a funny place,
 I sometimes wonder why the heck I joined the human race,
 But when we work together, it seems right and true,
 I'm an awful nothing by myself, but I'm okay with you.

Chorus

Somewhere Between

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

ON MON-DAY I THINK I'M A SIN-NER, ON
 ON MON-DAY I'D STEAL FROM A BA-BY, ON

TUES-DAY I THINK I'M A SAINT, ON
 TUES-DAY I'D GIVE YOU MY SHIRT, ON

WEDNES-DAY I DON'T KNOW WHAT I AM, BUT I
 WEDNES-DAY I LIE ON MY COUCH AND MOAN 'CAUSE MY

KNOW THAT A SAINT I AIN'T. SOME-WHERE BE-
 CON-SCIENCE IS DOING ME DIRT.

TWEEN THE GOOD AND THE E-VIL, SOME-WHERE BE-

TWEEN THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG, SOME-WHERE BE-

TWEEN THE KIND AND THE MEAN, SOME-WHERE BE-

TWEEN IS WHERE I BE-

LONG.

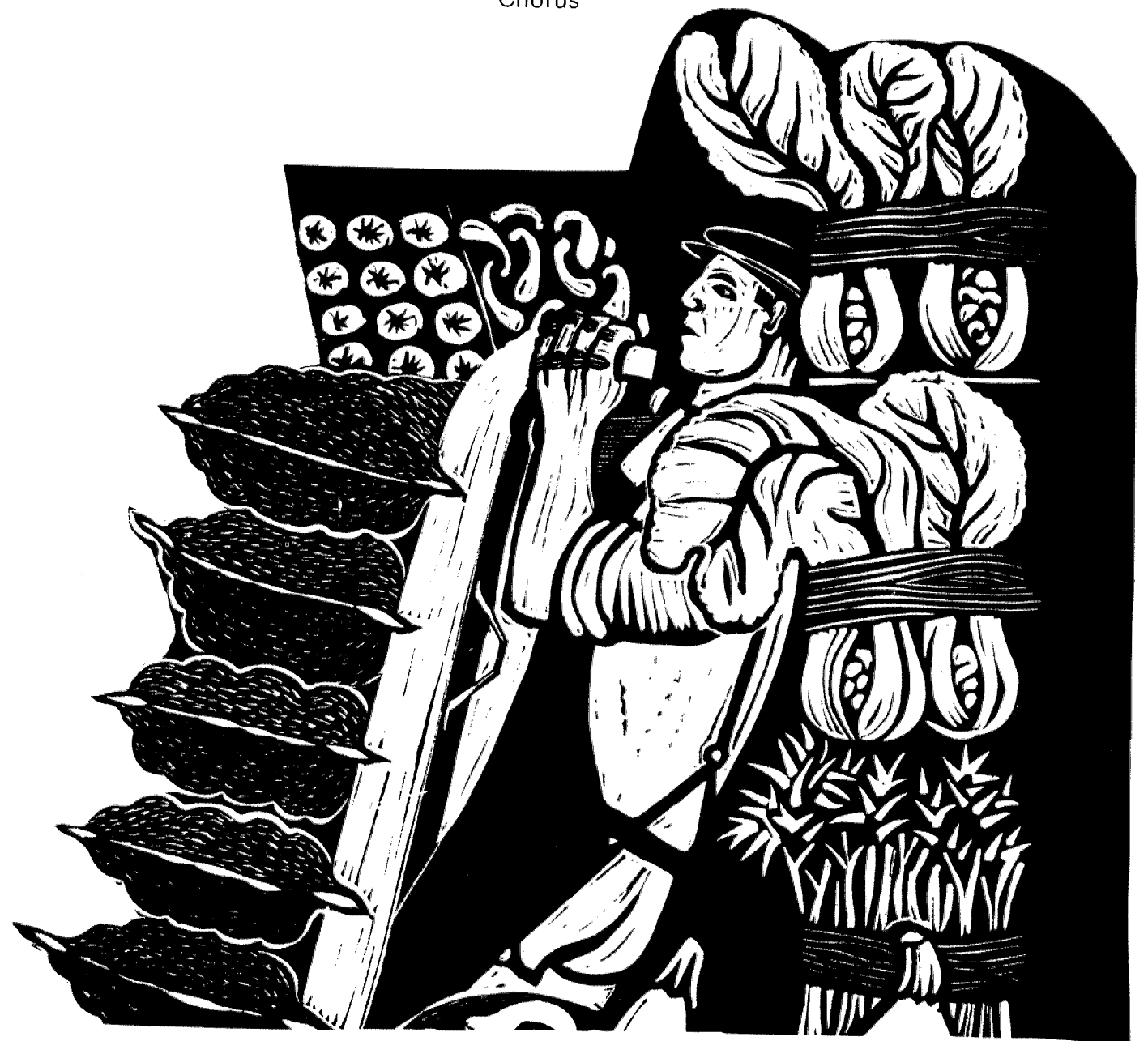
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On Monday I rail at my kinfolk,
 On Tuesday I'm gentle and good,
 On Wednesday I wonder, and count
 every blunder,
 And wish that I knew where I stood.

Chorus

If I could just peek at the record,
 I'd know if it's mucky or clean,
 I'd know if I'm destined for heaven
 or hell,
 Or to float like a bird in between.

Chorus



There'll Come A Time

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

G D

THERE'LL COME A TIME THE SMOG WILL BE SO THICK,

A⁷ D

WE'LL ALL HAVE TO WALK WITH A LONG WHITE WALK-ING STICK.

G D

BUT WE WON'T WALK ANY-HOW, WE'LL GO BY AIR,

A⁷ 3

AND THE HEL- I - COP-TERS WILL BE SO THICK WE WON'T GET AN - Y -

CHORUS D G

WHERE. THERE'LL COME A TIME, BE-LIEVE ME SON,

A⁷ D D.C.

AND WHEN THAT DAY IS HERE, I WILL BE GONE.

LAST CHORUS G

THERE'LL COME A TIME, WONT YOU BE PROUD, AND

A⁷

BY THAT TIME I'LL BE PLAY-ING AN UN-AMP-LI-FIED HARP ON AN

D

EIGHT - BENTH CENT-U- RY CLOUD.

Such adulteration will have hit the food,
You'll throw way the contents and eat the carton
if you want anything good.
And women will live on synthetic meals,
And they'll all be slender as synthetic eels.

Chorus

There'll come a time the kids will be so smart,
They'll be able to recite their own psychoanalysis by heart,
And they'll all be scientists by the time they're ten,
And thank the Lord I won't have any children then.

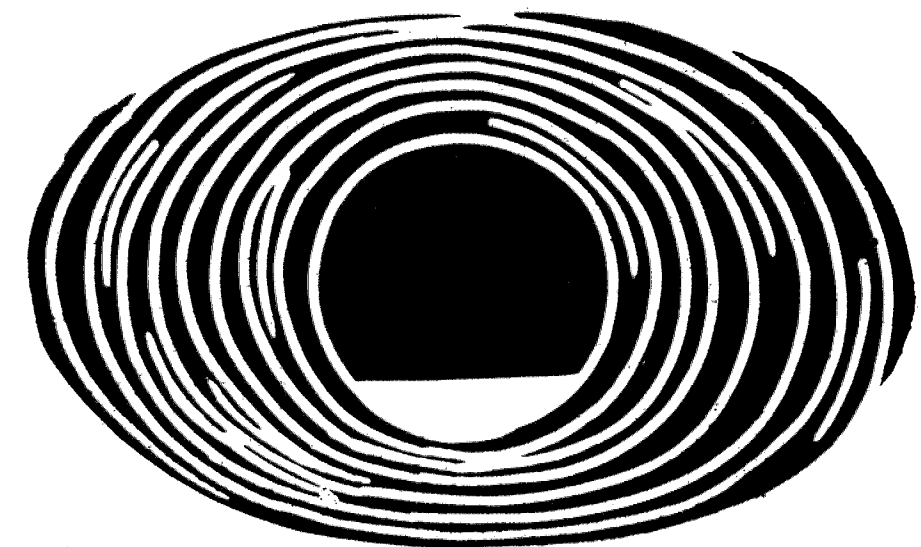
Chorus

The cities will be so overpopulated,
We'll all be buried from the same apartment house where
we were created,
And if you take a trip to the country somewhere,
You'll have to be inoculated against fresh air.

Chorus

There'll come a time we'll lose our walking feet,
And food will all be predigested so we won't have to eat,
And children will be made in test-tubes, so we won't have
to wed,
And thank God by that time I will be dead.

There'll come a time,
Won't you be proud,
And by that time I'll be playing an unamplified
harp on an eighteenth century cloud.



There's A Bottom Below

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

CHORUS

DO YOU THINK YOU'VE HIT BOT-TOM? DO YOU THINK YOU'VE HIT
BOT-TOM? OH NO. THERE'S A BOT-TOM BE - LOW.

VERSE

THERE'S A LOW BE-LOW THE LOW YOU KNOW. YOU
EV-ERY ONCE IN A-WHILE YOU'LL RISE AND GLOW, BUT
CAN'T I - MAG-INE HOW FAR YOU CAN GO DOWN.
THAT'S ON-LY SO THEY CAN LET YOU GO GO

You sit at a party
And watch the fun,
It don't touch you none
Cause you're off and gone,
Down.

Chorus

There's the nightmare kind
Where you fall and fall,
And you wake to find
You haven't been dreaming
At all.

Chorus

(Repeat first verse and chorus)

This House Is Your House

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

THIS HOUSE IS YOUR HOUSE, YOU CAN DO WHAT YOU WANT HERE.
YOU CAN SLEEP, YOU CAN EAT, YOU CAN TALK OR RE-TREAT, YOU CAN
SING YOU CAN LAUGH AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO ASK, THIS HOUSE IS
YOUR HOUSE. BID YOU GOD-SPEED, AND YOU KNOW WHERE I KEEP THE
KEY, THIS HOUSE IS YOUR HOUSE.

This house is your house.
You can do what you want here.
You can sprawl in a chair,
Run your hands through my hair,
Read a book, come or go,
Ask me things I don't know,
This house is your house.

This house is your house.
You can do what you want here.
It is cozy and good
And the hod's full of wood,
When you're ready to leave
I will bid you godspeed,
And you know where I keep the key,
This house is your house.



This World

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

BA-BY, I AIN'T A-FRAID TO DIE, IT'S JUST THAT I HATE TO
 SAY GOOD-BYE TO THIS WORLD, THIS WORLD, THIS WORLD.
 THIS OLD WORLD IS MEAN AND CUEL, BUT STILL I LOVE IT LIKE
 A FOOL, THIS WORLD, THIS WORLD, THIS WORLD.
 I'D RATHER GO TO THE COR-NER STORE, THAN JING HO-SAN-NAH ON THAT
 SOME-BO-DY ELSE WILL TAKE MY PLACE, SOME OTH-ER HANDS, SOME
 GOLD-EN SHORE, I'D RATHER LIVE ON PARK-ER STREET THAN
 OTH-ER FACE, SOME OTH-ER EYES WILL LOOK A-ROUND AND
 FLY A-ROUND WHERE THE AN-GELS MEET. OH THIS OLD WORLD IS ALL I KNOW,
 FIND THE THINGS I'VE NE-VER FOUND. DON'T WEEP FOR ME WHEN I AM GONE,
 IT'S DUST TO DUST WHEN I HAVE TO GO FROM THIS WORLD, THIS
 JUST KEEP THIS OLD WORLD ROLL-ING ON, THIS WORLD, THIS
 WORLD, THIS WORLD, THIS WORLD.

Tokyo Farewell

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

1. I TOURED JA-PAN IN SEV-EN O, BUT I DID-N'T
 2. THEY WERE MY BROTH-ERS ON THE WAY, WE JANG THE
 CARE TO SEE THE FAIR. KA-TOURED AND JANG WITH THE RO-MON CREW,
 LI-TIES EV-'RY DAY. MI-JO-SAN MADE THE
 FROM HOK-KAI-DO TO KYU-SHU. SPOT LIGHT
 GLOW. WE CALLED HIM JOE.
 3. GOOD-BYE TA-KA-ZA-WA-SAN, YAT-CHAN
 TAT-CHAN, JOON-KO-SAN. I CAME TOO LATE AND I HAVE TO GO,
 GOOD-BYE, JOE.

4. It isn't nice for mom to cry,
 So I will smile as I say goodbye,
 Flying away from Tokyo,
 Goodbye, Joe.

6. Little inn and big hotel,
 Fifteen minutes to the starting bell,
 Curtain's up and away we go,
 Goodbye, Joe.

5. Amplifiers and guitars
 In and out of a hundred cars,
 Green car fast and local slow,
 Goodbye, Joe.

7. Koriyama, Tochigi,
 Tsuruoka, Kitami,
 Osaka and Sapporo,
 Goodbye, Joe.



8. Goodbye, Takazawa-san,
 Yat-chan and Nobu-chan,
 Stage is cleared for another show,
 Goodbye, Joe.

Tungsten

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

CHORUS

TUNGS - TEN, WOLF - RAM, MAKES THE STEEL SO HARD. IT
 GOES THRU THE SIDE OF AN AR - MY TANK AS THO IT WERE A PA - PER CARD.
 IF YOU WANT TO RULE THE WORLD, NE - VER MIND WRONG OR RIGHT,
 ALL YOU GOT TO HAVE IS TUNGS - TEN WOLF - RAM - ITE. THERE'S

VERSE

1. ON - LY ONE THING IN ALL THIS WORLD HARD AS THE TUNGS - TEN STEEL,
 THAT'S THE HEART OF A FI - NAN - CIER WORK - ING ON A TUNGS - TEN DEAL.
 ON - LY ONE THING IN ALL THIS WORLD HARD AS THE TUNGS - TEN KIND, IT'S A
 DIP - LO - MAT WITH TUNGS - TEN ON HIS MIND.

- The air is full of heavy words
 All about democracy,
 And the boys they fight in many lands
 To keep the free world free,
 And the words have a beautiful ringing sound
 That keeps us all up tight,
 But the fact of the matter is tungsten
 wolframite.

Chorus

- Tungsten, wolfram,
 What a happy sound,
 Tungsten in stockpiles
 And underneath the ground,
 Tungsten in China,
 Sheelite in Malay,
 But there are no tungsten mines
 in the USA.

Chorus





Turn Around

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS
AND ALAN GREENE

WHERE ARE YOU GO-ING, MY LIT-TLE ONE, LIT-TLE ONE,
 WHERE ARE YOU GO-ING, MY LIT-TLE ONE, LIT-TLE ONE, LIT-TLE
 WHERE ARE YOU GO-ING, MY BA. BY MY OWN? TURN A-
 DIAN-DLS AND PET-TI-COATS, WHERE HAVE YOU GONE? TURN A-
 ROUND AND YOU'RE TWO, TURN A- ROUND AND YOU'RE FOUR, TURN A-
 ROUND AND YOU'RE TI - NY, TURN A- ROUND AND YOU'RE GROWN, TURN A-
 ROUND AND YOU'RE A YOUNG GIRL GO-ING OUT OF MY DOOR. TURN A-
 ROUND AND YOU'RE A YOUNG WIFE WITH BABES OF YOUR OWN. TURN A-
 ROUND, TURN A- ROUND, TURN A-
 ROUND, TURN A- ROUND, TURN A-
 ROUND AND YOU'RE A YOUNG GIRL GO-ING OUT OF MY DOOR.
 ROUND AND YOU'RE A YOUNG WIFE WITH - BABES OF YOUR OWN.



Uneasy Dreams

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

CHORUS

UN-EAS-Y DREAMS WHEN I CAN'T FIND YOU,
 YOU CATCH A TRAIN THAT PASS-ES ME BY,
 OR WE ARE LOST IN SOME BIG CI-TY,
 AND I CAN NOT FIND YOU THOUGH I HEAR YOU CRY.

VERSE

WHEN I A-WAKE, YOU'RE HERE BE-SIDE ME,
 YOU'RE IN MY ARMS WHERE YOU SHOULD BE.
 BUT WHEN I'M SLEEP-ING MY HEART IS WEEP-ING,
 WHAT CAN THEY MEAN, THOSE UN-EAS-Y DREAMS.

When I come home
 And you are waiting,
 I am so sure
 Your love is true,
 But when I'm sleeping
 That dream comes creeping,
 That tells me some day
 I'll be losing you.

Chorus

The Walker Outside

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

I AM UN-DER THE SKY, I'M THE ONE PASS-ING
 MY HOME'S ON MY BACK, MY BED'S IN MY
 BY, PACK. YOU DON'T HEAR ME OR SEE ME. I'M A
 OH YOU CO-ZY QUILT SLEEP-ERS, YOUR
 FLICK-ER OF NIGHT. BUT YOUR SLEEP IS UN-EAS-Y
 MAT-TRESS IS WIDE, BUT YOUR SLEEP IS UN-EAS-Y
 'CAUSE I'M WALK-ING OUT-SIDE.
 'CAUSE I'M WALK-ING OUT-SIDE.

I am thin and athirst
 To the depths of my soul,
 To the depths of my soul,
 But my brain it can reach you,
 And my hands they can touch you,
 And my fingers are cold.

(Repeat first verse)

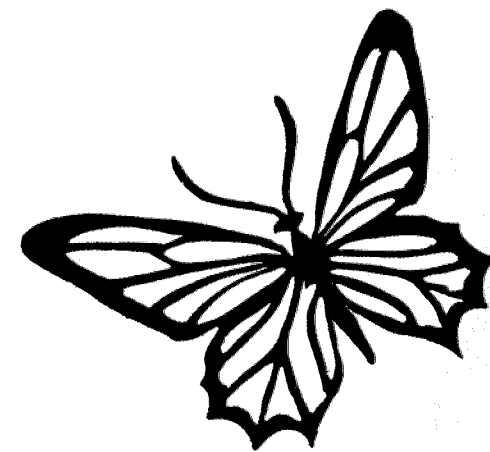


We Can Stop Here

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

WE CAN STOP HERE FOR A DAY OR TWO, THERE'S A
 MOUN-TAIN SPRING AND A VIEW A-CROSS THE HELL BE-LOW.
 THERE'S A STAND OF FIRS THAT IS STILL UN-CUT, SOME MEAD-OW GRASS AND A
 WOOD-EN HUT AND AN AP-LE TREE. WE CAN STOP HERE
 UN-TIL THEY DRIVE US OUT. IF WE JUST PRE-TEND WE ARE
 ON-LY FRIENDS AND IN-NO-CENT OF LOVE, WE CAN STAY HERE
 FOR A DAY OR TWO. WHEN THEY DIS-COV-ER WE
 KNOW EACH OTH-ER THEY'LL THROW US OUT OF THIS PLACE, THEY'LL SET TWO AN-GELS WITH

FLAM-ING SWORDS AT THE GATES. BUT UN-TIL THEY DO, FOR A
 DAY OR TWO, WE CAN STAY HERE BY OUR-SELVES. WE CAN STOP HERE
 BUT IT WON'T BE LONG, IT WON'T BE LONG BE-CAUSE
 E-DEN BE-LONGS TO SOME-BOD-Y ELSE.



We Hate To See Them Go

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

G D7 G G7 C
 LAST NIGHT I HAD A LOVE- LY DREAM. I SAW A BIG PA-RADE WITH

G A7 D7
 TICK-ER TAPE GA-LORE, AND MEN WERE MARCH-ING THERE THE LIKE I'D NE-VER SEEN BE-FORE. OH THE

LIVELY
 G Em7 A7 D7
 BANK-ERS AND THE DIP-LO-MATS ARE GO-ING IN THE AR-MY. OH

G Em7 A7 D7
 HAP- PY DAY! I'D GIVE MY PAY TO SEE THEM ON PA - RADE. THEIR

C G
 PAUNCH-ES AT AT- TEN-TION AND THEIR STRIP-ED PANTS AT EASE, THEY'VE

A7 D A7 D7
 GOT-TEN PAT-RI- OT- IC AND THEY'RE GO- ING OV- ER - SEAS. WE'LL

C G
 HAVE TO DO THE BEST WE CAN AND BRAVE- LY CAR-RY ON, SO

Em7 A7 D7 G
 WE'LL JUST KEEP THE LAD- DIES HERE TO MAN- AGE WHILE THEY'RE GONE.

CHORUS

G C G D7
 OH, OH, WE HATE TO SEE THEM GO, THE GEN-TLE-MEN OF DIS-

G D7 G
 TIC- TION IN THE AR - MY. THE

The bankers and the diplomats are going in the army,
 It seemed too bad to keep them from the wars they love to plan.
 We're all of us contented that they'll fight a dandy war,
 They don't need propaganda, they know what they're fighting for.
 They'll march away with dignity and in the best of form,
 And we'll just keep the laddies here to keep the lassies warm.
 Chorus

The bankers and the diplomats are going in the army,
 We're going to make things easy cause it's all so new and strange;
 We'll give them silver shovels when they have to dig a hole,
 And they can sing in harmony when answering the roll,
 They'll eat their old K-rations from a hand-embroidered box,
 And when they die, we'll bring them home, and bury them in Fort
 Knox.
 Chorus

The Whale

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

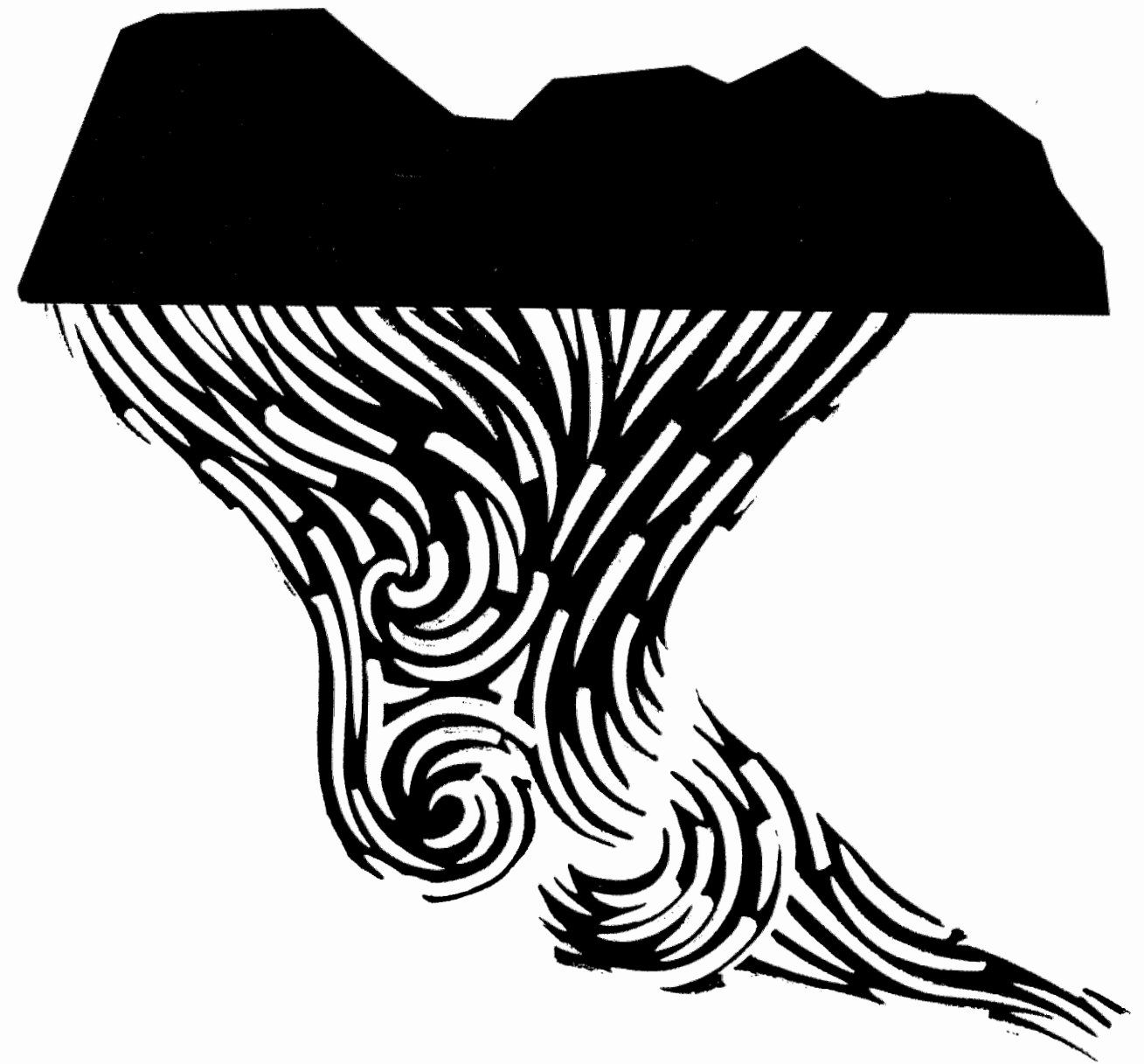
THE WHALE, THE WHALE, THE CI-TI-ZEN OF THE SEA, HE
 HAS THE RIGHT TO LIVE AND SO DOES SHE. ---
 --- IN THE O-CEAN, IN THE WILD, SHE MOVES PEACE-FUL WITH HER
 CHILD TILL THE HAR-POON WOUNDS HER YOUNG, AND SHE HOV-ERS TO PRO-
 TECT IT, AND SHE'S DONE.

The whale, the whale,
 The citizen of the sea,
 He sings his sonic song
 And so does she.
 He finds his mating ground
 Till the whaler tracks him down,
 Every quarter hour, they say,
 One great whale is done away,
 Done away.

The humpback and the blue,
 The bowhead and the right,
 Every quarter hour
 Day and night.
 Ocean creatures large and small,
 There was room enough for all,
 Till there came the rule of man,
 Now the gentle whale is dogmeat
 In the can.

The whale, the whale,
 Four millions used to be
 Their rightful population
 In the sea.
 Few thousands now remain
 And we harry them again,
 As the whale goes, and the dolphin,
 And the ocean, and the forest,
 So will we.

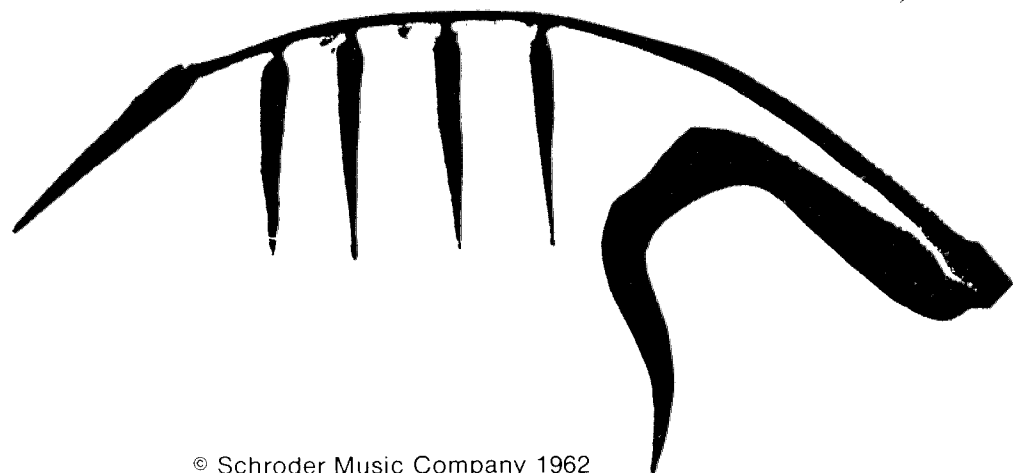
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What Have They Done to the Rain

MODERATE
WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

JUST A LIT-TLE RAIN FALLING ALL AROUND, THE GRASS LIFTS ITS HEAD TO THE
 JUST A LIT-TLE BREEZE OUT OF THE SKY, THE LEAVES PAT THEIR HANDS AS THE
 HEAV-EN- LY SOUND, JUST A LIT TLE RAIN, JUST A LIT-TLE RAIN,
 BREEZE BLOWN BY, JUST A LIT TLE BREEZE WITH SOME SMOKE IN ITS EYE,
 WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO THE RAIN? JUST A LIT-TLE BOY STANDING IN THE RAIN, THE
 GEN-TLE RAIN THAT FALLS FOR YEARS. AND THE GRASS IS GONE, THE
 BOY DIS-AP-PEARS, AND RAIN KEEPS FALLING LIKE HELP-LESS TEARS, AND
 WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO THE RAIN?



Wheels

BRIGHT
WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

SUN IS ROUND, MOON IS ROUND, AND A WHEEL WAS MADE TO ROLL. IT'S
 O-VER THE HILL AND DOWN, DOWN, AND SAT-IS-FY MY SOUL.
CHORUS
 WHEEL WAS MADE TO ROLL, ROLL, STAN-DING MADE FOR SQUARE,
 WHEEL WAS MADE TO ROLL, ROLL, CAR-RY ME EVE-RY-
 WHERE. CAR-RY ME EVE-RY - WHERE.



Paddle your feet along the street
 And over the grassy ground,
 Roll along and rolling sweet,
 And that's why the wheel is round.
 Chorus

Roll in the sun, roll in the rain,
 Roll in the wind and snow,
 Wheel was made to roll, roll,
 And I was made to go.
 Chorus

Bird flies in the sunny skies,
 Fish swims in the sea,
 I ride on the bumpety roll,
 Wheels were made for me.
 Chorus



World Gone Beautiful

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

I THE WORLD'S GONE BEAU-TI-FUL BE - CAUSE IT'S A-BOUT TO
 NEVER SAW SUCH HANDS FLEX-ING LIKE SIL-VER
 DIE. LEAVES, I NE-VER SAW SUCH FLOWER FACES OR SO IN-TENT A
 NEVER KNEW SUCH AIR, OR LEANED TO SO GOOD A
 SKY. BREEZE. I NEVER HEARD SUCH LINES FROM HORNS OR
 E-VEN THE TEARS I CRY, THEY AREN'T SALT BUT
 VI-O-LINS, OR SAW SUCH LA-VISH GIRLS, SUCH DAN-DY BOYS,
 CLEAR, FOR SEA BIRDS RID-ING THE WIND CALLING THEIR LAST,
 AND I KNOW WHY. IT'S THAT THE WORLD IS ASK-ING
 THEIR WILD GOOD-BYE. THE WORLD IS ASK-ING
 NOT TO DIE.
 NOT TO DIE.

I want to hold this world
 And never let it go,
 I want the sun to always rise
 On the kids next door.
 Whether I go or stay,
 That question still abides,
 Posed by rainbows in the river spray.
 What answer do you give
 A world that asks so bitterly to live?

You'll Be A Man

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

THEY'LL MAKE A MAN OF YOU, MY SON.
YOU'LL WEAR THE GREEN BE-RET AND ANSWER EV-'RY QUESTION WITH A
GUN. YOU'LL WEAR A UN-I-FORM, A SIG-NET ON YOUR
SLEEVE. YOU'LL HAVE A POW-ER THAT YOU NE-VER WOULD BE-LIEVE.
AND AN-Y PROB-LEM THAT YOU MEET, YOU'LL PUT A BUL-LET
THROUGH IT'S HEAD TILL EV-'RY-THING THAT MOVES IS DEAD.
WHEN YOUR TIME'S UP AND YOU'VE RE-TURNED,
THEY'LL TAKE YOUR GUN A-WAY BUT NOT THE TRICKS YOU'VE LEARNED.
YOU'LL WEAR A UN-I-FORM, THE NEAT CI-VIL-IAN BROWN,

YOUR HAIR THE PRO-PER CUT, THE PRO-PER PART OF TOWN,
AND AN-Y PROB-LEM THAT YOU MEET, YOU'LL STAMP IT
BLOOD-Y WITH YOUR FEET, OR ROLL IT IN BARBED WIRE AND
GET IT OFF THE STREET. AND AN-Y I-DEA THAT YOU
CAN-NOT COM-PRE-HEND, YOU'LL PUT THE HAND-GUFFS ON AND
THAT WILL BE THE END, AND AN-Y THING THAT GROWS YOU'LL
CO-VER WITH CE-MENT. THEY'LL MAKE A
MAN OF YOU, MY SON.

If You Love Me

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

IF YOU LOVE ME, IF YOU LOVE, LOVE, LOVE ME
 PLANT A ROSE FOR ME AND IF YOU THINK YOU'LL LOVE ME FOR A
 LONG, LONG TIME, PLANT AN APPLE TREE. THE SUN WILL SHINE, THE
 WIND WILL BLOW, THE RAIN WILL FALL AND THE TREE WILL GROW, AND
 WHETHER YOU COMES OR WHETHER YOU GOES I'LL HAVE AN APPLE AND
 I'LL HAVE A ROSE LOVELY TO BITE AND NICE TO MY NOSE AND
 EVERY JUICY NIBBLE WILL BE A SWEET RE-MINDER OF THE
 TIME YOU LOVED ME AND PLANTED A ROSE FOR ME,
 AND AN APPLE TREE.

Look On the Sunny Side

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE, SU-GAR'S GO - IN UP,
 SUGAR IT WILL POI-SON YOU, DON'T PUT IT IN YOUR CUP, LAY
 OFF THE SO - DA POP. DON'T DRINK THOSE CO - LAS, THEY'LL
 EAT A - WAY YOUR MO-LARS AND THE GOOBLIES AND THE TWINKIES WILL
 PUT YOU ON THE BLINKIES, PASS THEM BY, AL - SO THE PIE.
CHORUS
 LOOK ON THE SUNNY SIDE, THE SUNNY HONEY
 FUNNY BUNNY SIDE.

Look on the sunny side,
 Gas is out of sight.
 Gasoline it fouls the air
 And dims the heavenly light,
 The blossoms get the blight.
 You'll do much better hiking it,
 Streaking it or biking it.
 If an auto is required
 On the job where you've been hired,
 Stay at home,
 Tell em you're tired.

Chorus

Look on the sunny side,
 Your old man left you flat.
 Your old man was a nuisance,
 He criticized your cat,
 He wore your favorite hat.
 When you felt like you were dyin
 He'd split and leave you cryin,
 When you did not need him there,
 He'd be crawlin in your hair,
 Pass him by,
 Also the pie.

Chorus

Carolina Cotton Mill Song

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

OH I LOVE TO GET IN - TO MY CLEAN BED WITH ITS
 SHEETS SO FAIR AND WHITE, AND WHEN I AM IN MY CLEAN BED, I
 SLEEP THRU MOST THE NIGHT, AND MY DREAMS ARE HARD - LY
 TROUBLED BY THE WORRY - ING OF MY MIND FOR THE WORKERS WHO DIE OF THE
 BROWN LUNG IN THE MILLS OF CAR - O - LINE. OH THE MYS - TI - CAL
 PEO - PLE, THEY THINK THEY ARE WISE, WITH THE SMOOTH ON THEIR
 FA - CES AND STARS IN THEIR EYES, BUT THE TRUTHS OF THIS
 SYS - TEM ARE SPOK - EN AND SUNG BY THE WORK - ERS WHO
 BEAR THE BROWN LUNG.

Oh it's Burlington and Cannon
 And the names we wives know well,
 Who advertise the sheets and towels
 And give us the old soft sell,
 And they'd rather buy the government men
 With promotions here and there,
 Than pay out company profits
 For to clean the cotton mill air.

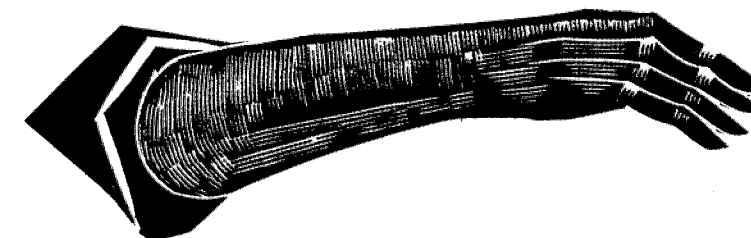
Chorus

Oh some people talk of the yin and yang
 And walk in a karma daze,
 As though the influence of the stars
 Could change mill owners ways,
 But the people who work in the cotton mills
 They know how the world is run,
 And they need some help of an earthly kind
 To live their time in the sun.

Chorus

Oh the mystics they wear the blue jeans
 But their heads are in the stars,
 For they do not know how the denim is made
 Nor the years of workers' wars.
 And my place is not in an ivory tower
 Or seeking some power divine,
 But it's out on the bricks with the union folks
 At the mills in Caroline.

Chorus



The Little Mouse

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

A LITTLE MOUSE GOT IN - TO THE WIRES AT THE CENTRAL

CLEAR - ING HOUSE IN BUE - NOS AIR - ES

ONE LITTLE MOUSE SHORT CIRCUIT - ED

THE COM - PU - TERS, SAYS A PRESS DIS - PATCH FROM REUTERS

HOO - RAY FOR THE LITTLE MOUSE, THAT

MUCKED UP THE CLEARING HOUSE, AND THREW THE STOCK EX - CHANGE

IN A SPIN AND MADE THE BANKERS CRY. SO

MUCH FOR THE E - LEC - TRONIC BRAINS, THAT RUN THE WORLD OF BANKS AND AER - O

PLANES, AND IF ONE LITTLE MOUSE CAN SET THEM ALL A - WRY,

WHY NOT YOU AND I ?

(SPOKEN)

Then there was another item in the papers
About a bank's computers
That messed up the accounts
So the farmer's checks all bounced,
So his business fell apart
And it nearly broke his heart.
So he took the bank to court,
And they gave him an award
Of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.
The bank appealed and on due consideration
The higher court doubled the compensation.

SO IF A COM - PUT - ER DOES IT TO YOU, YOU CAN

SUE, OR CHEW THE WI - RES THROUGH.

San Francisco Chronicle Wed., July 7, 1976

Mouse Holds Up All the Banks

Buenos Aires

A mouse, loose in the Central Clearing House, nibbled through a computer cable yesterday, causing a short-circuit that paralyzed check clearing operations for Buenos Aires banks and stock exchange.

Reuters

Mario's Duck

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

MAR - I - O HAD A LIT - TLE PET DUCK, THEY
 COULD - N'T AF - FORD A DOG OR A CAT, BUT A
 DUCK NEEDS ON - LY SCRAPS TO EAT, THOUGH
 SCRAPS WERE THE FAMI - LY'S PRIN - CI - PAL
 MEAT. MAR - I - O'S
 FATH - ER WAS GOD KNOWS WHERE.
 AFTER A DRUNK HE WOULD STAG - GER IN,
 OUT OF WORK AND IN DESPAIR,
 TO BROOD AND CURSE AND BE GONE A - GAIN.

Mother washed fine clothes every day
 For the rich people, for little pay,
 Seven kids she raised alone,
 And Mario was the youngest one.
 This was in Chile some years ago
 When the people were poor as they are now.
 Allende tried to change things around
 But the CIA's Junta shot him down.

The story that I am telling you
 Happened in Chile a while ago,
 Mario walking a dusty road
 Looking for rags or a scrap of food.
 But there as he walked along his way
 Somebody's duck that had gone astray
 Followed him down around the bend
 And took the boy for his brother and friend.

The farmer laughed and let him go,
 But Mario's mother said, "Oh no!
 We can't afford pets in the barrio."
 "I'll find him his food," said Mario.
 Everyone smiled at the funny two,
 The little duck went where the boy would go,
 They played all day by the cabin door
 And slept on the pallet on the floor.

As if there weren't troubles to spare,
 Alicia gets pregnant, Alicia the Fair,
 And how can they marry with no place to go?
 There are no more rooms in the barrio.
 But mama manages everything,
 A wedding dress and a wedding ring.
 Two satin sheets that got lost somehow
 In the washing, become the wedding gown.

The wedding ring is a silver band
 That once graced Mamacita's hand,
 And a room is made out of boards and tin
 Built onto the hut that they all lived in.
 The wedding bouquet was Mario's find,
 Field flowers of every kind,
 Pretty and bright and arranged with taste
 To hide Alicia's swelling waist.

And what did they have for the wedding feast,
 For the bride and the guests and the village priest?
 It was Mario's duck, with the feathers gone,
 Crowning the table, roasted brown!
 What a strange wedding they had that day,
 Eating and drinking and all so gay,
 And Mario, crying, up in the tree
 Throwing rocks at the company.



Patchwork of Dreams

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

F^7

B^b C B^b

A PATCHWORK OF DREAMS WILL BE MY CO-VER, A

B^b F^7 Gmi G^b

PATCHWORK OF DREAMS WILL CO-VER ME O-VER, 1. I'LL WALK THRU THE NIGHT WHERE THE
2. I'LL WALK BY THE WOODS AND THE

E^b F^7 B^b

MAD MOON BEAMS, AND MY COAT IS A PATCHWORK OF DREAMS.
MOUN-TAIN STREAMS, AND MY COAT IS A PATCHWORK OF DREAMS.

Cmi^7 B^b F^7

PATCHWORK OF DREAMS SO EER-I-LY SHINING. TIME IS ITS CLOTH AND

B^b Cmi^7 B^b

HOPE IS ITS LIN-ING, FASTENED TO-GETHER WITH EOS-SAMER SEAMS,

F^7 B^b

FINE IN ALL WEATHER MINE IN ALL WEATHER, PATCHWORK OF DREAMS.

FIN B^b F^7

1. A WHISPER OF LOVE FROM MY DREAM LO-VER, A
2. THE THREAD OF A SONG IN HAP-PY MEAS-URE, THE

B^b Cmi

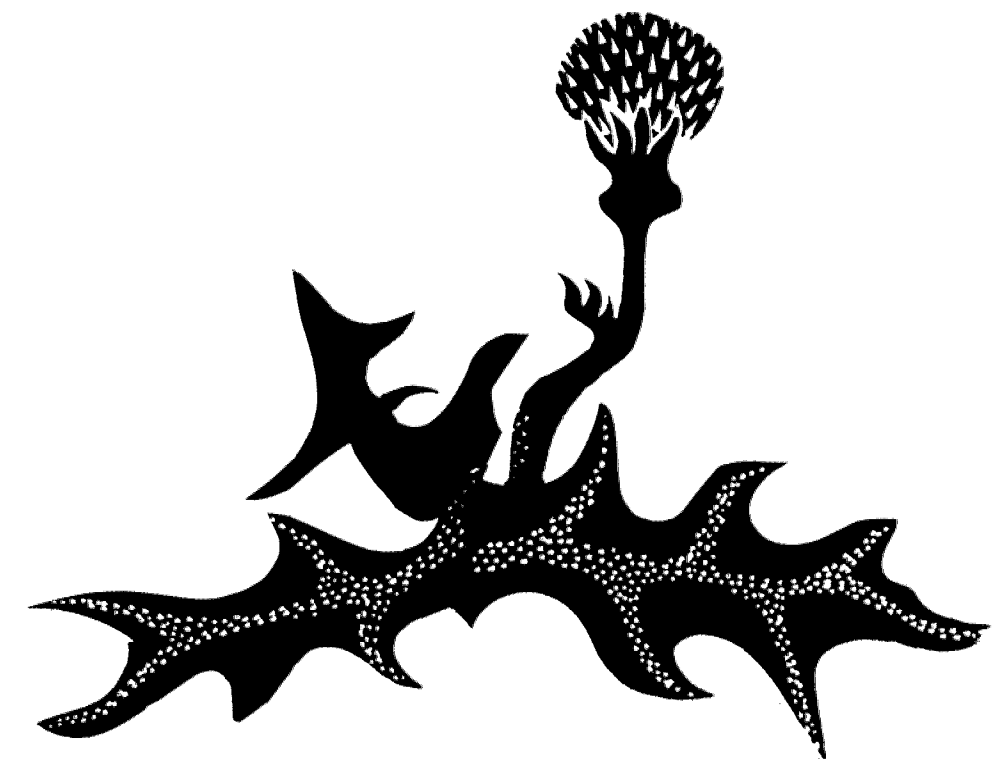
KISS FROM THE ONE I HAVE YET TO DIS-CO-VER, THE
BLOOM OF A SMILE, MY SPE-CIAL TREASURE, THE

B^b F^7

WARMTH OF A WISH THAT NEV-ER WAS GRANTED, A
HOPE OF A WORD THAT'S STILL UN-SPO-KEN, A

B^b F^7 **D.S.** F^7

ROSE FROM A GAR-DEN THAT NE-VER WAS PLANTED, A
PRO-MISE NOT MADE SO NE-VER BROK-EN, A



We Don't Need the Men

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

FREELY

IT SAYS IN CORONET MAGAZINE, JUNE NINETEEN FIFTY SIX, PAGE TEN, THAT
MARRIED WOMEN ARE NOT AS HAPPY AS WOMEN WHO HAVE NO MEN.

MARRIED WOMEN ARE CRANK-Y, FRUS-TRA-TED AND DIS-GUST-ED, WHILE
SINGLE WOMEN ARE BRIGHT AND GAY, CRE-A-TIVE AND WELL AD-JUST-ED.

VERSE RHYTHMIC

WE DON'T NEED THE MEN, WE DON'T NEED THE MEN WE DON'T NEED TO
HAVE THEM ROUND EX-CEPT FOR NOW AND THEN. THEY CAN COME TO
SEE US WHEN WE NEED TO MOVE THE PIAN-O, OTHER-WISE THEY CAN
STAY AT HOME AND READ A-BOUT THE WHITE SOX. WE DON'T CARE A-

-BOUT THEM, WE CAN DO WITH-OUT THEM, THEY'LL LOOK CUTE IN A
BATH-ING SUIT ON A BILL-BOARD IN MAN-HAT-TAN.

We don't need the men,
We don't need the men,
We don't need to have them round
Except for now and then.
They can come to see us
When they have tickets for the symphony,
Otherwise they can stay at home
And play a game of pinocle.
We don't care about them,
We can do without them,
They'll look cute in a bathing suit
On a billboard in Wisconsin.

We don't need the men,
We don't need the men,
We don't need to have them round
Except for now and then.
They can come to see us
When they're feeling pleasant and agreeable,
Otherwise they can stay at home
And holler at the T.V. programs.
We don't care about them,
We can do without them,
They'll look cute in a bathing suit
On a billboard in Madagascar.

We don't need the men,
We don't need the men,
We don't need to have them round
Except for now and then.
They can come to see us
When they're all dressed up with a suit on,
Otherwise they can stay at home
(spoken) And drop towels in their own bathroom.
We don't care about them,
We can do without them,
They'll look cute in a bathing suit
On a billboard in Tierra del Fuego.

World In Their Pocket

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

CHORUS

THEY'VE GOT THE WORLD IN THEIR POCK-ET, POCK-ET, POCK-ET,
 POCK-ET, THEY'VE GOT THE WORLD IN THEIR POCK-ET, AND THEY'RE
 UP THERE IN CON-TRO-O-OL. THEY'VE GOT THE WORLD IN THEIR
 POCK-ET, THEY CAN SHAKE IT, THEY CAN ROCK IT, THEY CAN KICK IT FOR A
 GOAL. THEY'VE GOT THE WORLD IN THEIR POCK-ET, BUT THEIR

VERSE

POCK-ET'S GOT A HOLE. THERE'S IN-FLA-TION, AND POL-
 -LU-TION, EVERY-THING'S BEEN BOUGHT ON CREDIT IN THIS
 ROT-TEN IN-STI-TU-TION, AND THEY WASTE THE GENTLE PEOPLE CAUSE THE
 SYSTEM HAS NO SOUL, THEY'VE GOT THE WORLD IN THEIR POKET,

TACIT GUITAR

BUT THEIR POKET'S GOT A HOLE. THEY'VE GOT THE

LAST CHORUS

WORLD IN THEIR POCK-ET, POKET, POCK-ET,
 POCK-ET, THEY'RE GOT THE WORLD IN THEIR POCK-ET, AND THEY'RE
 UP THERE IN CON-TR-O-OL. THEY'VE GOT THE WORLD IN THEIR
 POKET, BUT THEIR POKET'S GOT A HOLE.

Unemployment is their glory,
 If a million children starve
 Why that's an old familiar story,
 And there's rage and there's rebellion,
 And there's grief from pole to pole.
 They've got the world in their pocket,
 But their pocket's got a hole.

Chorus

Takes a war to keep them perking,
 And they have to bleed the world
 To keep their bloody system working,
 But the system's self-destructing
 While they play that gangster role,
 They've got the world in their pocket,
 But their pocket's got a hole.

Chorus

The Last Time

WORDS AND MUSIC BY MALVINA REYNOLDS

THIS WILL BE THE LAST KISS AND THEN I'LL LEAVE YOU,
THIS WILL BE THE LAST SONG, THEN I STOP SINGING,
THIS WILL BE THE LAST DRINK, THEN I GO
THIS WILL BE THE LAST STEP, AND THEN I
DRY - - - . THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME I'LL SAY I'M
FLY - - - . THIS WILL BE THE LAST BREAD WE BREAK TO-
SOR - RY, THIS WILL BE THE LAST NIGHT AND THEN GOOD
GETH - ER, THIS WILL BE THE LAST NIGHT AND THEN GOOD
BYE. BYE. THE LAST TIME, THE VERY LAST TIME, MY
DAR - LING, TOM - MOR - ROW STARTS AN - O - THER WAY OF
LIV - ING, A CLEAN WHITE PAGE, A SPRING TIME NEW BE -
GIN - NING, TO - MORROW AND TO - MOR - ROW, AND
THIS IS THE VER - Y LAST TIME.

Notes and Comments

by Nancy Schimmel

BACKYARD BLUES Jack Lyon did sleep on a cot in the yard, because the guest room was full. When he came in for breakfast, Malvina had written some of the words. He put them to music, and they both added lyrics.

THE BALLAD OF ROBBAN'S FIRST RIDE Singers John Roberts and Tony Barrand are the John and Tony of this song, and the story is true.

THE BATTLE OF MAXTON FIELD is based on a 1958 news story that went nationwide.

THE CEMENT OCTOPUS Malvina sang this at a rally in Golden Gate Park to save the park from a proposed freeway. The freeway was stopped.

DADDY'S IN THE JAIL and **MRS. CLARA SULLIVAN'S LETTER** were based on actual letters to the editors of the Black Panther paper and a labor paper, respectively.

IT ISN'T NICE This is the true and original song—banned on radio in Japan in Japanese, but not banned in English.

THE LITTLE MOUSE Malvina didn't sing "mucked" but most singers wouldn't get the shock value she got out of singing what she did sing. Malvina sang the song for Suni Paz, who then wrote a new song in Spanish, "El Ratoncito," telling the same story. She recorded it on *Canciones Para el Recreo* (children's songs for the playground), Folkways FC 7850.

MARIO'S DUCK Malvina heard the story from a Chilean friend.

SING ALONG Malvina's first "hit"—she sang it at rallies for the 1948 Henry Wallace for President campaign. When she sang "I'm an awful nothing by myself," she was speaking politically, not personally, but singers not comfortable with that line could sing "I can change a tire by myself and change the world with you." (Men could sing "change a diaper.") She sang "why the heck" or "why the hell" depending on the audience.

WE CAN STOP HERE Inspired by news reports of campers being rousted out of the mountains behind Big Sur, California.

WE DON'T NEED THE MEN Yes, this was written in the '50's. Malvina updated it for the '70's by singing "when we've got a lot of dirty dishes" instead of "when we need to move the piano."

Celebrate my death for the good times I've had,
For the work that I've done and the friends that
I've made,
Celebrate my death, of whom it could be said,
"She was a working class woman, and a red."

My man was the best, a comrade and a friend,
Fighting on the good side to the very end,
My child was a darling, merry, strong and fine,
And all the world's children were mine.

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