



Høgskolen i Telemark

Teaching American and British Society using Music



Compiled by Ian Harkness

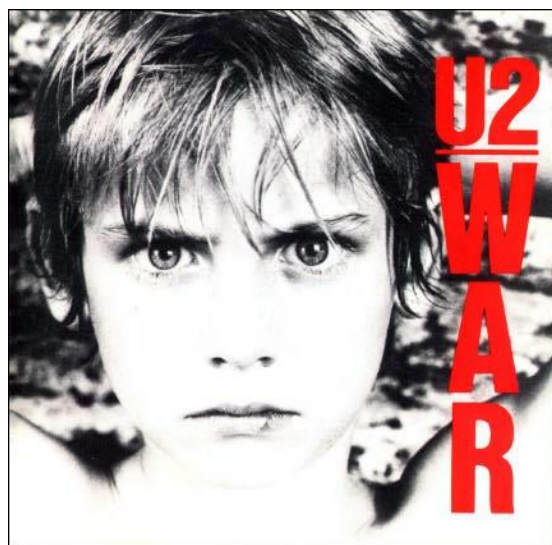
Compendium for Half-Year Course



**Avdeling for estetiske fag,
folkekultur og lærerutdanning**

Introduction

The popular and classical music of the English-speaking world often focuses on or reflects certain aspects of the cultures of the various countries and regions. The songs in this booklet, as well as others, may provide an ideal starting point for studying a variety of topics related to American and British society. These songs may interest both student teachers, and the students in secondary schools whom they will teach once they have completed their education. A song or piece of music may be an excellent way of starting off a civilisation lesson. For instance, what better way to start a lesson concerning the political struggle in Northern Ireland than to use U2's song, *Sunday, Bloody, Sunday*?



The Songs

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USA: *racism, segregation, civil rights and Vietnam War*

Strange Fruit by Billie Holiday



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

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

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

One of the most powerful protest songs of the 20th century, "Strange Fruit" is part of a long tradition of American protest music as old as the nation itself.

In harmony with the First Amendment's guarantee of freedom of speech, music has long been an expression of faith, freedom, peace and justice. Throughout American history, songs have cried out against inequality, poverty and war, and in support of workers, civil and human rights. The catalogue of protest music is vast.¹



Photograph from Bettmann/Corbis

¹ <http://www.pbs.org/independentlens/strangefruit/protest.html>

"Alabama" by Neil Young

Oh Alabama
The devil fools
with the best laid plan.
Swing low Alabama
You got spare change
You got to feel strange
And now the moment
is all that it meant.

Alabama, you got
the weight on your shoulders
That's breaking your back.
Your Cadillac
has got a wheel in the ditch
And a wheel on the track

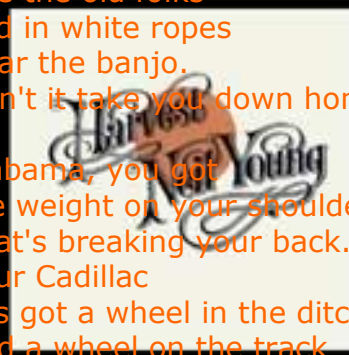
Oh Alabama
Banjos playing
through the broken glass
Windows down in Alabama.
See the old folks
tied in white ropes
Hear the banjo.
Don't it take you down home?

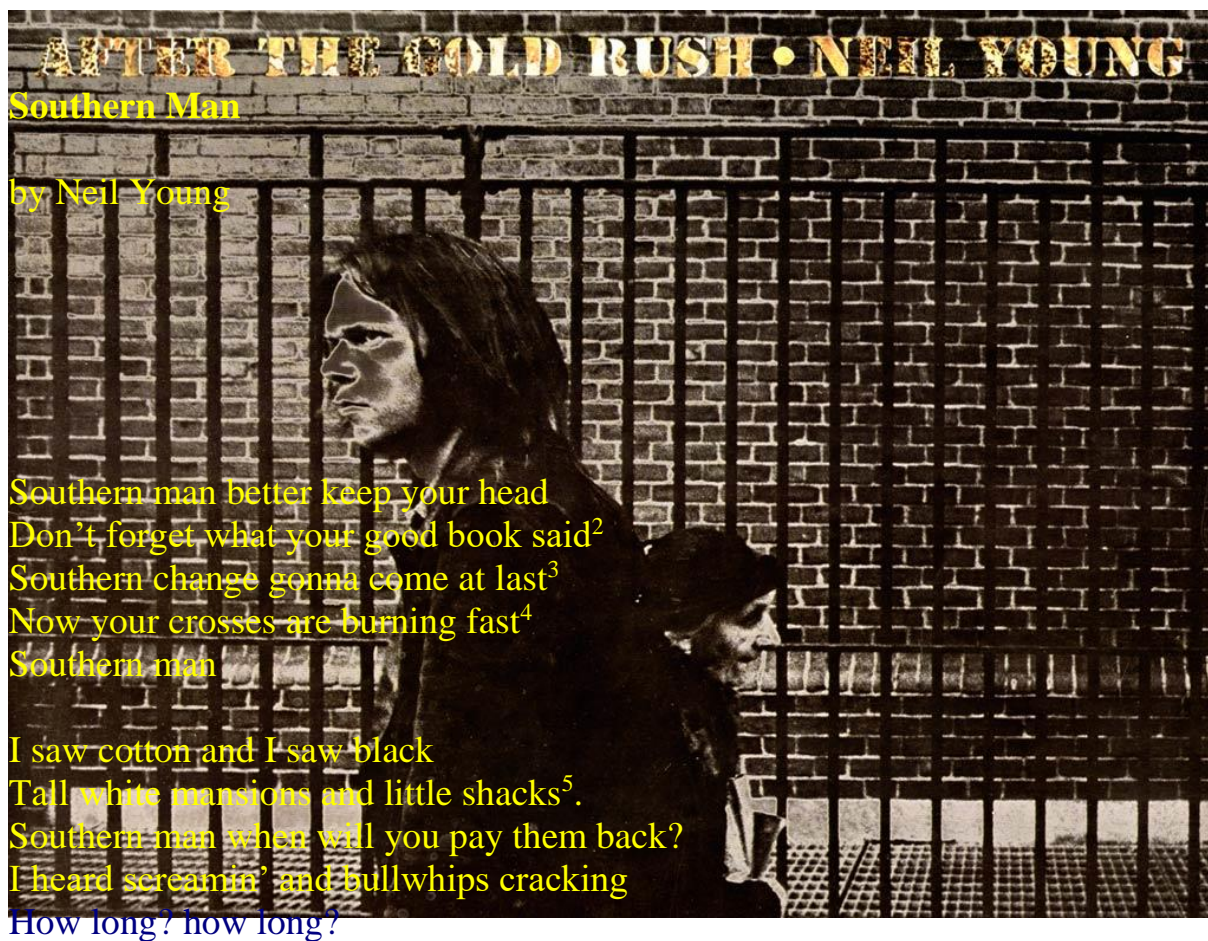
Alabama, you got
the weight on your shoulders
That's breaking your back.
Your Cadillac
has got a wheel in the ditch
And a wheel on the track

Oh Alabama.
Can I see you
and shake your hand
Make friends down in Alabama.
I'm from a new land
I come to you
and see all this ruin
What are you doing Alabama?
You got the rest of the union
to help you along
What's going wrong?

Neil Young Harvest

1. Out On The Weekend
 2. Harvest
 3. A Man Needs A Maid
 4. Heart Of Gold
 5. Are You Ready For
The Country
 6. Old Man
 7. There's A World
 8. Alabama
 9. The Needle And
The Damage Done
 10. Words
- (Between The Lines Of Age)





Southern man better keep your head
 Don't forget what your good book said
 Southern change gonna come at last
 Now your crosses are burning fast
 Southern man
 Lily belle⁶, your hair is golden brown
 I've seen your black man comin' round
 Swear by God I'm gonna cut him down!
 I heard screamin' and bullwhips cracking
 How long? how long?



² All women/men are equal in the eyes of God.

³ Refers to the civil rights movement of the 1960s. The album was released in 1970, and was a classic of the decade (1960s – early 1970s).

⁴ Crosses of the fundamentalist Christian terrorist movement the Ku Klux Klan.

⁵ The tall white mansions of the slave owners, and the little shacks of the slaves.

⁶ The final verse of *Southern Man*, "Lily Belle, your hair is golden brown, I've seen your black man comin' round, Swear by God I'm gonna cut him down!" is taken from the perspective of an actual Southern man talking to his daughter and is a satire of the ideals of the people of the Southern United States today. This verse deals with the prejudicial attitudes towards black people that the Southern people carry today from the time of slavery. This verse shows how absurd it is to have a hateful attitude towards someone because of the colour of their skin.
<http://hyperrust.org/Words/NeilUsesHistory.html>

Sweet Home Alabama by Lynyrd Skynyrd (1974)

Big wheels keep on turning
 Carry me home to see my kin
 Singing songs about the Southland
 I miss Alabamy once again
 And I think its a sin, yes.

Well I heard mister Young sing about her
 Well, I heard ole Neil put her down
 Well, I hope Neil Young will remember
 A Southern man don't need him around anyhow.

Sweet home Alabama
 Where the skies are so blue
 Sweet Home Alabama
 Lord, I'm coming home to you.

In Birmingham they love the governorⁱ boo, boo, boo.
 Now we all did what we could do.
 Now Watergate does not bother me
 Does your conscience bother you?
 Tell the truth.

Sweet home Alabama
 Where the skies are so blue
 Sweet Home Alabama
 Lord, I'm coming home to you
 Here I come Alabama

Now Muscle Shoals has got the Swampers⁷
 And they've been known to pick a song or two
 Lord they get me off so much
 They pick me up when I'm feeling blue
 Now how about you?

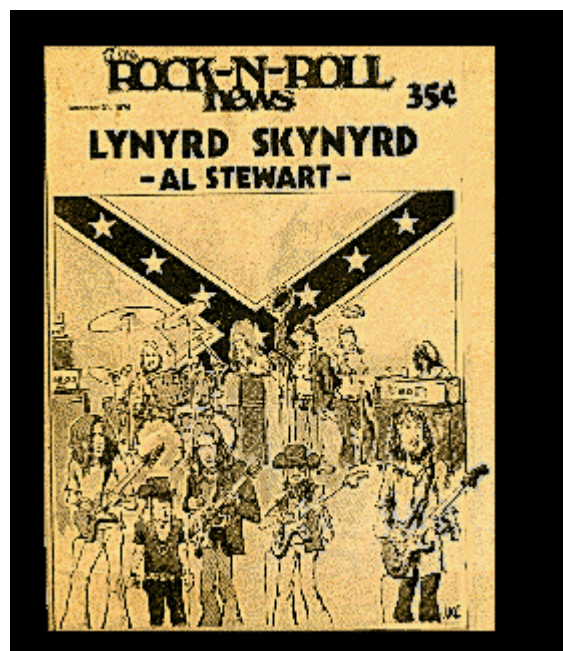
Sweet home Alabama
 Where the skies are so blue
 Sweet Home Alabama
 Lord, I'm coming home to you

Sweet home Alabama
 Oh sweet home baby
 Where the skies are so blue
 And the governor's true
 Sweet Home Alabama Lordy
 Lord, I'm coming home to you
 Yea, yea Montgomery's got the answer.

This song, *Sweet Home Alabama* by Rock n, Roll band Lynyrd Skynyrd expresses reactionary sentiments, and appears almost to be a cliché of the American South's bigotry. The song is a "response record" to the "anti-southern" songs by Neil Young, "*Southern Man*" and "*Alabama*". See also discussion on this "response record" on following website:

<http://www.thrasherswheat.org/jammmin/lynnyrd.htm>

It in turn has spawned some "response records", for instance by Bama Boyz and Eminem.



⁷ There is disagreement concerning whether the song is racist or not. The fact that the song seems to be dedicated to a music studio "Muscle Shoals" which recorded both white and black artists seems to undermine the view that the song is racist; see: <http://www.songfacts.com/detail.php?id=1702&>. The use of the Confederate Flag as a backdrop, however, was obviously aimed at attracting reactionary interest.

KFC's Sweet Home Alabama Ads Ignore The Racist Backdrop of the Song.



David Kiley

David Kiley

Music is an integral part of advertising, to be sure. Pick the right music and it can be a creative signature for years. United Airlines has done this with George Gershwin's "Rhapsody In Blue." But I would have liked to be in the room when the creatives at FCB, Chicago decided it was a good idea to use Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Sweet Home Alabama" for KFC. Using a song that has long been an anthem for defending the Confederacy to sell fried chicken? Am I the only one squirming and laughing at the same time?

Am I overstating this? You decide. Here's one verse of the song: "Well I heard Mister Young sing about her. Well, I heard ole Neil put her down. Well, I hope Neil Young will remember A southern man don't need him around anyhow."

This is a reference to Neil Young's "Southern Man." A stanza from that song, which tells of the changes coming for the Southerners whether they like it or not, goes: "Southern man better keep your head. Don't forget what your good book said. Southern change gonna come at last; Now your crosses are burning fast. Southern man."

Sweet Home continues: "Sweet home Alabama Oh sweet home baby. Where the skies are so blue; And the governor's true. Sweet home Alabama. Lordy Lord, I'm coming home to you. Yea, yea Montgomery's got the answer."

That Governor? He was George Wallace, who championed segregation of the races. For any clear thinking person, white or black, George Wallace was a bad guy. Not just a product of his generation and upbringing. He stood in front of the doors of a school, trying to keep black students out. He ordered up fire hoses to put down demonstrations. Go to any road house in Alabama, and on many a night you can still hear this song being belted out by folks clutching their long-neck bottles and throwing a salute to a Confederate flag.

Clipping the refrain from "Sweet Home Alabama," using it to sell fried chicken nationally, and ignoring the meaning and intent of the song seems pretty stupid. But hey, that's just me. Then again, aren't there some people complaining about Paul McCartney singing "Get Back" in the Super Bowl for this line: "Jojo left his home in Tucson, Arizona for some California grass." I just wonder if the same people fired up about "Get Back," or those who think Teletubbies and SpongeBob are promoting a gay agenda, will also complain about the use of a Southern Road House song rhapsodizing about the good ol' days of George Wallace to sell chicken and biscuits from Berkeley to Baton Rouge and every town in between.

http://www.businessweek.com/the_thread/brandnewday/archives/2005/02/kfcs_sweet_home.html

Sweet Home...Alabama⁸ by Bama Boyz

Keep chrome in the seat, homie watch yo mannerz
 I...cook beef when I cock the hammer
 Home of the wood, weed, rocks and gamblers
 And uh...aint nobody speakin' proper grammer down here
 Its deep, but the sound is clear
 We got freaks with the roundest rearz
 And the beats so sweet like a Swisher, got me clownin'
 here...HOLLA

Dear dollar come and bless my stack
 Come follow where the best is at
 We live hotter than the spot where ya pop got arrested at
 U will NOT want to mess with that...then slide
 Crimson Tide, rimz and ridez
 I blow limbz on the porch till I'm crimson fried

Them lied when they said B.A.M.A. boyz wasn't comin
 with the heat, so u better shake somethin'...break somethin'
 CHORUS

My state got weight on a thousand blocks
 Interstate 65, get around them cops
 Not about to stop, got a house to cop
 Clubs full of thick chicks with no blouse and tops
 Man the...South is hot like bowl of grits
 We ain't broke, big-shot...what you supposed to fix?
 So sick, throw rims on an old V-6
 And drop big-block Hemis in a oldie quick...BIOTCH
 Sittin in a Tonka Toy, slumped
 Pimped out willie wonka, boi...funk
 U ain't never got crunk before
 Until u tear the club down with the country boyz
 I pump noise in the club like two 18's
 Too late, break the scene if you ain't clean
 Go back and get yo ride painted
 It's pride aint it?
 334 to 205, so why taint it?

CHORUS

Bama chicks stay fly from head to toe
 Energized on so much jive, you'll neva know
 Lean out the ride, let it go...bet it fa' sho
 That everything from their eyes to their necks will roll
 Correct bro...so I'm a let ya know
 Whey trained to collect dough...undetactable
 Rest assured on that, keep her lip on wrap

And keep a SUPER tight grip on ya stack (You'll be ah-ight,
 tho)

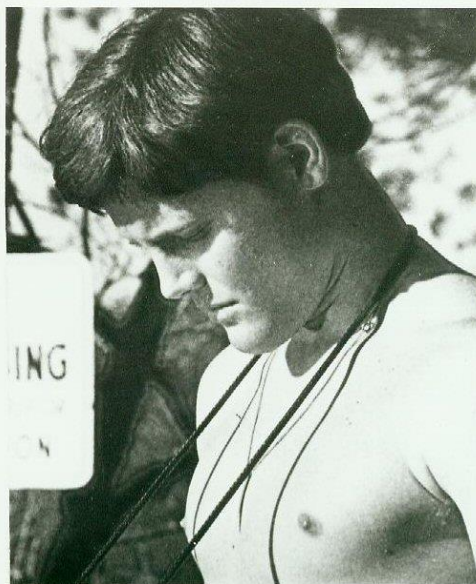
Its where the skies are blue...and the, wood is green and its
 fire too

Prior to what u though we the size of you
 with red dirt, red eyez, and ridaz too
 Hell no, u can't stop what we bout to do
 Wet like a rain drop on a mountain dew
 Bounce to what I spit and I'm bouncin' too
 I rep "A" to the grave, cause I'm down for YOU...B.A.M.A.
 CHORUS OUT

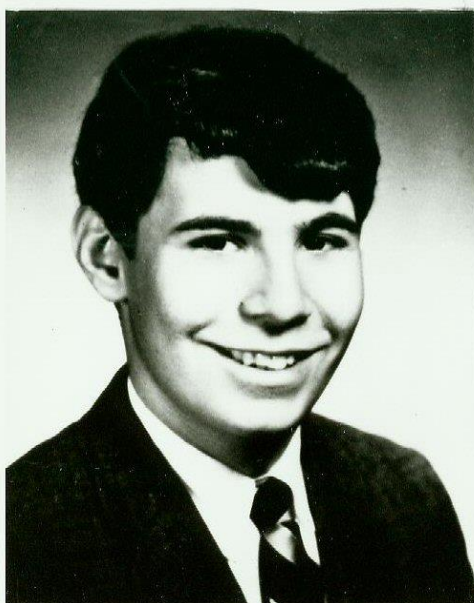
⁸ <http://www.lyricstalk.com/forum3/t11607/p3.html>



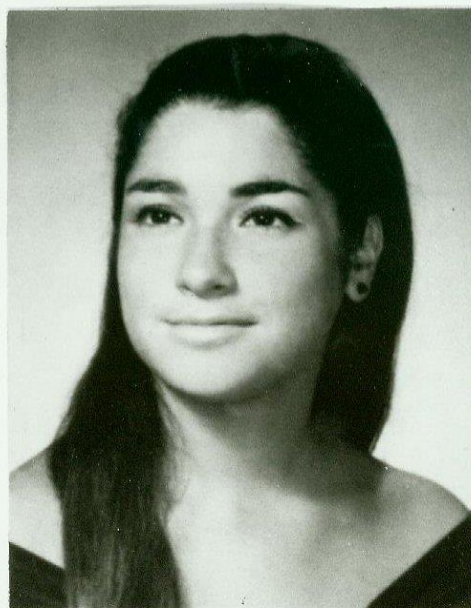
ALLISON B. KRAUSE



WILLIAM K. SCHROEDER



JEFFREY G. MILLER



SANDRA L. SCHEUER

“Ohio” lyrics by Neil Young

Tin soldiers and Nixon coming,
We're finally on our own.
This summer I hear the drumming,
Four dead in Ohio.

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

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

Tin soldiers and Nixon coming,
We're finally on our own.
This summer I hear the drumming,
Four dead in Ohio.

Vietnam War and Kent State Massacre

Immediately after the Kent State shooting (sometimes referred to as the "[Kent State Massacre](#)") on May 4, 1970, Neil Young composed the song "Ohio" after looking at photos appearing in Life magazine and then taking a walk in the woods. Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young went to the studio and recorded the song which was released to radio stations shortly after the killings. Soon, the lyrics "Four dead in Ohio" became an anthem to a generation. In some parts of the country, the song was banned from playlists because of its "anti-war" and "anti-Nixon" sentiments.

Four dead?! **Vietnam:** Small people-rich country in S-E Asia. Earlier French colony and during more than 20 years the arena for brutal aggression by USA, with imagined commie-threat as excuse. After 1-2 million dead Asians, destroyed economy and Agent Orange-poisoned soil, USA brought their troops back and "peace" was signed '73. One of the war's driving engines, Kissinger, was rewarded with Nobel's Peace Prize by a temporarily deranged Norwegian parliament-committee. (SEE: Eisenhower, Kennedy, Johnson LB, Nixon, Kissinger, USA). <http://ebean390.tripod.com/jerredict.html>

The present Washington gang are authentic American fundamentalists. They are the heirs of John Foster Dulles and Alan Dulles, the Baptist fanatics who, in the 1950s, ran the State Department and the CIA respectively, smashing reforming governments in country after country - Iran, Iraq, Guatemala - tearing up international agreements, such as the 1954 Geneva accords on Indochina, whose sabotage by John Foster Dulles led directly to the Vietnam war and five million dead. Declassified files now tell us the United States twice came within an ace of using nuclear weapons. <http://pilger.carlton.com/print/88462>

American youth during the 1960s and 1970s were politically aware, yet the focus then as now was on the number of American casualties. The number of civilians killed by American troops and the so-called 'insurgents' does not seem to hold any interest for the American Government.

Born In The U.S.A.

by Bruce Springsteen

Born down in a dead man's town
 The first kick I took was when I hit the ground
 You end up like a dog that's been beat too much
 'Til you spend half your life just covering up

[chorus:]

Born in the U.S.A.
 Born in the U.S.A.
 Born in the U.S.A.
 Born in the U.S.A.

I got in a little hometown jam
 And so they put a rifle in my hands
 Sent me off to Vietnam
 To go and kill the yellow man

[chorus]

Come back home to the refinery
 Hiring man says "Son if it was up to me"
 I go down to see the V.A. man
 He said "Son don't you understand"

[chorus]

I had a buddy at Khe Sahn
 Fighting off the Viet Cong
 They're still there, he's all gone
 He had a little girl in Saigon
 I got a picture of him in her arms

Down in the shadow of the penitentiary
 Out by the gas fires of the refinery
 I'm ten years down the road
 Nowhere to run, ain't got nowhere to go

I'm a long gone Daddy in the U.S.A.
 Born in the U.S.A.
 I'm a cool rocking Daddy in the U.S.A.



Born In The U.S.A.⁹

Bruce Springsteen

This song is about the plight of countless Vietnam Veterans as they struggle to adjust to civilian life while coping with the psychological and physical after-effects of war. Listeners, who focus their attention primarily on the title and chorus of the song, very often misinterpret it's meaning. Springsteen addresses this very issue in his 1998 book Songs, "In order to understand the song's intent, you needed to invest a certain amount of time and effort to absorb both the music and the words. But that's not the way a lot of people use pop music...I guess the same fate awaited Woody Guthrie's *This Land Is Your Land* around the campfire. But that didn't make me feel any better."

Springsteen also explained the origin of the title, "In 1981 director Paul Schrader sent me a script called Born in the U.S.A. He wanted me to come up with some music for the film. But the script sat on my writing table until one day I was singing a new song I was writing called *Vietnam*. I looked over and sang off the top of Paul's cover page, *I was born in the U.S.A.*"

As mentioned above, Woody Guthrie's song, *This Land Is Your Land* has been misunderstood by many who have interpreted the song as a celebration of America and the ideals of hope and freedom. In fact this song was a critique of American Capitalist society and written in response to Irving Berlin's *God Bless America* which Guthrie believed was exclusionary and represented extreme nationalism. Musician Steve Earle explained in an interview, "My generation grew up, everybody sang *This Land Is Your Land*, it's just some of us knew what it was about and others didn't. I happened to grow up knowing what it was about. But all the other kids I grew up with sang it in school the way Ronald Reagan quoted *Born in the USA*."

In 2004, Incubus's controversial song "Megalomaniac" joined the ranks of misinterpreted songs. The music video for this song, which includes a character that strongly resembles President George W. Bush, was deemed too controversial for prime time, and is rarely seen on MTV. While many have interpreted the message of this song as a direct attack on the Bush Administration and it's policies, lead singer Brandon Boyd explained, "When we wrote this song and did the video, in no way was it a lash out against George W. Bush...I was thinking specifically, in mind, about a person whose (identity) is inconsequential and, for lack of a better term, inappropriate. But I think that it's a beautiful thing that people have attached their own idea en masse to the song. It will probably go down in history as that anti-Bush rock song."

⁹ <http://www.wpe.com/~musici/bitusa.html>

Regardless of original intent, controversial songs play an important role when they encourage public discourse and help to stimulate meaningful discussion of significant political and social issues. Incubus singer Boyd also warns that our fundamental freedoms will be eroded and diminished when dissenting views are silenced through intimidation and censorship, "The people who are bashing human beings, American citizens, for their opinions, those are the most un-American people out there...When people start allowing that kind of behavior, that's when we start walking back into the dark ages...and if you're not exercising your basic rights, you're basically just handing them off to somebody else who will probably end up using them against you."

Source(s): Springsteen, Bruce, Songs. Avon Books, Inc., New York, ©1988.

Wilkins, Jason Moon, "Incubus Offers No Apologies", The Tennessean 10/02/04, Tennessean.com

Dansby, Andrew, "Mountain Man" - Steve Earle Interview, Rolling Stone, ©1999. RollingStone.com

Music and Lyric Resources:

bruce.springsteen.net: Bruce Springsteen

Bruce Springsteen Lyrics

Official Incubus Website

Incubus Online

Official Woody Guthrie Website

Steve Earle

Referenced and Related Works:

This Land Is Your Land

Freedom of Speech

Liberty Quotes

First Amendment

Sedition Act

Harry S. Truman's, "Don't Sign Petitions"

Margaret Chase Smith's, "Declaration of Conscience"

Incubus's "Megalomaniac"

"Incubus offers no apologies" - 10/2/04

"Three Amigo's" - El Guapo

Constructed Response Activity

Born In The U.S.A. (external link)

Megalomaniac Music Video (external link)

Woody Guthrie: this man is your myth, this man is my myth (external link)

Woody Guthrie and the Archive of American Folk Song: Correspondence, 1940-1950 (external link)

THIS LAND IS YOUR LAND¹⁰

words and music by Woody Guthrie

A popular folk song by Woody Guthrie “This Land is Your Land” has been sung by a number of artists in the last fifty years including Bruce Springsteen. The song was written in the 1930s during the depression, when millions of ‘landless Americans’ were out of work and destitute. It questions and reinforces the idea of America as representing equal opportunity for all its citizens. Woody Guthrie greatly influenced Bob Dylan.

Chorus:

This land is your land, this land is my land
From California, to the New York Island
From the redwood forest, to the gulf stream waters
This land was made for you and me

As I was walking a ribbon of highway
I saw above me an endless skyway
I saw below me a golden valley
This land was made for you and me

Chorus

I've roamed and rambled and I've followed my
footsteps
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me a voice was sounding
This land was made for you and me

Chorus

The sun comes shining as I was strolling
The wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
The fog was lifting a voice come chanting
This land was made for you and me

Chorus

As I was walkin' - I saw a sign there
And that sign said - no tress passin'
But on the other side it didn't say nothin!
Now that side was made for you and me!

Chorus

In the squares of the city - In the shadow of the steeple
Near the relief office - I see my people
And some are grumblin' and some are wonderin'
If this land's still made for you and me.

Chorus (2x)



¹⁰ As mentioned above, Woody Guthrie's song, This Land Is Your Land has been misunderstood by many who have interpreted the song as a celebration of America and the ideals of hope and freedom. In fact this song was a critique of American Capitalist society and written in response to Irving Berlin's God Bless America which Guthrie believed was exclusionary and represented extreme nationalism. Musician Steve Earle explained in an interview, "My generation grew up, everybody sang This Land Is Your Land, it's just some of us knew what it was about and others didn't. I happened to grow up knowing what it was about. But all the other kids I grew up with sang it in school the way Ronald Reagan quoted Born in the USA."

Present foreign policy – the invasion and occupation of Afghanistan and Iraq

Self Evident

by Ani di Franco

yes,
 us people are just poems
 we're 90% metaphor
 with a leanness of meaning
 approaching hyper-distillation
 and once upon a time
 we were moonshine
 rushing down the throat of a giraffe
 yes, rushing down the long hallway
 despite what the p.a. announcement says
 yes, rushing down the long stairs
 with the whiskey of eternity
 fermented and distilled
 to eighteen minutes
 burning down our throats
 down the hall
 down the stairs
 in a building so tall
 that it will always be there
 yes, it's part of a pair¹¹
 there on the bow of noah's ark
 the most prestigious couple
 just kickin back parked
 against a perfectly blue sky
 on a morning beatific
 in its indian summer breeze
 on the day that america
 fell to its knees
 after strutting around for a century
 without saying thank you
 or please¹²



and the shock was subsonic
 and the smoke was deafening
 between the setup and the punch line
 cuz we were all on time for work that day
 we all boarded that plane for to fly
 and then while the fires were raging
 we all climbed up on the windowsill
 and then we all held hands
 and jumped into the sky

¹¹ 9/11 catastrophe.

¹² Refers perhaps to how the USA has been able to wage war in other countries without any of violation to its own territory (except for Pearl Harbour).

and every borough looked up when it heard the first blast
 and then every dumb action movie was summarily surpassed¹³
 and the exodus uptown by foot and motorcar
 looked more like war than anything i've seen so far
 so far
 so far
 so fierce and ingenious
 a poetic specter so far gone
 that every jackass newscaster was struck dumb and stumbling
 over 'oh my god' and 'this is unbelievable' and on and on
 and i'll tell you what, while we're at it
 you can keep the pentagon
 keep the propaganda
 keep each and every tv
 that's been trying to convince me
 to participate
 in some prep school punk's plan to perpetuate retribution
 perpetuate retribution¹⁴
 even as the blue toxic smoke of our lesson in retribution
 is still hanging in the air
 and there's ash on our shoes
 and there's ash in our hair
 and there's a fine silt on every mantle
 from hell's kitchen to brooklyn
 and the streets are full of stories
 sudden twists and near misses
 and soon every open bar is crammed to the rafters
 with tales of narrowly averted disasters
 and the whiskey is flowin
 like never before
 as all over the country
 folks just shake their heads
 and pour

so here's a toast to all the folks who live in palestine
 afghanistan
 iraq

el salvador¹⁵

13 Ironically a number of movies had similar 'terrorist' plots to the 9/11 disaster..

14 The invasions of Iraq and Afghanistan.

15 The ploy has apparently been called the "Salvador option" after the strategy that was secretly employed by Ronald Reagan's administration to combat the leftist guerrilla insurgency in El Salvador in the early 1980s. In that instance, the US government backed "nationalist forces" that hunted down rebel leaders and their supporters. <http://www.guardian.co.uk/Iraq/Story/0,2763,1386819,00.html>

here's a toast to the folks living on the pine ridge reservation
under the stone cold gaze of mt. rushmore

here's a toast to all those nurses and doctors
who daily provide women with a choice
who stand down a threat the size of oklahoma city
just to listen to a young woman's voice

here's a toast to all the folks on death row right now
awaiting the executioner's guillotine
who are shackled there with dread and can only escape into their heads
to find peace in the form of a dream

cuz take away our playstations
and we are a third world nation
under the thumb of some blue blood royal son
who stole the oval office and that phony election
i mean
it don't take a weatherman
to look around and see the weather
jeb said he'd deliver florida, folks
and boy did he ever

and we hold these truths to be self evident:
#1 george w. bush is not president
#2 america is not a true democracy
#3 the media is not fooling me
cuz i am a poem heeding hyper-distillation
i've got no room for a lie so verbose
i'm looking out over my whole human family
and i'm raising my glass in a toast

here's to our last drink of fossil fuels
let us vow to get off of this sauce
shoo away the swarms of commuter planes
and find that train ticket we lost
cuz once upon a time the line followed the river
and peeked into all the backyards
and the laundry was waving

the graffiti was teasing us
from brick walls and bridges
we were rolling over ridges
through valleys
under stars
i dream of touring like duke ellington
in my own railroad car
i dream of waiting on the tall blonde wooden benches
in a grand station aglow with grace
and then standing out on the platform
and feeling the air on my face

give back the night its distant whistle
give the darkness back its soul
give the big oil companies the finger finally
and relearn how to rock-n-roll
yes, the lessons are all around us and a change is waiting there
so it's time to pick through the rubble, clean the streets
and clear the air
get our government to pull its big dick out of the sand
of someone else's desert
put it back in its pants
and quit the hypocritical chants of
freedom forever

cuz when one lone phone rang
in two thousand and one
at ten after nine
on nine one one
which is the number we all called
when that lone phone rang right off the wall
right off our desk and down the long hall
down the long stairs
in a building so tall
that the whole world turned
just to watch it fall

and while we're at it
remember the first time around?
the bomb?
the ryder truck?
the parking garage?
the princess that didn't even feel the pea?
remember joking around in our apartment on avenue D?

can you imagine how many paper coffee cups would have to change their design following a fantastical reversal of the new york skyline?!

it was a joke, of course
it was a joke
at the time
and that was just a few years ago
so let the record show
that the FBI was all over that case
that the plot was obvious and in everybody's face
and scoping that scene
religiously
the CIA
or is it KGB?
committing countless crimes against humanity
with this kind of eventuality
as its excuse
for abuse after expensive abuse
and it didn't have a clue
look, another window to see through
way up here
on the 104th floor
look
another key
another door
10% literal
90% metaphor
3000 some poems disguised as people
on an almost too perfect day
should be more than pawns
in some asshole's passion play
so now it's your job
and it's my job
to make it that way
to make sure they didn't die in vain
sshhhhhh....
baby listen
hear the train?

Romanticizing American Culture
"Route 66"

By Chuck Berry

Well if you ever plan to motor west
 Just take my way that's the highway that's
 the best
 Get your kicks on Route 66

Well it winds from Chicago to L.A.
 More than 2000 miles all the way
 Get your kicks on Route 66

Well goes from St. Louie down to Missouri
 Oklahoma city looks oh so pretty
 You'll see Amarillo and Gallup, New Mexico
 Flagstaff, Arizona don't forget Winona
 Kingman, Barstow, San Bernadino

Would you get hip to this kindly tip
 And go take that California trip
 Get your kicks on Route 66

Well goes from St. Louie down to Missouri
 Oklahoma city looks oh so pretty
 You'll see Amarillo and Gallup, New Mexico
 Flagstaff, Arizona don't forget Winona
 Kingman, Barstow, San Bernadino

Would you get hip to this kindly tip
 And go take that California trip
 Get your kicks on Route 66

There are countless other songs which romanticize American towns, cities and regions, such as Sweet Home Chicago, San Francisco Bay Blues, Chicago and Georgia on my Mind; the list is endless. "Route 66", has been recorded by a number of artists including, Chuck Berry, Nat King Cole and the Rolling Stones. It romanticizes the notion of the variation and vastness which America encompasses "more then 2000 miles all the way" and provides a kind of geographical introduction to the country.

It is also an early example of the Americanisation of British and European culture. It was impossible for young British people in the 1960s to have romantic notions about British towns and cities in the same way they might have of the American towns and cities described in the song. Many of the 'hits' in Britain from the 1950s-1970s included American place names, such as those mentioned above. This inability to imagine Britain as being 'cool' might be said to be an expression of the more attractive market and culture of the United States, which had the most dominant capitalist economy during the post-war period. However, the capitalist market became more global, and the USA began to 're-import' its own cultural products in re-manufactured and regurgitated form, primarily from Britain. The music of the Rolling Stones and the Beatles are examples of the latter. The Japanese are well known for taking the technical products of other countries, copying and improving on these products and then reselling them to the countries of origin, as they did in the car industry. The Rolling Stones' version of "Route 66" is definitely a musically re-hyped upbeat version of the American original. Although purists may prefer Chuck Berry's version, there is no doubting that the Stones metamorphised the song creating a more upbeat Rock and Roll song out of the 'original' version.

Other songs that 'celebrate' America are sometimes also sung by African Americans, such as "Living in America" by James Brown.



Living In America

James Brown

Yeah, uh! Get up, now! Ow! Knock out this!
Super highways, coast to coast, easy to get
anywhere

On the transcontinental overload, just slide
behind the wheel

How does it feel

When there's no destination - that's too far
And somewhere on the way, you might find out
who you are

Chorus:

Living in America - eye to eye, station to station

Living in America - hand to hand, across the
nation

Living in America - got to have a celebration

Rock my soul

Smokestack, fatback, many miles of railroad
track

All night radio, keep on runnin' through your
rock 'n' roll soul

All night diners keep you awake, hey, on black coffee and a hard roll

You might have to walk the fine line, you might take the hard line

But everybody's working overtime

(chorus)

I live in America, help me out, but I live in America, wait a minute

You might not be looking for the promised land, but you might find it anyway

Under one of those old familiar names

Like New Orleans (New Orleans), Detroit City (Detroit City), Dallas (Dallas)

Pittsburg P.A. (Pittsburg P.A.), New York City (New York City)

Kansas City (Kansas City), Atlanta (Atlanta), Chicago and L.A.

Living in America - hit me - living in America - yeah, I walk in and out

Living in America

I live in America - state lines, gonna make the prime, that

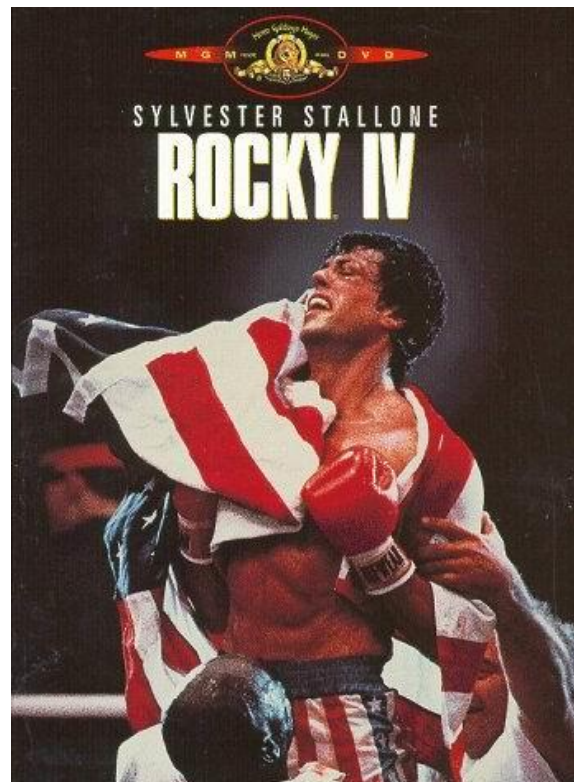
I live in America - hey, I know what it means, I

Living in America - Eddie Murphy, eat your heart out

Living in America - hit me, I said now, eye to eye, station to station

Living in America - so nice, with your bare self

Living in America - I feel good!



*Georgia on My Mind***Written by: Stuart Gorrell****Composed by: Hoagy
Carmichael**

Georgia, Georgia, the whole
day through
Just an old sweet song keeps
Georgia on my mind.
Georgia, Georgia, a song of you
Comes as sweet and clear as
moonlight through the pines.

Other arms reach out to me
Other eyes smile tenderly
Still in peaceful dreams I see
The road leads back to you.

Georgia, Georgia, no peace I
find
Just an old sweet song keeps
Georgia on my mind.

Melodies bring memories
That linger in my heart
Make me think of Georgia
Why did we ever part?

Some sweet day when blossoms fall
And all the world's a song
I'll go back to Georgia
'Cause that's where I belong.

'Georgia on My Mind' was sung by a number of artists, but the hit by Ray Charles in 1960 is the best known. Ray Charles was born in Georgia, and the lyrics of the song seem to be 'harmless' enough, but when sung by Ray Charles they express perhaps a deeper significance. He was reputed to have been banned from performing in Georgia, and was opposed to segregated seating at his concerts in that state. He received an official apology some years later and in 1979, the song became the official song of the state.



*British Empire***Britain and Ireland – “Sunday, Bloody, Sunday”^{iiiiiv} By U2**

I can't believe the news today
 Oh, I can't close my eyes
 And make it go away
 How long...
 How long must we sing this song?
 How long? How long...
 'cause tonight...we can be as one
 Tonight...

Broken bottles under children's feet
 Bodies strewn across the dead end street
 But I won't heed the battle call
 It puts my back up
 Puts my back up against the wall

Sunday, Bloody Sunday ...

And the battle's just begun
 There's many lost, but tell me who has won
 The trench is dug within our hearts
 And mothers, children, brothers, sisters
 Torn apart

Bloody Sunday ...

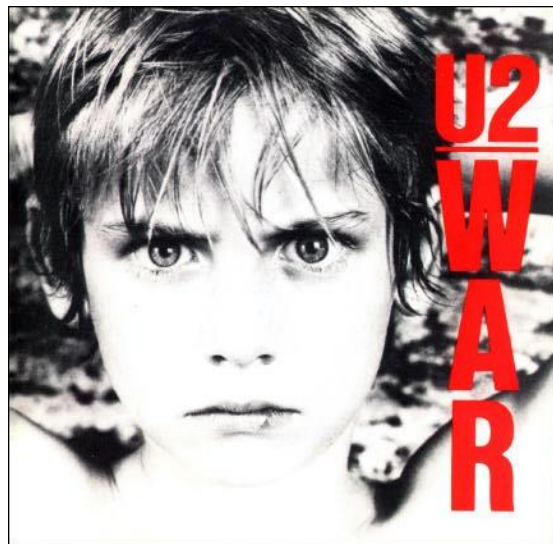
How long...
 How long must we sing this song?
 How long? How long...
 'cause tonight...we can be as one
 Tonight...tonight...

Sunday, Bloody Sunday ...

Wipe the tears from your eyes
 Wipe your tears away
 Oh, wipe your tears away
 Oh, wipe your tears away
 (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)
 Oh, wipe your blood shot eyes
 (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)

Sunday, Bloody Sunday (Sunday, Bloody
 Sunday)

And it's true we are immune
 When fact is fiction and TV reality
 And today the millions cry
 We eat and drink while tomorrow they die
 (Sunday, Bloody Sunday)
 The real battle just begun
 To claim the victory Jesus won
 On...
 Sunday Bloody Sunday



British Imperialistic Anthems
Rule Britannia and Land of Hope and Glory, and more

“Land of Hope and Glory”¹⁶

The music is Sir Edward Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance March No. 1 of 1902. During World War I, it was used as the theme for part of a poem by A. C. Benson (1862-1925) [the homosexual Catholic convert son of the Archbishop of Canterbury, if memory serves right], by the music hall star Marie Lloyd. It was immediately adopted as perhaps the second most sung national song after God Save the King. Perhaps the reason was that it can be sung with much more gusto.

Dear Land of Hope, thy hope is crowned.
 God make thee mightier yet!
 On Sov'ran brows, beloved, renowned,
 Once more thy crown is set.
 Thine equal laws, by Freedom gained,
 Have ruled thee well and long;
 By Freedom gained, by Truth maintained,
 Thine Empire shall be strong.

Land of Hope and Glory,
 Mother of the Free,
 How shall we extol thee,
 Who are born of thee?
 Wider still and wider
 Shall thy bounds be set;
 God, who made thee mighty,
 Make thee mightier yet.

Thy fame is ancient as the days,
 As Ocean large and wide:
 A pride that dares, and heeds not praise,
 A stern and silent pride:
 Not that false joy that dreams content
 With what our sires have won;
 The blood a hero sire hath spent
 Still nerves a hero son.

¹⁶ <http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/mod/rulebritannia.html#Land%20of%20Hope%20and%20Glory>

Rule Britannia

When Britain first, at heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose, arose, arose from out the azure main.
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang the strain.

Rule Britannia!
 Britannia rule the waves.
 Britons never, never, never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
 Must in their turn, must in their turn,
 To tyrants fall,
 While thou shall flourish,
 Shall flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke.
 More dreadful, more dreadful
 From each foreign stroke.
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame,
 All their attempts to bend thee down,
 All their attempts, all their attempts
 To bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy generous flame.
 But work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine,
 Thy cities shall, thy cities shall
 With commerce shine.
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine.

The muses still, with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair,
 Shall to thy happy coast,
 Thy happy coasts repair,
 Best isle of beauty,
 With matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Jerusalem

The melody from 1916 is by Charles Hubert Hastings Parry, (1848-1918) and was used for an old poem by William Blake 1757-1827. The entire hymn is always sung. It was especially associated with the Women's Institute and Labour Party conferences.

*Stuart Jeffries: [Beyond Jerusalem](#): an article on Hubert Parry as a composer [At The Guardian]

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the Holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?
And did the countenance divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark satanic mills.

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O Clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land!

i It wasn't till years later after leavin' the South for a while that I came to appreciate and understand the whole Skynyrd thing and its misunderstood glory. I left the South and learned how different people's perceptions of the Southern Thing was from what I'd seen in my life. Which leads us to George Wallace. Now Wallace was for all practical purposes the Governor of Alabama from 1962 until 1986. Once, when a law prevented him from succeeding himself he ran his wife Lerline in his place and she won by a landslide. He's most famous as the belligerent racist voice of the segregationist South. <http://fakecurtis.blogspot.com/2005/11/duality-of-south.html>

ii On January 30, 1972, soldiers from the British Army's 1st Parachute Regiment opened fire on unarmed and peaceful civilian demonstrators in the Bogside, Derry, Ireland, near the Rossville flats, killing 13 and wounding a number of others. One wounded man later died from illness attributed to that shooting. The march, which was called to protest internment, was "illegal" according to British government authorities. Internment without trial was introduced by the British government on August 9, 1971. The British-government-appointed Widgery Tribunal found soldiers were not guilty of shooting dead the 13 ci <http://larkspirit.com/bloodysunday/vilians> in cold blood.

iii Mural: <http://cain.ulst.ac.uk/bogsideartists/technique/bsunday2.htm>

iv The Mural: Title - 'In Memory of Bloody Sunday' (Bloody Sunday, 30 January 1972 - Mural 2)

Medium - Emulsions and acrylics

Size - 26ft x 28ft

This mural was painted in October 1997 to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Bloody Sunday Massacre. We were approached on this occasion by the Bloody Sunday Campaign for Justice committee. No stipulations as to how we would do it were given as it is well understood that The Bogside Artists always paint what they think is appropriate, as any worthwhile artist must.

The design is simple, the circle being the format we agreed on early in the design process as the one that would effectively encapsulate all fourteen portraits of the victims. The portraits were first of all done out on large pages after area calculations had been done on the appropriate size of circle and the total area coverage the faces would occupy if they were to be seen at their best. The faces were then strategically placed and drawn out, the youngest being given special prominence while the older faces surround them hinting at parental concern. The faces of the slain are surrounded by 14 oak leaves, one for each. The oak leaf is the symbol of Derry whose Irish name Doire means Oakgrove. The colour that is a shade of red proved to be the most precarious part as too loud or too chromatic would have had an effect opposite to what we intended. We wanted a red that was soft and mellow, sad in a word. The painting would be defined by its reference to "Bloody Sunday". We believe we achieved just that. In evening light with the sun shining directly on it, it can be unbearably moving.