

ROCK MUSIC

E to Z

SONG LYRICS

Titles in alphabetical order

LY-RK-P2-1

FAIRY TALES FROM HELL'S CAVES (EVA'S STARDUST)

Comp: Terry HORN ([Gothic](#))

Rts:

Tear and pain
rollin' down
while my caves find the light
I feel you try,
come with me...
if you want
to see my door
come inside
come through light
and lay your scythe
and see your death...

Hell and Dark...
Heaven and Light...
seen to be the way to...
save your soul
save your mind
it's not the blame
that wounds your pride
headlong, headlong, never mind...
you know why, I'm still waitin'
with my Gifts
fairy Tales and burnin' Love
in Caves of Hell
Hell
amid dust and howls of your dark pain
all your fears are screamin' aloud

Tears of pain
rollin' down
while my caves find the light...
if you want
to see my door...
come inside
come through the light
it's not the blame
that wounds your pride
headlong, headlong, never mind

headlong, headlong, never mind
never mind....

[Eva`s Stardust]
Coming from starway
now I see in the dark
feelin' in your heart
and know...
callin' your voice again
when inside my heart is gettin' cold
Come to it
for your bleedin' heart I pray
from my stormy clouds I put faith
in beauty
now rest my mind

LY-RK-P2-2

GET OUTTA MY CAVE

Comp: Scott McCaughey (Garage)

Rts: Macnor Music (BMI)

I got so sick an' tired of the city
Of stepping in dog shit
An' girls that dress (look) too pretty
Of parkin' my car in a tow-away zone
I got this idea to live alone.

I ditched the rat-race with a smile on my face
I poked around 'til I found just the right place
Now when people get nosey an' they stumble my way
I got somethin' that is simple to say –
CHORUS:

Get outta my cave (3X)

I've got a troubled home but I've still quite a few friends
They visit me once in a while an' that's where it ends
An' if they like it too much an' start beggin' to stay
I know exactly what I'm gonna say –
CHORUS
(Instrumental bridge)

Now people don't get to ask me
Why I let my hair grow so long
An' people don't get to tell me
Why I don't know right from wrong.

But I got my own world
An' I'm going to live in it
It's not an easy life
But I don't regret a single minute.

I'll stay here in the cool darkness
To my dying day
An' if you think I'm crazy
Here's what I have to say –
CHORUS (12x)
Get outta my cave.

LY-RK-P2-3

GUANA ROCK

Comp: Dave TURNER, Mike WHITE, Pip HANCOX, & Stuart OSBORNE (Punk)

Rts: Rockin' Music (BMI), 1983

- I. Well, we hang from the ceiling upside down
Well, a guana sees ya through a ugly frown;
We've got massive eyes through which we cannot see
Well, if I, ahh, wanna dance; well, I know it's good for me.

CHORUS:

I do the guana rock – the guana roll,
Well, the bat shit rhythm goes through your soul;
Yeah, the guana rock – the guana beat,
Well, then our boppin' music goes down a treat – Wooh !
The guana rock – the guana jive;
Well, all the bats start to come alive.

- II. We make wild screams as we do this dance;
You can oppositely be, but we'll say, "No thanks."
We'll stomp on the ceiling, an' flap our wings;
Well, we'll all go mad as the family that sings.

CHORUS

We do the guana rock ...

- III. Well, if you wanna join us, you can enter our cave,
You can do the guana too, but you better behave;
Our place may be down, it may not be well lit,
But we're findin' with our senses smellin' – an' cover you with shit.

CHORUS

(Instrumental bridge)

LY-RK-P2-4

HOMMES DES CAVERNES MODERNES

Comp: (?) (Punk)

Rts:

Le jour où le mal, du bien sera l'égal
Quand les mauvais garçons ne seront plus que des garçons
Les filles de mauvaise vie plus que d'adorables salopes:
Nous vouloir tous devenir hommes des cavernes modernes!
Nous tous vouloir devenir hommes des cavernes modernes!

Vivre de camps en camps en hommage aux nomades
De pillages en pillages en hommage a la rage
Et d'orgies en orgies pour bafouer tout les hommages:
Nous vouloir tous devenir hommes des cavernes modernes!
Nous tous vouloir devenir hommes des cavernes modernes!

Souvent nous chancelons sous les coups de la passion
Et souvent nous vibrons jusqu'au bout de nos fibres
Quelques gorgées d'alcool pour nous donner la pulsation:
Nous vouloir tous devenir hommes des cavernes modernes!
Nous tous vouloir devenir hommes des cavernes modernes!

Nous ne vivons pas en cadence mais nous vivons en rythme
Nous martelons en rythme le sol du monde
Et nous scandons en rythme la même incantation:

Nous vouloir tous devenir hommes des cavernes modernes!
Nous tous vouloir devenir hommes des cavernes modernes!

Oui nous scandons en rythme la même incantation
Plus de chefs plus de flics plus de curés et plus d'armées:
Nous vouloir tous devenir hommes des cavernes!

LY-RK-P2-5

HOMO ERECTUS (REIN IN DIE HÖHLE)

Comp: Rudolf MÜSSIG & C. LEIS-BENDORFF (Pop Rock)

Des Ganze hat sein´ Ursprung anno dazumal
A Typ rennt keuleschwingend durchs Neanderthal
Da wird sei´ finstere Miene plötzlich strahlend hell
Denn vor ihm steht a Tussi im feinst´n Mammutfell
Is des Red´n zu der Zeit a no recht primitiv
Was der Kerl im Schilde führt, des spürt sie instinktiv.

Rein in die Höhle
Wo das Feuer brennt
Weil der Homo Erectus
Sich nach Wärme sehnt
Rein in die Höhle
A steinzeitalter Hut
So wird's a immer bleib'n
Denn so isses gut
Scho lang bevor's des Rad erfund's ham
Hat der Mensch entdeckt, wie ma lieb'n kann.

Hunderttausend Jahre später, in der Hi-Tech-Zeit
Da fällt sein Blick auf sie im Designer-Kleid
Alles vor ihm dreht sich, er woäß oanes nur
Die krieg i nur auf die intellektuelle Tour
Dann macht er ganz auf cool und redet g´schwoll´n daher
Doch sie hat nur oans im Sinn, ganz genau wie er.

Rein in die Höhle...

Des steht im Schöpfungsplan geschrieb´n
Der Menschheit Zukunft liegt im Bett
Des is prähistorisch erwies´n
Von der Wilma und vom Fred!

Rein in die Höhle...

The whole thing has its' origin in years gone by
A club-swinging type running through the Neander Valley
When his dark expression suddenly turns radiantly bright
Because of him a chick stays in a nice mammoth pelt
Is the [speech?] at the time not just primitive
What the guy has designs on, they instinctively track down.

Into the cave
Where the fire burns
Because the Homo erectus
Longs for warmth
Into the cave
A Stone Age hut
Thus will it always stay
Then as well [.....]
Long before the wheel was invented
Man had discovered, how he can live.

Hundred thousand years later, in hi-tech time
As his gaze falls on them in the designer gown
Everything revolves before him, he only [.....]
The warlike only on the intellectual tour
Then he makes it quite cool and thence talks stiltedly
But it has only [....] in mind, totally accurate just as he.

Into the cave...

This stands written in creation's plan
The future of humanity lies in bed
This is the prehistoric [....]
From Wilma and from Fred!

Into the cave...

LY-RK-P2-6

I'M GONNA FIND A CAVE

Comp: Buddy SCOTT & Jimmy RADCLIFFE (Rockabilly)

Rts: January Music Corp. (BMI), 1966

I. I'm gonna find a cave for me an' you
We can misbehave if we want to;
Far away on a hidden hill,
We won't work or even pay a single bill.
Hum, hum, hum, gonna find a cave.

II. I'm gonna find a cave where we can hide
Here we go

Everything we crave will be inside.
Me an' you an' lots of goodies there;
If I wanna I can pull you by your hair.
Hum, hum, hum, I'm gonna find a cave.
(Instrumental bridge)

III. I'm gonna find a cave where we'll be free
Hey, hey, hey,
I'm gonna squeeze on you an' you can hug on me
Way up in a never-never-land;
Gonna be your ever-lovin' caveman.
Hum, hum, hum, I'm gonna find a cave.

I'm gonna find a cave.
Hey, hey, hey, (3X)
I'm gonna find a cave. (2X)

LY-RK-P2-7

INBREEDING THE ANTHROPOPAGI

Comp: (?) (As performed by Deeds of Flesh) (Gothic)

Living by highway robbery
Attacking families
With an army of twenty

Ambushing (2X)
Bringing forth
Second nature

Ambushing (2X)

Hunters bring back fresh kill
The clan goes in a frenzy
Others fight among themselves
For the biggest chunk

So many deeds
So many deeds
Our cave is full of human pieces
Let our children devour the victims

Inbred to live by medieval urges
Primal acts
Taught by cannibal elders

So many deeds (2X)
Ambushing (2X)

All members partaking
In human ingestion
Knew no other diet
No other way of life
No connection to the outside world
No connection to the outside world

Pieces here (2X)
Bring forth a second nature

The animalistic instincts
To survive

Waiting by the sea
Living by highway robbery

Attacking families
Now an army of fifty

LY-RK-P2-8

IN THE CAVE

Comp: Patrick FITZGERALD ([Psychedelic](#))
Rts: Second Wind, 1989

Will you jump up here next to me?
The moon is close and warm and serene
And it's mine – Yes, it's mine for you
In this cave I have found just for us
Forget your fat
It's a pillow soft for my neck – for my neck
In this cave on the moon built for you.

CHORUS:
Just for you because you're perfect
O mental patch it swells and shudders
All your skin and hair in moonlight
With a hole in the roof
Where we can watch our planet circle away.

Will you touch the cave's cream stone walls?
Here I'll hold your tender years and they're mine
Your youth is mine in this cave.
So jump up here onto the closer moon.
I'll have the food and downy warmth.
Your love will rear a family
In this cave on the moon.
CHORUS

Where we can watch our planet
circle away and come back (2X)
In the cave on the moon (4X)

LY-RK-P2-9

IN THE DAYS OF THE CAVEMAN

Comp: Brad ROBERTS ([Folk Rock](#))
Rts: Polygram International Publ. Inc./
Door Number Two Music (ASCAP) &
Dummies Productions Inc. (SOCAN)

I. When you go on camping trips
You're stuck right out in nature
Foraging the forests like a primate
Using sharpened tools instead of hotplates.

II. Your thumb and forefinger
Supposed to show you're not a wild beast
You can hear their noises at night time
They don't have to keep a certain bedtime.

CHORUS:
See the shapes of my body
Leftover parts from apes an' monkeys.

III. Sometimes when I lie awake
I hear the rainfall on my tent fly
I think of all the insects that are sleeping

And wonder if the animals are dreaming.
CHORUS 1 & CHORUS 2

In the days of the caveman
And mammoths and glaciers
Bugs and trees were your food then;
No pajamas or doctors.

IV. And when I finally get to sleep,
I dream in Technicolor
I see creatures come back from the Ice Age
Alive and being fed inside a zoo cage.

LY-RK-P2-10

I WANT MY CAVEMAN

Comp: Paula PIERCE (Punk)

Rts: Invisible Bikini Music (BMI), 1984

I. Let me tell you a story
About my best friend
For she loved her caveman
But he didn't love her.

II. Along came a girl
Dressed in a' way out clothes
Stole her caveman
A plugged-out dollar now.

CHORUS:

I want my caveman ! (3X)

III. Came an' stole a pistol
Went out to hunt her man
Got her on a corner now
They're goin' down a deep blue end.

IV. Now you did nothin', woman
Words cannot amend
You can't do it, woman
Now you gonna need your – Well !

CHORUS

(Instrumental bridge)

V. Well, she pulled out her pistol
Shot him in the eye
Poor girl is runnin' now
Now she's going to die.

CHORUS

Caveman !
I want my caveman !
Yeah, I want my caveman !
Yeah, I want my caveman, baby !
I want my caveman !

LY-RK-P2-11

I WAS A TEENAGE CAVEMAN

Comp: Randy LUCK (Novelty)

Rts: Artrec (BMI), 1958

I was walking from my cave with a club in my hand
When I saw a pretty girl sitting on the sand

I grabbed her by the hair and I kissed her hard
Then I slapped her around and I laughed real loud

She told me that she loved me and this made me feel fine
So I hit her again, then I asked her to be mine
She admired my strength and she gave me a kiss
She said, there's something about your fist that I can't resist

Now, I liked her very much, so I asked her for a date
She said, okay, but I can't stay out late
I asked her, how come? As I swung my club around
And I dragged her away without any delay

We were admiring the moon and the stars up above
When suddenly something gave me a shove
Here mother had come in a tremendous rage
I told her, shut your mouth and act your age

She didn't stop a-blabbing, so I gave her a sock
Then I hit her on the head with a great big rock
She stopped all her gabbing and went quietly asleep
It was very-very nice of her to be so sweet

Now, I protect my girl from any kind of harm
And she admires my brains, the way I handle my arm
Her mother loves me now and is very good to me
I'm a caveman, madam, and that's the way I'm gonna be

This is the beast in me
Men admire me
Women long for me
I'm a teenage caveman

LY-RK-P2-12

KING ARTHUR'S CAVE

Comp: Clinton A. BRADLEY & Carlo B. EDWARDS ([Heavy Metal](#))

Rts: (BIEM / STEMRA), 1985

I tell you I saw what I saw
a green hill with an old oak door,
I looked there inside,
this is no lie... there was Arthur asleep
Arthur, Arthur.

One hundred knights lay around,
sleeping the same as him,
dreaming of battles and victories past,
waiting for the order from him.

CHORUS:

King Arthur's Cave
where no one has been
hidden from mortals for a thousand years,
and now discovered by me.
Hollow, hollow
Arthur, Arthur.

Suddenly I heard a noise
then the king opened up his eyes
I thought I was done I could not run
then he told me to come near.

Arthur, Arthur.

Now you must go from this place
he spoke with a smile on his face
remember this day make sure you pray
that the day we wait never comes.

CHORUS

LY-RK-P2-13

KINGDOM OF MOO

Comp: Fred SHELKOFISKY ([Alley Oop-Related](#))

Rts: Gulf Stream Music (BMI), 1959

- I. Now many years ago before me an' you
(Female response) – Yeah
There was a real fabulous place known as the land of Moo !
– Tell me more, baby
Just a few hip studs is all there was
An' a hip swingin' leader; he was a cat called Guz.

CHORUS: Moo, Moo, Moo
Moo, Moo, Moo
We like Moo, we like Moo
Moo, Moo, Moo !

- II. On the throne beside him sat his big chick Umpa – Uh huh!
Man, this sendin' doll was a real stump jumper. – Wow !
With a grand ole Wiser who acted kinda woozy
And many, many more plus that cool boy, Foozy. – YeAH !

CHORUS

- III. Now these cats in Moo didn't own a pad – Oh !
Just a hole in the rocks that was all these boys had – Uh huh
No TV sets or telephone;
Still the word got around, lotta ole drums they own. – Go !

CHORUS

- IV. Now there was this ole Oop an' his big Ooola – YeAH !
Man, you oughta seen this chick do that bear skin hula – What?
Now this movin' cat he had no hot rod to ride – Uh huh !
Just a sixty-foot dinosaur with overdrive. – Go, man !

CHORUS

(Tenor sax break)

LY-RK-P2-14

KING OF THE DARK SKY

Comp: Ernest CLINTON, (?) JORDT, & (?) ANDERSSON ([Soul](#))

Rts: Moewen Music Inc., 2002

- I. He's a vamp
In the darkest dark of the night
Before night breaks
He flies through space and time.
He must be flying
A long long way from home
Not knowing when
He's gonna be coming back
Glinding through the forest night.

CHORUS:

He's the king of the dark sky
The sunset glows as the wind blows
Nobody knows, nobody cares
If he survives, whoa, whoa
He doesn't have brown eyes or fur
His ears are long; some say he's blind.

(Guitar break)

II. His noiseless flight
Through hills and valleys
He roams with his sonar
He's echo-locating his prey
When the night ends
Now is the time to make it back home
Didn't see the guns
They gonna be waiting for you
Gliding through the forest night.

CHORUS (4X)

LY-RK-P2-15

LEATHERMAN

Comp: Eddie VEDDER ([Hard Rock](#))

Rts: Innocent Bystander (ASCAP), 1997

I. I know about a man to whom I may be related – He's, Leatherman
Died a long time ago in the 1880's – Leatherman (2X)
Covered with leather but it was tight
Underneath the moon in the woods at night.

CHORUS:

Makin' the rounds, ten miles a day
Once a month they'd spot him
An' here's what they say
Here he comes – He's the man of the land
He's Leatherman – Smile on his face, an axe in his pack [hand]
He's Leatherman (4X)

II. Comes out of the caves
Once a day to be fed
He wasn't known to say much
But, "Thanks for the bread."

III. So, modern day, I walk my way with my jacket faded
Just like a man of leather to whom I may be related
Rolled cigarette, but when he asked for a light
Appeared to be an animal – yet so polite.

CHORUS:

Shake his hand – He's Leatherman
Bake some bread – He's Leatherman
Shame he's dead – I saw his bed
It's all that's left of Leatherman – Leatherman (2X)
Give me some skin – He's Leatherman

LY-RK-P2-16

LIKE A CAVE

Comp: Taylor HOLLINGSWORTH ([Pop-Rock](#))

Rts: (?)

Come with me, darkness ahead
Can you see without a light
Watch your step, don't want to fall
Come with me, darkness ahead

Do you feel the air it is cool
Do you feel a chill in your bones
Trust yourself, no need for light
Do you feel a chill in your bones

CHORUS:

Your eyes are like a cave
Can't see what in my way
Feel around with soft persuasion
Never know when you might cave in

Come with me, I am the light
All you see is only the night
I am lost inside a maze
Nightlife moves inside a haze

All is quiet, don't make a sound
Bats may fly if you are loud
Watch you head, might have to crawl
Watch your step, don't want to fall...
CHORUS

LY-RK-P2-17

LIVING IN CAVES

Comp: THE SOUND EXPLOSION (?) ([Punk](#))
Rts: (?)

Maybe we should live in caves
cause in the past we've been hurt and betrayed
a solar system spinning in my eye
cause I'm messed up, turned on, coming on inside
I don't want to tie my shoelaces
just want to bind my feet in skin
only want to breath out
what I am breathing in

CHORUS:

So give me a chance to break your heart
things were going to progress but not that far
lets keep things simple, lets keep things hard
one more false connection, one more false start

Well hesitation used to be my first name
but now it is not
knot in your noose, knot in your heart
and not in your not that far
were going to go back to the caves
and live a sheltered life
bury our heads deep in the sand
and maybe be buried alive
CHORUS

LY-RK-P2-18

LOVE CAVE

Comp: (?) [BLACKOUT](#) ([Rockabilly](#))

Rts: (?) 1993

- I. Well, I went out rather late on a Saturday night
I went into a bar an' I really felt alive
When I saw that girl sittin' there
She had big bright eyes an' black shinny hair.
So I just walked right up to her an' I asked for her name
She said, "Oh, boy, why, whoa, ho, ho, this guy's just the same."
An' I wondered why I made her so mad
But then I thought, "Why heck!" an' then I said,

CHORUS: (2X)

I'm gonna take you to a place
(Others) You really don't know.
I'm gonna take you to a place
(Others) An' that is so.
I'm gonna take you to a place
(Others) You wanna go?
Well, let's go down to my love cave.

- II. Well, we got high up on my bike, an' ride into the night
Well, the shotgun just screamed alive, she really held me tight
An' I felt her hard nipples 'gainst my back
An' I said to myself –
(Others) "Oh, what is that?"
Well, high-tailed it, got out of town, an' I headed toward the rocks
Well, we stopped right by a big black hole, both me an' the little fox
An' I said, "It's time to take off your clothes;
You ain't seen nothin' yet, my little fool."

(Guitar break)
(Repeat stanza II)
CHORUS (2X)

LY-RK-P2-19

LOVE CAVE

Comp: Ramesh B. WEERATUNGA ([Jazz Rock](#))

Rts: (GEMA), 1980

- I. Cat, dog, lion, and a colour peacock
Sat, watched, waiting for the result
Far, far human being ran mad
modifying all elements of love.

CHORUS: (4X)

Let us walk in a love cave

- II. Sun, rain, don't you run a very long race?
Who, win hangs in a cloud,
Far, far human being ran mad
modifying all elements of love.

CHORUS

(Repeat Stanza I)

- III. Save, save, save our human race,
cause some do not know what they do,
Save, save, save our human race,
cause some do not know what they do.
-

LY-RK-P2-20

(LOVE ME LIKE A) DINOSAUR

Comp: Mike APPEL & Jim CRETECOS (Novelty)

Rts: Laurel Canyon Music/ Every Little Tune (ASCAP), 1972

- I. I was just a cave man, never was a brave man,
Etching hieroglyphics in my cave.
Then I heard a rumble deep within the jungle,
Getting' closer to me all the time.
- II. It felt just like a earthquake; I knew it was my love mate
She was really getting' out of hand;
She was somethin' like a wild chil', snappin' li' a crocodile
She's my woman, I'm her little man.
- III. I knew right away what she was lookin' for
She pick' me up an' hugged me, lettin' out with a roar,
She pulled me down on the floor;
Then she loved me like a dinosaur;
Yeah, she loved me like a dinosaur – a dinosaur !
- IV. Beneath the giant mushroom, we didn't take up much room,
Just enough to roll the grass here about.
All at once she boxed me an' cuttin' off my oxygen,
I was suffocating all the while.
We were knockin' knees an' elbows, lockin' legs an' torsos
Driftin' on an avalanche of love.

CHORUS:

She had to be the biggest ugly I ever saw !
I forgot about the girl in the cave next door.
She keeps comin' back for more,
'Cause she loves me like a dinosaur !
Yeah, she loves me like a dinosaur !
A dino-saur ! – Yeah ! Yeah !

(Instrumental bridge)

CHORUS:

She had to be the biggest ugly I ever saw !
I heard about the girl in the cave next door.
She keeps comin' back for more an' more,
She loves me like a dinosaur !

Like a big dinosaur ! – Like a dinosaur ! – Ha ha, hum !
Give me more – of that dinosaur !
Ha, hum ! I need more dinosaur.
Oh, I have to have more di-na-saur
Dinosaur ! – More – Gimme more.

LY-RK-P2-21

LUTHER THE ANTHROPOID (APE MAN)

Comp: Jimmy CASTOR, John PRUITT, & Jerry THOMAS (Soul)

Rts: Jimpire Music (BMI)

You know, back in the days when dinosaurs ruled the earth
There was a disco that not many people knew about;
An' every night about seven o'clock
The door would open – A hulking frame would appear –
It would be none other than Luther, the anthropoid.
"Uughh ! – Uughh !"

Now Luther loved to dance, ya know;

He would come in every night
To do "The Caveman" and "The Breakdown."
He'd say, "Dance – dance – dance."
He'd look around – he saw the regulars
Ya know, Betty Breakdown, Dancing Dora, an' Fat Fanny.
He walked right up to the first girl he saw – he didn't care
He grabbed her – He grabbed Betty Breakdown.
He said, "Come 'ere – come 'ere."
She broke right down on him. She was killed.
You could hear Fat Fanny across the room, yellin'
"Break down on him, Betty."

Huh, that wasn't nothin' to Luther
He went into his caveman thing –
He said, "Ughh ! – Ughh !"
Betty backed up.
Luther said, "Me want, me want, me want that, me want that."
Luther stood alone; nobody dared to challenge him.
So he left – an' he left mad.
Ughh ! Crushing rocks – Crooking trees outta the ground.
He said, "Ughh ! – Ughh !"

Just then he came to a house - It was a big house – BIG
It had a big peephole 'cause it was a big house.
Luther put his eye to the peephole – He said, "Ughh !"
Now I ain't gonna tell ya what he saw,
But he started a saying back then, that we use today
We just got it a little mixed up, ya know.
When he put his eye to the peephole,
You know what he said ? –
"Power to the peep-'ole ! (3X)
Yeah, yeah, right on.
Me like, me like, me like.

LY-RK-P2-22

MAKIN' LOVE IN A CAVE

Comp: JONSSON ([Rockabilly](#))

Rts: Cop Cont.; Sweden, 1992

CHORUS:

Makin' love in a cave
Drive the bats insane
Makin' love in a cave
To get away from the rain.

I. Some every day
Makes my baby crave;
Well, it's every day,
I go running to the cave.

CHORUS

II. Well, when it's getting to Winter cold,
When the thunder starts to roll;
Well, when it's getting to Winter cold,
When the wind starts to blow.

CHORUS

III. When it's dark outside
Well, we'll build a fire;
When it's dark outside
I want ta feel alright.

CHORUS

(Instrumental bridge)
(Repeat Stanzas I & II)
CHORUS (3X)

LY-RK-P2-23

MAMMOTH CAVE

Comp: Robert POLLARD & Jim POLLARD (Pop Rock)

Rts: (?), 1990

Got my flashlight
Two by four
Necessary precaution
Plants at the entrance
Flies at the exit.

CHORUS:

Way down deep
In the darkest hole
Lost my way
Lost my soul
You can dig my grave
In Mammoth Cave

I would of brought a sharp object – Yeah
But they've taken mine all away – All away .
I pretended I wasn't scared
Something fucking stinks in here
Like a sump pump in a sewer
What the hell was I thinking?

CHORUS:

Way down deep
In the darkest hole
Lost my way
Lost my soul
You can dig my grave
You can dig me a hole
In the Mammoth Cave
Mammoth Cave.

LY-RK-P2-24

MAMMOTH CAVE

Comp: John ORTH & Jeffrey HAYS (Indie)

Empty pocket...
take hold of the lamb's ear between your thumb and finger...
all pilled and threadbare.
I'll lead you down from the hip towards the falls...
azalea-blushed, turned red so slow we couldn't remember
if it was ever pink at all.

Canary's throat is pink and ribbed with sailor's songs,
remembrances and cursing the black hole.
Poor son of a bitch, couldn't even fly for the mist...
can't remember the ocean but felt the pitch and roll in her chest.

This path, it tightens off.
I hear the ocean in it's depths...
past the flowstone and the icicle fence.
Cocksure sailor, you're polished gypsum and warm milk

shore-leave-abandon and lashes heavy from the mist.
I'll lead you down.

Canary's song caught in her throat...
closed off sharp and crystalline.
Her songs still hang in the tracery.
Poor son of a bitch, couldn't even fly for the mist...
Color leached out so slow she couldn't remember
if she was ever pink at all.

LY-RK-P2-25

METAL BATS

Comp: VORTEX ([Hard Rock](#))

Rts: Icecold Music, 1985

I can hear you knocking on the refrigerator door
Sometimes I even hear you shouting, you sure wanna get out
While outside the wind is howling, you're still inside the frig
It is so obvious what you want, but I can let you out

CHORUS:

Till winter time is coming
Cut you to pieces and I'll feed you to the bats
In winter time I'll let you out
And metal bats won't tell just what it's all about.

You talked about us having a relation, I guess we never had
At least it didn't work out my way
But I don't talk about that; it was always you who did the talking
You never listened to my words
But now you're inside there, freezing and I won't let you out.

CHORUS:

Till, till, till, till winter time is coming....

You talked about us having a relation, I know we never had
It just didn't work out my way and I won't talk about that
It was you who did the talking, never listened to my words
Now I'll keep you inside there, freezing and I'll never let you out.

CHORUS:

Till, till, till, till winter time is coming....

LY-RK-P2-26

NEANDERTHAL MAN

Comp: Kevin GODLEY, Lol CREME, & Eric STEWART ([Neanderthal](#))
(with additional comments by the SPITBALLS)

Rts: Glenwood Music Corp. (ASCAP), 1979

I'm a Neanderthal man
You're a Neanderthal girl
Let's make Neanderthal love
In this Neanderthal world.

CHORUS: (3X)

(Him) I'm a Neanderthal man
(Her) And I'm a Neanderthal girl
(Together) Let's make Neanderthal love
In this Neanderthal world.
(Him) Ah, now listen to me.
You see me in the hunt?
(Her) I do – cold in cave. Let's go home.
(Him) It not cold.

(Her) God, it's boring. Let's go home.
(Him) It's not boring.
(Her) I've seen the fog, now I'm leaving.
(Him) I wanna ... Because.
CHORUS (2x)
(Him) Neander – Neanderthal –
The cave is not cold.
(Her) I say – Let's go home.
(Him) The cave is warm.
(Her) I've gotta ...
(Him) You see me in hunt?
(Her) I saw you in hunt. The last ...
(Him) I wanna stay.
(Her) I gotta get outta here.
(Him) I wanna stay here.
(Her) This guy's a bore. Let me go home.
(Him) Neanderthal man
(Her) I'm a ...
(Him) Neanderthal – Neanderthal
(Her) Neanderthal, I say, go home.
(Him) What does Neanderthal man say?
He says – Errhh !
(Her) Ohhh !

LY-RK-P2-27

LA NIÑA DE LA CUEVA

Comp: Miguel CAMPELLO, Carlos TATO, Juan Carlos ARACIL, José ANDREU, David COBO,
Victor INIESTA, & Antonio MANGAS (Fusion)

Rts: (?), 2005

Zapatitos de tacón no, no conoce ni en pintura,
la niña de la cueva
Chancletas rojas, espera que llueva y espera
que lluevan los forasteros
La niña de la cueva, zapatos rojos,
espera que lluevan los forasteros.

Little shoes with high heels; no, not known nor in paint,
the girl of the cave
Red slippers, wait for the rain and wait
rain down the outsiders
The girl of the cave; red shoes
expected to rain down the outsiders.

Vivimos los días que nos tocan,
También la hice caminando,
Y tu con tus colegas en el camino
No nos cogimos nunca de la mano
Escuchamos unos discos del Bambino.

Live the day to touch us,
I am also walking
And you with your colleagues on the road
We never took us by the hand
We hear some Bambino discs.

¿Por qué no te puedo yo ni mirar por qué?
El tiempo pasa tan deprisa pa qué contarlo

Because I can not, I can not see why?
Time passes so quickly, why tell pa

Ya vienen los moritos, mare, chocolate
y cosas buenas.

Here come the moritos, mare, chocolate
and good things.

LY-RK-P2-28

PLATO'S CAVE

Mus: Diamond Fist WERNY
Lyr: Todd WERNEY (Grunge)

People living in a cave
Completely in the dark,
No one sees a thing,
Only shadows cast.
Fires to the walls,
Are people who control.

All the lies that you see,
All the lies that you hear,
All the lies that we are--
May they fall off you,
Fall off me,
By the light of this moon,
From the wind in your hair.

LY-RK-P2-29

PLATO'S CAVE

Comp: Joshua PATH ([Punk](#))

Rts: Mad Mogi Music (BMI), 1992

Johnny left the cave about an hour ago
An hour's worth of facing something he does not know
Take a picture of your hometown, boy
Nothing but shadows on the wall
Crying, laughing, "You better run like hell,"...fall.

Maybe if I trash the car
Then run down to the ocean
Maybe then I could try to be...

CHORUS:

Let's you and I run down to the ocean
Let's you and I embrace 'til we're one
Stare at the moon until we're hypnotized
I'm out of Plato's Cave and thank God I'm alive.

Johnny laughed when he couldn't find the right sock
Johnny cried when he smashed the frame against the clock
Johnny dialed the dusty number and he paced anxiously
"Johnny's sure acting strange. I wonder what's on TV."

Maybe if I walk backwards
I'll get used to the pain
Just get me out of here...
CHORUS

Tonight a million people will watch the shadows dance
Tonight a million people will deny a wondrous chance
Tonight a million people will cling to what they already know
And tonight Johnny's living 'cause he learned to let go.

Maybe if you trash that restaurant that's got you trapped
Baby, that's your first step to being free...
CHORUS (2X)

LY-RK-P2-30

PSI – IM ZEICHEN DER FLEDERMAUS

Mus: Mattias HANSELMANN, Axel KOTTMANN, George KRANZ, Marianne LANFELDT,
& M. WITTING

Lyr: Marianne LANFELDT ([Progressive](#))

Rts: (GEMA) 1982

Schwarze Geister der Mage
Sensitive technology

Black spirits of the Mage
Sensitive technology

Science fiction pionier

Science fiction pioneer

REFRAIN:

Flattertier
Flattertier
In der vierten Dimension
schwarze Kommunikation

CHORUS:

Fluttering animal
Fluttering animal
In the fourth dimension
black communication

Blindflug durch die helle Nacht
Absturz ist nicht angesagt
Science fiction pionier
REFRAIN

Blind flight through the clear night
Crashing is not announced
Science fiction pioneer
CHORUS

Aus der Gruft
durch die Luft
Ab und zu
zum Rendezvous

From the tomb
through the air
now and then
to the rendezvous

Rendezvous im Hall
Rendezvous im Ultraschall
Rendezvous in Sinuswellen
Rendezvous jenseits des Hellen

Rendezvous in sound
Rendezvous in ultra-sounds
Rendezvous in sine waves
Rendezvous beyond the daylight

Echolot in der Not

Echo-sounder in distress

In der vierten Dimension
schwarze Kommunikation... (6X)

In of the fourth dimension
black communication...

LY-RK-P2-31

PUNK ROCK CAVE MAN LIVING IN A PREHISTORIC AGE

Comp: David CATCHING & Josh HOMME ([Punk](#))

Rts: (?), 1999

Uhh, ah, uhh
I said yeah, aww yeah

When we go clubbin'
When we becomin'
When we go clubbin'
When we becomin'

And what were gonna do right here
Is go back, way back, back into time
Cavemen, cavewomen, Troglodytes
Yeah, hey, were goin' back

Punk rock caveman living in a prehistoric age
Teenage girlfriend by the side of the stage
Yeah, back in the day I was a
Punk rock caveman, the Neanderthal rage
And there was history made
Yeah, punk rock caveman

(Instrumental break)
Uhh, ahh, uhh
Hey, rock bottom

Punk rock caveman living in a prehistoric age
Teenage girlfriend by the side of the stage
Yeah, back in the day I was a
Punk rock caveman, the Neanderthal rage

And there was history made
Yeah, punk rock caveman

Yeah, I rode on into town on a woolly mammoth
Grabbed a rock and began to jam it
I had the rock before you had the wheel, yeah
Rock legend

LY-RK-P2-32

REISE ZUM MITTELPUNKT DER ERDE

Mus: PUHDYS

Lyr: Wolfgang TILGNER ([Psychedelic](#))

Rts:

Als wir in den Leib der Erde drängen
Schieden wir nicht mehr die Nacht von Tag
Wir gruben uns in Frost und Felsen
Um uns ein Heer von Blitzen lag.

As we push into the body of the earth
We no longer separate night from day
We burrow ourselves into the cold and rock
Around us was an army of lightning.

Keine Stimmen kamen mehr von draußen
Schweigend führen wir durch erstarrtes Glas
Smaragde traten aus Gestein
In Höhlen voller blauem Glas.

No more voices came from outside
Silently we traveled through solidified glass
Emeralds stuck out from the rock
In caves full of blue glass.

REFRAIN:

Uns trieb die Sehnsucht
uns trieb nicht Ruhm und Geld
Uns trieb die Sehnsucht
zum Mittelpunkt der Welt.

CHORUS:

The longing drove us
fame and money did not drive us
The longing drove us
to the center of the world.

Stürme packten uns so wie Magneten
Mancher Freund verlor schon Kraft und Mut
Vielleicht im Fluss der Zeit versunken
Schwamm unser Schiff in Feuerglut.
REFRAIN

Storms seized us like magnets
Several friends have lost strength and courage
Perhaps lost in the flow of time
Sponge our ship in the fire's glow.
CHORUS

LY-RK-P2-33

RELEASE THE BATS

Comp: Mick HARVEY & Nick CAVE ([Release the Bats](#))

Rts: Tactik Music, 1981

Whooah Bite ! Whooah Bite !
Release the bats. Release the bats
Don't tell me that it doesn't hurt
A hundred fluttering in your skirt
(Don't tell me that it doesn't hurt).

My baby is alright
She doesn't mind a bit of dirt
She says 'Horror vampire bat bite'
She says 'Horror vampire
How I wish those bats would bite'
Whoooah Bite ! Bite !
Whoooah Bite !

Release the bats ! Release the bats !
Pump them up and explode the things
Her legs are chafed by sticky wings

(Sticky sticky little things).

CHORUS:

My baby is a cool machine
She moves to the pulse of her generator
She says, "Damn that sex supreme"
She says, "Damn that horror bat"
Sex vampire, cool machine ! Uhhh !

Release the bats ! Release the bats !
Release them !

CHORUS:

Ba-b, ba-a, ba-a,
Baby is a cool machine
She moves to the pulse of a generator
She says, "Damn that sex supreme"
She says, "Damn that horror bat"
Sex horror, sex bat
Sex horror, sex vampire
Sex bat, horror !
Vampire sex !
Cool machine
Horror bat. Bite !
Cool machine. Bite !
Sex vampire. Bite !
Whooh, bite !

LY-RK-P2-34

REMLAP'S CAVE – Part 2

Comp: John PALMER ([Psychedelic](#))

Rts: Remlap's Music & MRC Music Inc. (BMI), 1968

I. Can you look into my eyes
And can you deny
In my eyes is another world
Just room for one girl.

II. From these caves comes a lonely sound
My head cries out from a social crowd
A burst of tears comes from its seams
Come inside and live with me.

CHORUS:

If you want to – la, la, la, la, la, la
If you need to – la, la, la, la, la, la
If you want to – la, la, la, la, la, la
If you need to – la, la, la, la, la, la
If you want to – la, la, la, la, la, la

III. My heart is pounding deep within
A world like this has never been;
If your god is from this world;
If you love me, join my world.

CHORUS

LY-RK-P2-35

ROCK AMADOUR

Comp: Gérard BLANCHARD ([Punk](#))

Rts: (SACEM), 1981

Mon amour est parti avec le loup
dans les grottes de Rocamadour
Je suis resté là comme deux ronds de flip
Enveloppé dans du papier hygiénique
Mon amour est parti avec le loup
dans les grottes de Rocamadour
Moi je tricote des napperons
Avec le reste des nouilles, grimpé sur le balcon

REFRAIN:

Elle est si jolie
Avec ses souliers vernis
Ses taches de rousseur
Sur son joli postérieur

Mon amour est parti avec le loup
dans les grottes de Rocamadour
J'ai changé les papiers peints
J'ai nettoyé la pisse du chien – et tout le train-train
Mon amour est parti avec le loup
dans les grottes de Rocamadour
Pour l'instant j'ai des tics
Dans une beatitude de choix électrique

REFRAIN:

J'attends son retour, j'attends son retour
De Rocamadour.

My lover ran off with the wolf
to the caves of Rocamadour
I was left there like two pieces of shit
Wrapped in toilet paper
My lover ran off with the wolf
to the caves of Rocamadour
And I'm knitting table mats
From the leftover noodles – perched on the balcony.

CHORUS:

She's so fine
With her patent-leather shoes
The freckle marks
On her cute ass.

My lover ran off with the wolf
to the caves of Rocamadour
I've changed the wallpaper
I've cleaned up the dog's piss – the whole routine
My lover ran off with the wolf
to the caves of Rocamadour
For the time being I've got the twitches
In a blissful trance of electric choice.

CHORUS:

I'm waiting for her return (4X)
From Rocamadour.

LY-RK-P2-36

ROCK WITH THE CAVEMAN

Comp: Lionel BART, Michael PRATT, & Tommy STEELE (RnR)

Rts: Robbins Music Corp. Ltd., 1956

I. The old-time cave dweller lived in a cave,
This is what he did when he wanted to rave;
He took a stick and he drew on the wall,
Man, how that feller had himself a ball.

CHORUS:

Rock with the caveman !
Roll with the caveman !
Shake with the caveman !
Baby, make with the caveman, boy !
Break with the caveman !
Stalactite, stalagmite,
Hold your baby very tight.

II. His way with women was rather neat,
Love a girl right off her feet.
You know lyric writers never lie
Where they got the saying "starry-eyed"?

CHORUS

(Instrumental bridge)

III. The Piltdown popper sings this song;
Archaeology's done me wrong;
The British Museum's got my head,
Most unfortunate, 'cos I ain't dead.

FINAL CHORUS:

Rock with the caveman !
Roll with the caveman !
Shake with the caveman !
Break with the caveman !

Make with the caveman !
C-A-V-E – Hear me in, cavemen !

LY-RK-P2-37

LA SPÉLÉO

Comp: LUTIN BLEU (Punk)

Rts: 2002

REFRAIN:

Ho lo-lo-lo, la spéléo
Lo-lo-lo-lo la spéléo
La spéléo, c'est pas facile
La spéléo, c'est du boulo-lo-lo-lo
La spéléo, c'est pas facile
La spéléo, c'est du boulo-lo-lo-lo

- I. Au fond du gouffre, très bel enfer
Dans un décor froid et obscur
Par 300m et des poussières
En dessous du niveau des voitures.
- II. C'est le royaume des ténèbres abyssales
Mais on l'a pas le temps d'admirer la vue
Avec Polo on se jette comme des balles
Dans un rappel de la mort qui tue.
- III. Atterrissage un peu musclé mais
Faut dire que la corde on l'avait oubliée
Qu'à cela ne tienne avec mon Polo
Nous v'la repartis dans les boyaux.
- IV. Aventure Park dans les rapides
La tête sous l'eau le canoë tout au fond
L'ambiance devient franchement humide
Y'a l'eau qui monte dans les siphons.
- V. A force de ramper dans les galeries
On s'ra bientôt en Australie
Le problème c'est qu'on y voit que dalle
Faut dire qu'on a oublié les frontales.

REFRAIN:

(Pont instrumental)

- VI. Ca fait des jours qu'on tourne en rond
Le moral au raz des stalacmites (sic)
Avec l'estomac dans les talons
Assaillis par les visions mystiques.

(Texte dit)

Nous apprenons a l'instant que
les 2 spéléologues amateurs
perdus depuis 8 jours dans une grotte
en Lozère, ont été localisés par les sauveteurs
qui tentent maintenant de les remonter à la surface.
Toute suite les images.
Ah, non – Ah, bon!

- VII. On pourra dire que cette expédition
Nous aura fait des émotions
Maintenant que nous v'la tirés d'affaire
Le mieux c'est d'aller se prendre un petit verre.

CHORUS:

Ho lo-lo-lo, caving
Lo-lo-lo-lo caving
Caving, it's not easy
Caving, it's work
Caving, it's not easy
Caving, it's work

- I. At the bottom of the pit, a real nice hell
In a cold and obscure setting
Some 300m down or thereabouts
Below the level of the cars.
- II. It's the kingdom of the abysmal depths
But we don't have time to admire the sights
With Polo we throw ourselves like balls
Into a deadly rappel that kills.
- III. A somewhat athletic landing, but
It should be said that we forgot the rope
Only things are not so good with my Polo
We take off down the tunnels.
- IV. Adventure Park in the rapids
Head underwater and the canoe at the bottom
The atmosphere becomes outright damp
There's water rising in the siphons.
- V. Forced to crawl in the passages
We'll soon end up in Australia
The problem is that we can't see anything
It should be said that we forgot the headlamps.

CHORUS:

(Instrumental bridge)

- VI. For many days we're going around in circles
The moral down at the level of the stalagmites
With our stomachs in our shoes
Attacked by mystic visions.

(Spoken)

We have just now learned that the two
amateur cavers lost for 8 days in a cave in
Lozere have been found by the rescuers
who are now trying to bring them
to the surface.
And now to the scene.
Ah, no – Well, OK.

- VII. One could say that this expedition
Caused us a few emotions
Now that we have been rescued from the affair
The best thing is to go get a drink.

LY-RK-P2-38

SPELUNKERS

Mus: Nath DROUET

Lyr: Serge GALLO (Rap)

Rts: Drouet/ Gallo (SACEM), 1981

- I. Pinned in a cavity
Under the guts of the earth
My skull is jammed
Between millions tons of stone
The noose is tightening
The gallery fits my body
A small air pocket as a slight reprieve.

CHORUS:

Spelunkers – nightmares
They wake streaming with sweat !
Spelunkers – nightmares
They wake streaming
With sweat ! Sweat ! Sweat !

- II. And I feel fear is growing
Now I feel suffocating
It's such a sharp anguish gripping me
I'll pray for rescue
I'm in gestation
I want somebody to save me.

CHORUS (2X)

(Repeat Stanza II – 3X)

(Instrumental bridge)

(Distant Voice)

- III. Suddenly you realize
They'd have to dislocate your bones
To get you out of
This never-explored intestine
Pictures of fossilization
Rushing into your mind
Marry the stone
To a perfect static fusion.

CHORUS (5x)

LY-RK-P2-39

STONE AGE

Comp: James STACY (RnB)

Rts: Roydon (BMI), 1962

- I. Gonna creep through the swamp an' tame a lizard fish
An' hitch him for a ride;
Spear me a reptile critter
An' slip in—to his hide.

- II. I' gonna yank out a tooth from a dinosaur's jaw
An' then climb a stone wood tree;
I'll carve me a club an' a hatchet knife
An' then I'll be ready.

CHORUS:

Start pretendin' that I'm in the Stone Age
– The St-on-e A-ge

Make believe I'm livin' in the Stone Age
– The St-on-e A-ge
People happy livin' in the Stone Age –
Than being tormented by you.

III. Gonna grow a bushy [*houppe*] like a jungle ape;
I treat my woman bad an' good;
Tie her to a [*snake's tongue*], so she can't escape;
As a caveman I'll be no fool.

IV. I' goin' ta gnaw on the flank of a totem frog
'A grouchin' in my cave;
Gonna wiggle dancin' then, an' beat on the [*lawn*] -
Do all this if you wanna be me.

CHORUS:

Stop your actin' like we're in the Stone Age
– The St-on-e A-ge
Quit this talkin' like we're in the Stone Age
– The St-on-e A-ge
No we're not livin' in the Stone Age –
So stop treating me this way.

(Spoken)

Oh, baby, why do you put me down so bad ?
This whole scene's goin' Nowheres-ville.
Ya gotta be crazy, baby !
Ya just can't ...

LY-RK-P2-40

STONE AGE MAN

Comp: Joseph LONGERIA, Mark JAMES, & Glen SPREEN (*Psychedelic*)

Rts: Press Music (BMI), 1968

Stone Age man, why must ya be
Runnin', hidin' in the wild from reality ?
When you're home, you're rockin' stoned;
Give up using pain ta be all alone
If you could find yourself,
I know that you'd be there.
Dwellin' on my [*behum*],
I'm gonna be a Stone(d) Age man !
I'd like to be a Stone age man !

(Instrumental bridge)

(Distorted Voice) Got no home
Walkin' slave;
Never know what's goin' on.

Stone Age man, why [*solid*] he ?
Seems as no other place you'd rather be;
Stone Age man crawled in his cave;
Couldn't be that they would be a slave.
He was a Stone(d) Age man !
He was a Stone(d) Age man !
Yeah, yeah, yeah – Yeeah, a Stone(d) Age man !

Rockin' stoned, can't make it home;
You're a Stone(d) Age man !
He was a Stone(d) Age man !
That's what I mean, a Stone(d) Age man;
Deep in the cave, you're the Stone(d) Age man.
He went wild like a wild child;

Yeah, Stone(d) Age man, Stone(d) Age man,
Stoned – Stone(d) Age man –
Stoned – Stoned !
Yeah, Stone(d) Age man, man !
Stone(d) Age – A—ge !
Ahh, take by the mane, kill a lion
With his long tooth' fangs;
Yeah, stoned !
Ahh, stoned – Stoned !

LY-RK-P2-41

SWANEY BEAN CLAN

Comp: THE REAL McKENZIES ([Gothic](#))

Rts: Scotty Dog (SOCAN), 1995

Go ye not by Gallowa
Come bide a while, my frein
I'll tell ye o the dangers there -
Beware o Sawney Bean.

There's nae body kens that he bides there
For his face is seldom seen
But tae meet his eye is tae meet your fate
At the hands o Sawney Bean.

For Sawney he has taen a wife
And he's hungry bairns tae wean
And he's raised them up on the flesh o men
In the cave of Sawney Bean.

And Sawney has been well endowed
Wi daughters young and lean
And they a hae taen their faither's seed
In the cave o Sawney Bean.

An Sawney's sons are young an strong
And their blades are sharp and keen
Tae spill the blood o travellers
Wha meet wi Sawney Bean.

So if you ride frae there tae here
Be ye wary in between
Lest they catch your horse and spill your blood
In the cave o Sawney Bean

They'll hing ye ap an cut yer throat
An they'll pick yer carcass clean
An they'll yase yer banes tae quiet the weans
In the cave o Sawney Bean.

But fear ye not, oor Captain rides
On an errand o the Queen
And he carries the writ of fire and sword
For the head o Sawney Bean.

They've hung them high in Edinburgh toon
An likewise a their kin
An the wind blaws cauld on a their banes
An tae hell they a hae gaen.

LY-RK-P2-42

TROGLODYTE (CAVE MAN)

Comp: THE JIMMY CASTOR BUNCH (Soul)

Rts: Jimpire Music (BMI), 1972

(Spoken)

What we're gonna do right here is go back,
Way back, back into time,
When the only people that existed were troglodytes,
Cave men, cave women, Neanderthal, troglodytes.
Let's take the average cave man at home
Listening to his stereo –

(Music starts)

I. Sometimes he'd get up , an' try to do his thing
He'd begin to move, something like this –
"Dance, dance !"
When he got tired of dancing alone,
He'd look in the mirror
He'd say – "Gotta fin' a woman." (3X)

II. He'd go down to the lake
Where all the girls would be swimmin'
Or washin' clothes or somethin';
He'd look around an' just reach out an' grab one.
"Come 'ere, come 'ere."
He'd grab her by the hair.

(Aside) You can't do that today, fellows
'Cause it might come off;
You'd have a piece of hair in your hands
She'd be swimming away from ya – Ha, ha !

III. This one woman just laid there, wet and frightened;
He said, "Move, move."
She got up, she was a big woman – BIG woman !
Her name was Bertha – Bertha Butt.
She's one of the Butt sisters.
He didn't care, he looked up,
He said, "Sock it to me !" (8X)

IV. She looked down on him,
She was ready to crush him
But she began to like him;
She said, "I'll sock it to ya, daddy !"
He said, "What?"
She said, "I'll sock it to ya, daddy !"

V. Ya know what he said?
He started it all way back then –
I ain't gonna lie to ya –
When she said, "I'll sock it to ya, daddy !"
Huh, - He said, "Right on ! Right on !"
Hot pants ! Hot pants ! Uughh, uughh, uughh !

LY-RK-P2-43

VAMPIRE BAT

Comp: Wesley WILLIS (Novelty)

Rts: The Bicycle Music Co., 1995

Once upon a time, a man was attacked by a vampire bird
He was sucked to death
The vampire bird killed him at last

CHORUS:

Vampire bat (5X)

The lake of fire tore his ass up
He was burning to the crisp
He was cast into the lake of burning flame
CHORUS

(Instrumental bridge)

After the vampire bird sucked blood out of me,
He started stabbing me in my ass
Then three more vampire birds stabbed me in my ass too
They sucked the blood out of me, killing me
CHORUS

Rock over London.
Rock on, Chicago.
Folgers: it's good to the last drop.

LY-RK-P2-44

VELVET CAVE

Comp: Dan TAYLOR & SIMEON (Psychedelic)

Rts: The Magic Theatre Partnership

- I. Sail over distant waters
'Til you reach the honeyed shore
Walk on through purple flowers
Breathe the golden fragrance
You have reached the final island
Where dreams light up the daytime
You are at the end of journey all is peace.
 - II. Wine trickles down from mountains
Crimson streamers floating
Sweet meats hang from bushes
Ripely cry for plucking
Maidens gather flowers
Feed you with soft fingers
Hours are a song that never ends.
 - III. You can see love waiting
Inside the velvet cave
She calls you from the meadow
Her eyes are brightly shinning
Her breasts are fruits she offers
So you leave the fields behind you
To follow promises she will fulfill.
 - IV. In the cave there's no tomorrow
Nor any yesterday
Just the hammer of her heartbeat
As she draws you down beside her
Then you sink down on the pillow
Of her body hotly loving
And you pray you'll never waken to the day.
-

LY-RK-P2-45

VOODOO CAVE

Comp: Diesel LA FUME ([New Wave](#))

Rts: Blueport Publ. Co., 1980

- I. Syreeta squeezes on her velvet cat clothes,
Slides on her mirror shades;
Moon is full an' she's ready to blow out,
Down at the Voodoo Cave.
 - II. My shadow on the wall is 'a jerkin' to the rhythm,
Are ya lookin' for a soul to save?
Toms just poundin' an' my heart's goin' with 'em
Down at the Voodoo Cave.
 - III. I was stretched out tight an' my brain was frazzled;
My days were just a masquerade;
In the candlelight my mind was dazzled
Down at the Voodoo Cave.
 - IV. Syreeta, don't let the long days catch us;
Time's like a rusty blade;
Time's gonna come when they try to snatch us
Down at the Voodoo Cave.
- (Instrumental bridge)
(Repeat first stanza)
Out of the Voodoo Cave ! (8X)
-

LY-RK-P2-46

WALK THE DINOSAUR

Comp: David Jay WEISS, Donald E. FAGENSON, & Randall Keith JACOBS ([Disco](#))

Rts: MCA Music Ltd., 1987

CHORUS: (4X)

Boom, boom, acka-lacka, lacka, boom,
Boom, boom, acka-lacka, boom, boom.

- I. It was a night like this,
Forty million years an' years ago;
I lit a cigarette, picked up a monkey's skull to go;
The sun was spitting fire, the sky was blue as ice,
I felt a little tired so I watched Miami Vice.

CHORUS:

I walked the dinosaur,
I walked the dinosaur;
Open the door, get on the floor
Everybody walk the dinosaur –
Boom, boom, acka-lacka, lacka, boom,
Boom, boom, acka-lacka, boom, boom.

- II. I met you in a cave,
You were painting buffalo;
I said I'd be your slave, follow you wherever you go.
That night we split a rattlesnake and danced beneath the stars;
You fell asleep, I stayed awake and watched the passing cars.

CHORUS

And walked the dinosaur,
I walked the dinosaur –

LY-RK-P2-47

WALK THE DINOSAUR (NEW YORK DANGEROUS VERSION)

Comp: David Jay WEISS, Donald E. FAGENSON, & Randall Keith JACOBS (Disco)

Rts: Universal Music Publishing Group, 1988

Boom boom acka-lacka lacka boom
Boom boom acka-lacka boom boom

It was a night like this forty million years ago
I lit a cigarette, picked up a monkey skull to go
The sun was spitting fire, the sky was blue as ice
I felt a little tired, so I watched Miami Vice
And walked the dinosaur, I walked the dinosaur.

CHORUS:

Open the door, get on the floor
Everybody walk the dinosaur
Open the door, get on the floor
Everybody walk the dinosaur
Open the door, get on the floor
Everybody walk the dinosaur
Open the door, get on the floor
Everybody walk the dinosaur

I met you in a cave, you were painting buffalo
I said I'd be your slave, follow wherever you go
That night we split a rattlesnake and danced beneath the stars
You fell asleep, I stayed awake and watched the passing cars
And walked the dinosaur, I walked the dinosaur;
CHORUS

One night I dreamed of New York
You and I roasting blue pork
In the Statue of Liberty's torch
Elvis landed in a rocket ship
Healed a couple of leapers and then disappeared
But where was his beard?

A shadow from the sky much too big to be a bird
A screaming crashing noise louder than I've ever heard
It looked like two big silver trees that somehow learned to soar
Suddenly a summer breeze and a mighty lion's roar
I killed the dinosaur, I killed the dinosaur
CHORUS (2X)

Boom boom acka-lacka lacka boom
Boom boom acka-lacka boom boom

LY-RK-P2-48

WALLS OF THE CAVE

Comp: Trey ANASTASIO & Tom MARSHALL (Folk Rock)

Rts: Who Is Sue? Music Inc. (BMI), 2002

I'm leaving you a message; I'm leaving you a trace
I'm leaving thoughts for you I hope that time will not erase
And when the moment comes to read the words that I engrave
You'll find them on the walls of the cave.

I know you heard the question but you didn't make a sound
And when it fell you caught my heart before it hit the ground
But if you ever need the names of those you couldn't save
You'll find them on the walls of the cave.

Look at me
The time stands still
The mountain here is now a hill
Look away
The time goes past
These rocks will fall away at last

Maybe you will see it as you're passing by alone
Below the moss forgotten where some words adorn a stone
It might have been an etching on a marker of a grave
Or maybe on the walls of the cave.

Listen to
The silent trees
But still your words float on the breeze
Look away
I see them all
Carved into the cavern wall

LY-RK-P2-49

WE ARE YOUR FRIENDS

Comp: Ernest CLINTON & (?) JORDT & (Italian text) Regina WUNDERLICH (Soul)

Rts: Moewen Music Inc., 2002

I. Imagine seeing the sky
And nothing's flying high
Imagine we had no trees and bats
Imagine how love and understanding
Would change the way we think about them like we always do.

CHORUS:

We are your friends
And the world should know
We're not blind, we can see
That you are one of us.

We are your friends
Let's say it out loud
We'll do all to protect you
And guide you at all times.

II. Imagine they had eyes
Big brown and beautiful
Imagine they would look like nightingales
Imagine how love and understanding
Would change the way we think about them like we always do.

CHORUS

III. There are so many things we share in common – the story
But just a little we know about it, yeah
Well, all we got to do is to stop destruction, yeah
Now we don't say it if we don't mean it.

CHORUS

[Additional Stanza in Italian – Comes after first chorus & replaces Stanza II]

Noi cerchiamo
di fare tutto
per proteggervi, fidati, siamo tuoi amici
ti diciamo i tuoi amici
dell cielo

LY-RK-P2-50

WIND FROM THE CAVE

Comp: (?) ([Heavy Metal](#))

A thousand years, of growing silence
Deep in the forest, away from the "sirens"
Ancient tales, ride on the wind
Old buried legends, speak of a dream

Beneath of the mountain whispers a secret
An ancient riddle for a forgotten kingdom
And a great sanctuary cave
On the mountainside

Follow your instincts, challenge your fate
Climb the cliff, enter the cave
Maybe a treasure, or only (some) dust
Unveil the mystery, it might be your last

Deep dark lies in front of me
It's hard to accept to accept it but now I fear
A secret path leading to nowhere
I have to go inside the cave

LY-RK-P2-51

THE WINTER CAVE

Comp: LOS CINCOS & Elinor BLAKE ([Folk Rock](#))

Rts:

- I. I've been living in this cave for a thousand years,
But a century is all I can remember
The lights are dim and the stove went out
Just like last December.
- II. There's people talking about how we can't get out
They say we're lost inside our cave,
But that's OK because in California
The sun shines in the shade.

CHORUS:

Snow falls in the winter time
While the clouds are in the sky
Snow falls in the winter time
But I still love this cave of mine.

(Instrumental bridge)

(Repeat St. 1)

- III. The Bears are here and they're sipping tea
All the snow has melted away.
The birds are singing 'cause the Spring is here
And the blue skies are on the way.

CHORUS

LY-RK-P2-52

YELLOW CAVE WOMAN

Comp: Keith LAW ([Psychedelic](#))

Rts: 1967

She's my Yellow Cave Woman
Until I discover
And I know she's a coming,
And I know that I love her

CHORUS:

She's my Yellow Cave Woman
She's my Yellow Cave Woman

She smiled through the window
She waves her hand at you
Congratulations, to you my friend
You succeeded, where you wanted to
CHORUS

She acted so well drugged
She smoked her mind
She's acting like she's been bugged
With a delicate explosion of blown time
CHORUS

LY-RK-P2-53

YOU'VE GOT TO BE A BATS TO LIVE IN A CAVE

Comp: Des J. COX, Wil MALONE, & Johnathan PEEL (RnR)

Rts: Chrysalis Music/ Vivaley, 1985

I. Well, heh, you've gotta be a fish to live in the sea
To live in the woods you gotta be a tree
If you wanna be a flower you gotta start with a seed
If you gonna buy a book you gotta learn to read.

CHORUS 1:

An' if you wanna be groovy ya gotta rave
You gotta be bats to live in the cave.

II. If you wanna be a bat you gotta live [*up the hole*]
If you wanna be a biscuit you gotta go on the dole
If you're gonna buy a ticket to ride on the train
You gotta have another one to come back again.

CHORUS 2:

An' if you wanna be cool then ya gotta rave
You gotta be bats to live in the cave.

CHORUS 3:

Well, ho, we found ourselves a great big place
As dark as dark could be
An' when we turned our lanterns on
Just guess what we could see.

(Instrument Break on sax)

(Repeat Chorus 3)

(Repeat Stanza 1 & Chorus 2)

LY-RK-P2-54

XANADU

Mus: Geddy LEE & Alex LIFESON (Hard Rock)

Lyr: Neil PEART (Based on "Kubla Khan" by Samuel T. Coleridge)

Rts: Core Music Publ. Canada (CAPAC)

"To seek the sacred river Alph

To walk the caves of ice
To break my fast on Honey dew
And drink the milk of Paradise ... "
I had heard the whispered tales
Of immortality
The deepest mystery
From an ancient book. I took a clue
I scaled the frozen mountain tops
Of eastern lands unknown
Time and Man alone
Searching for the lost – Xanadu
Xanadu – To stand within The Pleasure Dome
Decreed by Kubla Khan
To taste anew the fruits of life
The last immortal man
To find the sacred river Alph
To walk the caves of ice
Oh, I will dine on honey dew
And drink the milk of Paradise
A thousand years have come and gone
But Time has passed me by
Stars stopped in the sky
Frozen in an everlasting view
Waiting for the world to end
Weary of the night
Praying for the light
Prison of the lost – Xanadu

Xandu – Held within The Pleasure Dome
Decreed by Kubla Khan
To taste my bitter triumph
As a mad immortal man
Nevermore shall I return
Escape these caves of ice
For I have dined on honey dew
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

caveinspiredmusic.com