

# ROCK MUSIC

## E to Z

# SONG LYRICS

Titles in alphabetical order

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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

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### 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.

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### 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, ah, 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)

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## 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!

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### 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...

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### 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)

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### 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

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### 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)

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### 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.

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### 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 !

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### 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

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**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

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### 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)

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### 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)

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**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

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**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

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**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

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**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)

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**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.

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### 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, "Uughh ! – Uughh !"  
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.  
Uughh ! Crushing rocks – Crooking trees outta the ground.  
He said, "Uughh ! – Uughh !"

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, "Uughh !"  
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 spéléoloques 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 ...

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**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 !

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#### 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 blows cauld on a their banes  
An tae hell they a hae gaen.

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#### 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 !

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**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.

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**LY-RK-P2-44**

## 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-P2-45**

## 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 –

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**LY-RK-P2-46**

**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

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#### LY-RK-P2-47

### 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

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#### LY-RK-P2-48

### 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

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### LY-RK-P2-49

## 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

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### LY-RK-P2-50

## 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

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**LY-RK-P2-51**

## 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

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**LY-RK-P2-52**

## 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)

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**LY-RK-P2-53**

**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.