

Give A Little Bit
Supertramp

3

Give a little bit
Give a little bit of your love to me
Give a little bit
I'll give a little bit of my love to you
There's so much that we need to share
Send a smile and show you care

I'll give a little bit
I'll give a little bit of my love to you
So give a little bit
Give a little bit of your time to me
See man man with the lonely eyes
Take his hand, you'll be surprised

Give a little bit
Give a little bit of your love to me
I'll give a little bit of my love for you
Now's the time that we need to share
So find yourself, we're on our way back home

The River
Bruce Springsteen

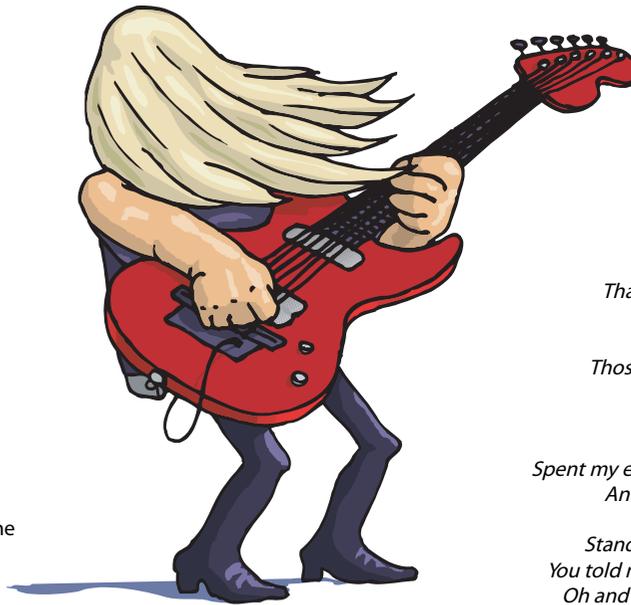
5

I come from down in the valley
Where mister, when you're young
They bring you up
to do like your daddy done
Me and Mary we met in high school
When she was just seventeen
We'd drive out of this valley
down to where the fields were green

We'd go down to the river
And into the river we'd dive
Oh down to the river we'd ride

Then I got Mary pregnant
And, man, that was all she wrote
And for my 19th birthday
I got a union card and a wedding coat
We went down to the courthouse
And the judge put it all to rest
No wedding day smiles,
no walk down the aisle
No flowers, no wedding dress

That night we went down to the river
And into the river we'd dive
Oh down to the river we did ride



I got a job working construction
for the Johnstown Company
But lately there ain't been much work
on account of the economy
Now all them things that
seemed so important
Well mister they vanished right into the air
Now I just act like I don't remember
Mary acts like she don't care

But I remember us riding
in my brother's car
Her body tan and wet
down at the reservoir
At night on them banks I'd lie awake
And pull her close
just to feel each breath she'd take
Now those memories come back to haunt me
They haunt me like a curse
Is a dream a lie if it don't come true
Or is it something worse, that sends me
Down to the river
though I know the river is dry
That sends me down to the river tonight
Down to the river
My baby and I
Oh down to the river we ride

4 Summer of '69
Bryan Adams

I got my first real six string
Bought it at the five and dime
Played it till my fingers bled
Was the summer of '69
Me and some guys from school
Had a band and we tried real hard
Jimmy quit and Jody got married
I shoulda known we'd never get far

But when I look back now
That summer seemed to last forever
And if I had the choice
Ya - I'd always wanna be there
Those were the best days of my life

Ain't no use in complainin'
When you got a job to do
Spent my evenin's down at the drive-in
And that's when I met you - ya

Standin' on your mama's porch
You told me that you'd wait forever
Oh and when you held my hand
I knew that it was now or never
Those were the best days of my life
Back in the summer of '69

Man we were killin' time
We were young and restless
We needed to unwind
I guess nothin' can last forever
- forever, no...
And now the times are changin'
Look at everything that's
come and gone
Sometimes when
I play that old six string
I think about ya'n wonder
what went wrong

Standin' on your
mama's porch
You told me it
would last forever
Oh the way
you held my hand
I knew that it
was now or never
Those were the
best days of my life
Back in the
summer of '69

1 - 2 - 3, til siden frem og
en fot ned, parketten knirker
noe tungt er på vei
og med tennene blottet som til et smil
så nærmer det seg, og på 1 - 2 - 3..
Så har hun festet sitt grep,
hvis no slikt kan kalles hun
Hun er på størrelse med
en liten traktor, og heter Gunn
Hun er kretsmester i alt
som er tungt og kan kastes langt
Han ser på henne og tenker:
dette her kan bli interessant
1 - 2 - 3...
Igjenn så er det stille
i storsalen på folkets hus
Bare vaktmester Løen,
som tygger ettertenksomt
på en snus
Han har nettopp vaska golvet,
og utenfor faller snø
Og i hånda så holder han
ei sløyfe som er rød

Rumba med Gunn
Jo Nesbø

I storsalen på folkets hus med ei sløyfe som er rød
Sitter danseskolens minstemann,
og vet at han snart skal dø
For Fru Svæveland har sagt: småpiker engasjéer
De slett ikke så små, og dessuten er de flere

Og nå hører han det fjerne torden av en bøffelflokk
Det hamrer stille mot parkett når horden går amokk
I stum forferdelse griper han naboens hånd
Og tenker et stille; mor, må det ende sånn?

7

One man come on a barbed wire fence
One man he resist
One man washed on an empty beach
One man betrayed with a kiss

Early morning,
April four
Shot rings out in
the Memphis sky
Free at last,
they took your life
They could not
take your pride

In the name of love...

Wish you where here
Pink Floyd

8

So, so you think you can tell
heaven from hell
blue skies from pain
can you tell a green field
from a cold steel rail
A smile from a veil
Do you think you can tell

So did they get you to trade
your hereos from ghosts
hot ashes for trees
hot air for a cool breeze
Cold comfort for change
and did you exchange
a walk on part in the war
for a lead role in a cage

How I wish how I wish
you were here
We're just two lost souls
swimmin' in a fish bowl
year after year
running over the
same old ground
what have we found
The same old fears
Wish you were here

