**El Condor Pasa** (words: Paul Simon to Peruvian folk melody, 1969)

I'd rather be a sparrow than a snail.

Yes I would.

If I could,

I surely would.

I'd rather be a hammer than a nail.

Yes I would.

If I only could,

I surely would.

CHORUS

Away, I'd rather sail away

Like a swan that's here and gone

A man gets tied up to the ground,

he gives the world

its saddest sound,

its saddest sound.

I'd rather be a forest than a street.

Yes I would.

If I could,

I surely would.

I'd rather feel the earth beneath my feet,

Yes I would.

If I only could,

I surely would.

**The Boxer** (words and music: Paul Simon, 1969)

I am just a poor boy

Though my story's seldom told

I have squandered my resistance

For a pocket full of mumbles such are promises

All lies and jests

Still a man hears what he wants to hear

And disregards the rest

When I left my home and my family

I was no more than a boy

In the company of strangers

In the quiet of the railway station running scared

Laying low, seeking out the poorer quarters

Where the ragged people go

Looking for the places only they would know

Lie la lie ...

Asking only workman's wages

I come looking for a job

But I get no offers,

Just a come-on from the whores on Seventh Avenue

I do declare, there were times when I was so lonesome

I took some comfort there

Lie la lie ...

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes

And wishing I was gone

Going home

Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me

Bleeding me, going home

In the clearing stands a boxer

And a fighter by his trade

And he carries the reminders

Of ev'ry glove that layed him down

Or cut him till he cried out

In his anger and his shame

"I am leaving, I am leaving"

But the fighter still remains

Lie la lie ...

**Blowin’ in the Wind** (words and music: Bob Dylan, 1963)

How many roads must a man walk down

Before you call him a man?

How many seas must a white dove sail

Before she sleeps in the sand?

Yes, how many times must the cannon balls fly

Before they're forever banned?

The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind

The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Yes, how many years can a mountain exist

Before it's washed to the sea?

Yes, how many years can some people exist

Before they're allowed to be free?

Yes, how many times can a man turn his head

Pretending he just doesn't see?

The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind

The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Yes, how many times must a man look up

Before he can see the sky?

Yes, how many ears must one man have

Before he can hear people cry?

Yes, how many deaths will it take till he knows

That too many people have died?

The answer my friend is blowin' in the wind

The answer is blowin' in the wind.

**The Times They Are A-changin**

(words and music: Bob Dylan, 1964)

Come gather 'round people

Wherever you roam

And admit that the waters

Around you have grown

And accept it that soon

You'll be drenched to the bone

If your time to you

Is worth savin'

Then you better start swimmin'

Or you'll sink like a stone

For the times they are a-changin'.

Come writers and critics

Who prophesize with your pen

And keep your eyes wide

The chance won't come again

And don't speak too soon

For the wheel's still in spin

And there's no tellin' who

That it's namin'

For the loser now

Will be later to win

For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen

Please heed the call

Don't stand in the doorway

Don't block up the hall

For he that gets hurt

Will be he who has stalled

There's a battle outside

And it is ragin'

It'll soon shake your windows

And rattle your walls

For the times they are a-changin'.

Come mothers and fathers

Throughout the land

And don't criticize

What you can't understand

Your sons and your daughters

Are beyond your command

Your old road is

Rapidly agin'

Please get out of the new one

If you can't lend your hand

For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn

The curse it is cast

The slow one now

Will later be fast

As the present now

Will later be past

The order is

Rapidly fadin'

And the first one now

Will later be last

For the times they are a-changin'.

**Suzanne** (words and music: Leonard Cohen, 1967)

Suzanne takes you down to her place near the river

You can hear the boats go by

You can spend the night beside her

And you know that she's half crazy

But that's why you want to be there

And she feeds you tea and oranges

That come all the way from China

And just when you mean to tell her

That you have no love to give her

Then she gets you on her wavelength

And she lets the river answer

That you've always been her lover

And you want to travel with her

And you want to travel blind

And you know that she will trust you

For you've touched her perfect body with your mind.

And Jesus was a sailor

When he walked upon the water

And he spent a long time watching

From his lonely wooden tower

And when he knew for certain

Only drowning men could see him

He said "All men will be sailors then

Until the sea shall free them"

But he himself was broken

Long before the sky would open

Forsaken, almost human

He sank beneath your wisdom like a stone

And you want to travel with him

And you want to travel blind

And you think maybe you'll trust him

For he's touched your perfect body with his mind.

Now Suzanne takes your hand

And she leads you to the river

She is wearing rags and feathers

From Salvation Army counters

And the sun pours down like honey

On our lady of the harbour

And she shows you where to look

Among the garbage and the flowers

There are heroes in the seaweed

There are children in the morning

They are leaning out for love

And they will lean that way forever

While Suzanne holds the mirror

And you want to travel with her

And you want to travel blind

And you know that you can trust her

For she's touched your perfect body with her mind

**IF I HAD A HAMMER** (The Hammer Song)

words and music by Lee Hays and Pete Seeger

If I had a hammer

I'd hammer in the morning

I'd hammer in the evening

All over this land

I'd hammer out danger

I'd hammer out a warning

I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters

All over this land

If I had a bell

I'd ring it in the morning

I'd ring it in the evening

All over this land

I'd ring out danger

I'd ring out a warning

I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters

All over this land

If I had a song

I'd sing it in the morning

I'd sing it in the evening

All over this land

I'd sing out danger

I'd sing out a warning

I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters

All over this land

Well I've got a hammer

And I've got a bell

And I've got a song to sing

All over this land

It's the hammer of justice

It's the bell of freedom

It's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters

All over this land

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