

202 Favourite Sing-Along Lyrics  
for  
Family and Friends

---



---

*Compiled*  
by  
Denis & Friends

## **LUCILLE** (*Kenny Rogers*)

In a bar in Toledo across from the depot  
On a bar stool she took off her ring  
I thought I'd get closer so I walked on over  
I sat down and asked her name

When the drinks finally hit her  
She said I'm no quitter  
But I finally quit livin' on dreams  
I'm hungry for laughter and here ever after  
I'm after what-ever the other life brings

In the mirror I saw him and I closely watched him  
I thought how he looked out of place  
He came to the woman who sat there be-side me  
He had a strange look on his face

The big hands were calloused  
He looked like a mountain  
For a minute I thought I was dead  
But he started shaking, his big heart was breaking  
He turned to the woman and said . . .

*You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille  
With four hungry children and a crop in the field  
I've had some bad times lived through some sad times  
But this time your hurting won't heal  
You picked a fine time to leave me Lucille.*

After he left us, I ordered more whisky  
I thought how she'd made him look small  
From the lights of the bar room  
To a rented ho-tel room, we walked without talking at all

She was a beauty, but when she came to me  
She must have thought I'd lost my mind  
I could'nt hold her, 'cos the words that he told her  
Kept coming back time after time . . .

### Chorus

## **BLOWIN' IN THE WIND**

Bob Dylan- *Special Rider Music* - SESAC

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before they call him a man?  
How many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
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.*

How many years must a mountain exist  
Before it is washed to the sea?  
How many years can some people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free?

How many times can a man turn his head  
And pretend that he just doesn't see?

*The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.*

How many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky?  
How many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
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 answer is blowin' in the wind.*

## **500 MILES**

Hedy West © *Atzal Music, Inc.* - BMI

If you miss the train I'm on, you will know that I am gone  
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles,  
a hundred miles, a hundred miles, a hundred miles, a  
hundred miles,  
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

Lord I'm one, Lord I'm two, Lord I'm three, Lord I'm four,  
Lord I'm 500 miles from my home.  
500 miles, 500 miles, 500 miles, 500 miles  
Lord I'm five hundred miles from my home.

Not a shirt on my back, not a penny to my name  
Lord I can't go a-home this a-way  
This a-away, this a-way, this a-way, this a-way,  
Lord I can't go a-home this a-way.

If you miss the train I'm on you will know that I am gone  
You can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles.

## **HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN**

New words and music by Mary Travers-  
©1995 *Mapape Lake Music Publishing Co., ASCAP*

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
It's been the ruin of many poor girls  
And me, oh God, am one

If you had listened to what your momma said  
You'd be at home today  
But I was young and foolish, oh Lord  
You let a gambler lead you astray

Go tell my baby sister  
Don't do as I have done  
But shun that house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun

I'm going back to New Orleans  
Your race is almost run  
I'm going back to lay my head  
Beneath that rising sun

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
It's been the ruin of many poor girls  
And me, I'm one, oh God  
And me, oh God, am one

You poor girl, you are one

### **IF I HAD A HAMMER**

Seeger/Hayes- *Ludlow Music Corp.* - BMI

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 got a hammer,  
And I got a bell,  
And I 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.

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.

### **LEAVING ON A JET PLANE**

John Denver - *Cherry Lane Music Publishing Co., Inc.* - ASCAP

All my bags are packed, I'm ready to go  
I'm standing here outside your door  
I hate to wake you up to say goodbye  
But the dawn is breakin', it's early morn  
The taxi's waiting, he's blowin' his horn  
Already I'm so lonesome I could cry.

Chorus:

*So kiss me and smile for me  
Tell me that you'll wait for me  
Hold me like you'll never let me go.  
I'm leavin' on a jet plane  
I don't know when I'll be back again  
Oh, babe, I hate to go.*

There's so many times I've let you down  
So many times I've played around  
I tell you now, they don't mean a thing  
Every place I go, I think of you  
Every song I sing, I sing for you  
When I come back, I'll wear your wedding ring.

*(Chorus)*

### **MICHAEL ROW THE BOAT ASHORE**

Traditional. Adapted and arranged by Robert DeCormier,  
Peter Yarrow, Noel Paul Stookey and Mary Travers.  
© 1998 *Mapape Lake Music Publishing* - ASCAP

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah  
Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah

Sister help to trim the sails, hallelujah  
Sister help to trim the sails, hallelujah

Jordan's River is deep and wide, hallelujah  
And I've got a home on the other side, hallelujah

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah  
Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah

Michael's boat is a music boat, hallelujah  
Michael's boat is a music boat, hallelujah

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah  
Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah

The trumpets sound the Jubilee, hallelujah  
The trumpets sound for you and me, hallelujah

Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah  
Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah  
Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah  
Michael row the boat ashore, hallelujah

### **EL PASO** (*Marty Robbins*)

Out in the West Texas town of El Paso,  
I fell in love with a Mexican girl,  
Night time would find me in Rose's cantina,  
Music would play and Falena would whirl.  
Blacker than night were the eyes of Falena,  
Wicked and evil while casting a spell.  
My love was deep for this Mexican maiden,  
I was in love, but in vain I could tell.

One night a wild young cowboy came in,  
Wild as the West Texas wind,  
Dashing and daring a drink he was sharing,  
With wicked Falena, the girl that I love.  
So in anger I challenge his right for the love of this  
maiden,  
Down went his hand for the gun that he wore;  
My challenge was answered in less than a heart beat,  
The handsome young stranger lay dead on the floor.

Out through the back door of Rose's I ran,  
Out where the horses were tied,  
I caught a good one, it looked like it could run,  
Upon its back and away I did ride.  
Just as fast as I could from the West Texas town of El  
Paso,  
Out to the bad lands of New Mexico.

Back in El Paso, my life would be worthless,  
Everything is gone and like nothing is left.  
It's been so long since I've seen the young maiden,  
My love is stronger than my fear of death.  
I saddle up and away I did go,  
Riding alone in the dark.

Maybe tomorrow a bullet may find me,  
Tonight nothing is worse than this pain in my heart,  
And atlas here I am on the hill overlooking El Paso,  
I can see Rose's cantina below.

My love is strong and it pushes me onward  
Down off the hill to Falena, I go.  
Off to my right I see five mounted cowboys,  
Off to my left rides a dozen or more.

Shouting and shooting, I can't let them catch me,  
I have to make it Rose's back door.  
Something is dreadfully wrong for I feel,  
A deep burning pain in my side.

Tho I'm trying to stay in the saddle,  
I'm getting weary, unable to ride,  
But my love for Falena is stronger,  
Than I rise from where I've fallen,  
Tho, I'm weary, I can't stop to rest.

I see the white of the smoke from the rifle,  
I feel the bullet go deep in my chest,  
From out of nowhere Falena has found me,  
Kissing my cheek as she kneels by my side,  
Cradle by two loving arms that I died for,  
One little kiss, and Falena, Goodbye.