

Anthology of Other Good Rockin' Tonite Songs

GRT songs recorded only ----- not songs for publication. All *GRT* songs were written by Ryz'n and Nick Sheeboom.

Non-*GRT*, songs are favorite Oldies used in *GRT's* nightclub act

NOTE: Ryz'n still refuses to permit the publication of the lyrics to "SweetPea," "Hop On," "It Could Be You," "Where's Your Head at, Boy?" and "Was a Girl Like You." However, she did compromise her standards for "The Sizzle Shake" and their number one smash "Sweet Lovin'".

Up Hill, Down Hill (by Nick, May 19, 1967, as an invalid recovering from Rheumatic Fever)

*Up hill, down hill, that's how the story goes
Up hill, down hill, that's all I knows
Up hill, down hill, against the wind that blows
Up hill, down hill, that's just how it flows*

*Started at the bottom of that blasted hill
Worked and sweated my way clear up her until ...
Got to where I'd made it and paused to look around
Along comes this storm and knocked me to the ground
(Knocked me on down, clean to the bottom ground.)*

*Came to rest thar with my back against a tree
Cried out "Lordy, why's this happenin' to me?
I had made it to the top and just paused to look around,
'Fore this storm come along and tumbled me on down
(All the way down)."*

*Up hill, down hill, that's how the story goes
Up hill, down hill, that's all I knows
Up hill, down hill, against the wind that blows
Up hill, down hill, that's just how it flows*

*The Lord said "Son, that's just the way it is.
Sometimes life is like a game show quiz.
One minute you are up and the next one, you are down.
But ya got to keep a goin' to win that heavenly crown.*

*"You gotta persevere to keep the Devil in his place
And I'll help you along, supply you with some grace.
But the choice is yours: to quit or get up, join the chase
But whatever you choose son, I love you, in any case.*

*Up hill, down hill, that's how the story goes
Up hill, down hill, that's all I knows
Up hill, down hill, against the wind that blows
Up hill, down hill, that's just how it flows*

Baseball Is The Game (August 1, 1969, at home, after the season ending game. Dixie appreciated the sentiment but never cared for the song.)

*Hey, there's a game that's for real,
Where it's OK to hit and steal.
It's a game to play for fun;
No points allow'd, you score by run.*

*There's no clock to say it's done.
Ya make out to end the fun.
It's just pitcher versus hitter,
Squarin' off. There's no quitter.*

*Baseball is the game.
Yeah! Baseball is the name.*

*If their pitcher gets in trouble
And someone cracks a double,
Then the dugout comes alive
Guys start to jump and shuck and jive.*

*On a fair day when the sky is blue
There's nothin' better you can do.
But if you've got a high blue sky,
Be careful, not to lose that fly.*

*Baseball is the game.
Yeah! Baseball is the name.*

*Lead you to the Hall of Fame
If it don't, there's no shame.
As long as you enjoy the game,
And in your heart, fan the flame*

*There are no ties when it is done.
You've either lost or you have won.
And if the day is nice,
You can even play it twice*

*Baseball is the game.
Yeah! Baseball is the name.
Baseball is the game.
Yeah! Baseball is the name.*

Nick's Midnight Rambler (Nick's lyrics are modified from the original Rolling Stones' classic, to suit Nick's less morbid sensibilities, August 21, 1969, Clear Lake, Iowa)

*Did you hear about the midnight rambler?
Everybody got to know.
Did you hear about the midnight rambler?
The one who only comes to go?
He don't give a hoot of warning,
Wrapped up in a black cat cloak.
He don't go in light of morning.
He split the time the cock'rel croak.*

(Harmonica takes over)

*Talkin' about the midnight gambler.
The one you never seen before.
Talkin' about the midnight rambler,
Did you see him jump the garden wall?
Sighin' down the wind so sadly,
Listen and you'll hear him moan.
Talkin' about the midnight gambler,
Everybody got to know.*

*Did you hear about the midnight rambler?
Well, he's better'n a rock 'n' roll show.
Well, I'm talkin' about the midnight gambler.
Yeah, everybody got to know.*

(Harmonica lead)

*Well did ya hear about the midnight gambler?
Well Honey, he's your rock-in' roll show.
Well I'm talking about the midnight gambler.
He's the one you never seen befo'.*

(harmonica lead rockin' and rollin' –
heavy blues emphasis)

*The midnight ramblin' man ain't really
What he seem.
No Honey, he ain't the one to fear.
When he come slippin' in, he's only
What ya dream
And when ya wake, the rambler disappear.*

Well you heard about the shiek of ... Arabi...

(BAMM!)

Honey, he's not one of those you can see.....

(BAMM!)

Well, talkin' 'bout the midnight...sand man...

(BAMM!)

Who loves you when no other . . . can

(BAMM!)

I'm called the hit'n'run dream lovin' romeo

(BAMM!)

Make you come while slippin' in on tippie-toe...

(BAMM!)

Or rush ya hard if you call for mo'...

(BAMM!)

Everybody got to know.

(Intensity starts to pick up)

So if you ever meet the midnight rambler,

Coming down your marble hall.

Well he's pouncing like a proud black panther.

Well, you can say I, I told you what you saw.

Well, you can't listen for the midnight rambler.

Play it easy, easy, as you go.

Cuz he'll slip in and be out before you know.

Ya wake up, feelin' good,

But find ya missed the show.

(tempo and intensity gets raucous)

Did you hear about the midnight rambler?

He'll leave his footprints up and down your hall.

And did you hear about the midnight gambler?

And did you see me make my midnight call?

Talkin' about the midnight rambler,

The one you never seen before.

Talkin' about the midnight gambler,

Did you see him jump the garden wall?

Sighin' down the wind so sadly,

Listen sharp to hear you moan.

Talkin' about the the midnight gambler,

Everybody got to know.

First Day Back (September 17, 1969, at home written in stages)*

*Was the first day back, yeah.
Got on the wrong track, unh-hunh.
Mann! She look'd like a star.
I said she'd go far.*

*I said "Ms. Teacher,
You lovely she-creature,"
But then, she took down my name
And mocked me in shame.*

*(Chorus)
Yeah, all because I opened my mouth
And I stuck my foot in.
She said, she'd jump down my throat,
If I did it again.*

*Ooooh! Now this foxy lady!
Has colored me shady,
Her frosty, cold will
Had really shot me a chill.*

*Her frigid blue eyes
Belied a petite hourglass size
But I drove her nuts
'Til she hated my guts.*

(Chorus)

*Was the first day back, yeah
Got on the wrong track.
And ever since then,
She's on me no end.*

*Can do nothing to please her
All I can do, is insult and tease her
Only the rest of the class
Calls me an ass*

(Chorus)

(written May 12, 1970, at home)

*Yeah, that was just the first day,
But now, the fight's lasted 'til May.*

*Third periods, we fight
Over who's wrong and who's right.*

(Chorus)

*We've fought so long and
Both been right and both wrong.
That I no longer see
What she first meant to me.
(or What had once passed for star quality?)*

*She won't give me a break
Not for decency's sake
And whatever she dishes out
Then I turn it about*

(Chorus)

*I've never understood
How she could look so good,
Be the best I've seen
Yet, treat me so spiteful and mean.*

*She's aptly named all right,
Comes to class geared up to fight.
Her real name's Severe.
And she's a real horse's rear.*

(Chorus)

(written June 18, 1970 at Pocomoke H.S.)

*Guess what? At the end of the year,
I spoke privately with Mrs. Severe.
We apologized, made up and kissed
Cuz neither one could resist.
Now that's it.
Class dismissed!*

Well, Now, Then, There (or Me and James Dean) (Little Nick, Sept. 30, 1969. at home, anniversary of James Dean's death)

*Was laid up in bed, I was just thirteen,
With nothin' to do and nothin to dream.
Lonely and sick, had lost all my steam.
That's when I met the legend called Dean.*

*Turned on the tube, flipped channels around.
Saw Pancho and Cisco, and Bozo the Clown.
'Bout to give up, switch it off, read a book,
Flipped one more dial--ooh, take a look!*

*Hey! Check out that cat up there on the screen.
Mann, that guy is me! Or could be me, in a dream.
Who was he? I just had to know.
Who was this cat on today's "Early Show?"
(Refrain)
"Well, now, then, there." Is that what he said?
A beautiful kid! Later, learned he was dead.
Died in a tragic crash, a grisly scene.
But for me now, he lives and breathes in my dream.*

*I watched the whole flick without taking a break.
How this cat and this chick came to forsake
School and all that crap they were taught
To search for themselves, what it is that they sought.*

*There was something about the way he acted
That was honest and clean--nothing didactic.
He was me, but I wasn't he, except in my dream.
His problems were mine, but HE was James Dean!*

(Refrain)

*Watchin' that flick was a slap in the face.
It woke me up, shook me up, set a new pace.
Watchin' him, couldn't tell the kid from the act.
Watched all that he did and took it for fact.*

*I sat up in sick bed and took time to pause.
Down deep, I guess, we all rebel without cause.
I saw him again and came to understand
That "Man has a choice" and "that choice that makes him a man."*

(Refrain)

And that's the story of me and James Dean.

The Zipp Boys (Dec. 7, 1969, at the Andrews Officer's Club from a request of Mrs. Billy Zipponski, who thought the "DC Dip" would make a catchy jingle for her husband's used car business in Harlow Heights, known as ZIPP Brothers Autos. Nick rewrote the lyrics during a break and gave them to Mrs. Zipponski. Two months later, after the jingle became a local sensation and had boosted car sales to record heights, she persuaded her husband to write GRT a check for \$500 for the song. After that, Little Nick convinced the other band members to record their songs.)

Zipp in and Zipp out. Drive out zippin'.

*Want a used car now? Call the brothers ZIPP.
Don't take no chances, hop a ZIPP Brothers ship.
Ain't like Ourisman's or them heaps down at Pyle's.
You can't miss with ZIPPs, drive them for miles.*

*Come in, see the ZIPP Boys and hurry
Take a test drive, there's no need to worry.
Don't waste time, come on in today.
New or used models--have it your way.*

*See their wide selection, all models and makes
They'll be happy to show you how little it takes.
There's no pressure, they're eager to please
A visit to ZIPPS is like a soft breeze.*

*So come see the ZIPPS here in Harlow Heights.
You can drive in by day or even by night.
We're open from seven in the morning 'til ten p.m.
Visitin' with the Zipps, is like seein' a friend.*

*Used or new,
The ZIPP Boys have the car for YOU!*

*Come in trippin', Baby. You'll trip out ZIPPin'.
Do some ZIPP boys zippin' and you'll be flippin'.
Dip into ZIPPS and trip out ZIPPin'.
ZIPP in, ZIPP out. Then drive 'round ZIPPin'.*

*Yes, used or new,
The ZIPP Boys have the car for YOU!*

ZIPP Brothers Autos, 4400 Veer Avenue, Harlow Heights, MD 20748
423-4000 That's 423-4000 ZIPP!!!! Brothers

First Date (February 14, 1970, at home, about Ryz'n, after being dumped by her kid sister)

*Our first date? Yes, I remember
Was in the second weekend of September
After one week back at school,
You taught diving at your pool.*

*It was two weeks before I could drive.
So you picked me up, to teach me to dive
At the base pool your daddy ran
For air force officers and their children.*

*On a glorious, bright sunny day.
We listened to Oldies on the way.
We heard Buddy Holly, Clyde McPhatter,
The Miracle and the Platters.*

*You wore a towel, high around your waist,
Unsure and self-conscious about your weight.
You were a beautiful brunette, but you didn't know it,
Which was more humbly endearing, cuz you didn't show it.*

*Yet there was something between us two.
Something chemical, and emotional, too.
There was something there we could not explain.
Could it be love that fanned the flame?*

*As I watched you dive, I would not have guessed
How graceful you were--so sublimely divine, a true goddess.
Soaring like a bird in flight, diving like a fish from sight,
Cutting splash less through the surface, like a knife.*

*When I attempted to imitate your graceful act,
I flew oblong, landing wrong, flat out on my back.
You took pity, massaging me with soothing salve.
And I thanked God for the wounds that I had.*

*As you sat upon me, massaging slowly and so gently
Your heavy breathing told me that, evidently,
You felt the sparklers I felt, too,
Sparklers lighting fires inside me, inside you.*

*Yet there was something more between us two.
Something physical? Yes, there was that, too.
But there was something magical we could not explain.*

Was it love that fanned the flame?

Moons (by Dixie, wee hours of July 5, 1975, on the beach near the Surfswell) *** to the theme of *On the Waterfront*

*I found a girl.
Could be the one,
Could be the one I've sought.*

*She's kind and sweet.
She wants me, too.
At least, that's what I thought.*

(Chorus)

*Well Moons, I shouldn't think of you.
You know we just can't mesh.
I want what is the best for you,
What God would want for you,
What only He can bless.*

*But when tonight,
I rebuffed her.
She turned her face away.*

*Moon's hair is black,
Her eyes bright blue.
I kind of hoped she'd stay.*

(Chorus)

*She understands
What makes a man,
What drives him to be.*

*She's fair of face,
So full of grace.
So why does she want me?*

(Chorus)

Crest Hill Heights, Maryland (July 20, 1975, The Ryan's Home on Double 'G' Street by Dixie)

*Crest Hill, Maryland
That's the place I call home.
That's where I grew up,
The place I left, the world to roam.*

*Just a shoppin' center
Sittin' up on top of the Heights.
It's where I came of age,
Met my Love, fought my fights.*

*Crest Hill Heights, Maryland,
Left her, but came back again
To Crest Hill, Maryland.
Best place I ever been.*

*Yeah I grew up combin'
Its creeks and hills.
Delivered the news,
Collected some bills.*

*Played ball on every field
And court in those Heights.
Too short? But it
Helped me grow, set my sights.*

*Crest Hill Heights, Maryland,
Left her, but came back again
To Crest Hill, Maryland.
Best place I ever been.*

*You can discuss them
Girls from California.
But I knew them, too.
They'll only bore ya.*

*But the girls on Double 'G' Street,
Up in Crest Hill, [some of whom knew me well]
Are the finest foxes
You could ever meet.*

*Crest Hill Heights, Maryland,
Left her, but came back again*

*To Crest Hill, Maryland.
Best place I ever been*

*Yeah, and I got the best
Crest Hill fox of the lot.
She stands beside me,
Loves me true, forsakes me not.*

*Look for yourse'f,
If you don't think it's true.
There's no one finer,
Whose so lovely, too.*

[and like me, she's from]

*Crest Hill Heights, Maryland,
Left her, but came back again.
To Crest Hill, Maryland,
Best place I ever been.*

[think I'll go back there again, Yeah!]

Our New Tradition (by Dixie, wee hours July 21, 1975, at home, Crest Hill, MD) **

*She wrote a song that you might like.
I hope, she sings into my mic.
She's got all that I could ever nee-eed
And she's saved it all for me-e.*

*Don't smoke no weed in front of her.
Just joke, avoid another slur.
She's the one who saved herself for me-ee
She's undone now, can't you see-e?*

*She's the only one, face to the sun, says I'm
the one.
She waited so long for me-e. Hey now, hey
can't you see?*

*Hey, don't ya know, she's become my new
Condition, in love and in li-ife?*

*Now, she and me have started our new
tradition
cuz I know she's my wi-ife.*

*Hey now! I've come back to her.
Be-fore, I guess I wasn't sure.
But now, now I know for sure.
It's her and me-ee
It will always be.*

*Be-fore, I was just too dense.
Got stuck, upon the fence.
But then, she made me see-ee
How much she truly does loves me-ee.*

*She's the only one, face to the sun, says I'm the one.
She waited so long for me-ee.
Hey now, hey, can't you see?*

*Hey, don't ya know, she's become my new condition
In love and in li-ife?
Now, she and me have started our new tradition
cuz I know she's my wi-ife.*

*No more, jealous over loads.
No more, angry bitter, modes.*

*Because now we're free-ee,
Free in our security.*

*She's the only one, face to the sun, says I'm the one.
She waited so long for me-e. Hey now, can't you see?*

*Hey, don't ya know, she's become my new condition
In love and in li-ife?
Now, she and me have started our new tradition
cuz she's my wi-ife*

Don't Love Ya Now (a call and response blues duet by Nick and Ry during the New Orleans sessions, August '75. More a joke than a song as they tried to one-up each other)

*Baby, say what's new,
Baby, say what's new
Baby, tell me true. Baby, say what's new
Baby, won't ya tell me true?*

*Well, I'm gettin' paid
Yeah, I'm gettin' paid
Still getting' paid, ain't bein' played
Guess I got it made. Yeah, I'm okay.*

*Ain't ya comin' back?
Ain't ya comin' back?
Baby, ain't ya comin' back to my lovin' shack?
Baby, ain't ya comin' back?*

*Well now ya know I ain't.
Well now, ya know I ain't
Ya know my complaint—ya ain't no saint
Ya know I jes' cain't.*

*Ya useta love me long
Ya useta love me long
You useta love me long, Baby what's gone wrong
You know, ya useta love me long*

*Well, ya know what's wrong
Yeah, ya know what's wrong
Baby, you know what's wrong, ya left me gone too long
Yeah, ya know what's wrong*

*But I need you home
But I need you home
Baby, I need you home, I'm so all alone
Baby, please come home*

*But I don't love ya now
No, I don't love ya now
Don't love ya now, no way no how
Ya know, I don't love ya now*

*Yeah, I took my bow
Guess I took my bow
Don't love ya now, guess I clean'd your plow*

Don't love ya now.

*Now you makin' me cry
Ya know ya makin' me cry?
Baby, ya makin' me cry, cain't tell no lie
You jes' make me cry*

*Then you shoulda been true
Ya know you shoulda been true
Baby, ya shoulda been true, now I cain't love you.
No, you shoulda been true*

*If I beg ya please?
If I beg ya please?
I'm on bended knees, Baby beggin' ya please
Come on back to me*

*No you had your chance,
No you had your chance,
But you lost your chance with my sweet romance
You know you had your chance*

*Baby what'll I do?
Baby what'll I do?
If I cain't love you, be so sad and blue
Baby, what can I do?*

*Ya shoulda thought before
Ya shoulda thought before
Shoulda thought before you walked out my door.
Ya shoulda thought before.
(Cuz I don't love ya no more)*

*Now what can I say?
Now what can I say?
Baby what can I say, make ya come back my way?
Baby what can I say?*

*Nothin' cuz it's too late
See it's way too late
Baby it's too late cuz you wouldn't wait
Now it's jes too late*

*Baby, treat ya right this time
Ya know, I treat ya right this time
Treat ya right this time, won't get outta line*

Yeah, I'll treat ya right this time

*But I don't love ya now
No, I don't love ya now
Don't love ya now, no way no how
Ya know, I don't love ya now*

*See I took my bow
Yeah, I took my bow
Don't love ya now, guess I clean'd your plow
Don't love ya now*

*Baby, you so unkind
Baby, you so unkind
Ya know you so unkind, ya useta treat me fine
Now you so unkind*

*Well ain't that too bad
Ain't that jes' too bad
Grown man like you cryin' over what ya coulda had
Yeah. That's jes' too damn bad!*

*So don't call me no more
Don't ya call me no more
Don't ya dare call me no more, find yourself a whore
But don't ya call me no more*

*Oh baby, please come back
Baby, won't you please come back
Baby please come back, Honey cut me some slack
Baby, won't you please come back?*

*Look. tell ya one more time
See, tell ya one more time.
Tell ya just one more time, don't you waste your dime
Tell ya just one more time.*

*I don't love ya now
No, I don't love ya now
Don't love ya now, no way no how
Ya know, I jes' don't love ya now*

*Remember you left me?
Remember you left me!
Yeah, was you left me, Baby you berefted me,
Was you that left me.*

*Ne'r thought you'd do me like this
Ne'r thought you'd do me like this
Throw me such a wicked twist, Baby,
Never thought you'd do me like this*

*Only got yase'f to blame
Only got yase'f to blame
Only got yase'f to blame for losing love's game
Ya jes' got yase'f to blame*

*Cuz I don't love ya now
No, I don't love ya now
Don't love ya now, no way no how
Ya know, I jes don't love ya now*

*Cain't say it no louder
Cain't say it no louder
Cain't say it no louder and I couldn't be prouder
Cain't say it no louder*

*If I get you a ring
Baby, if I get you a ring
Baby if I get you a ring, will you love and cling
Baby, if I get you a ring?*

*Hunh, you gotta be kiddin'
Mistah you gotta be kiddin'
Gotta be kiddin, think a ring now'd make me do your biddin?
Mann, you just gotta be kiddin'*

*So for the last time
So for one last time,
Tell ya jes' one more time, cuz I'm runnin' outta rhymes
Baby, this is the last time*

*Are you listenin' good?
Are ya listenin' good?
Hope ya listen up' good, cuz I want it undahstood
Ya better listen up good*

*The answer is NO!
Ya hear, the answer is NO!
The answer is NO! Cuz I don't love you so,
So the answer is no.*

*In fact, it's Hail NO!
Don't you call me no mo!
You two-timin' Joe
Now don't you call me no mo!
That's the end of this show
So don't you call me no mo!*

GOODBYE! (click... Bzzzzzzzz)

Lost Innocence—Where did that go? (Written by Nick, October 22, 1976,)

*What ever happened to a girl and a guy?
Go on a date, then be kinda shy?
Where did that go? Hunh?
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh oh-oh oh oh-oh?
Hmm-mm?*

*Well, I don't really know.
Now just where did it go?
I just don't know. Hunh?
I just don't know.
Hmm?*

*He would ask her out for a date,
Then pick her up and not be late.
Oh no! No, no, no, no, no-oh-oh.
Oh-oh, no!*

*They would stroll arm-in-arm out to the car
Where he'd open the door.
Oh, oh, oh-oh!
(First Chorus)
Where did that go-oh, hmm?
Where did that go-oh, hmm?
Where did that go-o-o-o-oh-oh?*

*He'd jump in beside her,
But not go too far.
Where did that go? Hmm?*

Oh no! No, no, no, no, no-oh-oh. Oh-oh, no

*Think we lost it somewhere back there.
Back in the days of long, shaggy hair.
And now it's gone.
Oh, oh, oh, oh yea-ah! Long gone.
It's gone for good.
And I don't think it should,
But now it's gone! Misunderstood.*

(First Chorus)

*He'd bring her home,
Walk her straight to the door.*

*Then they would kiss, but not any more.
Oh no, no, no! No, no, no, no, no-oh. Oh-oh, no!*

*Then she'd bid him good night
Beneath her porch light.
And he could leave
Still feelin' all right.
Because they knew
Because they knew-ew-ew-ew-ewew
(They knew wrong from right)*

*(Second Chorus).
That's how it was.
Oh, oh, oh, oh-oh yeah. Yessss! .
That's how it wa-a-as, yes!
That's how it wa-a-as, yes!
That's how it wa-a-as, yes!
That's how it wasssssss. Yeah!*

*She' would smile so sweet,
Then he'd ask her to meet.
You know again?
And he'd say where and.
She'd say when whe-en,*

*Second Chorus.
First Chorus*

*I really miss such lost innocence,
Gone forever and I ain't seen it since.
Since it's been gone. .
Lost down at the beaver ponds
Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh-oh*

*But we returned to the ponds.
To love and make love, again.
To prove what we had done
Because of our Love, was really not sin.*

Second Chorus. First Chorus

Tempest Tossed (a Christmas, 1981, reprisal of their **Of Marriage and Love** duet by Nicky and Ry during a phone call, July 30, 1975. By 1981, their divergent career paths were placing a great strain on their marriage.)

Hey Nicky?

Yes, Ry

*Why don't you love, your lovin' wife?
Cuz I'm tryin' to revive, come back to life*

*Why can't you love, like I want to be loved?
Cuz I need wings and you want doves.*

So Ry,

Yes Nicky

*Why can't you love without a fight?
Cuz what you been doin', just ain't right.*

Chorus together

*I'm screamin' inside to beloved by you.
Your silence is deafening, what should I do?
I dunno, just love me is all, I guess.
Don't leave me, stay. Forget the rest.*

*I'm lost inside, Nicky, can't seem to make it
While you stumble and bumble as you see fit.*

*Seems like you get the cherry Ry and I get the pit.
You taste the flavor while I taste the spit.*

*Nicky, you used to be--larger than life
And now your presence cuts like a knife.*

Chorus (together)

*Guess I can't be any more good to you.
Guess I should leave, what else can I do?*

*Is that your way Nicky, to get out of a tight?
Just turn tail and run, you think that's right?*

*(N) Maybe I could stay and try it again?
(R) And be my lover boy, my best friend?*

Chorus

*(R) Will you love me all night and love me all day?
Put all this aside? There's no other way.*

*(N) I'd like to get to know you all over again.
To be your lover and your best friend.*

*(R) There's just one thing here before we start
Tell me "I love you"—(N) I do Ry, straight from my heart.*

Chorus

Favorite Oldies Performed by Nick and Ry

Close Your Eyes (written by Chuck Willis, recorded by The Five Keys – 1955, covered by GRT and released on the *GRT – Last Call LP*, February 22nd, 1977 because Nick thought it the greatest ballad of its kind)

Clo-o-ose your eyes (Clo-o-ose your eyes)
Take a deep breath (Ahhhhhhhhh)
Open you-ur hea-rrt (Open your hear-rrt)
And whisper
(I love you, I love you, I love you)
Tell me you love me (You lo-ove me)
Tell me you love me (You lo-ove me)
You love me (You lo-ove me)
((Youuu love meeee))

Ho-o-old me tight (Ho-o-old me ti-i-ight)
Don't say good night (Don't say good ni-i-ight)
Weee ha-ave ti-ime (lots of ti-i-ime)
Everything all right (Thing's gonna be all right)
Ho-old me Darling (Never let me go-oo)
Darling and tell meeee (And tell meee)
You-u-u love meeee
(You lo-o-ove me You lo-o-ove me You lo-o-ove me)

No, no, no (No, no, no)
Even though (Even though)
This is not the way I want it to be
But if youuuuu (But if you)
Got to pretend (Mu-ust pretend)
That's a-a-a-a-a-all right with meeee.
(Oooooooooooooohhhhhhh)

Close yo-u-ur eyes (Clo-o-se your eyes)
Take a deep breath (Ahhhhhhhhhhh)
Open your hear-arrt (Open your hear-rt)
And whisper
(I love you, I love you, I love you)
Tell me you love me (You lo-ove me)
Tell me you love me (You lo-ove me)
You love me ((Oooooooooooooohhh))

(I love you Darlin' with all of my heart and soul)

Legend

Nicky – lead vocals (Tenor answer – by Ryz'n) ((Quintet answer- the Band))

Iko Iko (By James "Sugar Boy" Crawford, 1953, New Orleans, LA. Nick. Recorded successfully by the Dixie Cups in 1965, Nick incorporated into GRT's repertoire when Ryz'n joined the group.)

My grandma and your grandma
Sitting by the fire
My grandma says to your grandma
"I'm gonna set your flag on fire"

Talkin' 'bout
Hey now
Hey now
Iko iko an nay
Jockomo feena ah na nay
Jockomo feena nay

Look at my king all dressed in red
Iko iko an nay
I bet you five dollars he'll kill you dead
Jockomo feena nay

CHORUS:
Talkin' 'bout
Hey now (hey now)
Hey now (hey now)
Iko iko an nay (whoah-oh)
Jockomo feena ah na nay
Jockomo feena nay

My flag boy and your flag boy
Sitting by the fire
My flag boy says to your flag boy
"I'm gonna set your flag on fire"

(CHORUS)

(bridge)

(hey now)
(hey now)
(hey now)
(hey now)
Jockomo feena nay
Iko!

See that guy all dressed in green

Iko iko an nay
He's not a man, he's a loving machine
Jockomo feena nay

(4x)
Talkin' 'bout
Hey now (hey now)
Hey now (hey now)
Iko iko an nay (whoah-oh)
Jockomo feena ah na nay
Jockomo feena nay

(repeat till fading end)
Jockomo feena nay

Love Is Strange (Written by E. Smith/M. Baker/S. Robinson. Performed by Mickey and Sylvia in 1956. Covered by GRT for the *GRT-Last Call* album release February 1977 “Nicky” and “Ryzanna” replaced the original lyric references to “Mickey” and “Sylvia” for nostalgic reasons because they performed this number together in the Vernier’s basement back to school party, Sept. 12, 1969. they reprise the calypso sound here, exactly as it was recorded originally by Mickey and Sylvia in 1956. Ry performs the lead vocals and percussion with Nicky on lead guitar, backing up the vocals, singing in falsetto on the responses. They differ from the original only in that they insert a refrain where Ry first calls to Nicky right after the instrumental interlude.)

Love, (umm) love is strange (yeah, yeah).
Lot of people take it for a game.
Once you get it (umm, umm),
You'll never wanna quit (no, no).
After you've had it (yeah, yeah),
You're in an awful fix.

Plenty people (umm, umm)
Don't understand (no, no).
They think loving (yeah, yeah),
Is money in the hand.

Your sweet loving (umm, umm)
Is better than a kiss. (yeah, yeah)
When you leave me, (umm, umm)
Sweet kisses I miss.

[RYZANNA:] Nicholas ...

[NICKY:] Yes, Ry?

[RYZANNA:] How do you call your
lover-girl?

[NICKY:] Com'ere lover-girl!!!

[RYZANNA:] And if she doesn't answer?

[NICKY:] Ohh, lover-girl?

[RYZANNA:] And if she STILL doesn't
answer?

[NICKY:] I simply say ... Baby,
Oohh, Baa-aby
My sweet Baa-aby

You're the one!

[NICKY:] Ryzanna...

[RYZANNA:] Yes, Nicky?

[NICKY:] How do you call your lover-boy?

[RYZANNA:] Come 'ere lover-boy!!

[NICKY:] And if he doesn't answer?

[RYZANNA:] Ohh, lover-boyyy?

[NICKY:] And if he STILL doesn't answer?

[RYZANNA:] I simply say ... Baby,
Oohh, Baa-aby
My sweet Baa-aby
You're the one!

[TOGETHER:]
Baby, (umm, umm)
Oohh, Baa-aby (yeah, yeah)
My sweet Baa-aby (umm, umm)
You're the one!

Willie and the Hand Jive (written and recorded by Johnny Otis in 1957. It was a favorite of Little Nick's as a kid and became a club favorite of *GRT*'s "Show Time" portion of their live club performances. Ryz'n would break away from keyboards to lead the audience in the Hand Jive. Then she'd pick out the three best and heftiest Hand Jivers to come up on stage and help her lead the audience in the unique hand dance. It was a definite crowd pleaser.)

I know a cat named Way Out Willie
He got a cool little chick named Rockin' Millie
He can walk and stroll and Susie Q
And do that crazy hand jive, too

Papa told Willie, "You'll ruin my home
You and that hand jive have got to go"
Willie said, "Papa, don't put me down
They're doin' that hand jive all over town"

(Refrain)

Hand jive, hand jive, hand jive, doin' that crazy hand jive

Mama, Mama look at Uncle Joe
He's doin' that hand jive with sister Flo
Grandma gave baby sister a dime
Said, do that hand jive one more time

Well, a doctor and a lawyer and a Indian chief
Well, they all dig that crazy beat
Way Out Willie gave 'em all a treat, yeah
When he did that hand jive with his feet

(Refrain)

Hey-Hey!

Willie and Millie got married last fall
They had a little Willie Junior, and a-that ain't all
The baby got famous in his crib, you see
Doin' that hand jive on TV

(Refrain)

Little Willie John---**Fever** (covered by Ryz'n during Spring Break, 1974 at her insistence but not published until Nick's return when they sang it as a duet)

(Snap ... snap ... snap ... snap!)
Nevah know how much I love ya.
Nevah know how much I care.
When you put your arms around me,
I get a feeling that's so hard to bear.

Ya give me Fee-vah, when you kiss me,
Feevah when you hold me ti—ight.
Fee-vaaahh in the moh-nin'
And fevah all through the night.

(Snap ... snap ... snap ... snap!)
Listen to me, Baby. Hear every word I say.
No one can love ya the way I do,
Cuz they don't know how to love you my-ee
way.

Ya give me Fee-vah, when you kiss me,
Feevah when you hold me ti—ight.
Fee-vaaahh in the moh-nin'
And fevah all through the night.

(Snap ... snap ... snap ... snap!)
Bless my soul, I love ya.

Take this heart away.
Take these arms I'll never use.
And just believe in what my lips have to say.

Ya give me Fee-vah, when you kiss me,
Feevah when you hold me ti—ight.
Fee-vaaahh in the moh-nin'
And fevah all through the night.

(Snap ... snap ... snap ... snap!)
Sun lights up the daytime.
Moon lights up the night.
My eyes light up when you call my name,
Cuz I know you're gonna treat me right.

Ya give me Fee-vah, when you kiss me,
Feevah when you hold me ti—ight.
Fee-vaaahh in the moh-nin'
And fevah all through the night.

(Snap ... snap ... snap ... snap!)
HMMMMMMMMM., HMMMMMMMMM.
HMMMMMMMMM, HMMMMMMMMM!

Little Willie John---**Need Your Love So Bad** (covered by Ryz'n during Spring Break, 1974 at her insistence and published on the "Lest We Forget" LP)

*Need someone's hand to lead me through the night
I need someone's arms to hold and squeeze me tight
Now, when the night begins, whoa, I'm at an end
Because I need ... your love so bad*

*I need some lips to feel next to mine
Need someone to stand up - to stand up and tell me when I'm lyin'
And when the lights are low - and it's time to go
That's when I need ... your love so bad*

*So why don't you give it up, Baby and bring it home to me
or write it on a piece of paper, Honey - so it can be read to me
Tell me that you love me - and stop drivin' me mad
whoa, because I - I need your love so bad*

*Need a soft voice - just to talk to me at night
Don't want you to worry, Baby
I know we can make everything alright
Listen to my plea, Baby, come on bring it home to me
cuz I need ... your love so bad
Baby, I need, I need - a [woman] man, I need ... your love so bad*

Songs Initially Banned by Ry, but Later Released

Sweet Lovin' (a.k.a. Lovin' Turtle Dovin' - by Nick after he met AFC Sarah 'Baby' Smithson, December 5, 1969, while performing at the Bolling AFB, NCO club, Ryz'n initially refused to record this one also, but changed her tune for this bawdy ditty, and after she performed it live, out of spite with her own lyrics at Mr. Rowdy's Loft July 2nd, 1975. Her saucy first person version was released publically and went to top of the charts in November 1975. By 1990, Ryz'n again preferred not to perform the song at all.)

The Sizzle Shake (Written by Little Nick between sets Halloween, 1969, while performing at Mount Blair High School. Inspired by his current girlfriend. Used as Side B to the Zipp Boys jingle, when there was a half hour of session time left; first *GRT R'N'R* tune played, without a label, on local radio stations, became a regional top ten hit during winter of 1970. However, when the band later signed with Sable Records and, yet later again with Halo Platters. Ryz'n initially refused to allow the tune to be published nationally due to its lewd nature. After Nick came home from the war, she recanted and even performed it live in the first person.)

See the "GRT Graduates" icon under the "Songs" section for lyrics to these two tunes.