

Handout 1 - Song Lyrics

Nena, "100 Red Balloons"

You and I in a little toy shop
 Buy a bag of balloons with the money
 we've got
 Set them free at the break of dawn
 'Til one by one they were gone

Back at base bugs in the software
 Flash the message "something's out
 there!"

Floating in the summer sky
 Ninety-nine red balloons go by

Ninety-nine red balloons
 Floating in the summer sky
 Panic bells, it's red alert
 There's something here from somewhere
 else

The war machine springs to life
 Opens up one eager eye
 Focusing it on the sky
 Where ninety-nine red balloons go by

Ninety-nine decision street
 Ninety-nine ministers meet
 To worry, worry, super scurry
 Call the troops out in a hurry
 This is what we've waited for
 This is it, boys, this is war
 The president is on the line
 As ninety-nine red balloons go by

Ninety-nine knights of the air
 Ride super high-tech jet fighters
 Everyone's a super hero
 Everyone's a captain Kirk
 With orders to identify
 To clarify and classify
 Scramble in the summer sky
 Ninety-nine red balloons go by

As ninety-nine red balloons go by

Ninety-nine dreams I have had
 In every one a red balloon
 It's all over and I'm standing pretty
 In this dust that was a city
 If I could find a souvenir
 Just to prove the world was here
 And here is a red balloon
 I think of you, and let it go

Vladimir Vysotsky, “I Don’t Like”

I don’t like cold cynicism,
I don’t believe in exaltation, and also
I don’t like when a stranger reads my
letters
Glancing over my shoulder.

I hate rumours masking as versions,
Worms of doubts, needles of honor
Or when it is always up the wrong way
Or the sound of iron scratching glass.

I don’t like self-satisfied confidence,
It’s better if the brakes fail;
I am vexed when the word “honour” is
forgotten,
And slanders behind one’s back are
honoured.

I don’t like myself when I am coward,
I feel anger when innocents are suffering.
I don’t like when people worm themselves
into my soul,
Especially when they spit into it.

Billy Joel, “Honesty”

If you search for tenderness
It isn’t hard to find
You can have the love you need to live
But if you look for truthfulness
You might just as well be blind
It always seems to be so hard to give

Honesty is such a lonely word
Everyone is so untrue
Honesty is hardly ever heard
And mostly what I need from you

I can always find someone
To say they sympathize
If I wear my heart out on my sleeve
But I don’t want some pretty face
To tell me pretty lies
All I want is someone to believe