

On the Radio

On the radio, it's your fav'rite song.

On the radio, singin' along.

*It's the station that plays
the ones for you and me,
and it's all on Radio K-Y-D-Z*

You can play it in the car.

It's never out of reach.

Take along the boom box,

Listen at the beach.

*And you can catch the news
no matter where you are.*

*But the best part's hearing
your fav'rite star!*

Chorus

K! Y! D! Z!

We'll be there to rock with you A-S-A-P

K! Y! D! Z!

For blues and country, it's the M-V-P

K! Y! D! Z!

*For salsa, jazz or hip-hop,
it's never off key!*

K! Y! D! Z!

And the best thing about it is:

It's Free!

Chorus

Ain't We Got Fun

Ev'ry mornin', ev'ry evnin' ain't we got fun?

*Not much money, oh, but honey,
ain't we got fun?*

The rents unpaid, dear, we haven't a car.

But anyway, dear, we'll stay where we are.

Even if we owe the grocer, don't we have fun?

Tax collector's getting' closer, still we have fun.

*There's nothing surer, the rich get rich and the
poor get poorer. In the meantime, in
betweentime, ain't we got fun?*

Oh, ev'ry mornin',

Ain't we got fun?

Don't have much money,

Ain't we got fun?

The rents unpaid, dear, we haven't a car.

But anyway, dear, we'll stay where we are.

We owe the grocer,

Don't we have fun?

He's getting' closer

Still we have fun.

There's nothing surer.

So in the mean time,

ain't we got fun?

Boogie Woogie Boogie Boy

He was a famous trumpet man from out
Chicago way

He had a boogie style that no one else could
play

He was the top man at his craft

But then his number came up and he was gone
with the draft

He's in the army now, a-blowin' reveille

He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

They made him blow a bugle for his Uncle Sam
It really brought him down because he couldn't
jam

The captain seemed to understand

Because the next day the cap' went out and
drafted a band

And now the company jumps when he plays
reveille

He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

A-toot, a-toot, a-toot-diddelyada-toot

He blows it eight-to-the-bar, in boogie rhythm

He can't blow a note unless the bass and guitar
is playin' with 'im

He makes the company jump when he plays
reveille

He's the boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

Daht dah, dah bah doo bah,

Daht dah bah doo bah

Daht dah, dah bah doo bah,

Daht dah bah doo bah.

Daht dah, dah bah doo bah,

Daht dah bah doo bah.

The boogie woogie bugle boy of Company B

Yeah!

Hound Dog

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog,
Cryin all the time.
You ain't nothin' but a hound dog,
Cryin all the time.
Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you
ain't no friend of mine.
When they said you was high- classed,
well, that was just a lie.
When they said you was high-classed,
well, that was just a lie.
Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you
ain't no friend of mine.
Ah, ah, ah, ah, ah
You ain't nothin' but a hound dog,
Cryin all the time.
You ain't nothin' but a hound dog,
Cryin all the time.
Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit and you
ain't no friend of mine.

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band

It was twenty years ago today,
Sergeant Pepper taught the band to play.
They've been going in and out of style,
but they're guaranteed to raise a smile.
So may we introduce to you the act you've
known for all these years.
Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band
We're Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band
We hope you will enjoy the show.
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band
Sit back and let the evening go.
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely, Sgt. Pepper's Lonely
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band
It's wonderful to be here, it's certainly a thrill.
You're such a lovely audience,
we'd like to take you home with us,
We'd love to take you home.
I don't really want to stop the show
But I thought you might like to know
That the singer's going to sing a song,
And he wants you all to sing along
So let me introduce to you
the one and only Billy Shear.
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band
Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band

Footlose

I been working so hard
I'm punchin' my card
Eight hours for what?
Oh, tell me what I got.
I've got this feelin'
That time's just holdin' me down
I'll hit the ceiling
Or else I'll tear up this town.

Tonight I gotta cut loose, footloose
Kick off the Sunday shoes
Please, Louise, pull me off of my knees
Jack, get back, come on before we crack
Lose your blues, everybody cut footloose

(Cut footloose)

ooooh-oh-oh

(Cut footloose)

ooooh-oh-oh

(Cut footloose)

ooooh-oh-oh

(Cut footloose)

Ooooooooooh

(First,) you've got to turn me around
(Second) And put your feet on the ground
(third) Now take the hold of your soul
Ah-ah-ah-ah Oh.....
I'm turning it loose

Footloose,
Kick off the Sunday shoes
Please, Louise, pull me off of my knees
Jack, get back, come on before we crack
Lose your blues,
Everybody cut, everybody cut (restx2)
Everybody cut, everybody cut (restx2)
Everybody cut, everybody cut (Everybody)
everybody cut footloose

Fireworks

Do you ever feel like a plastic bag
Drifting through the wind, wanting to start
again?
Do you ever feel, feel so paper thin
Like a house of cards, one blow from caving in?
Do you ever feel already buried deep?
Six feet under screams, but no one seems to
hear a thing
Do you know that there's still a chance for you?
'Cause there's a spark in you.

*You just gotta ignite the light and let it shine
Just own the night like the 4th of July
'Cause baby, you're a firework
Come on, show 'em what you're worth
Make 'em go, ah, ah, ah
As you shoot across the sky
Baby, you're a firework
Come on, let your colors burst
Make 'em go, ah, ah, ah
You're gonna leave 'em all in awe, awe, awe*

You don't have to feel like a waste of space
You're original, cannot be replaced
If you only knew what the future holds
After a hurricane comes a rainbow
Maybe a reason why all the doors are closed
So you could open one that leads you to the
perfect road
Like a lightning bolt, your heart will glow
And when it's time, you'll know
Boom, boom, boom
Even brighter than the moon, moon, moon
It's always been inside of you, you, you
And now it's time to let it through

*'Cause baby, you're a firework
Come on, show 'em what you're worth
Make 'em go, ah, ah, ah
As you shoot across the sky
Baby, you're a firework
Come on, let your colors burst
Make 'em go, ah, ah, ah
You're gonna leave 'em all in awe, awe, awe*

Boom, boom, boom
Even brighter than the moon, moon, moon
Boom, boom, boom
Even brighter than the moon, moon, moon