

All My Love

Rocazino

Her er mørkt og varmt

Jeg går alene rundt for mig selv

Havernes duft

Siver ud som tåge gennem hver en hæk

Mine tanker spiller bold

Med ting jeg ikke helt forstår

Jeg hører igen og igen

Den sang vi dansed' til i går

All my love

I will give you, if you want

Og uden at få lov

Holdt du mig tæt, før du forsvandt

Vi skal mødes her

Hvor bilerne næsten ikke høres

Det er blevet sent

Mon du kommer? Bare du gør

Mine tanker spiller bold

Med ting jeg ikke helt forstår

Jeg nynner igen og igen

Den sang vi dansed' til i går

All my love

I will give you, if you want

Og uden at få lov

Holdt du mig tæt før du forsvandt

Mine tanker spiller bold

Med ting jeg ikke helt forstår

Jeg hører igen og igen

Den sang vi dansed' til i går

All my love

I will give you, if you want

Og uden at få love

Holdt du mig tæt før du forsvandt

All my love

I will give you, if you want

Og uden at få lov

Holdt du mig tæt før du forsvandt

KIM LARSEN Hvis din far gir dig lov

Vers 1]

Hvis din far gi'r dig lov

Ta'r du så med mig i skoven?

Og din mor hun si'r: "Ja, ja"

Så bli'r der fuglesang foroven

[Bro 1]

Smut du bare ind og spørg'

De vil ikke sige: "Nej, nej"

[Omkvæd 1]

For de stoler på dig

Men de kender sgu ikke mig

For det er mig, der har drømmene med til dig

[Vers 2]

Og så kører vi afsted

Ud af byen langs med vandet

Fra far og mor har du: "Ja, ja"

Så vi kysser lidt blandt andet

[Bro 2]

Kys mig bare en gang til

Du kan ikke sig: "Nej, nej"

[Omkvæd 2]

For de stoler på dig

Men de kender sgu da ikke mig

For det er mig, der har drømmene med til dig

Ja, det er

[Vers 3]

Så hvis din far han gi'r dig lov

Tar du så med mig i skoven?

Og din mor hun si'r: "Vov, vov"

Så bli'r der fuglesang foroven

[Bro 1]

Smut du bare ind og spørg'

De vil ikke sige: "Nej, nej"

[Omkvæd 2]

For de stoler på dig

Men de kender sgu da ikke mig

For det er mig, der har drømmene med til dig

[Outro]

Ja, det er, ja, det er

Ja, det er, ja, det er

Ja, det er, ja, det er, åh yeah yeah

Ja, det er, ja, det er

Ja, det er

Fastlove

George Michael

Gotta get up to get down
Gotta get up to get... gotta get up!
Gotta get up to get down
Gotta get up to get down
Gotta get up to get down
Gotta get up to get... gotta get up!
Gotta get up to get down
Gotta get up to get down
Oh, oh, baby, baby
Oh, oh, baby, baby
Oh, yeah
Oh, oh, baby, baby
Oh, oh, baby, baby
Looking for some education
Made my way into the night
All that bullshit conversation
Baby, can't you read the signs?
I won't bore you with the details, baby
I don't even wanna waste your time
Let's just say that maybe
You could help to ease my mind
Baby, I ain't Mr. Right
But if you're looking for fast love
If that's love in your eyes
It's more than enough
Had some bad love
Some fast love, is all that I've got on my mind
Oh, oh, baby, baby
Ooh, yeah yeah
Oh, oh, baby, baby
What's there to think about, baby?
Oh, oh, baby, baby
Hey baby, oh yeah
Oh, oh, baby, baby
Looking for some affirmation

Made my way into the sun
My friends got their ladies
They're all having babies
But I just wanna have some fun
I won't bore you with the detail, baby
You gotta get there in your own sweet time
Let's just say that maybe
You could help to ease my mind
Baby, I ain't Mr. Right
But if you're looking for fast love
That's love in your eyes
It's more than enough
Had some bad love
Some fast love, is all that I've got on my mind
Oh, oh, baby, baby
Ooh, yeah yeah
Oh, oh, baby, baby
What's there to think about, baby?
Oh, oh, baby, baby
Get yourself some lessons in love
Oh, oh, baby, baby
Gotta get up to get down
Gotta get up to get down
So close
Gotta get up to get down
Gotta get up to get down
I can taste it now baby
Gotta get up to get down
Gotta get up to get down
So close
Gotta get up to get down
Gotta get up to get down
In the absence of security
I made my way into the night
Stupid Cupid keeps on calling me (stupid Cupid keeps on calling me)
And I see lovin' in his eyes
I miss my baby, oh yeah
I miss my baby tonight

So why don't we make a little room in my BMW, babe
Searchin' for some peace of mind
Hey, I'll help you find it
I do believe that we are practicing the same religion
Oh, you really oughta get up now, that's right
Oh, you really oughta get up
Gotta get up to get down
Gotta get up to get down
Oh yeah
Gotta get up to get down
Gotta get up to get down
Oh yeah

Sweet Child O' Mine

[Guns N' Roses](#)

She's got a smile that it seems to me
Reminds me of childhood memories
Where everything was as fresh as the bright blue sky
Now and then when I see her face
She takes me away to that special place
And if I stare too long, I'd probably break down and cry
Whoa, oh, oh
Sweet child o' mine
Whoa, oh, oh, oh
Sweet love of mine
She's got eyes of the bluest skies
As if they thought of rain
I'd hate to look into those eyes and see an ounce of pain
Her hair reminds me of a warm safe place

Where as a child I'd hide

And pray for the thunder and the rain to quietly pass me by

Whoa, oh, oh

Sweet child o' mine

Whoa whoa, oh, oh, oh

Sweet love of mine

Whoa, yeah

Whoa, oh, oh, oh

Sweet child o' mine

Whoa, oh, whoa, oh

Sweet love of mine

Whoa, oh, oh, oh

Sweet child o' mine

Ooh, yeah

Ooh, sweet love of mine

Where do we go?

Where do we go now?

Where do we go?

Ooh, oh, where do we go?

Where do we go now?

Oh, where do we go now?

Where do we go? (Sweet child)

Where do we go now?

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay

Where do we go now?

Ah, ah

Where do we go?

Oh, where do we go now?

Oh, where do we go?

Oh, where do we go now?

Where do we go?

Oh, where do we go now?

Now, now, now, now, now, now, now

Sweet child

Sweet child of mine

Walk Like an Egyptian

The Bangles

All the old paintings on the tombs

They do the sand dance don't you know?

If they move too quick (oh whey oh)

They're falling down like a domino

All the bazaar men by the Nile

They got the money on a bet

Gold crocodiles (oh whey oh)

They snap their teeth on your cigarette

Foreign types with the hookah pipes say

(Whey oh whey oh, ay oh whey oh)

Walk like an Egyptian

The blonde waitresses take their trays

They spin around and they cross the floor

They've got the moves (oh whey oh)

You drop your drink, then they bring you more

All the school kids so sick of books

They like the punk and the metal band

When the buzzer rings (oh whey oh)

They're walking like an Egyptian

All the kids in the marketplace say

(Whey oh whey oh, ay oh whey oh)

Walk like an Egyptian

Slide your feet up the street, bend your back

Shift your arm then you pull it back

Life is hard you know (oh whey oh)

So strike a pose on a Cadillac

If you wanna find all the cops

They're hanging out in the donut shop

They sing and dance (oh whey oh)

They spin the clubs, cruise down the block

All the Japanese with their yen

The party boys call the Kremlin

And the Chinese know (oh whey oh)

They walk the line like Egyptian

All the cops in the donut shop say

(Whey oh whey oh, ay oh whey oh)

Walk like an Egyptian

Walk like an Egyptian

Midsommervisen

“Vi elsker vort land”

De tre første vers, som normalt synges ved bålfester

Text: Holger Drachmann, 1885

Melodi P. E. Lange-Müller, 1885

Vi elsker vor land,
når den signede jul
tænder stjernen i træet med glans i hvert øje.
Når om våren hver fugl,
over mark, under strand,
lader stemmen til hilsende triller sig bøje:
Vi synger din lov over vej, over gade,
vi kranser dit navn, når vor høst er i lade,
men den skønneste krans,
bli'r dog din Sankte Hans!
Den er bunden af sommerens hjerter,
så varme så glade.
Vi elsker vort land,
men ved midsommer mest,
når hver sky over marken velsignelsen sender,
når af blomster er flest,
og når kvæget i spand
giver rigeligst gave til flittige hænder;
når ikke vi pløjer og harver og tromler,

når koen sin middag i kløveren gumler,

da går ungdom til dans

på dit bud Sankte Hans

ret som føllet og lammet, der frit

over engen sig tumler.

Vi elsker vort land,

og med sværdet i hånd

skal hver udenvælts fjende beredte os kende,

men mod ufredens ånd

under mark over strand,

vil vi bålet på fædrenes gravhøje tænde

hver by har sin heks,

og hver sogn sine trolde.

Dem vil vi fra livet med glædesblus holde

vi vil fred her til lands

Sankte Hans, Sankte Hans!

Den kan vindes, hvor hjerterne

aldrig bli'r tvivlende kolde