

Bob Clayton

"We Dont Want To Go"

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WE DON'T WANT TO GO

Bob Clayton, c. 1984

The music's gone on all night long, and we don't want to go.

No one's said there's no more songs, and we don't want to go.

Everybody's had a turn,

We sang like we had time to burn,

We sang until the sun's return, and we don't want to go.

We passed around a little wine, and we don't want to go.

It made the music extra fine, and we don't want to go.

The new songs sounded extra good,

The old ones like we knew they would.

It's time to quit, you know we should, but we don't want to go.

Most of us have to work tomorrow, but we don't want to go

The weekend's gone, to our great sorrow, but we don't want to go.

The rosy dawn's begun to peep,

We've sung away the night so deep,

And, though I think I'd kill for sleep, we don't want to go.

We sang until the break of day, but we don't want to go.

It's time to up and go away, but we don't want to go.

So if I can just find the key,

And lay that guitar 'cross my knee,

The words'll all come back to me, 'cause we don't want to go.

This is the third or fourth draft of the song. I keep changing

some lines, and haven't settled on one total version yet. Try

your own ideas and rhymes. It could even be a "zipper" song, if

you're fast enough with your mental feet.

The tune derives from "Old Macdonald" but changes with the

addition of the bridge.

DC

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