

Hey, the Na Na Song

For 3 or more performers with walkman style personal audio systems

Preparation:

Each performer chooses a different song that contains the phrase “Na Na” (and possibly “Hey”) See <http://www.hollandhopson.net/scores/heynana.html> for a list of suggested songs.

Print out or transcribe the lyrics for each song. Decide which words will be sung and which will be omitted. Choose to sing or omit words that recontextualize the original lyrics (i.e. omit “don’t” to make a negative phrase positive). Consider how each song’s lyrics might work with the other songs to create interest. In general, omit more words at the beginning of the song than at the ending, and allow most Na Na’s and Hey’s to be sung, particularly toward the end. Leave some things to the discretion of the performer.

Performance:

Each performer sings along with his/her song on his/her own walkman-style personal audio system. Performers should begin playback of their songs in unison. Headphone volume should be comfortable for each performer. The audience may or may not hear sound bleeding through the headphones. Performers may or not choose to mimic the original singer’s style. Improvisation is encouraged, particularly during guitar solos and other instrumental breaks. Have fun, move around the performance space, dance. The piece is over when the last song ends.

Notes:

“Hey, the Na Na Song” may be performed by anyone. Vocal training or the ability to sing in an established style is not necessary for the successful realization of this piece.

Example Performance Parts:

1. Hey Jude
2. Na Na, Hey Hey, Kiss Him Goodbye
3. Me and Bobby McGee

Performer 1, Hey Jude

Hey Jude, ~~don't make it bad.~~
~~Take a sad song and make it better.~~
~~Remember to let her into your heart,~~
~~Then you can start to make it better.~~

Hey Jude, ~~don't be afraid.~~
~~You were made to go out and get her.~~
~~The minute you let her under your skin,~~
~~Then you begin to make it better.~~

~~And anytime you feel the pain, hey Jude, refrain,~~
~~Don't carry the world upon your shoulders.~~
~~For well you know that it's a fool who plays it cool~~
~~By making his world a little colder.~~

Na Na Na Na Na Na Na Na

Hey Jude, ~~don't let me down.~~
~~You have found her, now go and get her.~~
~~Remember to let her into your heart,~~
~~Then you can start to make it better.~~

~~So let it out and let it in, hey Jude, begin,~~
~~You're waiting for someone to perform with.~~
~~And don't you know that it's just you, hey Jude, you'll do,~~
~~The movement you need is on your shoulder.~~

Na Na Na Na Na Na Na, Yeh

Hey Jude, ~~don't make it bad.~~
~~Take a sad song and make it better.~~
~~Remember to let her under your skin,~~
~~Then you'll begin to make it~~
~~Better better better better better better, oh. (yeh, yeh)~~

IMPROVISE TO END

Performer 2, "Na Na, Hey Hey, Kiss Him Goodbye"

~~Na Na Na Na~~
~~Na Na Na Na~~
Hey Hey Hey
Goodbye

~~He'll never love you~~
~~The way that i love you~~
~~Cuz if he did, no no~~
~~He wouldn't make you cry~~
~~He must be fooling baby~~
For you my love
My love

~~So will you kiss him~~
I wanna see you kiss him
~~I'm gonna see you kiss him, Goodbye~~

~~Na Na Na Na,~~
Hey Hey Hey
Goodbye, listen to me

~~Na Na Na Na~~
~~Na Na Na Na~~
Hey Hey Hey
Goodbye

~~He's never near you~~
To comfort and cheer you
~~When all those sad tears are~~
~~Falling baby from your eyes~~

~~He must be fooling baby~~
Fooling my love
~~Its alright love~~

I wanna see you kiss him
~~I'm gonna see you kiss him, goodbye~~

~~Na Na Na Na~~
Hey Hey Hey
Goodbye

IMPROVISE TO END

Performer 3, Me and Bobby McGee

~~Busted flat in Baton Rouge, waitin' for a train
And I's feelin' near as faded as my jeans~~

~~Bobby thumbed a diesel down just before it rained
It rode us all the way into New Orleans~~

~~I pulled my harp out of my dirty red bandana
I's playin' soft while Bobby sang the blues, yeah~~

~~Windshield wipers slappin' time, I's holdin' Bobby's hand in mine
We sang every song that driver knew, yeah~~

~~Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose
Nothin' don't mean nothin' hon' if it ain't free, no no
And feelin' good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues
You know, feelin' good was good enough for me
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee~~

~~From the Kentucky coal mine to the California sun
There Bobby shared the secrets of my soul~~

~~Through all kinds of weather, through everything we done
Yeah, Bobby baby kept me from the cold~~

~~One day up near Salinas, Lord, I let him slip away
He's lookin' for that home and I hope he finds it~~

~~But I'd trade all o' my tomorrows for one single yesterday
To be holdin' Bobby's body next to mine~~

~~Freedom's just another word for nothin' left to lose
Nothin', that's all that Bobby left me, yeah
But if feelin' good was easy, Lord, when he sang the blues
Hey, feelin' good was good enough for me, mm-hmm
Good enough for me and my Bobby McGee~~

IMPROVISE TO END