LILY ALLEN  ALRIGHT, STILL...
Smile

Words & Music by Lilly Allen, Jackie Mittoo, Clement Dodd, Iyiola Babalola & Darren Lewis

1. When you first left me, I was wanting more, but you were fuck-ing that
girl next door; what’d you do that for?
don’t mean jack; no, it don’t mean jack.

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When you first left me, I didn't know what to say. I'd never been on my could-n't stop laughing; no, I just couldn't help myself. See, you messed up my own way; just sat by myself all day. I was quite unwell.

I was so lost back then, but, with a little help from my friends, I found the light in the tunnel at the end.
Now you’re calling me up on the phone, so you can have a little whine and a moan;

It’s only because you’re feeling alone.

At first, when I see you cry, it makes me smile,

Yeah, it makes me smile.
At worst, I feel bad for a while, but then I just smile; I go ahead and smile.

2. When smile.

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la

1.

2.
At first, when I see you cry, it makes me smile,

Yeah, it makes me smile.

At worst, I feel bad for a while, but then I just smile;

I go ahead and smile.
Knock 'Em Out
Words & Music by Lily Allen, Iyiola Babalola, Darren Lewis & Earl King

$\frac{\text{b} 1}{4} = 128$

N.C.

1. Spoken: Alright, so this is a song about
anyone; it could be anyone. You're just doing your own thing and someone comes out of the blue. They're, like, "Alright? What you saying? Yeah, can I take your digits?" And you're, like, "No, not in a million years; you're nasty, please leave me alone."

2. Rap: Cut to the pub on a lads' night out, man at the bar, 'cause it was his shout. (3.) recognise this guy's way of thinking; as he walks over her face starts sinking.

Clocks this bird and she looked okay; she caught him looking, and walks his way. (Girl) "Alright, darlin'? You gonna buy us a She's, like, "Oh, here we go." It's a routine check that she already knows. She's thinking, (Girl) "They're all the
(Boy) "Er, no, but I was thinking about buying one for your friend."
(Youn, alright, baby?)
You look alright still. Yeah, what's your name?"
Sung: She

N.C.

Sung: She's got no taste, hand on his waist; tries to pull away, but her lip's on his face.
looks in her bag, takes out a fag, tries to get away from the guy on a blag.

Spoken: (Girl) "If you insist, I'll have a white wine spritzer."
can't find a light. Spoken: (Boy) "Here, use mine."
(Boy) "Sorry, love, but you ain't a pretty picture."
(Girl) "See, the thing is, I just don't have the time."

Sung: Can't knock 'em out, you can't walk away; try desparately to think of the po-
test way to say: “Just get out my face, just leave me alone. And no, you can’t have my number.” “Why?” “Cause I lost my phone.” Spoken: “Oh, yeah, actually, yeah, I’m, I’m pregnant, I’m having a baby in, like, six months; so no, yeah, yeah.”

Go away; now; let me go. Are you stupid, or
just a little slow?  Go away, now; I’ve made myself clear.

Spoken: No, it’s not gonna happen; not in a million years! You can’t knock ‘em out, you can’t walk away; try (3rd ad lib. vocal)

desperately to think of the politest way to say: “Just get out of my face, just

leave me alone... And no, you can’t have my number, ’cause I lost my phone.” You
LDN
Words & Music by Lily Allen, Iyiola Babalola, Darren Lewis & Arthur ‘Duke’ Reid

1. Riding through the city on my bike all day, ’cause the filth took away my
(2.) little old lady who was walking down the road, she was struggling with bags from

licensing. It doesn’t get me down and I feel okay, ’cause the
Tesco. There were people from the city having lunch in the park, I be-

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sights that I'm seeing are priceless.
Believe that it's called al fresco.
Everything seems to look as it should, but I wonder what goes on behind doors.
A offer a hand, but, before she had time to accept it, hits her

fellow-looking dapper and he's sitting with a slapper; then I see it's a pimp and his over the head, doesn't care if she's dead, 'cause he's got all her jew'ly and

You might laugh, you might
C7  F  C7  F
frown walking round London

C7  F  C7

town.
Sun is in the sky; oh why, oh why would I

F  C7  F
wanna be anywhere else? Sun is in the sky; oh

C7  F  C7
why, oh why would I wanna be anywhere else?
When you look with your eyes,
everything seems nice;
but, if you look twice,
you can see it's all lies.
2. There was a lies.

Life: yeah, that's city life.
Yeah, that's city
life. Yeah, that's city life.

Sun is in the sky; oh why, oh why would I

 wanna be anywhere else?

Sun is in the sky; oh

 why, oh why would I wanna be anywhere else?
When you look with your eyes, everything seems
nice; but, if you look twice,
you can see it's all lies.

Play 4 times
Everything's Just Wonderful
Words & Music by Lily Allen & Greg Kurstin

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is going mental?
than what we’ve got here?
It seems to me
And don’t you feel
it’s spiraling
it’s all the same,

out of control,
some sick game,
and it’s inevitable,
and it’s so insincere?
Now don’t you think
I wish I could

this time is yours,
change the ways
this time is mine?
of the world,
It’s temporary.
make it a nice place.

It seems to me
Un till that day,
we’re on all fours,
I guess we stay
crawling on our knees; someone
doing what we do, screwing
Cm

help us, please.
who we screw.

(1, 3.) Oh, Je - sus Christ Al - might y,
(2.) Why can’t I sleep at night?

F

do I feel al - right? No, not slight - ly!
Don’t say it’s gon - na be al - right.

Ab

I wan - na get a flat, I
I wan - na be a - ble to

Cm

know I can af - ford it;
et spa - ghet - ti bo - log - naise,
it’s just the bu - reau - crats who won’t give me a mort - gage.
and not feel bad a - bout it for days and days and days.

Ab

It’s ve - ry fun - ny, ’cause I’ve got your fuck - ing mo - ney, and I’m nev - er gon - na get it just ’cause
All the ma - ga - zines they talk a - bout weight loss; if I buy those jeans

Cm
of my bad credit. Oh, well, I guess I mustn’t grumble;
I can look like Kate Moss. Oh, no, it’s not the life that I chose;

I suppose it’s just the way the cookie crumbles. Oh, yes,
but I guess it’s just the way that things go.

I’m fine; everything’s just wonderful. I’m

having the time of my life. 
Oh, yes, I'm fine; everything's just wonderful. I'm having the time of my life.

But I guess it's just the way that things go. I suppose it's just the way the cookie crumbles.
Not Big
Words & Music by Lily Allen & Greg Kurstin

1. Now listen, I think you and me have come to the end of our time.

Gm

What 'dya want? Some kind of reaction? Well, okay, that's fine.

Gm
All right, how would it make you feel if I said you'd never made me come? In the year and a half that we spent together, yeah, I never really had much fun. Let's rewind, let's turn back time to when you couldn't get it up.

All the times that I said I was sober, well, I'm afraid I lied; I've been lying next to you and you next to me, all the while I was high as a kite. As if that weren't enough to deal with, you became premature. I can...
see it in your face, as you break it to me gently, how you really must think you’re great. Well, let’s sorry if you feel that I’m being kinda mental, but you left me in such a state. Now I’m

Gm

see how you feel in a couple of weeks, when I’ve worked my way through your mates. gonna do to you what you did to me, gonna reciprocate.

F

I never wanted it to end up this way, you’ve only got yourself to blame. I’m gonna tell the world you’re rubbish in bed now,
and that you're small in the game.

1.  E♭dim  E♭dim  F♭dim  F♭dim
    N.C.  N.C.  N.C.  N.C.

You're not big, you're not clever.

No, you ain't a big brother, not big ever.

You're not big, you're not
cle - ver.  No you're not a big bro - ther,  not big what - so - ever.

D.S. al Coda

Φ Coda

(Freely) You're not big, you're not cle - ver.  No, you ain't a big bro - ther,  not big what - so - ever.

Repeat and fade
1. Friday night, last orders at the pub;
get in the car and drive to the club. There's a good dancing, love, but you should've worn a bra.

2. In the club, make our way to the bar;
mas - sive crowd out - side, so we get in to the queue; it's quarter Guy on the mike, and he's mak - ing too much noise; there's these...

past ele - ven now, we won't get in till quarter to.
girls in the cor - ner want at - ten - tion from the boys.
It’s quarter to, and we get to the front; I see these girls and they’re shouting through the crowd; girl on the guest list, dressed like a c***. Don’t understand why they’re being really loud. Make their way over to me and try and push me out the way; I push her play this game with me, but you know you’re gonna lose. Back, she looks at me and says “What you try’n’ to say?”
Looked me up and down, I don't make a sound.
There's a lesson that I want you to learn: it's if you're gonna play with fire then you're gonna get burned.
Don't try and test me, 'cause you'll get a reaction; another drink, and I'm
C#m

ready for action. I don't know who you think you are, but mak-

ing people scared won't get you very far.

G#m7

you very far.

C#m

Don't try and test me, 'cause you'll get a reaction; another drink, and I'm
C#m

ready for action.

I don't know who you think you are, but mak-

C#m

- ing people scared won't get you very far.

G#7

C#m

G#m7

C#m

G#m7

C#m

G#7

C#m
Shame For You
Words & Music by Lily Allen & Blair MacKichan

{Music notation with lyrics:}

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1. I've been thinking that you've crossed the line; if you disappear, well, that would
   be just fine, 'cause you waste my time and waste my money, and you're

2. Please don't come around and knock on my door, 'cause I don't wanna have to pick you
   up off the floor. When you ask if we can still be lovers, I'll

not too cool and you're not so funny. Spreading your seed all

have to introduce my brothers; I think that they could teach you a

over the town, getting too greedy and messing around;

lesson or two. By the time they've finished you'll be black and blue;
oh my gosh, you must be jok-ing me,

you’ll be cry-ing like a ba-by, a sea of tears; they’ll call the na-vy in!

(3.) No, no, no, no, no, no, no. No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Don’t take me on, no, no. Don’t take me on, no, no.

Don’t take me on.

You shattered the lie, but you think I don’t al-re-a-dy know.
Don’t try to deny, 'cause my fuse is ready to blow.

Your turn to learn; I think you know where to go. It’s a shame.

shame, shame, shame for you. Uh uh uh uh uh uh uh uh...

1. 2. D.S. al Coda

Uh uh uh uh uh uh uh uh... uh uh uh...
Littlest Things
Words & Music by Lily Allen, Pierre Bachelet, Mark Ronson & Herve Roy

1. Sometimes I find myself sitting back and reminiscing.
2. Drinking tea in bed, watching D V Ds,

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especially when I have to watch other people kissing,
when I discovered all your dirty, grotty magazines.

and I remember when you started calling me your missus:
You take me out shopping, and all we'd buy is trainers;

all the play fighting, all the flirtatious disses,
as if we ever needed anything to entertain us!
I'd tell you sad stories about my childhood;
The first time that you introduced me to your friends,

I don't know why I trusted you, but I knew that I could.
And you could tell that I was nervous, so you held my hand.

We'd spend the whole weekend lying in our own dirt;
When I was feeling down, you'd make that face you do.

I was just so happy in your boxers and your t-shirt.
There's no one in the world who could replace you.
Am7        D7        G        Em
Dreams, dreams of when we had just started things.

Am7        F♯7        B
Dreams of you and me.

Am7        D7        G        Em
It seems, it seems that I can’t shake those memories.

Am7        F♯m7        B        B/A        Gmaj7        G
I wonder if you have the same dreams too.
Em    Am7    D    Gmaj9
The littlest things that take me there; I know it sounds lame, but it's so true. I know it's not right, but it seems unfair that things are reminding me of you. Sometimes I wish we could just pretend, even if only for one week-end. So come on, tell me: is this the end? is this the end?

Em    Am7    F#6    B7

D    Gmaj9

Em    Am7    D    Gmaj9

F#7    B7

D.S. and fade

1.

B7

2.

B7
Take What You Take
Words & Music by Iyiola Babalola, Darren Lewis & Lily Allen

\( \text{d} = 100 \)
N.C.

1. "A picture paints a thousand words; as one door closes, another door opens."
2. "by a horse. I once was told that all that glitters is not gold, and"

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o-pens; two wrongs don’t make a right; now
all that is to fear is fear—itself. This

good things come to those who wait; take the highs with the lows, dear; you’ll get what you’re
hor-sy al-so told me I should keep my friends close, but keep my ene-mies

giv-en, and ev’ry-things gon-na be al-right.” What the fuck do you

clos-er, so as to pro-tect my self. Just ’cause you’re old, do you think you’re wise? Who the hell are you

51
though? I didn’t even ask for your advice... You wanna keep your mouth shut!
You wanna take your thoughts elsewhere. 'Cause you’re doing in my nut, and do you think I care?

Say what you say, do what you do,
feel what you feel, as long as it's real. I said

take what you take and give what you give; just

be what you want, just as long as it's real.

1. N.C.

2. Now

53
F
Say what you say, do what you do,

Bb
feel what you feel, as long as it’s real.

F
I said

take what you take and give what you give; just

Bb
be what you want, just as long as it’s real.

Repeat and fade
1. I don't want us to have a fight, but in the background I can hear you chatting shite.
   wreck. 2. What happened to the good old days? I was kind of hoping this was all a stupid phase.

   I hear it every night.
   Who are you, anyway?

   And you think you're being really cool, and you've been doing it since we were both still in school.
   I know you've heard this all before. I know some people who are calling you a whore.

   Now who looks like a fool.
   Don't know you anymore.
You're no friend of mine, girl, and I've known it for a while,

You're just a waste of time,

Why don't you have another line, girl?

Tell me, what did you expect? Have you got no self-respect?
Fm
-pect? Reputation to protect? Soon you’ll be a nervous wreck! Tell me, what did you expect? Have you got no self-res-

Bbm

Fm
spect? Reputation to protect? Soon you’ll be a nervous

1.

2.
D.S.

3.
D.S. and fade

-pect? Soon you’ll be a nervous -pect? Soon you’ll be a nervous

-pect? Soon you’ll be a nervous -pect? Soon you’ll be a nervous
Alfie
Words & Music by Lily Allen & Greg Kurstin

1. Oh, oh, dear-y-me, my lit-tle broth-er's in his
2. Oh, Alfie, get up, it's a brand new-day; I just can't sit back and watch you

bed-room smok-ing weed. I tell him he should get up 'cause it's near-ly half past three;
waste your life a-way. You need to get a job, be-cause the bills need to get paid;

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he can’t be bothered ’cause he’s high on T. H. C.
Get off your lazy arse, Alfie, please use your brain.

Surely there’s some walls out there that you can go and spray?
I can’t even see him ’cause his room is so smoky.
I’m feeling guiltier for leading you astray.
It’s

Don’t understand how one can watch so much TV.
That you and I sat down and had a little chat; and
baby brother Alfie, how I wish that you could see.
all you do is stay in playing your computer games.
look me in the eyes, take off that stupid fitted cap.

I only say it 'cause I care; so please can you stop pulling my hair.
Now, now there's no need to swear; please

To Coda

1. don't despair, my dear, mon frère.
2. dear, mon frère.
Coda

G

don’t des’pair, please don’t des’pair,

C

no, mon frère.
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1. Smile
2. Knock 'em Out
3. LDN
4. Everything's Just Wonderful
5. Not Big
6. Friday Night
7. Shame For You
8. Littlest Things
9. Take What You Take
10. Friend of Mine
11. Alfie

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