1. Blue jeans, white shirt, walked into the room you know you made my eyes burn. It was like, James Dean, for sure. You're so fresh to death and sick as cancer.
2. Big dreams, gang-sta, said you had to leave to start your life over. I was like, no please, stay here, we don't need no money we can make it all work. But he...
You were sort-of punk rock, I grew up on hip hop, but you fit me better than my fav'rite sweat-er and I know head-ed out on Sun-day, said he'd come home Mon-day. I stayed up wait'in', an-tic-pat-in' and pac-in' but he was

that love is mean, and love hurts. But I still re-mem-ber that day we met in De-cem-ber, oh ba-by! I chas-ing pa-per. Caught up in the game that was the last I heard.

I will love you till the end of time. I would wait a mil-lion years.
Prom-ise you’ll re-mem-ber that you’re mine. Ba- by, can you see through the tears?

Love you more than those bitch-es be-fore. Say you’ll re-mem-ber, say you’ll re-mem-ber, oh ba- by,

I will love you till the end of time.

You went out ev’ry night, and ba-by that’s al-right. I told you that no mat-ter what you did I’d be by your side.
Born To Die
Words & Music by Elizabeth Grant & Justin Parker


Why?
Who, me?
Why?

1. Feet, don’t fail me now.
Take me to the finish line.
All my heart, it
breaks every step that I take, but I’m hoping at the gates, they’ll tell me that you’re mine.

2. Walking through the city streets, is it by mistake or design?
3. Lost but now I am found. I can see but once I was blind.

I feel so alone on a Friday night. Can you make it feel like
I was so confused as a little child. Try’n’a take what I could
Don’t make me sad, don’t make me cry. Sometimes love is not enough and the road gets tough, I don’t know why. Keep making me laugh. Let’s go get high.
The road is long, we carry on. Try to have fun in the meantime. Come and take a walk on the wild side._

Let me kiss you hard in the pouring rain. You like your girls insane._

Choose your last words. This is the last time, 'cause you and
1. we were born_ to die._

2. We were born_ to die._

Come and take a walk on the wild side._

Let me kiss you hard in the pouring rain._

You like your girls insane._

Don’t make me sad._ don’t make me cry._
Some times love is not enough and the road gets tough, I don't know why. Keep making me laugh.

Let's go get high. The road is long, we carry on. Try to have fun in the meantime.

Come and take a walk on the wild side. Let me kiss you hard in the pouring rain.

You like your girls insane. Choose your last words.
This is the last time, 'cause you and I, we were born to die.
Carmen
Words & Music by Elizabeth Grant & Justin Parker

\[ \text{\textit{C#m} add2} \quad \text{\textit{C#m}} \quad \text{\textit{A} add2} \quad \text{\textit{F#m}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{C#m}} \quad \text{\textit{E}} \quad \text{\textit{A}} \quad \text{\textit{F#m}} \]

1. Darl - in’, darl - in’, does-n’t have a prob-lem. Ly - in’ to her - self__cause her li - quor’s top__shelf. It’s a-
2. Car - men, Car - men, stay-ing up till morn-ing. On - ly sev - en - teen__but she walks the streets so mean. It’s a-

\[ \text{\textit{C#m}} \quad \text{\textit{E}} \quad \text{\textit{A}} \quad \text{\textit{F#m}} \]

- larm-ing, ho - nest - ly, how charm - ing she can be. Fool - ing ev’ry - one__telling how she’s hav - ing fun__
- larm-ing, tru - ly, how dis - arm - ing you can be. Eat - in’ soft ice cream, Co - ney Is - land queen...
She says, "You don't want to be like me. Don't want to see all the things I've seen." I'm lookin' for fun, gettin' high for free."

I'm dyin', I'm dyin'. She says, "You don't want to get this way, famous and dumb at an early age." Lyin', I'm lyin'. The street walk at night and a star by day. It's tirin', tirin'."

C#m

E

A

F#m

C#m

E

A

F#m

fa - mous and dumb at an ear - ly age." Ly - in', I'm ly - in'. The
boys, the girls, they all like Carmen. She gives them butterflies, bats her cartoon eyes. She
laughs like God, her mind's like a diamond. Audiotune lies. She's still shining,

like lightning, oh, white lightning.
Baby's all dressed up with nowhere to go.

That's the little story of the girl you know. Relying on the kindness of strangers, tying cherry knots, smiling.

Doing party favours. Put your red dress on, put your lipstick on. Sing your song, song.
now the camera’s on. And you’re alive again...

French spoken words: Mon amour, je sais que tu m’aimes aussi,

tu as besoin de moi, tu as besoin de mon dans ta vie.

Tu ne peux plus vivre sans moi et je mourrais sans toi. Je tuerais pour toi.
like lightning, oh...

white lightning.

Darlin', darlin', doesn't have a problem. Lyin' to herself cause her liquor's top shelf.

Darl...
1. All my friends tell me I should move on, I'm lying in the ocean singing your song.
2. All my friends ask me why I stay strong, Tell 'em when you find true love, it lives on.

Ah.
Ah.

That's how you sang it.
Ah.

That’s how we played it.

And there’s no remedy for memory, your face is like a melody.

It won’t leave my head.

Your soul is haunting me and telling me that everything is fine.

But I wish I was dead.

(Dead, dead.)
Ev’ry time I close my eyes, it’s like a dark paradise. No one comes to you. I’m scared that you won’t be waiting on the other side.

Ev’ry time I close my eyes, it’s like a dark paradise. No one comes to you. I’m scared that you won’t be waiting on the other side.

But there’s no you except in my dreams tonight. Oh—oh—oh.
Oh - hah - hah - hah - hah. I don't want to wake up from this to-night. Oh - oh - oh - oh - oh - hah - hah - hah.

I don't want to wake up from this to-night. There's

____

I don't want to wake up from this to-night. There's
no re lief, I see you in my sleep. And ev ry-bod y's rush ing me, but I can feel you touch ing me. There's
no re lease, I feel you in my dreams. Tell ing me I'm fine.
Ev ry time I close my eyes, it's like a dark pa ra dise. No one com-
pares to you. I'm scared that you won't be wait ing on the oth er side.
Oh oh - oh -
I don't want to wake up from this to night.
Oh oh oh -

Every time I close my eyes, it's like a dark paradise.
No one comes to you.
But there's no you except in my dreams to night.
Oh oh oh -

Oh hah hah hah hah.
I don't want to wake up from this to night.
Oh oh oh -

Oh hah hah hah hah.
I don't want to wake up from this to night.
Diet Mountain Dew
Words & Music by Mike Daly & Elizabeth Grant

\[ J = 90 \]

You’re no good for me, baby you’re no good for me.

You’re no good for me, but baby I want you, I want...

B♭m

\[ \text{B♭m} \]

\[ \text{Ab}^{+} \]

\[ \text{B♭m} \]

\[ \text{Ab}^{+} \]

\[ \text{B♭m} \]

\[ \text{Ab}^{+} \]

\[ \text{B♭m} \]

\[ \text{Ab}^{+} \]

\[ \text{B♭m} \]

\[ \text{Ab}^{+} \]

Do you think we’ll be in love forever? Do you think we’ll be in love?

1. Baby, put on heart-shaped sunglasses, ’cause we’re gonna take a ride.
2. Let’s take Jesus off the dashboard. Got enough on his mind.

I’m not gonna listen to what the past says. I been waiting up all night.
We both know just what we’re here for. Saved too many times.

Take another drag, turn me to ashes. Ready for another lie.
May-be I like this roller coaster. May-be it keeps me high.
Says he’s goin’na teach me just what fast__ is. Say it’s goin’na be all - right._
May-be the__ speed it brings me clo - ser. I could spark-le up your eye._

Di - et Moun - tain Dew ba - by, New York Cit - y. Nev - er was there ev - er a girl so prety.

Do you think we’ll be in love__ for-ev - er? Do you think we’ll be in love?_

Di - et Moun - tain Dew ba - by, New York Cit - y. Can we hit it now, low down and grit-ty?
Sorfdahl

You're no good for me._ ba-by you're no good for me._ You're no good for me._ but ba-by I want you, I want you. You're no good for me._ ba-by you're no good for me._

You're no good for me._ but ba-by I want you, I want you, I want you.
B♭m

Di- et Moun-tain Dew ba- by, New York Cit- y. Nev- er was there ev- er a girl so pre- ty.

G♭

Do you think we’ll be in love_ for-ev- er? Do you think we’ll be in love?

B♭m


G♭

Do you think we’ll be in love_ for-ev- er? Do you think we’ll be in love?
Bbm  

Di - et Moun-tain Dew ba - by, New York Cit - y. Nev-er was there ev - er a girl so prety.

Gb  

Do you think we'll be in love_ for-ev - er? Do you think we'll be in love?

Bbm  

Di - et Moun-tain Dew ba - by, New York Cit - y. Can we hit it now, low down and grit - ty?

Gb  

Do you think we'll be in love_ for-ev - er? Do you think we'll be in love_
You're no good for me, baby you're no good for me.

You're no good for me, but baby I want you, I want...

You're no good for me, baby you're no good for me.

You're no good for me, but baby I want you, I want...
Million Dollar Man
Words & Music by Chris Braide & Elizabeth Grant

\[ \text{\( \downarrow = 75 \)} \]

\[ \text{G}^\#\text{m}^7 \quad \text{C}\#\text{/G}^\# \quad \text{C}^\#\text{m/G}^\# \quad \text{G}^\#\text{m} \quad \text{G}^\#\text{m}^7 \]

1. You said I was the most exotic flower, holding me tight in our final hour. I don’t know how you constrain, hard to define.

2. You’ve got the world, but baby, at what price? Something so strange, hard to define. It isn’t that hard, boy, to

- vince them and get them, boy. I don’t know what you do. It’s like you or love you. I’d follow you down, down.

un - be - lie - va - ble. And I don’t know how you get over, get over un - be - lie - va - ble. If you’re going crazy, just grab me and take me.

some - one as dan - ge - rous, taint - ed and flawed, as you. I’d follow you down, down, down. an - y - where, an - y - where.
One for the money,
and two for the show,

I love you honey.
I'm ready, I'm ready to go.

How did you get that way?
I don't know. You're screwed up and brilliant. You

look like a million dollar man. So why is my heart broke?
look like a million dollar man.

So why is my heart broke?
National Anthem
Words & Music by David Sneddon, James Bauer-Mein, Elizabeth Grant & Justin Parker

Mon-ey is the an - them of suc-cess. So be - fore we go out, what's your ad - dress? 1. I'm your
national anthem. God, you're so handsome. Take me to the Hamp-tons, Bu-gat-ti vey-ron. He

(2.) national anthem while I am stand-in' o-ver your bod-y, hold you like a py-thon. And you

loves to ro-mance'em. Reck-less a-bandon, hold-in' me for ran-som, up-per e-che-lon. He
can't keep your hands off me or your pants on. See what you've done to me, king of che-v-ron. He

says to be cool, but I don't know how yet. Wind in my hair, hand on the back of my neck._
said to be cool, but I'm al-read-y cool-est. I said to get real, don't you know who you're deal-ing with?_
I said, “Can we party later on?” He said, “Yes, yes, yes.”

Umm, do you think you’ll buy me lots of diamonds?

Tell me I’m your national anthem. (Boo-yah, baby bow down making me say wow now.)

Tell me I’m your national anthem.

Sugar, sugar how now take your body downtown.)
Red, white, blue is in the sky._ Summer's in the air and ba-by, heav'en's in your eyes._

I'm your na-tion-al an-them._ Mon-ey is the rea-son we ex-ist.

Ev'-ry-bod-y knows it, it's a fact. Kiss, kiss. 2. I sing the _ them._ It's a
love story for the new age, for the sixth page. We're on a quick, sick rampage,

winning and dining, drinking and driving. Excessive buying, over-dose and dying on our
drugs and our love and our dreams and our rage. Blur-ring the lines between real and the fake,
dark and lonely, I need some-body to hold me. He will do very well,

I can tell, I can tell. Keep me safe, in his bell-tower hotel.

Money is the anthem of success, so put on mascara and your party dress. I’m your

national anthem. Boy, put your hands up. Give me a standing ovation.
Boy, you have landed. Babe, in the land of sweetness and danger queen of Saigon.

Tell me I'm your national anthem. (Boo-yah, baby bow down making me say wow now.)

Tell me I'm your national anthem. Sugar, sugar how now take your body down-town.)
Red, white, blue is in the sky. Summer's in the air and baby, heaven's in your eyes.

I'm your national anthem.

Money is the anthem. God, you're so handsome. Money is the anthem of success.
1.

Money is the anthem. God, you’re so handsome. Money is the anthem of success.

2.

Money is the anthem. God, you’re so handsome. Money is the anthem of success.

Mon-ey is the an-them. God, you’re so hand-some. Mon-ey is the an-them of suc-cess.
Off To The Races
Words & Music by Timothy Larcombe & Elizabeth Grant

1. My old man is a bad man, but I can’t deny the way he holds my hand. And he grabs me, he has me by my heart.

2. My old man is a tough man, but he got a soul as sweet as blood red jam. And he shows me, he knows me every inch of my tar black soul.

He does-n’t mind I have a Las Vegas past. He does-n’t mind I have an L. A. crass way
He does-n’t mind I have a flat, broke-down life. In fact, he says he thinks it’s what he might like
a-bout me._ He loves me._ with ev'-ry beat of his co-caine heart.
a-bout me._ ad-mires me._ the way I roll like a roll-ing stone. Likes to watch me in the

Swim-ming pool glim-mer-ing, darl-ing, white bik-i-ni off with my red nail po-lish. Watch me in the
glass_ room, bath-room, Cha-teau Mar-mont, slip-pin’ on my red dress, put-tin’ on my make-up.

swim-ming pool, bright blue rip-ples, you sit-tin’, sip-pin’ on your black cris-tal__ yeah.
Glass room__ per-fume, cog-nac, li-lac__ fumes, says it feels like heav-en to him.
Light of my life, fire of my loins, be a good baby, do what I want.
Light of his life, fire of his loins, keep me forever, tell me you own me.

Light of my life, fire of my loins, give me them gold coins, give me them coins.
Light of your life, fire of your loins, tell me you own me, And I'm off to the races, cases of Bacardi chasers. Chasin' me all over town, 'cause he knows I'm

And I'm off to the races, cases of Bacardi chasers. Chasin' me all over town, 'cause he knows I'm
wasted, facin’ time again on Rikers Island and I won’t get out. Because I’m
crazy baby, I need you to come here and save me. I’m your little scarlet, starlet, sing’in’ in the garden.

Kiss me on my open mouth._ Read-y for you…

Kiss me on my open mouth._ Yo, I’m off to the
races, laces, leather on my waist is tight and I am falling down. I can see your face is shameless, Cipriani's basement, love you but I'm going down. God I'm so crazy baby, I'm sorry that I'm misbehaving. I'm your little
har - lot, star - let, queen of Co - ney Is - land, rais - in’hell all o - ver town.  Sor - ry ’bout it. My old man is a thief and I’m gon - na stay and pray with him till the end. But I

trust in the de - ci - sion of the Lord to watch o - ver us. Take him when he may, if he may.

I’m not a fraid to say that I’d die with - out him. Who else is gon - na put up with me this way? I
need you, I breathe you, I’d never leave you. They would rue the day I was alone without you. You’re
lying with your gold chain on, cigar hangin’ from your lips I said, “Hun, you never looked so
beautiful as you do now, my man.” And we’re off to the
races, places. Read-y, set, the gate is down and now we’re going in to Las
Ve-gas, cha-os, ca-si-no o-a-sis. Hon-ey it is time to spin._ Boy you’re so cra-zy ba- by I love you for-ev-er, not may-be. You are my one true love._ You are my one true love._

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh.
You are my one true love.
1. Not even -
   dreams can stop me now._
   (2.) dreams came true some - how._

   Boy, I be fly - ing o - ver - head._
   Their hea - vy
   I swore I’d chase ’em till I was dead._
   I heard the

words can’t bring me down._
Boy, I’ve been raised from the dead.

   streets were paved with gold._
   That’s what my fa - ther_ said.
No one even knows how hard life was. I don’t even think about it now, because._
No one even knows what life was like. Now I’m in L. A. and it’s paradise._

I finally found you._
(Sing it to me.)

Now my life is sweet like cinnamon. Like a fuck-in’dream I’m livin’ in._

— Baby, love me ‘cause I’m playing on the radio._ How do you like me now?
1. Lick me up and take me like a vitamin. 'Cause my body's sweet like sugar venom. Oh yeah. Baby, love me 'cause I'm playing on the radio._ How do you like me now? 2. American

Sweet like cinnamon. Like a fuckin' dream I'm livin' in._
S o r g d a l

G A G

Now my life is sweet

B a - b y, love me ’cause I’m play - ing on the ra - di - o. How do you like me now?

S w e e t like cin - na - mon. Like a fuck - in’ dream I’m liv - in’ in.

I fi - n’ly found you. (Sing it to me.)

N o w my life is sweet like cin - na - mon. Like a fuck - in’ dream I’m liv - in’ in.
1. How do you like me now?

'Cause my body's sweet like sugar venom

Yeah.

2. How do you like me now?

Baby, love me 'cause I'm playing on the radio

Lick me up and take me like a vitamin

Baby, love me 'cause I'm playing on the radio
Summertime Sadness
Words & Music by Richard Nowels & Elizabeth Grant

\[ = 125 \]

\[
\text{A} \quad \text{C}\#m \quad \text{B} \quad \text{F}\#m \quad \text{A} \quad \text{C}\#m \quad \text{B} \quad \text{F}\#m
\]

Kiss me hard before you go, summer-time sadness.

I just wanted you to know that, baby, you the best.

1. I got my
Kiss me hard before you go,

summer-time sadness.

I just wanted you to know

that, baby, you the best.

I got that summer-time, summer-time sadness.

Su-su-summer-time, summer-time sadness.

Got that summer-time, summer-time sadness.

Oh, oh, oh.

2. I’m feelin’
Think I’ll miss you for-ev-er
like the stars miss the sun in the
mor-n- ing sky.
La-ter’s bet-ter than nev- er,
e- ven
if you’re gone I’m gon-na drive.
I got that sum-mer-time, sum-mer-time sad-ness.
Su-su-sum-mer-time, sum-mer-time sad-ness.
Got that summer-time, summer-time sadness. Oh, oh, oh.
This Is What Makes Us Girls
Words & Music by Timothy Larcombe,
Jim Irvin & Elizabeth Grant

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Sweet sixteen and we had arrived.

Stealin' police cars with the senior guys.

There she was, my new best friend.

Cry, mascara running down her little Bambi eyes.

La-nu, how I hate those guys.

Cops in our black bikini tops, screamin', "Get us while we're hot. Get us while we're hot!"

(DM) C Bb C
Sweet sixteen and we had arrived.

(DM) C Bb C
Stealin' police cars with the senior guys.

(DM) C Bb C
There she was, my new best friend.

(DM) C Bb C
Cry, mascara running down her little Bambi eyes.
This is what makes us girls. We all look for heaven and we put love first. It’s something that we’d

die for. It’s a curse. Don’t cry about it, don’t cry about it.

This is what makes us girls. We stick together ‘cause we put love first. Don’t cry about him, don’t cry about him. It’s all gonna happen.
The prettiest in-crowd that you had ever seen: Ribbons in our hair and our eyes gleamed mean. A freshman generation of degenerate beauty queens. And you know something?

They were the only friends I ever had. We got into trouble and when stuff got bad. I got sent away and was wavin' on the train platform, cryin' 'cause I know I'm never comin' back.
This is what makes us girls. We all look for heaven and we put love first. It's something that we'd

die for. It's a curse. Don't cry about it, don't cry about it.

This is what makes us girls. We all stick together 'cause we put love first. Don't cry a-

-bout him, don't cry about him. It's all gonna happen.
Video Games
Words & Music by Elizabeth Grant & Justin Parker

\[ \text{N.C.} \]

\[ \text{F}_{#m} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{F}_{#m} \quad \text{A} \quad \text{C}_{#m} \quad \text{D} \]

8vb throughout

1. Swing-ing in the back-yard. Pull up in your fast car,
   whis-tl-ing my name.
   Liv-ing for the fame.

2. Sing - ing in the old bars. Swing-ing with the old stars.
   O - pen up a beer and you say get o - ver here and play a
   Kiss-in’ in the blue dark. Play-in’ pool and wild darts,
vi-de-o game._ I'm in his fav-rite sun dress, watch-in' me get un-dressed.
vi-de-o games._ He holds me in his big arms. Drunk and I am see-in' stars.

Take that bod-y down town._ I say you the best-est. Lean in for a big kiss.
This is all I think of._ Watch-in' all our friends fall in and out of Old Paul’s,

Put his fav-rite per-fume on._ Go play a vi-de-o game._
this is my i-dea of fun._ Play-in' vi-de-o games._

It's
you, it’s you. It’s all for you. Everything I do. I tell you all the

time. Heaven is a place on earth with you. Tell me all the things you wanna do.

I heard that you like the bad girls. Honey, is that true?

It’s better than I even knew. They say that the world was built for two.
To Coda

1.

Dm/F

F#m

A

F#m

A

Mm.

A

F#m

A

F#m

A

F#m

A

F#m

A

F#m

A

F#m

A

D.S. al Coda

It's