FAITHFULLY

Words and Mus 
JONATHAN (c

Slow Rock

E    C#m

Male: High - way,

E/B A

run

life

in - to the mid - night sun.

E C#m

un - der the big - top world;

A E

Wheels go 'round and 'round; you're on my mind.

Both: we all need the clowns to make us smile.

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Female: Restless hearts
Through space and time
Sleep always

lonely tonight,
而非 others show.

Send in all my love along the
Wondering where I am; lost with

wire.

Both: They say that the road ain't no place to start a fam-
And being a part ain't easy on this

ly.

love affair;

Right down the line it's been you and me,
two strangers learn to fall in love again.
And lovin' a music man ain't always what it's
I get the joy of re - dis -

s'posed to be._
F emale: Oh boy, you stand_by me._
M ale: Oh girl, you stand_by me._

Both: I'm for-ev-er yours,

faith - ful - ly._
Female: Circus

1. Oh,
2.-5. (Vocal ad lib.)

oh.

E/B
ANY WAY YOU WANT IT/
LOVIN', TOUCHIN', SQUEEZIN'

Words and Music by STEVE PEF
and NEAL SCH

With energy

\[ A \]

\[ E/G\# \]

\[ F#m7 \]

\[ NC \]

All: Any way you want it, that's the way you need it. Any way you want it.

\[ D \]

\[ A \]

\[ E/G\# \]

(Oh.)

Male: She loves to laugh,

\[ F#m \]

\[ NC \]

\[ A \]

she loves to sing, she does ev'-ry-thing.

\[ \]
She loves to move, she loves to groove, she loves loving things.

LOVIN', TOUCHIN', SQUEEZIN'
Words and Music by
STEVE PERRY

Female: It won't be long, yeah.

'til you're alone when your love,

er, oh, he hasn't come home. 'Cause he's a-

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Lovin', he's touchin', he's squeezin' another.

All: Any way you want it, that's the way you need it. Any way you want it.
- y way you want it, oh.

Na na na

D/A    A

E/G#    F#m7

na na na. Na na na na na na.

D/A    A    E/G#    F#m7

To Coda

Na na na na na na na na na

G    A    E/G#    F#m

na.

Male: I was a-lone;

I nev-er knew
what good love could do. Oo, then we touched,

then we sang about the lovely things. Female: 'Cause he's a-

lovin', he's touchin', he's squeezin'

another.

All: An-
Any way you want it, that's the way you need it. An-

-N.C.-

Any way you want it, oh.

Na na na

na na na. Na na na na na

D

na na na. Na na na na

F#m7

D

Na na na na na na na na na

A

E/G#

D/A

F#m

Na na na na na na na na na

E/G#

F#m7

D/A

A

E/G#

F#m7
Anyway you want it, that's the way you need it. Anyway you want it.
DON'T STOP BELIEVIN'

Words and Music by STEVE PERRY,
NEAL SCHON and JONATHAN CAIN

Moderately fast

G

D

Em7

C

G

D

Bm

C

G

D

Male: Just a small-town girl,
Female: Just a city boy,
liv' nin' in a lonesome world,
born and raised in South Detroit.

She took the midnight train goin' anywhere.
He took the midnight train goin' anywhere.

1
2

She took the midnight train goin' anywhere.
He took the midnight train goin' anywhere.

She took the midnight train goin' anywhere.
He took the midnight train goin' anywhere.

She took the midnight train goin' anywhere.
He took the midnight train goin' anywhere.
Male: A singer in a smoky room.

Female: The smell of wine and cheap perfume.

Both: For a smile they can share the night. It goes on and on and on and on.
**Female:** Work-in' hard to get my fill.

**Ev'rybody:**

wants a thrill.

**Both:** Pay-in' anything to roll the dice just

**Bm:**

one more time.

**Female:** Some will win.
Both: some will lose,
some were born to sing the blues.

Oh, the movie never ends;
it goes on and on and on.

D.S. al Coda
(take repeat)

CODA

and on.
BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY

Words and Music by
FREDDIE MERCURY

Slowly

Is this the real life? Is this just fantasy? Caught in a landslide, No escape from reality. Open your eyes, Look up to the skies and I'm just a poor boy, I need no sympathy, Because I'm

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easy come, easy go, Little high, little low, Any way the wind blows

doesn't really matter to me, to me.

Mama, just killed a man, Put a gun against his head, pulled my trigger, now he's dead, ach-ing all the time. Mama, Good-bye, everybody, I've got to go, But gotta...
now I've gone and thrown it all away.
leave you all behind and face the truth.

Mama, ooh.
Mama, ooh.

Didn't mean to make you cry. If I'm not back again this time to-
I don't want to die. I sometimes wish I'd never been born at

morrow, carry on, carry on as if nothing really matters.
L'istesso tempo (♩ = ♩)

I see a little silhouette of a man, Scar-a-
mouche, Scar-a-mouche, will you do the Fan-dango.

Chorus:
Thunder-bolt and lightning,

ver-y, ver-y fright-ning me. (Gal-li-le-o.) Gal-li-
le-o, Gal-li-le-o, Fig-a-ro, mag-ni-fi-co.

(let ring

Solo: I'm just a poor boy no-bod-y loves me.

Chorus:
He's just a poor boy
from a poor family. Spare him his life from this monster.

Solo: Easy come, easy go, will you let me go, Bismillah! No, we will not let you go. (Let him go!) Bismillah! We will not let you go. (Let him go!)
Will not let you go. (Let me go) Will not let you go. (Let me go.) Ah.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no. (Oh, ma-ma-mi-a, ma-ma-mi-a.) Ma-ma

Beelzebub has a devil put aside for me, for me, for me.
So you think you can stone me and spit in my eye.

So you think you can love me and leave me to die.
Oh, baby, can't do this to me, baby, 

Just got-ta get out, Just got-ta get right out-ta here.
Slowly

Nothing really matters, anyone can see, nothing really matters,

Nothing really matters to me.

Anyway the wind blows.
TO SIR, WITH LOVE
from TO SIR, WITH LOVE

Words by DON BLACK
Music by MARC LONDON

Moderate Pop feel

A

E7

mf

A

Those schoolgirl days

B

D

A

of telling tales and biting nails are gone.
easy, but I'll try.

If you

wanted the sky, I would write across the sky in letters that would soar a thousand feet high.

"To sir, with love."
The time has come...

books and long last looks must end.

And as I leave,

I know that I am leaving my best friend;
a friend who taught me right from wrong, and

weak from strong. That's a lot to learn. What can I

give you in return?

If you

wanted the moon, I would try to make a start, but I would rath-
-er you let me give my heart. To sir, with love.
oo, hoo, hoo, oo, hoo hoo.

Some where o-ver the rain-bow,

way up high,

there's a land that I dreamed of
Dm  
once in a lullaby.

\(\text{G}\)  

High. Oh, some where

\(\text{Am}\)

G/C

over the rainbow, skies are

\(\text{F}\)

C

blue, and the
dreams that you dare to dream really do come true.

Hoo.

C

Am

Dm

G

Am

F

C

Em
Oh, some day I'll wish up on a star, and
wake up where the clouds are far behind
me; where troubles melt like lemon drops.
High above the chimney tops, that's where you'll find me. Oh, somewhere over the rainbow, oo, bluebirds.
Fly, birds fly, over the rainbow.
Why then, oh, why can't