Your Guarantee of Quality

As publishers, we strive to produce every book to the highest commercial standards. The music has been freshly engraved and the book has been carefully designed to minimise awkward page turns and to make playing from it a real pleasure.

Particular care has been given to specifying acid-free, neutral-sized paper made from pulps which have not been elemental chlorine bleached.

This pulp is from farmed sustainable forests and was produced with special regard for the environment.

Throughout, the printing and binding have been planned to ensure a sturdy, attractive publication which should give years of enjoyment.

If your copy fails to meet our high standards, please inform us and we will gladly replace it.

www.musicsales.com
Hello, Goodbye 5
Gives You Hell 12
Hello 20
A House Is Not A Home 24
One Less Bell To Answer/A House Is Not A Home 28
Beautiful 35
Home 40
Physical 45
Total Eclipse Of The Heart 50
Lady Is A Tramp 56
One 66
Rose's Turn 61
Dream On 72
Safety Dance 80
I Dreamed A Dream 88
Loser 93
Give Up The Funk 104
Beth 100
Poker Face 113
Bad Romance 120
I don't know why you say goodbye, I say hello.

Hello, hello.

I don't know why you say goodbye, I say hello.

To Coda

I say high, you say low. You say why,
Am  
G  
Am  
I say I don't know._
Oh, no._

G  
G7  
You say good-bye._ and I say hel-lo._

C  
C/B  
C/A  
C/G  
Hello, hello._ I don't know

F  
Fm/Ab  
C  
C/B  
why you say good-bye._ I say hel-lo._  Hello, hello._
I don't know why you say goodbye, I say hello.

Why, why, why, why, why, why do you say goodbye, goodbye.

Oh, no.

You say goodbye and I say hello.
C  C/B  C/A  C/G
Hello, hello, I don't know

F  Fm/A♭  C  C/B
why you say good-bye, I say hello, Hello, hello

C/A  C/G  F  Fm/B♭  C
I don't know why you say good-bye, I say hello

D.C. al Coda

Coda
C  C/B  C/A  C/G
Hello, hello, I don't know
why you say good-bye, I say hel-lo._

Cdim
F
C

Hel-lo._

C

He-la he-he-lo-la.

1.

He-la he-he-lo-la.
2.

C C/B C/A C/G

-lo-la. I say hel-lo. Hel-lo, hel-lo. I don't know

F Fm/A♭ C C/B

why you say good-bye, I say hel-lo. Hel-lo, hel-lo.

C/A C/G F Fm/B♭

I don't know why you say good-bye, I say hel-lo.

Ab Cm/G Cdim/G♭ rit. F C

Hel-lo. Hel-lo.
Gives You Hell
Words & Music by Tyson Ritter & Nick Wheeler

\[ \text{\textbf{A}}{}^{5} \quad \text{\textbf{F}}{}^{\#}\text{m} \quad \text{\textbf{D}} \quad \text{\textbf{A}}{}^{5} \quad \text{\textbf{F}}{}^{\#}\text{m} \quad \text{\textbf{D}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{A}}{}^{5} \quad \text{\textbf{F}}{}^{\#}\text{m} \quad \text{\textbf{D}} \quad \text{\textbf{A}}{}^{5} \quad \text{\textbf{F}}{}^{\#}\text{m} \]

wake up ev'-ry eve-ning
with a big smile on my face
and it nev-er feels out of place.

\[ \text{\textbf{D}} \quad \text{\textbf{A}}{}^{5} \quad \text{\textbf{F}}{}^{\#}\text{m} \quad \text{\textbf{D}} \]

And you're still prob'-ly work-ing
at a nine to five_ pace._
I wonder how bad that tastes.
When you see my face hope it gives you hell, hope it gives you hell.
When you walk my way hope it gives you hell, hope it gives you hell.

2. Now where’s your picket fence love and where’s that shiny car?
And did it ever get you far?

never seemed so tense love,
(I wonder) you'll be thinking to yourself,
I've never seen you fall so

Do you know where you are?
But the list goes on and on.

truth be told, I miss you.
And truth be told, I'm ly-
When you see my face hope it gives you hell, hope it gives you hell.
When you walk my way hope it gives you hell, hope it gives you hell.
If you find a man that’s worth a damn and treats you well then he’s a fool, you’re just as well. Hope it gives you
no good to me. And here's all your lies, you can

look me in the eyes with that sad, sad look that you wear so well...

When you see my face hope it gives you hell, hope it gives you

hell.

When you walk my way hope it gives you hell, hope it gives you
If you find a man that's worth a damn and treats you well

then he's a fool, you're just as well. Hope it gives you hell.

When you see my face hope it gives you hell, hope it gives you hell.

When you walk my way hope it gives you hell, hope it gives you hell.
Hello

Words & Music by Lionel Richie

1. I’ve been alone with you inside my

(2.) long to see the sunlight in your

mind

hair

And in my dreams I’ve kissed your lips

and tell you time and time again

Imagen Songs Limited (50%)/Kobalt Music Publishing Limited (50%).
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
a thousand times. I sometimes see you pass outside my
how much I care. Sometimes I feel my heart will over

doors. Hello, is it me
flow. Hello, I've just got

you're looking for? I can see it in your eyes. I can

to let you know. 'Cause I wonder where you are and I

see it in your smile. You're all I've ever wanted and my
wonder what you do. Are you somewhere feeling lonely or is
arms are open wide...
'sCause you know just what to say
and you

someone loving you?
Tell me how to win your heart
for I

know just what to do...
And I want to tell you so much I love
have n't got a clue...
But let me start by saying I love

1. Gm Dm/F Ebmaj7 Dm/F Ebmaj7

you.

2. I you.

Is it me.

you're looking for?
'Cause I wonder where you are and I
wonder what you do. Are you somewhere feeling lonely or is someone loving you? Tell me how to win your heart for I haven't got a clue. But let me start by saying I love you.
A House Is Not A Home
Words by Hal David
Music by Burt Bacharach

Free time
D♭/B  Emaj7  E♭maj7  Fm/E♭

A chair is still a chair,

N.C.
E♭maj7  B♭m7  E♭7♭9(add13)

e-ven when there's no-one sit-ting there...

But a

A♭maj7  G♭♭9  Cm9  B♭m7  E♭♭9♭9(add13)

chair is not a house and a house is not a home when there's

© Copyright 1964 Famous Music Corporation, USA.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
no-one there to hold you tight and no-one there you can kiss good-

A\textsuperscript{b}maj\textsuperscript{7} Fm\textsuperscript{9} A\textsuperscript{b}/B\textsuperscript{b} Gm/B\textsuperscript{b} A\textsuperscript{b}/B\textsuperscript{b}

a tempo \( \textit{d} = 76 \)

E\textsuperscript{b}maj\textsuperscript{7} Fm/E\textsuperscript{b}

-night.

A room is still a room, e-ven when there’s noth-ing there... but gloom.

But a

A\textsuperscript{b}maj\textsuperscript{7} G\textsuperscript{7b9} Cm\textsuperscript{9} B\textsuperscript{b}m\textsuperscript{7} E\textsuperscript{b7b9(add13)} A\textsuperscript{b}maj\textsuperscript{7}

room is... not a house and a house is... not a home when the two of us... are far a-
-part and one of us has a broken heart.

Free time
Eb/G

Now and then I call your name and

suddenly your face appears. But it's just a crazy

game and when it ends it ends in tears. So
a tempo

Darling, have heart, don't let one mistake keep us apart.

Well, I'm not meant to live alone, turn this house into a home. When.

Amaj7

Free time

I climb the stairs and turn the key, oh, please be there.

A/B

Still in love with me.
One Less Bell To Answer/
A House Is Not A Home

Words by Hal David
Music by Burt Bacharach

\[ \text{Eb7} \quad \text{Ab7} \quad \text{Eb7} \quad \text{Ab7} \]

\[ 3 \quad 3 \quad 3 \quad 3 \]

\[ \text{Eb7} \quad \text{Ab7} \quad \text{Eb7} \quad \text{Ab7} \quad \text{Gm7} \quad \text{Fm7} \]

8th throughout

(F) One less bell to answer. One less egg to fry.

© Copyright 1967 Blue Seas Music Incorporated/Jac Music Company Incorporated, USA.
Warner/Chappell Music Limited (50%)/Universal/MCA Music Limited (50%).
All rights in Germany administered by Universal/MCA Music Publ. GmbH.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
One less man to pick up after. I should be happy but

all I do is cry. Oh, I should be happy
(M) Cry, cry, no more laughter. Oh, why

did she go? I only know that since he left my life's so empty.
Though I try to forget you, just can’t be done. Each time the door-bell rings I still run. (F) Don’t know how in the world to stop thinking of him, 'cause I still love him so. I end each

I should be happy.
day the way I start out.
I start and end each day crying.

One less bell to answer.
One less egg to fry.

One less man to pick up after.
One less man.

No more laughter, no one.
no more love.
No more love.
Since he went away...
Since he

Cm B♭m/C D♭ Free time E♭/D♭

To Coda

Since he went away...
Ooh.

A chair is still a chair,
even when there's no one...
Sitting there...
Well, I'm not meant to live alone, turn this house into a home. When I climb the stairs and turn the key,

Free time

Oh, please be there, still in love with
(M) One less bell to answer
Each time the door-bell rings I

still run. One less egg to fry. One less man.

All I do is cry.
Beautiful
Words & Music by Linda Perry

1. Ev'-ry day, is so...
2. To all your friends, you're de-

© Copyright 2002 Stuck In The Throat/Famous Music LLC, USA.
Sony/ATV Harmony (UK) Limited.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
wonderful and suddenly it's hard
li-ri-ous, you're so consumed in all your

to breathe. Now and then I get insecure from all the
doom. You're trying hard to fill the emptiness, the pieces

pain, gone, I'm so ashamed.
left the puzzle undone. That's the way it is.

But I am beautiful no matter what they say,

2° you are
3° we are
Words won't bring me down...  But I am beautiful in

2nd you
3rd you
3rd 'Cause we are

Fm7

Words won't bring me down...

every single way...

Fm

To Coda

So don't you bring me down today...

Em/Db

Cm

B
to day. (No matter what we do.) (No matter what they say.)

Vocal ad lib.

(There's a song inside the tune.) (Full of beautiful mistakes.)

(And every where you go.) (The sun will always shine.)

(D.S. al Coda)

(But tomorrow we might a wake on the other side.)
Coda\n\nEb\n\nOh.\n\nB\n
To-day.\n\nEb \n\nCm \n\n\nEb/D\n\n\nCm \n\nFree time\n\nB\n
Don’t you bring me down to-day.
Home
Words & Music by Charlie Smalls

\[ \text{\textcopyright\textregistered\textcopyright\textcopyright 2009 W B Music Corp.}\]
Warner/Chappell North America Limited.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.

1. When I think of home I think of a place where there's love ove...
2. Maybe there's a chance for me to go back now that I have some di-

\( \text{C} \)
\( \text{B}^9/\text{C} \)

\( 8\text{th throughout till }^\ast \)
I wish I was home, I wish I was back there... with the things I've been
knowing...

Wind that makes the tall grass... bend into leaning.

Suddenly the raindrops that fall have a meaning... Sprinkling
Giving me enough time in my life to grow up... Time

the scene makes it all clean...
Let me start again.

Suddenly my world has gone and changed its face but I still

know where I'm going.

I have had my mind spun around

in space yet I've watched it glowing

* Oh.
If you're listen-ing God, please don't make it hard to know if we should be-lieve in the things that we here in this brand new world might be a fan-ta-sy. Oh.

see. Tell us, should we try and stay or should we run a-way? Or would it be But it taught me to love. So it's

better just to let things be? real, real,

Liv-ing
real to me. And I've learned we must look, look in-side our hearts to find.

yeah, a world full of love. Like yours, like mine.

Like home. Home.
Physical

Words & Music by Steve Kipner & Terry Shaddick

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{N.C.} & \\
\text{Am}^7 & \quad \text{D} \\
\text{Am}^7 & \quad \text{D} \\
\text{Am}^7 & \end{align*} \]

1. I'm sayin' all the things that I know you'll like, mak-
2. I've been patient I've been good, tried-
in' good conversation.
_to keep my hands on the table.

I got ta handle
It's gettin' hot, this
you just right,
hold-in' back.

You know what I mean?

I'm

took him to an intimate restaurant,
sure you'll understand my point of view,

we know each other mentally.

movie.

There's nothing left to talk about 'less it's

You gotta know that you're bringin' it out, the

horizontally.

animal in me.

Let's get physical, physical.
I wanna get physical. Let's get into physical.

Let me hear your body talk. Your body talk. Let me hear your body talk.

Let's get physical, physical. I wanna get animal, animal. I wanna get physical, let's get into physical. Let me hear your body talk.
Your body talk. Let me hear your body talk.

Physical. echo

Em

Physical. echo

D.S. al Coda
Let me hear your body talk.

Let me hear your body talk.

Your body talk.

Let's get physical.
Total Eclipse Of The Heart
Words & Music by Jim Steinman

\[ J = 80 \]

\[ B^b_{\text{m}} \]

\( \text{B}^b_{\text{m}} \)

\( \text{A}^b \)

(Turn a-round.) Ev'ry now and then I get a lit-tle bit lone-ly and you're nev-er com-ing round.

(Turn a-round.) Ev'ry now and then I get a lit-tle bit tired of lis'-ning to the sound of my tears.

© Copyright 1982 Lost Boys Music/EMI Virgin Music Limited.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
(Turn a-round.) Ev'ry now and then I get a little bit nervous that the best of all the years have gone by.

(Turn a-round.) Ev'ry now and then I get a little bit terrified and then I see the look in your eye.

(Turn a-round, bright eyes.) Ev'ry now and then I fall apart.

(Turn a-round, bright eyes.) Ev'ry now and then I fall apart. And I need you now to-night.
and I need you more than ever. And if you only hold me tight,

we’ll be holding on forever. And we’ll only be making it right,

’cause we’ll never be wrong. Together we can take it to the end of the line. Your

love is like a shadow on me all of the time. (All of the time.) I
don't know what to do and I'm always in the dark. We're liv-ing in a pow-der keg and giv-ing off sparks...

I really need you to-night,

for-ev-er's gon-na start to-night.

For-ev-er's gon-na start to-night.

Once up-on a time I was fall-ing in love,

now I'm only fall-ing a-part.

There's
Nothing I can do, a total eclipse of the heart.

Once upon a time there was light in my life, but

Now there's only love in the dark.

Nothing I can say, a total eclipse of the heart.
I really need you to-night,
for-er'sgon-na start to-night.

For-ev-er'sgon-na start to-night.
Once up-on a time I was fall-ing in love... but

now I'm on-ly fall-ing a-part...
Noth-ing I can say, a to-tal e-clipse..of the heart...

Repeat and fade

A to-tal e-clipse..of the heart.
Lady Is A Tramp

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

1. She gets too hungry for dinner at eight.
2. Doesn't like crap games with Barons and Earls.
(3.) Far too hungry to eat dinner at eight.

She adores the theatre and won't arrive late.
Won't go to Harlem in Ermine and pearls.
I adore the theatre but I never come late.
She'd never bother with people she'd hate.
Won't dish the dirt with the rest of the girls.
You never bother with anyone that you'd hate.

That's why the lady is a tramp.
That's why the lady is a

2, 3.
tramp. She likes the free, fresh,
tramp. I like the free, fresh,
wind in her hair. Life without care.
wind in my hair. Life without care.

She's broke, it's O.K. She hates California.
She's a swing-ger, a hum-din-gger. Hates California.
Too

It's cold and it's damp. That's why the lady is

cold and too damp.

a tramp.

Instrumental ad lib.
That's why the lady.
That's why the lady.
That is why the lady is a tramp.
Rose’s Turn
Words by Stephen Sondheim
Music by Jule Styne

Original key D♭ major

\[ \text{\textit{Why did I do it?}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{Scrap-books full of me in the background.}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{Give ’em love and what does it get you?}} \]

\[ \text{\textit{What does it get you?}} \]
One quick look as each of 'em leaves you.
All your life and what does it get you? “Thanks a lot” and out with the garbage.
They take bows and you're batting zero.
I had a dream. I dreamed it for you.
dad, it wasn't for me dad.

wasn't for me then where would you be Miss Rachel Berry?

Well,

someone tell me, when is it my turn? Don't I get a dream for myself?
Starting now it's gonna be my turn. Gang-way, world, get off of my runway.

Cm7

Starting now I bat a thousand. This time boys, I'm taking the bows and

rit.

G6

a tempo

Ev'rything's coming up Kurt.

G6

Ev'rything's coming up Hummel.
Everythings coming up Kurt___ this time for me.

For me___

For me.

For me.

For me.
One
Words & Music by U2

\[
\text{Am} \quad \text{D}^5 \quad \text{Fmaj7} \quad \text{G} \\
\text{Am} \quad \text{D}^5
\]

1. Is it getting better?
2. Did I disappoint you,
3. Have you come here for forgiveness?

or do you feel the same?

Fmaj7

G

or leave a bad taste in your mouth?

Have you come to raise the dead?

Am

D5

Will it make it easier on you now

You act like you never had love

Have you come here to play Jesus

Fmaj7

Gsus4

you got someone to blame?

and you want me to go without.

to the lepers in your head?

You say

Well it's
C
Am
Fmaj7

one love,
too late,
Did I ask too much,

one life,
to night,
more than a lot?

when it's one need
to drag the past out in-

You gave me noth-ing, now it's

C

in the night.
to the light.
all I got.

One love,
We're one
We're one

but we're
but we're

Am
Fmaj7

we get to share...
not the same,
not the same,

it,
we get to
well we

leaves. you ba-
carry each oth-
hurt each oth-

by,
other,
other,

if you
er,
er,

I.

C
Am
D
don't care for it.
Fmaj7

G

C

- ry each other. One

Am

D

F

G

C

Do it again. You say love is a temple, love,

Am

C

- a higher law. Love is a temple, love,
Am

C

G

the higher law.

You ask me to enter but then you make me crawl. And

Fmaj7

I can't be holding on to what you got.

c

C

Am

when all you got is hurt. One love, one blood.

Fmaj7

C

one life, you got to do what you should. One life,
Am  Fmaj7  C
with each other, sisters, brothers.

Am  Fmaj7
One life but we're not the same, we get to carry each other carry each other.

C  C  Am
-ry each other. One.

Fmaj7  C  C
Repeat ad lib.
Dream On
Words & Music by Steven Tyler

\[ J = 79 \]

\[ Fm \quad Cm/F \quad Fm^6 \quad Bb^m6/F \quad Fm \quad Cm7/F \quad Fm \]

\[ Cm/E^b \quad Dm^7b5 \quad Dbmaj7b5 \quad Fm \quad Cm7/F \quad Fm \]

\[ B^b9 \quad E^b7 \quad Edim7 \quad Fm \]

\[ Fm \quad Cm/F \quad Fm^6 \quad Bb^m6/F \quad Fm \quad Cm/F \]

1. Ev’ry time that I look in the mirror all these lines in my

© Copyright 1973 Mosaic Music, USA.
Stage Three Music Limited.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
Face getting clearer, the past has gone,

It went by like dusk to dawn, Isn’t that the way?

’RY-BOD-Y’S GOT THEIR DUES IN LIFE TO PAY,

Yeah...

I know what no-bod-y knows, where it comes and where it goes,
I know it's every-bod-y's sin, you got to lose to know how to win.

2. Half my life's in books, written pages, live and learn from fools and from sages, you know it's true,
all the things come back to you

Sing with me, sing for the year, sing for the laughter, sing for the tear,

Sing with me if it's just for today, maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away...
Yeah:

Sing with me, sing for the year, sing for the laughter, sing for the tear,

Sing with me if it's just for today, maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away.
Dream on, dream on,
dream on, dream your-self a dream come true.

Dream on, dream on,
dream un-til your dreams come true.
Dream on, dream on,

Sing with me, sing for the year,
sing for the laughter, sing for the tear, sing with me if it's just for today,
Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away. Sing with me, sing for the year,

Sing for the laughter, sing for the tear, sing with me if it's just for today,

Maybe tomorrow the good Lord will take you away.

Repeat to fade
Safety Dance
Words & Music by Ivan Doroschuk

Original key D♭ major

\[ \text{\textbf{\textit{\( J = 104 \)}}} \]

N.C.

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{\textbf{\textit{S A F E}}} \\
\text{\textbf{\textit{T Y Safe - ty dance.}}} \\
\end{array}
\]

© Copyright 1983 Ivan Ltd.
Universal Music Publishing Limited.
All rights in Germany administered by Universal Music Publ. GmbH.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
We can dance if we want to. We can leave your friends behind. 'Cause your friends don't dance and if they don't dance well they're no friends of mine. I say, we can go where we want to, a place where they will never find. And we can
act like we come from out of this world. Leave the real one far behind. And we can
dance.

1. We can dance if we want to.
2. We can go when we want to.
3. We can dance if we want to.

We can leave your friends behind.
The night is young and so am I.
We’ve got all your life and mine.

’Cause your
And we can
As long

82
friends don’t dance and if they don’t dance well they’re no friends of mine. I say,
dress real neat from our hats to our feet and surprise ’em with the vict’ry cry. Say,
as we abuse it, never gonna lose it. Every thing will work out right. I say,

we can go where we want to, a place where they will never find. And we can
we can act if we want to. If we don’t, nobody will. And we can
we can dance if we want to. We can leave your friends behind. ’Cause your

act like we come from out of this world. Leave the real one far behind. And we can
act real rude and totally removed. And I can act like an imbecile. I say...
friends don’t dance and if they don’t dance, well they’re no friends of mine. I say...
F       Bb      Eb        Ab
dance. We can dance, we can dance. Ev'-ry-thing's out-ta con-trol.
We can dance, we can dance.         
F       Bb      Eb        Ab
We can dance, we can dance. Do-in' it from wall to wall.
F       Bb      Eb        Ab
We can dance, we can dance. Ev'-ry-bod-y look at your hands.
F       B₇b               E₇b               A₇b
| We can dance, we can dance. Ev'-ry-bod-y's tak-ing a chance. |

C       G               D                A
| It's safe to dance. Well, it's safe to dance. |

C       G               D                A
| Yeah, it's safe to dance. |

85
D.S. al Coda

Coda

C        G        D        A

Oh well, it's safe to dance...

Oh yes, it's safe to dance...

C        G        D        A

Oh well, it's safe to dance...

Oh yes, it's safe to dance...
Oh well, it's safe to dance.
Oh yes, it's safe to dance.

Oh, it's safe to dance.
It's safe to dance.

It's safe to dance.
I Dreamed A Dream

Music by Claude-Michel Schönberg
Original Lyrics by Alain Boublil & Jean-Marc Natel
English Lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer

Andante espressivo \( \frac{\text{\textdagger}}{4} = 72 \)

1. I dreamed a dream in time gone by,
    when hope was high and life worth

2. Then I was young and un-a-fraid,
    when dreams were made and used and

   liv-ing,
   I dreamed that love would nev-er die,
   There was no ran-som to be paid;

   wast-ed.
I dreamed that God would be forgiving.
no song unsung, no wine untasted.

But the tigers come at night,
with their voices soft as thunder;
as they tear your hope apart,
as they turn your dream to shame.
3. He slept a summer by my side,

he filled my days with endless wonder.

He took my childhood in his stride,

but he was gone when autumn came.
4. And still I dreamed he'd come to me,

that we would live the years to-

gether.

But there are dreams that can not

be,

and there are storms we can-not with-er.

I had a dream my life would be
so different from this hell I'm living; so different now from what it seemed.

Now life has killed the dream I dreamed.
time of chimpanzees. I was a monkey.

Bu-tane in my veins and I'm out to cut the junkie with the plastic eyeballs.

Spray paint the vegetables. Dog food stalls with the beefcake pantyhose.

2. Kill the head-lights and put it in neutral. Stock car flamin' with the
3. Forces of evil on a bozo nightmare. Ban all the music with a
Lo - ser and the cruise con - trol. Baby’s in Reno with the pho - ny gas cham - ber ’cause one’s got a wea - sel and the

vi - ta - min D. Got a couple of couch - es, oth - er’s got a flag. One’s on the pull, shove the

sleep on the love seat. Someone came say - in’ I’m in - oth - er in a bag with the re - run shows and the

-san - e to com - plain a - bout a shot - gun wed - ding and a stain on my shirt. co - caine nose - job. The day - time crap of the folk - sing - er slob.
Don’t be-lieve ev’ry-thing that you breathe._ You got a park-ing vi-o-la-tion and a
He hung him-self with a gui-tar string._ A slab of tur-key neck and it’s
mag-got on your sleeve._ So shave your face with some mace in the dark._
hang-in’ from a pi-geon wing._ You can’t write if you can’t re-late._ Trade the
Sav-in’ all your food stamps and burn-in’ down the trail-er park._ Yo!
cash for the beef for the bod-y for the hate._ And my time is a piece of wax

N.C.

fall-in’ on a ter-mite _ Cut it! that’s choking on the splinters._
D

Soy un perdedor. I'm a

loser baby, so why don't you kill me?

Soy un perdedor. I'm a

loser baby, so why don't you kill me?
2.

N.C.

(Drive by body pierce.)

Drums

(Yo! Bring it on down.)

N.C.

Chorus backwards

D
Spoken: I'm a driver, I'm a winner. Things are gonna change, I can feel it.

D

Soy un perdedor. I'm a loser baby, why don't you kill me?

1-3.

4.

don't you kill me?

(Why don't you kill me?)
Beth

Words & Music by Bob Ezrin, Peter Criss & Stanley Penridge

1. Beth, I hear you calling, but I can't come home right now.
2. You say you feel so empty, that our house just ain't a home. And
Me and the boys are playing
and we just can't find the sound.
I'm always somewhere else
and you're always there alone.

Just a few more hours
and I'll be right home to you.

I think I hear them calling
Oh, Beth what can I do?

Beth what can I do?
Beth, I know you're lonely and I hope you'll be all right. 'Cause me and the boys will be playing all night.

All night.

F G/C C

rit.

F G G7 C

103
Give Up The Funk

Words & Music by George Clinton, William Collins & Jerome Brailey

\( \text{\textcopyright桥梁 1976 Bridgeport Music Incorporated.} \)

Drums

N.C.

Roof off, we're gon-na tear the roof off the moth-er-suck-er.

Tear the roof off the suck-er.

Tear the roof off, we're gon-na tear the roof off the moth-er-suck-er.

L.H.
Tear the roof off the suck-er. Tear the roof off, we're gon-na tear the roof off the moth-er-suck-er.

Tear the roof off the suck-er. You've got a real type of thing go-in' down, get-tin' down. There's a whole... lot of rhythm go-in' 'round...

You've got a real type of thing go-in' down, get-tin' down. There's a
whole lot of rhythm go-in' round

We want the funk, give up the funk. We need the funk,

we got-ta have that funk. We want the funk, give up the funk.

We need the funk, we got-ta have that funk.
real type of thing go-in' down, gettin' down. There's a whole lot of rhythm go-in' round.

You've got a real type of thing goin' down, gettin' down. There's a whole lot of rhythm goin' round.

You've got a real type of thing goin' down, gettin' down. There's a whole lot of rhythm goin' round.
We want the funk,
give up the funk.
We need the funk,
we gotta have that funk.
We need the funk.
We gotta have that funk.
We want the funk, (Get fun-ky now.) give up the funk. (Get fun-ky.)
We need the funk, (Get fun-ky now.)
we gotta have that funk. Vocal ad lib. We want the funk,
give up the funk.
We need the funk,
we gotta have that funk.
We want the funk,
give up the funk.
We need the funk,
we gotta have that funk.
We're gonna

turn this mother out.
(We want the funk,
give up the funk.
We need the funk,
we gotta have that funk.
We gonna
turn this mother out.)
We gonna turn this mother out.
We need the funk,
we gotta have that funk.

We want the funk,
give up the funk.

We need the funk,
we gotta have that funk.

Play 4 times ad lib.

Na na na na na.
Do do do do,
do do do.
Ow...
Na na na na na. Do do do do, do do do. Ow. You've got a real type of thing go-in' down, gettin' down. There's a whole lot of rhythm go-in' round.

You've got a real type of thing go-in' down, gettin' down. There's a whole lot of rhythm go-in' round.
Poker Face
Words & Music by Stefani Germanotta & Nadir Khayat

\[ \text{\textbf{Free time}} \] 

\[ \text{\textbf{I wanna hold 'em like they do in Texas plays.}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Fold 'em, let 'em hit, raise it, baby, stay with... me.}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{Love the game intu-ition, play the cards...}} \]

\[ \text{\textbf{with spades... to start and after he's been hooked I'll play the one that's on his heart.}} \]
Oh, oh, oh, oh. Oh, oh, oh, oh. I’ll get him hot and

rit.

show him what I got. Oh, oh, oh, oh. Oh...

rubato

I will get him hot and show him what I’ve got.

a tempo

Can’t read my, can’t read my, no, he can’t read my poker face.
She's gotta love nobody.
Can't read my, can't read my, no he can't read my

poker face.
She's gotta love nobody.
Po, po, po, poker face, po,

po, poker face.
Po, po, po, poker face, po, po, poker face.

I wanna roll with him, a hard pair we will be.
A little gambling is
fun when you’re with me.

Russian roulette is not the same without a gun...

And

baby, when it’s love... if it ain’t rough it isn’t fun...

a tempo

Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Oh, oh, oh, oh.

rit.

I’ll get him hot...

Show him what I’ve got...

Oh, oh, oh, oh.
Oh, oh, oh, oh.
I'll get him hot, show him what I've got.

Can't read my, can't read my, no, he can't read my poker face.

She's gotta love nobody.
Can't read my, can't read my, no he can't read my poker face.

She's gotta love nobody.

Poker face...
tell you that I love you, kiss or hug you 'cause I'm bluffing
with my

muffin. I'm not lyin', I'm just stunnin' with my love glue gunnin'.

-sino take your bank before I pay you out. I promise this. I promise

this. Check this hand, 'cause I am marvelous...
I'm marvelous, I'm marvelous, I'm marvelous, so marvelous...

She's gotta love nobody

Can't read my, can't read my, no he can't read my

Poker face... She's got to love nobody...
Bad Romance
Words & Music by Stefani Germanotta & RedOne

Oh, caught in a bad romance...

Rah, rah, ah, ah!_ Ro-ma-ro-ma-ma!_ Ga-ga, ooh-la-la!_ Want your bad romance.
Am

Rah, rah, ah, ah, ah! Ro-ma-ro-ma-ma! Ga-ga, ooh-la-la! Want your bad romance.

1. I want your ugly, I want your disease. I want your everythings as
2. I want your horror, I want your design. 'Cause you're a criminal as

G

long as it's free. I want your love, love, love. I want your
long as your mine. I want your love, love, love. I want your

Am

love, love. Hey!

I want your drama, the
I want your psycho, your
touch of your hand.  
I want your leather-stud-ded kiss in the sand.

ver-ti-go shtick.  
Want you in my rear win-dow, ba-by you're sick.

Am  
love, love, love. I want your love.

F   Am   G  
love, love, love. I want your love. (Love love, I want your love.)

Am  
(Spoken:) You know that I want you.

And you know that I need you.

I want it bad, your bad ro-mance.
I want your love and I want your revenge, you and me could write a bad romance.

(Oh.) I want your love and all your lovers' revenge. You and me could write a bad romance.

Oh, caught in a bad romance.
Caught in a bad romance... caught in a bad romance...

Rah, rah, ah, ah, ah!... Ro-ma-ro-ma-ma!... Ga-ga, ooh-la-la!... Want your bad romance.

Rah, rah, ah, ah, ah!... Ro-ma-ro-ma-ma!... Ga-ga, ooh-la-la!... Want your bad romance.

Walk, walk fashion baby. Work it, move that bit crazy. Walk, walk fashion baby.
Work it, move that bit crazy. Walk, walk fashion baby.

Work it, move that bit crazy. Walk, walk passion baby. Work it, I'm a freak bit, baby.

I want your love and I want your revenge. I want your love.

I don't wanna be friends. Je veux ton amour et je veux ton revanche.
Je veux ton amour... I don't wanna be friends...

I don't wanna be friends...

Want your bad romance. Caught in a bad romance... Want your bad romance.

I want your love and... I want your revenge... you and me... could write a bad romance... (Oh.)
I want your love and all your lovers’ revenge. You and me could write a bad romance. Oh,
caught in a bad romance. Oh,
caught in a bad romance.

Rah, rah, ah, ah, ah! Ro-ma-ro-ma-ma! Gaga, ooh-la-la! Want your bad romance.
All the songs from the hit album arranged for piano, voice and guitar.

Hello, Goodbye
Gives You Hell
Hello
A House Is Not A Home
One Less Bell To Answer/A House Is Not A Home
Beautiful
Home
Physical
Total Eclipse Of The Heart
Lady Is A Tramp
One
Rose’s Turn
Dream On
Safety Dance
I Dreamed A Dream
Loser
Give Up The Funk
Beth
Poker Face
Bad Romance