hairspray
Piano / Vocal Selections

Music by
Marc Shaiman

Lyrics by
Scott Wittman
Marc Shaiman

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GOOD MORNING BALTIMORE

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

Medium '60s Rock

D

A

G

D/A

D

TRACY

D/F#

Oh, oh, oh. Woke up to-day
Oh, oh, oh, Look at my hair. What

G

Bm/A

A

G

D

feeling the way I always do,
"do" can compare with mine to-day?
Oh, oh, oh,

D/F#

G#m7b5

E/G#

F#7/A#

Hungry for something that I can't eat. Then I hear the beat. That
I've got my hair-spray and radio. I'm ready to go. The
Bm       Gm/Bb       Bb7       D/A
rhythm of town starts calling me down. It's like a message from
rats on the streets all dance 'round my feet. They seem to say, "Tracey, it's
G#m7b5   E/G#       D/A       A
high above._Oh, oh, oh, Pulling me out to the
up to you."_So, oh, oh, Don't hold me back, 'cause to-

G       Em9         A       D/A       A7       DsusI      D
smiles and the streets that I love. Good morning, Baltimore!

day all my dreams will come true. Good morning, Balti-

G(add9)  G
Every day's like an open door. Every night is a
There's the flasher who lives next door. There's the bum on his
Dsus        D
fan-ta-sy.  Ev'-ry sound's like a sym-pho-ny.
bar-room stool. They wish me luck on my way to school.

A    D/A    A7    Dsus1    D
Good morn-ing, Balt-i-more! And some day when I

G/B  Gm/Bb  D/A
take to the floor, the world's gon-na wake up and see
Bal - ti - more and me. I know ev'ry step. I know ev'ry song. I know there's a place where I belong.
see all those party lights shining ahead. So someone invite me be-
fore I drop dead!

Give me a chance, 'cause when I start to dance I'm a movie star.

Oh, oh, oh, Something inside of me makes me move when
I hear the groove. My ma tells me, "No," but my feet tell me, "Go."

It's like a drummer inside my heart.

Oh, oh, oh. Don't make me wait one more moment for my life to start.
I love you, Baltimore!
Every day's like an open door.
Every night is a fantasy.

Every sound's like a symphony.
And I promise,

Baltimore,
that some day when I take to the floor, the
world's gonna wake up and see,

gonna wake up and see Baltimore and me.

Baltimore and me!
THE NICEST KIDS IN TOWN

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

Fast, hot and driving

Play bass 8vb throughout

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Ab7 CORNY  Db7  Ab7 COUNCIL

Every afternoon when the clock strikes four, (Bop - bee - ba, ba -)

Ab7 CORNY  Db7  Db7

ba - ba - ba - ba bee - ba) a crazy bunch of kids crash through that door.

Ab7 COUNCIL  Ab7 CORNY  Eb

(Bop - bee - bu, ba - ba - ba - ba bee - ba) They throw off their coats and leave the

Db  Eb  Db

squares behind, and then they shake it, shake it, shake it like they're losing their mind. You'll never
see them frown, ’cause they’re the nicest kids in town. (Ooh ooo)

Every afternoon you turn your T.V. on. (Na, na, na, na, na,)

— na—na—na—na—na) And we know you turn the sound up when your parents are gone, yeah!
And once you've
come on down, and meet the nicest kids in town.

COUNCIL

And then you twist and shout for your favorite star.

CORNY

And once you've practiced every step that's in your repertoire, you better

E

come on down, and meet the nicest kids in town.

D/A

Nice white kids who like to lead the way, and
once a month we have our "Ne-gro Day!"
And I'm the man who keeps it

spin-nin' round, Mr. Corn-y Col-lins with the lat-est, great-est

Bal-ti-more sound!!

ev-ry af-ter-noon drop ev-ry-thing...
Who needs to read and write when you can dance and sing?

For get about your algebra and calculus. You can always do your homework on the morning bus. Can't tell a verb from a noun, they're the nicest kids in town.
23

ev’ry night you’re shak-ing as you
coun-cil
drum-
coun-cil

lie in bed,
(Mo-ny, mo-ny, ah

corny

C O U N C I L

and the bass and drums—are pounding

in your head,
(Mo-ny, mo-ny, ah
nev-er get to col-lege, but they sure look cool. Don’t need a cap and a gown, ’cause they’re the nic-est kids in town.

They’re the COUNCIL.
They're the nicest, nicest, nicest, nicest,

They're the sugar 'n' spicest, the nicest kids in...

EVERYONE

kids in town! Hoot!

(drum solo)
MAMA, I'M A BIG GIRL NOW

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

Freely

F

MOTHERS PENNY

Dm

MOTHERS AMBER

Stop! Stop telling me what to do oo. Don't! Don't treat me like a

Bb

MOTHERS TRACY

child of two oo. No! I know that you want what's best.

C

MOTHERS TRACY

TRACY, AMBER & PENNY

A fun shuffle ($\frac{3}{4}$)

C

Please! But mother please, give it a rest!!!
MOTHERS GIRLS MOTHERS
Stop! Don’t! No! Please! Stop! Don’t!

Bb GIRLS Bb MOTHERS GIRLS
No! Please! Stop! Don’t! No! Please!

TRACY
Ma-ma, I’m a big girl now!
Once upon a time when I was just a kid, you never let me do just what the older kids did... But
lose that laun - dry list of what you won’t al - low, 'cause ma - ma, I’m a big girl now!

Once up - on a time I used to play with toys, but

now I’d rath - er play a-round with teen - age boys. So, if I get a hick - ey, please don’t

have a cow, 'cause ma - ma, I’m a big girl now!
les - sons from vou

Bb - oo._ f6u'1s- the one who taught me how to "Twist and Shout," be - cause you

shout non - stop and you’re so twist - ed too - oo! Wo - oh - oh - oh - oh!

F TRACY

G Am/G G Am/G G Dm C Dm C

Once I used to fid - get 'cause I just sat home. But now I’m just like Gid - get and I
got - ta get to Rome!  So, say ar - ri - ve - der - ci! Too - die - oo! And ciao!  'Cause

ma - ma, I'm a big girl now!  Oh - oh - oh!  Stop!  Don't!

No! Please! Stop! Don't! No! Please!

Stop! Don't! No! Please! Ma - ma, I'm a big girl now!
(Hey, ma-ma, say, ma-ma) Once upon a time I was a shy young thing. Could barely walk and talk so much as dance and sing. But let me hit the stage, I wanna take my bow, 'cause ma-ma, I'm a big girl now! Wo-oh oh oh oh!

Once upon a time I used to dress up "Ken," but now that I'm a woman I like
big - ger men! - And I don’t need a Bar - bie doll to show me how, 'cause

ma - ma, I'm a big girl now!

right from wrong, and now I just wanna give it a try —

ma - ma, I've been in the nest for far too long.— So please give a push, and ma - ma,
One day I will meet a man you won't condemn. And we will have some kids and you can torture them. But let me be a star before I take that vow. 'cause ma-ma, I'm a big girl now! Oh-oh-oh! Ma-ma, I'm a big girl now!
Em/G D/F# Em

**AMBER**

Hey - hey - hey - hey - hey! Ma - ma, I'm a big girl!

G GIRLS

C6

AMBER

Ooh, such, a big, big girl! I'm a big girl now!

C6 G GIRLS

AMBER

Oh - oh - oh - oh oh Oh - oh - oh...

D

No! Please! Stop! Don’t! No! Please!

C

Oh... Please! Stop! Don’t! Please!

D D7 G

oh... Please! Ma-ma, I'm a big girl now!

D D7 G

Stop! Don’t! No! Please! Ma-ma I'm a big girl now!
I CAN HEAR THE BELLS

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

TRACY

I can hear the bells.

Well, don’t cha hear ’em chime?

Can’t cha feel my heart beat keeping perfect time?

And all because he touched me. 

He looked at me and stared. Yes, he bumped me. My
heart was unprepared when he tapped me and knocked me off my feet.

One little touch, now my life's complete. Cause when he nudged me, love put me in a fix. Yes, it hit me just like a ton of bricks. Yes, my heart burst. Now I know what life's about. One little touch and love's
knocked me out, and I can hear the bells. My head is spinning.

I can hear the bells. Something's beginning. Everybody says that a girl who looks like me can't win his love. Well, just wait and see, 'cause

I can hear the bells. Just hear them chiming. I can hear the bells. My
primp, but won’t be late because round three’s when we kiss inside his car. Won’t

go all the way, but I’ll go pretty far. Then round four, he’ll

ask me for my hand, and then round five, we’ll book the wedding band, so by

round six, Amber, much to your surprise, this heavy-weight champion
takes the prize and I can hear the bells. My ears are ringing.

I can hear the bells. The bridesmaids are singing. Everyone says that a
guy who's such a gem won't look my way. Well, the laugh's on them 'cause

I can hear the bells. My father will smile... I can hear the bells... as he
Gabriel's Angel

My mother starts to cry, but I can't see 'cause Link and I are French kissing in.

Listen! I can hear the bells.

My head is reel in'.

I can hear the bells.
can’t stop the peal-in’. Ev’ry body warns that he won’t like what he’ll see, but

I know that he’ll look inside of me. Yeah, I can hear the bells. To-

day’s just the start ’cause I can hear the bells, and ’til death do us part. And

even when we die we’ll look down from up above, remembering the night that we
two fell in love. We both will share a tear, and he'll

whisper as we're reminiscing. Listen! I can hear the
colla voce (ding!)

bells. I can hear the bells.

I can hear the bells.
They say it's a man's world. Well, that cannot be denied.
A king ain't a king without the pow'r behind the throne.
Just like Frankie Avalon has his fav'-rite Mouse-ke-ter,

But what good's a man's world without a woman by his side?
A prince is a pauper, babe, without a chick to call his own.
I dream of a lover, babe, to say the things I long to hear.

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And so I will wait until that moment you desire
So please, darling, choose me. I don’t wanna rule a
So come closer, baby, oh, and whisper in my

Tell me I’m your man and you’re my girl, that
that you’re my girl and I’m your boy, that
that you’re my girl and you’re my girl, that

I’m the sea and you’re the pearl. It takes two, baby, it takes
you’re my pride and I’m your joy. that

1

Bm/A A E

2

Bm/A A A7

two.
two.
Lance-lot had Guinevere, Missus Claus had old Saint Nick.

Romeo had Juliet, and Liz, well, she has her Dick.

say it takes two to tango, but that tango's child's play.

take me to the dance floor, and we'll twist the night away.
I'm the sand and you're the tide. I'll be the groom if you'll be my bride. It takes two, baby, it takes two. It takes two, baby. It takes two.
WELCOME TO THE 60's

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

Bright and loads of fun (\( \text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} \))

C

Em7

Dm7

F

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F/G
Dm7
Em7

wan - na set free. So let go, go, go of the past now. Say hel - lo.

T: So let go, go, go of the past now. Say hel - lo.

to the love in your heart. Yes, I know that the world’s spinning fast.

to the light in your eyes. Yes, I know that the world’s spinning fast.

Em7
F
F/G

TRACY, DYNAMITES & ENSEMBLE

now. You got - ta get your - self a brand new start.

now, but you got - ta run the race to win the prize.

Hey ma - ma, wel - come to the six - ties!

Oh - oh - oh - oh - oh.
ma - ma, wel - come to the six - ties! Oh - oh - oh - oh - oh.

Go ma - ma, go, go, go!

Wel - come to the six - ties! Wo - oh - oh - oh. Hey - a ma -

Yeah, yeah, yeah! Yeah, yeah, yeah! Hey.
Dm7  yeah, yeah!  Wel-come to the rhy-thm of a brand new day.  Take your old-

TRACY & DYNAMITES  - fash-ioned fears and just throw them a-way,

F/G  You should add some col-or and a

Dm7  fresh new “do” ’cause it’s time for a star who looks just like you.

G9sus4  Don’t-cha let no-bod-y try to
steal your fun, 'cause a little touch of lipstick never hurt no one.

G

future's got a million roads for you to choose, but you'll walk

SHAYNA

a little taller in some high-heeled shoes. And

A7sus

once you find the style that make you feel like you, something fresh,
DYNAMITES & ENSEMBLE

TRACY, DYNAMITES & ENSEMBLE

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Hey, Tracy, hey baby,

look at me!

I'm the cutest chick-ie that you ever did see.

Hey,

EDNA

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Hey, Tracy, hey baby,

look at me!

I'm the cutest chick-ie that you ever did see.

Hey,
Tracey, hey baby, look at us!

Is there a team that’s half as fabulous?! I let go, go, go of the past.

Now, said hello to this red carpet ride. Yes, I know that the world’s spinning fast now. Tell Lola-brigida to step aside!
EDNA & ENSEMBLE

Oh - your ma - ma's wel - com - ing the six - ties!

TRACY & EDNA

Oh - oh - oh - oh - oh.

Go - ma - ma, go, go, go!

ENSEMBLE

Welcome to the six - ties!
who has more. - she's a star!  _ Tra-cy, go,  go,  go!

Hey, ma-ma, wel-come to the six-ties!  Oh - oh - oh - oh - oh.
Welcome to the sixties!

Go, mama, go, go, go!

Go, mama!

Woh-oh-oh-oh-oh-woh

Oh-oh.

Go, mama, go, go, go!
RUN AND TELL THAT

Music by MARC SHAIMENT
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMENT and SCOTT WITTMAN

Up-tempo R&B

Am7
ENSEMBLE

Bm/A A

Bm/A Am7

Ooh
Ooh - ooh - ooh

Ooh - ooh - ooh

Bm/A A

Ooh - ooh - woo!

Bm/A A

SEAWEED

D/A A7

D/A A7

D/A

I can't see why people look at me and only see the color of my face...

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And then there’s those that try to help, God knows, but have to
always put me in my place. Now I won’t ask you to be
color-blind, ’cause if you pick the fruit then, girl, you’re sure to find...

black-er the ber-ry, the sweet-er the juice. I could say it ain’t so, but, dar-lin',
what's the use? The darker the chocolate, the richer the taste. And

that's where it's at... now run and tell that! (Run and tell)

that!) Run and tell that! (Run and tell)

I can't see why people disagree each time I tell them what I know is true...
And if you come and see the world I'm from, I bet your heart is gonna feel it, too.

Yeah, I could lie, but, baby, let's be bold.

Vanilla can be nice, but if the truth be told...

The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice...

I could say it ain't so, but, darlin'...
what's the use?—The dark-er the choc-olate, the rich-er the taste... And

that's where it's at... Woo! ...now run and tell that! (Run and tell

that!) Run and tell that! (Run and tell that!) Now run and tell

that! (Run and tell that!) Now run and tell
I'm tired of cov'rin' up all my pride. So let me five on the black-hand side. I've got a new way of movin' and I got my own voice. So how can I help but to shout and rejoice? The people 'round here can barely pay their rent. They're 'try'n' to make a dollar outta
LI'L INEZ, SEAWEED & ENSEMBLE

fifteen cent. But we got a spirit money just can't buy— It's

deep as a river and soars to the sky!

I can't see the reason it can't be the kind-a world where we all get our chance.

The time is now, and we can show them how to turn the
'Cause music up and let's all dance.

Well, that ain't quite true, 'cause when push comes to shove...

The blacker the berry, the sweeter the juice.

I could say it ain't so, but darlin',

What's the use? The darker the chocolate, the richer the taste. And
ENSEMBLE SEAWEED

that's where it's at...

Woo! ...now run and tell... that! (Run and tell that!) Now run and tell that! (Run and tell that!) Now run and tell that!

vocal ad lib.

that!

(DRUMS)
Once upon a time, girl, I was just like you. Never let my extra large largesse shine through. Hair was brown and nappy, never had no fun. I hid under a bushel, which is easier said than done. Then...
one day my grand-ma who was big and stout, she said you gotta love your-self from

In-side out. And just as soon as I learned how to strut my fun-ky stuff, I

found out that the world at large can’t get e-nough. So...

Pecan pie. Pour some su-gar on it, su-gar. Don’t be shy. Scoop...
me up a mess of that chocolate swirl. Don’t be stingy, I’m a

growing girl... I offer big love with no apology... How

can I deny the world the most of me? I am not afraid to throw my

weight around pound by pound... Because I’m
A real strut!

big, blonde and beautiful. There is nothing 'bout me that's unsuitable. No one wants a meal that only offers the least when, girl, we're serving up the whole damn feast! Slice me off a piece of that hogs-head cheese, then take a look inside my book of recipes. Now,
don't you sniff a-round for some-thing fluff-y and light... I need a man who brings a man-size

ap - pe - tite. I'll use a pinch of su-gar and a dash of spice... I'll

let you lick the spoon be-cause it tastes so nice... I'll keep it in my ov-en till it's
good and hot... keep on stir-ring till it hits the spot... Be-cause I'm
big, blonde and beautiful, and Edna, girl, you're looking so recruit-able...
Why sit on the bleach-ers timid and afraid when, Edna, you

can be your own parade!

Look out, old Baltimore! We're marching
in and we ain't shuf-flin' through that old back door. And Tracy,

I will join your fight if I can keep up this pace. And girls, I'll

be right at your side if I can find some space. So you can hold your head up just as

big as you please. You know they'll hear me knock-in' with the two of these! To
mor-row side by side we’ll show the world what’s right. Looks like I’m touch-ing up my roots tonight!

Then we’ll be big, blonde and beau-ti-ful. It’s time they face the fact it’s ir-re-fu-ta-ble. Can’t ya hear that rum-bling? That’s our hun-ger to be free. It’s time to fi-n’ly taste e-qual-i-ty. On Moth-er-
Daughter Day where thin is in, we're white as wool. Well, ladies, big is back. And as for black, it's

beauti ful. All shapes and sizes follow me. Let's bust their chops. Quick, call the cops! We're gonna dance our way to victory!

Two four six eight! T. V.'s got to integrate!
Stay away! This isn’t Negro Day! Two-four-six-eight!

T. V.’s got to integrate! We’re here to dance! We’re here to stay!

Tracy, this was beautiful! Big, blonde and beautiful, lead the way!
TIMELESS TO ME

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

Easy swing tempo (\( \text{\( \frac{3}{4} \) } \))

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{E} & \text{C#m7} & \text{F#m7} & \text{F#m7/B} \\
&\text{E} & \text{C#m7} & \text{F#m7} & \text{B13\#9} \\
\end{align*}
\]

WILBUR:
Styles keep a-changin'. The world's rearrangin', but

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{E6} & \text{Gdim7(#5)} & \text{Gdim7} \\
&\text{F#m7} & \text{Bdim7} & \text{F#m/A} & \text{Fdim7} \\
\end{align*}
\]

Edna, you're timeless to me.

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Hemlines are shorter. A beer costs a quarter, but
time cannot take what comes free.

You’re like a stinky old cheese, babe, just getting ripper with age.

You’re like a fatal disease, babe.
there’s no cure, so let this fever rage. Some folks can’t stand it, say

time is a bandit, but I take the opposite view.

"Cause when I need a lift, time brings a gift: another day with you. A twist or a waltz, it’s
all the same schmaltz with just a change in the scenery...

You’ll never be old hat. That’s that! You’re timeless to me.

EDNA: Fads keep a-fadin’.

Castro’s invading! But Wilbur, you’re timeless to me.
You’re like a rare vintage, a vintage they’ll never forget. So
Am7 Am9

pour me a teen-y ween-y triple and we can toast the fact we

Ab9(#5) G9 G13(b9) C6/9 Ab7/Eb
ain’t dead yet! I can’t stop eating. Your hair-line’s receding.

Dm7

Soon there’ll be nothing at all. So,

Bm7(b5) E7(b9) Am7 Abm7
you’ll wear a wig while I roast a pig. Hey! Pass that Geritol!
Glenn Miller had class. That Chubby Checker's a gas, but they

all pass eventually. You'll never be passé. Hip-hooray!

You're timeless to me.
EDNA: You're like a broken down Chevy. All you need is a fresh coat of paint. WILBUR: And Edna, you got me goin' hot and heavy. You're fat and old, but baby,
A9(#5)  Ab9  A13  D13

boring you ain't!

BOTH: Some folks don't get it, but

Bb7/F  Em7

we never fret it 'cause we know that time is our friend.

C#m7(b5)

And it's plain to see that

F#7  Bm7  A#m7  Am7

you're stuck with me until the bitter end.
And we got a kid who's

EDNA: You'll always

hit the spot, big shot! You're timeless to me.

WILBUR: You'll always be du jour, mon amour. You're timeless to
Andante espressivo (straight 8ths)

D6  F#m7/B  B9  Am7  F9(11)

EDNA: You’ll always be first string. Ring-a-ding-

WILBUR: string. Ring-a-ding-

Swing tempo again (!= 6/8)

Em7  A9  D6  Bm7  Em7

BOTH: Ding! You’re timeless to me.

EDNA: You’re timeless to me.

WILBUR: You’re timeless to me.

Am7  A9  D6

BOTH: You’re timeless to me!!

Slowly

(allargando colla voce)
WITHOUT LOVE

Bright Rock tempo

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

Once I was a selfish fool who never understood.

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Then we met and you made me the man I am today.

Tracy, I'm in love with you no matter what you weigh! 'Cause without love, life is like the seasons with no summer. Without love, life is rock 'n' roll without a drummer. Tracy,
I'll be yours forever 'cause I never wanna be without love.

Tracy, never set me free.

No, I ain't lyin'. Never set me free.

Tracy, no, no, no.
Once I was a simple girl, then stardom came to me.

But I was still a nothing, though a thousand fans may disagree.

Fame was just a prison, signing autographs a bore.

I didn’t have a clue till you came hanging on my door that without
like my dad

love, life is like my dad without his Bro mo. Without

love, life's like making out with Perry Como. Darling,

I'll be yours forever 'cause I never wanna be without

love. So Darling, throw away the key.
I'm yours forever. Throw away the key._

Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Living in the ghetto, black is everywhere ya go.

Who'd've thought I'd love a girl with skin as white as winter snow?
In my ivory tower life was just a Hostess snack. But now I’ve tasted chocolate and I’m never going back ’cause without love, life is like a beat that you can’t follow. Without love, life is Doris Day at the Apollo. Darling,
I’ll be yours forever ’cause I never wanna be without love.
So Darling, never set me free.

I’m yours forever. Never set me free.

No, no, no!

If you’re
Get sus

TRACY

Link, I've got to break out so that I can get my hands on you. And

Get sus (add9)/C

F#dim

Sea-weed, you're my black-white knight. I've found my blue-eyed soul. Sweet
GOAL!

free-dom is our goal!

Trace, I wanna kiss ya! Then I

can’t wait for parole! 'Cause without love, life is like a prom-

that won’t invite us. Without love, it’s like getting my big break-

and laryngitis. Without love, life’s a “forty-five”-
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I KNOW WHERE I’VE BEEN

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

Gospel Ballad tempo

G ClG Dm/G C/G G ClG

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

G D C/D G B+ B7

MOTORMOUTH

There’s a light in the darkness, though the

night is black as my skin. There’s a

light burning bright, showing me the way,

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but I know where I’ve been. There’s a

cry in the distance...

voice that comes from deep within.

cry asking "why?" I pray the answer’s up ahead.
'cause I know where I've been.
There's a road we've been
trav'lin', lost so many on the way.
But the riches will be plenty,
worth the price, the price we had to pay.
There's a dream in the future.
There's a
Em Cm Dm/C Cm G/D B7#9/D#

struggle we have yet to win. And there's pride in my heart 'cause

mf

Em G7/D C G/B Am7 C/D G

CHORUS

I know where I'm going. (Yes, I do!) And I know where I've been. There's a

Am7

MOTORMOUTH CHORUS Em

road... (There's a road...) ...we must travel. (...we must travel...) There's a

Am7

promise... (There's a promise...) ...we must make... (...we must make...) 'cause the
There's a risk, (worth the risk) and the chances that we take. There's a dream in the future. There's a struggle we have yet to win. Use that pride in our hearts to lift us to tomorrow.
'cause just to sit still would be a sin.

I know, I know, I know where I'm goin'.

Lord knows, I know where I've been.

Oh, when we win.

I'll give thanks to my God 'cause I know where I've been!
YOU CAN’T STOP THE BEAT

Music by MARC SHAIMAN
Lyrics by MARC SHAIMAN and SCOTT WITTMAN

Brisk and exultant

TRACY: You can’t stop an avalanche as it rushes down the hill.
PENNY: You can’t stop a river as it rushes out to sea.

You can try to stop the sea.

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Son's, girl, but you know you never will.
And you can
of time, but you know it just can't be.
And if they

try to stop my dancing feet, but I just cannot stand still.
try to stop us, Seaweed, I'll call the N-dou-ble-A-C-P!

'Cause the world keeps spinning 'round and 'round, and my heart's

keeping time to the speed of sound. I was lost till I heard the drums.
then I found my way — 'cause you can't stop the beat!

Ever since this old world began, a woman found out if she shook it, she could shake up a man. And so I'm gonna shake and shimmy it the best that I can today.

Sat-ur-day night. And so I'm gonna shake and shimmy it with all of my might today.

'cause you can't stop the motion of the ocean or the
sun in the sky. They can try to stop the paradise we're dreaming of. But they can -

try to hold me down, I'm gonna spit in your eye and say - -

Db/Eb Ab/Eb Eb7 Ab/Eb

you can't stop the beat!

G7 F#7
EDNA: You can’t stop my happiness, ’cause I like the way I am.
And you just can’t stop my knife and fork when I see a Christmas ham.
So if you...
"don’t like the way I look, well, I just don’t give a damn!"

"’Cause the world keeps spinning ’round and ’round and my heart’s keeping time to the speed of sound. I was lost till I heard the drums.

"and I found my way ’cause you can’t stop the beat!"

EDNA & WILBUR:
Ever since this old world began, a woman found out if she shook it, she could shake up a man. And so I'm gonna shake and shimmy it the best that I can today, 'cause you can't stop the motion of the ocean or the sun in the sky. You can wonder if you wanna, but I never ask why. And if you
try to hold me down, I'm gonna spit in your eye and say that you can't stop the beat!

MOTORMOUTH:
Oh, oh, oh, you can't stop today as it comes speed...
ing down the track. Child, yes yesterday is his-

t'ry and it's never coming back 'cause to-
row is a brand new day and it don't know white from black,

MOTORMOUTH & ENSEMBLE:
'cause the world keeps spinning 'round and 'round, and my heart's.
keep ing time to the speed of sound. I was lost till I heard the drums,

then I found my way cause you can’t stop the beat!

ALL: Ever since we first saw the light, a man and woman like to shake it on a

Sat ur day night. And so I’m gonna shake and shimmy it with all of my might to day.
'cause you can't stop the motion of the ocean or the rain from above. They can try to stop the paradise we're dreaming of. But you can't stop the rhythm of two hearts in love to stay. ALL: 'cause you can't stop the beat! Aah, aah, aah.
Aah, aah, aah. Aah, aah,

aah, aah, come on, you Von Tussles! Go on, shake your fan-ny mus-cles! We can’t!

Yes, you can! No, we can’t! Yes, you can! Yes, we can!

You can’t stop the beat! Ever since we first saw the sun, it seems Von
Tussle girls are always try'n to please someone. But now we're gonna shake and shimmy it and

paradise's, but you can not stop the rhythm of two hearts stay, 

have some fun today! ALL: 'Cause you can't stop the motion of the ocean or the rain from above. They can try to stop the paradise we're

dreaming of, but you cannot stop the rhythm of two hearts in love to stay,
Bm/E  A/E  E7  A/E  F#m
You can't stop the beat!

'cause you can't stop the beat!

D
You can't stop the beat!

You can't stop the beat!

A

A7

fff

A7

fff