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YOUR LOVE IS MY DRUG

Words and Music by KESHA SEBERT,
JOSHUA COLEMAN and PEBE SEBERT

Dance Pop

N.C.

-May be I need some rehab
Won’t listen to any advice;

or maybe just need some sleep.
Mom’s telling me I should think twice.

I got a sick obsession,
But left to my own devices.

I’m seein’ it in my dreams.
I’m addicted. It’s a crisis.

I’m lookin’ down every alley,
My friends think I’ve gone crazy.

* Recorded a half step higher.

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I'm makin' those desperate calls. My judgement's gettin' kind of hazy. I'm stayin' up all night hopin', my esteem is gonna be affected.

hit-tin' my head against the wall. If I keep it up like a love-sick crack-head. What you got, boy, is hard to find. I think about it.

all the time. I'm all strung out; my
heart is fried. I just can't get you
off my mind. Because your love, your love, your love is my drug. Your love, your love, your love. I said your love, your love, your love
is my drug. Your love, your love, your love.
I don't care what people say. The rush is worth the price I pay. I get so high when you're with me, but crash and crave you when you leave.

So I got a question. Do you wanna have a slumber party in my basement? Do you
wanna make your heart beat like an “eight-o-eight” drum?

Is my love your drug?

Your drug.

huh, your drug,

huh, your drug? Is my love your drug?

Because your

love, your love, your love

is my drug. Your
TIK TOK

Words and Music by KESHA SEBERT,
LUKASZ GOTTLwald and BENJAMIN LEVIN

Dance Pop

Bb

Wake up in the morning feeling like P. Did - dy. Grab my glass -

C  Dm

mf

es, I'm out the door, I'm gon - na hit this cit - y. Be - fore I

Bb  C  Dm

leave, brush my teeth with a bot - tle of Jack, 'cause when I leave for the night, I ain't
Coming back. I'm talking pedicure on our toes, toes,

trying on all our clothes, clothes, boys blowing up our phones, phones.

Drop-topping, playing our fav'rite CD's,
pulling up to the parties, tryin' to get a little bit tip
N.C.

Don't stop, make it pop, D - J. Blow my speakers up. To -

night, I'm a fight 'til we see the sunlight. Tick tock on the clock, but the

party don't stop, no. (Oh, oh, oh, oh. Oh, oh, oh, oh.) Don't

stop, make it pop, D - J. Blow my speakers up. To - night, I'm a fight 'til we
see the sunlight. Tick tock on the clock, but the party don’t stop, no.

(Oh, oh, oh, oh. Oh, oh, oh, oh.) Ain’t got a care in the world, but got plenty of beer. Ain’t got no money in my pocket, but I’m already here. And now the dudes are lining up ’cause they hear we got swagger, but we kick ’em to the curb unless they
look like Mick Jagger. I'm talking 'bout everybody getting crunk, crunk,

boys tryin' to touch my junk. Junk. Gonna smack him if he getting too drunk, drunk.

Now, now, we going 'til they kick us out, out or the

police shut us down, down, police shut us down, down, popo shut us... Don't
Oh, oh, oh, oh.) You build me up.

you break me down. My heart, it pounds.

yeah, you got me with my hands up.

You got me now, you got that sound.
yeah, you got me.
You build me up.

you break me down.
My heart, it pounds, yeah, you got me

with my hands up.
Put your hands up, put your hands up.

N.C.

Now, the party don't start 'til I walk in. Don't
stop, make it pop, DJ. Blow my speakers up. Today

night, I'm a fight 'til we see the sunlight. Tick tock on the clock, but the

party don't stop, no. (Oh, oh, oh, oh. Oh, oh, oh, oh.) Don't

Oh, oh, oh, oh.)
There's a place downtown where the freaks all come around. It's a

hole in the wall, it's a dirty free-for-all tonight.
Db

of the night, comes 'round, that's the time
lose it now, lose your clothes in the crowd

Eb

that the animal comes alive, looking for
We're delirious, tear it down 'til the sun

Db

comes something wild, Now, now, we
back around. Now, now, we've

Eb

looking like pimps, in my gold Trans Am, got a
got ten so smashed, knocking over trash cans. Ev'ry
water bottle full of whiskey in my handbag. Got my body breaking bottles; it's a filthy hot mess. And I'm drunk text on; I'll regret it in the morning.
down to get faded; I'm not the designated

But tonight, driver, so I don't give a, I don't give a, I don't give a... There's a

place downtown where the freaks all come around. It's a hole in the wall, it's a
Dirty free-for-all. And they turn me on when they take it off when they take it off everybody take it off. There's a place I know, if you're looking for a show, where they go hardcore and there's glitter on the floor. And they turn me on when they take it off when they take it off everybody take it off.
now, (take it off.)  Right now, (take it off.)  Oh.  Right now, (take it off.)  Right now, (take it off.)  Every body take it off.  There's a body take it off...
Listen to yourself; you're a hot mess,
You're looking like a tool and not a baller.

stutter through your words, breaking a sweat.
You're acting like a chick; why bother?

What's it gonna take to confess?
I can find someone way hotter with a bigger.

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know.
well...
Yeah, I was out of town last week end,
'Cause on top of all the ways that you messed up,

C#5
you were feel ing like a pimp 'round your lame friends.
you weren't smart enough to keep your stupid mouth shut.

A5
Now your lit tle par ty's gon na end,
I'm so sick of it, I've had e nough.

A5
B5
so here we go.
I hope you cry.

Whoa,
you got a secret. Whoa, you couldn't keep it.

Whoa, somebody leaked it and now some shit's about...

to go down. I never thought that you would be the one...

acting like a slut when I was gone. Maybe you should-
n't, oh, kiss and tell.

You really should've kept it in your pants. I'm hearing dirty stories from your friends. Maybe you shouldn't, oh.

To Coda

kiss and tell, oh. tell, oh.
Kiss and tell, kiss and tell, kiss and tell, and, and,
kiss and, and tell. Kiss and tell, kiss and tell,
kiss and tell, and, and, kiss and, and tell. Oh, I hope you know—
you gotta go. Yo, get up and go. I don’t want to know,
oh, or why you're gross. You gotta go. Yo, get up and go.

'cause I don't want to know.

tell, kiss and tell. Maybe you shouldn't, oh.

kiss and tell, oh.
Moderately fast

N.C.

Stephen, Stephen,

why won’t you call me? Stephen,

why won’t you call me?
I saw you in your tight-ass rocker pants; you saw me, too.
I've got guys waiting in a line for me to play.

I laughed 'cause I was completely trashed. And I watched your
girlfriends games with all their minds. Just watch me; I've

ugly girlfriend sneer across the room, as if I

got it down to a simple art: just bat my

really care and that she's here with you. All I know is

eyes like this and there's a broken heart. But somehow you've
you're my object of affection, my drug of choice, my sick obsession.

turned the tables. What the hell? I can charm the pants off anyone else.

but you. Stephen, why won't you call me? I'm sitting here waiting. Why won't you call me?

Stephen, I'm feeling pale.
Bm7       G         D         A
thetic.    I can’t take rejection.    Why won’t

To Coda

1  Bm7       G         Asus
you call me?    you call me?

2  Bm7       G         Asus

G
Stephen,         I’m thinking that maybe you might think I’m...

Gm(maj7)/Bb

(crazy.) Is that why you won’t call me?
Steve, don't you think I'm pretty?
Do you not love me? Is that why you won't call me? 'Cause you're my object of affection, my drug of choice, my sick obsession. I want to keep you as my pet to play with and hide under my bed forever.
you call me?
(Spoken:) Stephen,
I'll knit you a sweater.

call me, waiting, you call me.
I want to wrap you up in my love forever.

Stephen, feeling,
I'll never let you go, Stephen.

Stephen, why won't you call me?
I'll never let go.
Stephen, why won't you call me? I'm sitting here waiting.
Why won't you call me?

Stephen, I'm feeling pathetic. I can't take rejection.
Why won't you call me?
Dance Pop

N.C.

Blah de blah blah de blah blah blah.
Com-in' out your mouth wit' your blah blah blah.

Zip your lip like a pad-lock and
meet me in the back with the Jack and the juke-box.

I don't really care where you live at,
just turn around, boy, let me hit that. Don't
be a little bitch with your chit-chat, just show me where your dick's at.

Listen, hot stuff, I'm in love with this song. So just hush, baby, shut up, heard enough.

Stop talk-talk-talk'in' that blah, blah, blah.
Think you'll be get-tin' this? Nah, nah, nah, not in the back of my car. ah, ah, if you keep talk-in' that blah, blah, blah.

To Coda

blah, blah. Boy, come on, get your rocks off. Come put a lit-tle love in my glove-box. Want to

dance with no pants on? Meet me in the back with the Jack and the juke-box.
So cut to the chase, kid, 'cause I know you don't care what my middle name is.

I want to be naked, and you're wasted. Mu-mu-mu-music's

CODA

You be delayin', you always sayin' some shit. You say I'm playin', I'm never

er lay-in' the Dick. Sayin' blah, blah, blah, 'cause I don't care who you are.
in this bar. It only matters who I is.

N.C.

Stop talk-talk-talk-in' that

blah, blah, blah, blah. Think you'll be get-tin' this?

Nah, nah, nah, not in the back of my car, ah, ah,
if you keep talk-in' that blah, blah, blah, blah, blah.

N.C.

 blasph, blasph, Ow!

Blah, blasph, blasph.

Dm  F

Stop talk-in'!

A5  Bb5  Dm  F

Stop talk-talk-talk-in' that...
And now the sun is rising,

Even my dirty laundry,

back home,____

back like you.____

There's just so many faces,

And now my head is throbbing,

but no one I need to know,

ev'ry song is out of tune,
A need to just like you.
E In the

A dark, I can fight it; I 'til
E dark, I can fight it;

G#m I can fight it; I 'til

A fake it dis I'm numb.
E But in the

A but in the dis ap pears.

G#m But in the

C#m bright day, light, I taste you on my tongue.

G#m bright day, light, I taste you in my tears.
Now the party's over and everybody's gone. I'm left here with myself and I wonder what went wrong. And now my heart is broken like the bottles on the floor. Well,
does it really matter, or am I just hung over

you? Ah, ah. Ah, ah.

Or am I just hung over?

you? Now I've got myself looking like a mess.
standing alone, here at the end, tryin' to pretend. But,

no, I put up my fight. But this is it this time,

'cause I'm here at the end, tryin' to pretend,

here at the end, tryin' to pretend.
Oh, oh.

And now the party's over

everybody's gone.

I'm left here with myself and I

wonder what went wrong.

And now my heart is broken like the
bottles on the floor. Well, does it really matter, or am I

1
2

just hung over? just hung over

you?

Ah, ah.

Ah, ah.

Or am I just hung over?
PARTY AT A RICH DUDE'S HOUSE

Words and Music by KESHA SEBERT, JOHAN SCHUSTER and BENJAMIN LEVIN

Driving Rock

N.C.

Swimming pool, limousines, come on, let's do it. Come on, let's cause a scene,

Come on, let's do it. Cigar in the caviar, come on, let's do it.

Pissing in the Dom Pérignon, come on, let's do it now.
Ab₅ Eb/G F₅ Db₅ Eb₅ Ab₅ Eb/G
Come on, let's do it.
We gonna do it

F₅ Db₅ Eb₅ Ab₅ Eb/G F₅ Db₅ Eb₅
now.
Come on, let's do it.

Cm Db
Come on, let's do this! Whoa,
there's a

Ab Eb
party at a rich dude's house.
Whoa,
there's a party at a rich dude's house. If you

wanna go, then you know we're gonna fight 'til we do it right.

So let's whoa tonight.

Da na na na na na na, da na na na na.
No, we're not on the list, come on, let's do it. No, we don't give a shit.

Come on, let's do it. Dance 'til your pants come off, come on, get naked.

Party 'til the break of dawn, come on, let's do it now.

Come on, let's do it.

Come on, let's do this!

D.S. al Coda
CODA

Db

Bbm

to-night.

Wake up in the front.

Eb

Bbm

yard,

we don't care.

Wine stain on the so-

fa,

we don't care.

I

Eb

threw up in the closet,

but I don't care.

'Cause we're young...
and we’re broke and I can’t find my coat and the sun is coming up and, oh my

God, I think I’m still drunk.

Where’s my coat?

Where?

Whoa, there’s a party at a rich dude’s
house.

Whoa.

there's a

par-ty at a rich dude's house.

If you wan-na go, then you know...

we're gon-na fight 'til we do it right.

So let's

whoa

to-night.
BACK$TABBER

Words and Music by KESHA SEBERT,
MARC NELKIN, DAVID GAMSON
and JON INGOLDSBY

Up-tempo groove

Em7  Cmaj9

Back, back, back-stab-ber.

Em7  Cmaj9  Am7

Back, back, back-stab-ber. Back,

Am7  Em  D  C  G

back, back-stab-ber.
Bored, stoned, sitting in your basement, all alone 'cause your
sick and tired of hearing all about my life from other
little conversations got around, now lookie what we all found
people with all of your lies wrapped up so tight. So maybe you should

(Lookie what we found, lookie what we all found out.) That you have
shut your mouth, shut your mouth. You never shut your mouth. Honesty, I

got a set of loose lips, twisting stories all because you're jealous.
think it's kind of funny that you waste your breath talking about me.
Now I know exactly what you're all about, what you're all about,
Got me feeling kind of special.

This is what you're all about. Girl, you're such a backstabber.
This is what you're all about.

You're such a backstabber. Oh, girl, you're such a shit talker and everybody knows it, everybody knows it.
Em  Cmaj7  Am7  Em  Cmaj7

Girl, you're such a backstabber. You're such a backstabber. Run your mouth more than anyone I've ever known, and

Am7  Em  Cmaj7  Am7

everybody knows it, everybody knows it. Back, back, back, back,

Em  D  C  G

back, backstabber. Talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, talk. I'm
Katie's to my left, ripping my style. Damn, Jeanie, why you gotta tell the secrets 'bout my sex life? All I ever did was drive your broke ass around.

Pick you up, take you out when your car broke down. Back, back stabber. Stabber, stabber.
Back, back, back-stab-ber.

ev’ry-bod-y knows it. Girl, you’re such a back-stab-ber.

Tak-ing and twist-ing and tell-ing, so ma-nip-u-la-tive, oh. Run your mouth more than

any-one I’ve ev-er known, and ev’ry-bod-y knows it, ev’ry-bod-y knows it.
BLIND

Words and Music by KESHA SEBERT,
LUKASZ GOTTLwald, BENJAMIN LEVIN
and JOSHUA COLEMAN

Moderately fast

Fm    Eb    Ab    Dbmaj7

*mp slightly detached*

Fm    Eb    Ab

I think you got the best of me. You're sleeping
I've let go, finally over you, this drama

Dbmaj7    Fm    Eb

with the enemy. You left me all alone,
that you put me through. I'm better all alone,

Ab    Dbmaj7    Fm

alone, alone, alone. The beat drops,
a lone, a lone, a lone. The beat drops,
I'm so low, you're so low. My heart stops, I already know.

It's last call and it's gotten old.

You left me all alone, all alone, all alone.
Now look who's all alone, all alone, all alone.

I'm sick and tired of the mess you made me, never gonna catch me cry.

You must be blind if you...
I trusted you.
You were the first,
then you lied,

and it gets worse.
You broke me down,
now just look around.

Who's all alone?
Who's all alone now? I'm

CODA

can't see you'll miss me 'til the day you die.
Jungle beat

N.C.


Hit-ting on me, what? You need a CAT scan!
Old man, why are you staring at me? Mack
Not long 'til you're a senior citizen and

You can strut around with your sexy tank of oxygen.

You should be prowling around the old folks home. Honey, your toupee is falling to your left side.
Come on, dude, get up and go, bro. Oh, wait; you're fossilized.

At first we thought that it was kind of ill when we saw that you were, like, a billion
You sit down, buy me a martini, won't go away; my hints, they aren't sinking.

and still out tryin' to make a killin'. Get back to the museum.

"Hey," you say, "want to come with me?" I'm about to barf, seriously!

E5

DINOSAUR, a dinosaur.

(drum fill)

you're just an old man. Hit-ting on me, what? You need a CAT scan!

Hey, di-no-saur, ba-by, you're pre-his-tor-ic. Hey, di-no-saur,

that's what you are. Hey, car-ni-vore, you want my meat... I know it.
Hey, dinosaur, that's what you are.

(Spoken:) Yeah, you're pretty old.

Hey, dinosaur, baby, you're prehistoric. Hey, dinosaur,

that's what you are. Hey, carnivore, you want my meat, I know it.
Hey, din-o-saur,
that's what you are.

Di-no-saur, a di-no-saur.
Di-no-saur... that's what you are.

Di-no-saur, a di-no-saur.

Di-no-saur... that's what you are.
DANCING WITH TEARS IN MY EYES

Words and Music by KESHA SEBERT, LUKASZ GOTTLWALD, BENJAMIN LEVIN and CLAUDE KELLY

Pop Rock

E5

Cmaj7

Here we go.
When did I
wel-come to my fu-ner-al.
become such a hy-po-crite?

G

G/D

D

With-out you,
Dou ble life,
I don't e-ven have a pulse.

E5

Cmaj7

All a-lone,
Trust me,
it's dark and cold,
I'm pay-ing for it,

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ev'ry move I die. Here I go, On the floor,
ev'ry move I die.

cmaj7
this is my confession.
I'm just a zombie.
A lost cause, Who I am

g/d
no body can save my soul.
is not who I want to be.
I am so de-

Cmaj7
lusion with ev'ry move I die.
tragedy with ev'ry move I die.
I have destroyed

Cmaj7
   my life, it's gone.  Pay-back is sick, it's all my fault.
D6
D5
Em
C
I'm dancing with tears in my eyes, just
mf
D
Em
fighting to get through the night. I'm losing it.
G
D
C
With every move I die. I'm
Em  C  G
fading, I'm broken inside. I've wasted the

D  Em  C
love of my life. I'm losing it.

With

G
To Coda (D.C.)

D

Oh.

every move I die.

C  G  Bm
This is it, and now you're really gone this time.
Oh... Never once thought I'd be

in pieces, left behind.

Cmaj7
g
D
N.C. D.S. al Coda

I'm

CODA

D
Em
With energy

N.C.

Boots and

boys, oh. I think it's time that I mention, I've got myself an obsession for the smell, for the touch, keep that scruff looking rough.

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I know I've got myself a habit, but I've got to have it now. Don't care where, work it out, let me break it down. I try it on.

I take it off. So what you got? Some-thing 'bout boots and boys. (Boots and boys.) They bring me so much joy. (Bring me joy.)
I've got to say, I wear them both so pretty as I walk in the city, watch out.

Boots and boys, Give me boots and boys, (Boots and boys.)

Give me boots and boys, oh, yes, oh.

N.C.

I'm keeping quite the collection, take nothing less than perfection. Cowboy boots, cowboy boys,
_ mm, oh, the joy. My men drop beats like a bomb. Ex-cuse me now, huh?

Wind me up, spin me round, oh, look-ie what I found. Ooh, boots and

CODA

Give me boots and boys. Crazy for you, crazy for you. Give me boots and boys.

Crazy for you, crazy for you. Give me boots and boys. Crazy for you, crazy_
Give me boots and boys. Oh, yes, oh.

Oh. Hey, hey, hey, hey, what you looking at?

Hey, hey, hey, hey, something you can't have. Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,

they've got me looking rad. You feeling that?
Boots and boys. (Boots and boys.) They bring me so much joy. (Bring me joy.)

I've got to say, I wear them both so pretty as I walk in the city, watch out.
Boots and boys.
Something 'bout boots and
Give me boots and boys.

Crazy for you, crazy for you.
Give me boots and boys.

Crazy for you, crazy for you.
Give me boots and boys.

Crazy for you, crazy for you.
Give me boots and boys.

Crazy for you, crazy for you.
Give me boots and boys.

Boys.
Oh, yes, oh.
ANIMAL

Words and Music by KESHA SEBERT, LUKASZ GOTTFALD, PEBE SEBERT and GREG KURSTIN

Fast

D

p cresc.

F#m

Bm

love

sleep.

I'm up for the fight,

G

not in the magic.

And

And

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I am, I don't want

I am star-struck

with every part of this whole
I am alive, comes with the

So

if it's just tonight, the animal inside,

let it live, then die.
Bm7

let it live, then die.

D

Like it's the end of time,

F#m

like everything inside,

Bm7

let it live and die.

This is our
D

last chance. Give me your hands,

Bm

'cause our world is spinning at the speed of light.

G

The night is fading,

D

heart is racing. Now, just
come and love me like we're gonna die.

Oh.

This is our last chance.

Give me your hands, 'cause our
world is spinning at the speed of light.

The night is fading, heart is racing.

Now, just come and love me like.

we're gonna die.

Oh.
This is our last chance. Give me
your hands, 'cause our world is spinning at the speed of light.

The night is fading, heart is
F#m
rac
ing.
Bm
Now, just

come and love me like

G
we're gon na die.

Oh.

D/A

D/F#
YOUR LOVE IS MY DRUG
TIKTOK
TAKE IT OFF

KISS IT TELL STEPHEN BLAH BLAH BLAH

HUNGOVER PARTY AT A RICH DUDE'S HOUSE BACKSTABBER

BLIND D.I.N.O.$ A.U.R. DANCING WITH TEARS IN MY EYES

boots & boys ANIMAL