• You And I
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• Scheibe
• Heavy Metal Lover
• Marry The Night
• Highway Unicorn (Road To Love)
MARRY THE NIGHT

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA and FERNANDO GARIBAY

Driving Dance Pop

I'm gonna marry the night,
I won't give up on my life.

I'm a warrior queen, live passionately tonight.

I'm gonna marry the dark,
gon-na make love to the stark.
I’m a

soldier to my own empti-ness, I am a win-ner.

I’m gon-na mar-ry the night.
I’m gon-na mar-ry the night.

I’m gon-na mar-ry the night.
I'm gonna marry the night,

I'm not gonna cry anymore.

I'm gonna marry the night,

leave nothing on these streets to explore.

Ma-

m-a-m-a-m-a-r-r-y, m-a-m-a-m-a-r-r-y, m-a-m-a-m-a-r-r-y the night.
Mama-mama-mama-r-y, mama-mama-mama-r-y, mama-

To Coda

Mama-mama-r-y the night.

I'm gonna

lace up my boots,

throw on some leather and cruise

down the street that I love in my fish-net gloves, I'm a sin-
G

ner.

Then I'll go down to the bar,

but I won't

Dm

cry any more.

I'll hold my whiskey up high, kiss the

F

bar tender twice, I'm a loser.

I'm gonna marry the night...

C

G

Am

D.S. al Coda

I'm gonna marry the night.

I'm gonna mar -
Nothing's too cool to take me from you.

New York is not just a tan that you'll never lose. Love is the new denim or black. Skeleton guns are wedding bells in the attic.

Get Ginger ready, climb El Camino front. Won't poke
holes in the seats with my heels 'cause that's where we make love.

Come on and run.

Turn the car on and run.
I'm gonna marry the night, we're gonna burn a hole in the road.
I'm gonna marry the night, leave nothing on these streets to explode.

Ma-
Am   G   F
-ma-ma-mar-ry, ma-ma-mar-ry, ma-ma-mar-ry the night.

C   G   Am   G
Ma-ma-mar-ry, ma-ma-mar-ry, ma-

F   G   N.C.
-ma-ma-mar-ry the night. Ma-ma-mar-ry, ma-

Am   G   F
-ma-ma-mar-ry, ma-ma-mar-ry the night. I'm gonna mar-

F   G   F

The night,  the night,  the night.
Energetic Pop

My ma - ma told me when I was young,
Give your - self pru - dence and love your friends;

"We are all born su - per - stars."
sub - way kid, re - joice the truth.

* Recorded a half step lower.
She rolled my hair and put my lipstick on in the religion of the insecure I must
in the glass of her boudoir. be myself, respect my youth.

"There's nothin' wrong with lovin' who you are," she said, a different lover is not a sin, believe

"'cause He made you perfect, babe. capital H-I-M. So hold your head up, girl, and I love my life, I love this
you'll go far. Listen to me when I say...

I'm bea-

ful in my way, 'cause God makes no mistakes. I'm on the

right track, baby. I was born this way. Don't hide your self in regret, just love your-

self and you're set. I'm on the right track, baby. I was born this way.
Ooh, there ain't no other way.
Baby, I was born this way.

Baby, I was born this way.

Ooh, there ain't no other way.
Baby, I was born this way.

Right track, baby, I was born this way. Don't
be a drag, just be a queen. Don't be a drag, just be a queen. Don't
be a drag, just be a queen.

2 G
born this way.

Don't be a drag, just be a queen, whether
er you’re broke, or ever green. You’re black, white, beige, cho la descent; you’re
Lebanese, you’re orient. Whether life’s disabilities left you outcast, bullied or teased. Rejoice and love yourself today ‘cause,

baby, you were born this way. No matter gay, straight or bi, lesbian,
trans-gendered life, I'm on the right track, ba-by. I was born to sur-vive. No mat-ter
black, white or beige, cho-la or o-ri-ent made, I'm on the right track. Ba-by, I was
born to be brave, I'm beau-ti-
D.S. al Coda
born this way, I was
CODA
born this way, hey, I was born this way, hey, I'm on the right track, ba-by. I was
born this way, hey. I was born this way, hey. I was born this way, hey. I'm on the right track, baby. I was born this way, hey.

Same D. N. A. but born this way.

Same D. N. A. but born this way.
I can be anything, I'll be your everything,
I could be anything, I could be everything.
Just touch me, baby. (I don't want to be sad.)
I could be Mom. (Unless you want to be Dad.)
As long as I'm your hooker. (Back up and turn around.)
As long as I'm your hooker.
(Government hooker.)

Hook - er.

(Yeah, you're my hooker.)

Hook - er.

To Coda

(Government hooker.)

I'm gonna

A E/B F#5

drink my tears tonight,

I'm gonna drink my tears and cry.
I’ll make you squeal, baby,
as long as you pay me. I’m gonna

drink my tears tonight,
I’m gonna drink my tears and cry.

’Cause I know you love me, baby.

I
know you love me, baby. Hook er.

Yeah, you're my hook er.

Government hook er.

Yeah, you're my hook er.
(Government hooker.) (Unless you want to be man.)

I could be sex. (Unless you want to hold hands.)

I could be anything. I could be everythi...
I want to fuck government hooker. (Back up and turn around.) Stop shit-ting
me, government hooker. (Hands on the ground.) I want to
f**k government hooker. (Back up and turn around.) Stop shit-ting
me, government hooker. (Get down.) Yeah.
JUDAS

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA
and NADIR KHAYAT

Dance Pop

Whoa, I'm in love with Judas, Judas, Judas.

Judas, Judahahah, Judas, Judahahah.

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Judas, Gaga. When he calls to me, I am ready.

Judas, Gaga. I couldn't love a man so pure.

I'll wash his feet with my hair if he preferably.

Even prophets forgave his goofy
down, down_. Ah ah ah, __ ah ah oh.

Ah ah ah, _ ah ah oh. A king with no crown, __ king with

no crown__ I'm just a ho-ly fool, __ oh, ba-

-by, it's so cruel, _ but I'm still in love with Ju-das, ba-by. I'm
just a holy fool, oh, baby, it's so cruel, but I'm still in love with Judas, baby.

Whoa, I'm in love with Judas, Judas.

Whoa, I'm in love with Judas, Judas.
In the most biblical sense, I am beyond repentance. Fame, hooker,
prostitute, wench, vomits her mind. But in the
cultural sense, I just speak in future tense. Judas, kiss me if offended, or wear ear condom next time.

I want to love you but something's pulling me away from you.
AMERICANO

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA,
PAUL BLAIR, FERNANDO GARIBAY
and BRIAN LEE

I met a girl in east L. A.,
floral shorts as sweet as May.
She sang in eighths in two barrio
chords. We fell in love, but not in court.
speak your, I don't speak your language,

oh, no. I don't

speak your, I don't (won't) speak your Jesus

Chri-to. Ah. I don't
Don’t you try to catch me, don’t you try to catch me,

no, no, no, no. I’m living on the edge of.

Don’t you try to catch me, living on the edge of the law, law, law, law.

law.
HAIR

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA and NADIR KHAYAT

Pop Rock

F  C  Dm  Bb  F  C  Dm  Bb
Oh,  oh.  oh.  Oh,  Oh,  oh.

F  C  Dm  Bb  F  C  Dm  Bb
When ever I'm dressed cool, my parents put up a fight.
And if I'm a hot shot, Mom will cut my hair at night.

And in the morning I'm short of my identity.

I scream, "Mom and Dad, why can't I be who I want to be, to be?"

I just want to be myself and I want you to love...
me for who I am. I just want to be my-
self and I want you to know I am my hair. I've had e-nough,
---
this is my prayer that I'll die liv-ing just as free as my hair.
---
I've had e-nough, this is my prayer that I'll die
living just as free as my hair.
I've had enough,
I'm not a freak,

I just keep fighting to stay cool on these streets.
I've had enough,

enough, enough and this is my prayer, I swear,

I'm as free as my hair.
I'm as free as my hair.
Sometimes I want some raccoon or red highlights just because I want my friends to think I'm dynamite.

And on Friday Rock City High School dance,
I've got my bangs to hide

D.S. al Coda

that I don't stand a chance,
a chance.

CODA

I just want to be free,
I just

want to be me,
and I want lots of friends that invite
me to their parties. I don't want to change and I don't

want to be ashamed. I'm the spirit of my hair, it's all the

glory that I bear. I'm my hair, I'm my hair. I'm my hair, I'm my hair. I'm my

hair, I'm my hair. It's all the glory that I bear. I'm my hair, I'm my hair, it's all the
Glo-ry that I bear, I'm my hair, I'm my hair, I'm my hair, yeah. All the

glo-ry that I bear, I'm my hair, yeah. All the glo-ry that I bear, I'm my

hair, yeah. All the glo-ry that I bear, my hair, yeah, yeah.

I've had e-nough, this is my prayer.
that I'll die living just as free as my hair.
I've had enough,
this is my prayer
that I'll die living just as free as my hair.
I've had enough,
I'm not a freak,
I just keep fighting to stay cool on these streets.
I've had enough, enough, enough,
and this is my prayer,
I swear, I'm as free as my hair.

I'm as free as my hair.

I am my hair.

I am my hair.

Optional Ending

Repeat ad lib. and Fade
SCHEIßE

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA
and NADIR KHAYAT

Dance Pop

N.C.

(Spoken:) “I don’t speak German, but I can if you’d like.”

Ich schleib...ban

Cm

aus...be clair...s kumpent madre monste...r aus...be

mf Tacet 1st time

Cm/G

aus...can...be flau...gen be...gun... be ös...ke but...ba...r... Ich schlei...ban

Cm/F#
Put on a show tonight, do whatever
Blonde high-heeled feminist enlisting

Cm/G
er you like, scheiße, scheiße be mine, scheiße be mine
femmes for this, express your woman-kind, fight for your rights

Cm/F# When I’m on a mission,

Cm I rebuke my condition. If you’re a strong female,
you don't need permission. I wish that I could dance on a single prayer.
I wish I could be strong without somebody there.

I wish that I could dance on a single prayer, I wish I could be strong without the scheiße, yeah.
Oh oh oh oh. Without the scheiße, yeah.
Cm

desklape, but would the mind be there, as be

Cm/G

desklape, but would the mind be there, as be

Cm/F#

desklape, but would the mind be there, as be

D.S. al Coda

auscange, flauen, fraulein, uske, claire. Love is ob-

CODA

Cm

Without the scheibe, yeah. I, I, I, I, I, I don't speak German.

Bm Cm

But I can if you'd like. But I can if you'd like.
Ab
I wish that I could dance on a single prayer. I wish I could be strong.

Eb
without permission, yeah...

Ab
I wish that I could dance on a single prayer.

Cm
I wish I could be strong without the scheiße, yeah. Oh oh oh oh.

G

Cm
Without the scheiße, yeah... Oh oh oh oh... Without the scheiße, yeah.
Am    E

tell them my re-li-gion's you. When Pon-tius comes to

F  G

tell me ag-ro of my fur-ied heart. I'll wait on

F

kill the king up-on his throne, I'm read-y for their
moun-tain tops in Par-is cold. Je pas mou-rire tout

Am    Dm    F

stones. I'll dance, dance, dance with my hands, hands, hands a-bove my

Am    C    Dm

head, head, head like Je-sus said... I'm gon-na dance, dance, dance with my
BAD KIDS

Dance Pop

N.C.

(Spoken:) “We don’t care what people say, we know the truth.”

“Enough is enough of this horseshit.”

“I am not a freak, I was born with my free gun.”

“Don’t tell me I’m less than my freedom.”
I'm a bitch, I'm a twit, I'm a loser. Baby, maybe
degenerate, young rebel and I'm

I should quit, proud of it.

I'm a jerk, wish I had the money but I can't
Pump your fist if you would rather mess up than put up

find work. with this.
I'm a brat,
I'm a nerd,
I'm a selfish punk, I really
I chew gum and smoke in your face,

should be smacked,
I'm absurd.
My

parents tried
I'm so bad,
but 'til they got divorced 'cause I ruined

ined their lives.
when you're mad.

I'm a bad kid and I will survive, oh, I'm a bad kid, don't know wrong from right.

I'm a bad kid and this is my life, one of the bad kids, don't know wrong from right.
Don't be insecure if your heart is pure.

You're still good to me if you're a bad kid, baby.

Don't be insecure if your heart is pure.

You're still good to me if you're a bad kid, baby.
A bad kid, baby.

Don’t be insecure.

I’m not that typical baby. I’m a bad kid, like my
Mom and Dad made me. I'm not that cool and you hate me, I'm a bad kid, that's the way that they made me. I'm a bad kid, I'm disastrous, give me your money or I'll hold my breath.

I'm a bad kid and I will survive, one of the bad kids, don't
know wrong from right.

CODA

A bad kid, baby.

A bad kid, baby.

A bad kid, baby.
HIGHWAY UNICORN
(Road to Love)

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA,
PAUL BLAIR, FERNANDO GARIBAY
and BRIAN LEE

Electro Pop

C

We can be strong, we can be strong out on this lonely run, on the

G

road to love. We can be strong, we can be strong, follow that

Am

unicorn on the road to love.
Run, run with her...
Run, run with her...
Run, run with her...

Run, run with her...
Run, run with her top down, baby, she flies.

F

Run, run with the
fury of a saint in her eyes.

Run, run, ha cha cha cha, baby, she goes

with blonde hair and a

gun smoking under her toes.
Oh, oh.
Ride, ride, pony, ride,
Ride, ride, pony, tonight.
We can be strong, we can be strong out on this lonely run, on the road to love.
We can be strong, we can be strong, follow that unicorn on the road to love. I'm on the road, I'm on the road to love. I'm on the road, I'm on the road to love.
Am  G/A  F/A  Dm7/A
She's just an American riding a dream.

G
And she's got a rainbow syr- up in her heart that she bleeds.

Am
She don't care if your papers or your love is the law.

F
She's a
free soul burning roads with a flag in her bra.

CODA
Get your hot rods ready to rumble 'cause we're gonna fall in love tonight.

Get your hot rods ready to rumble 'cause we're gonna drink until we die.

Get your
gon-na drink un-til we die, die, die, die, die, die,

die, die, die, die, die, die, die, die,

Vocal fade out on repeat

die, die, die, die, die,

die, die, die, die,
HEAVY METAL LOVER

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA
and FERNANDO GARIBAY

Dance Pop

N.C.

Heavy metal lover. Heavy metal lover. Heavy metal lover.

mp cresc.

Fm

Heavy metal lover. Heavy metal lover. Heavy metal lover.

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Heavy metal lover. Heavy metal lover. Heavy metal lover.

Dirty pony, I can't wait to hose you down.
Red wine, cheap perfume and a filthy pout.
You've got to earn your leather in this part of town.

Tonight bring all your friends because a group does it better.
Dirty pearls and a patch for all the Rivington Reb
Why river with a pair, let's have a house full of leather,
Let's raise hell in the streets, drink beer and get into trouble.

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh. Heavy metal lover...
er.  
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh.

Heavy metal lover.

er.  
I could be your girl, girl, girl, girl, girl. But would you

er.
love me if I ruled the world, world, world?
Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh.

Heavy metal lover.
Whip me, slap me, punk funk, New York clubbers, dump drunk.

Bud-lite liquors bar slam, move it, this is your jam.
Wash the night with Saint Jameson like a baptism.

Heavy metal lovers play because we were born this way.

Ooh, ooh, ooh, ooh.
ELECTRIC CHAPEL

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA
and PAUL BLAIR

My body is sanctuary, my blood is pure.
Confess to me where you have been, next to the bar.
Am
You want me bad, I think you’re cool, but I’m not sure.
Pray for your sins right under the glass disco ball.

F
Do do do do do do do.

Am
Follow me, don’t be such a holy fool.
Follow me, don’t be such a holy fool.
Follow me, I need something more from you.
Follow me, I need something sacred from you.

Am
It's not about sex or champagne,
Together we'll both find a way
to make a pure

F
Do do do do do do do do.
If you want me, meet

G Am
love work in a dirty way.

F
me at eléctrica chapel.
If you want me, meet me at electric chapel.

If you want to steal my heart away,

meet me, meet me, baby, in a safe place. Come on, meet me

in electric chapel.
F   G   Am
oh  oh.  

Lead vocal ad lib.

Guitar solo

F   G   Am

Meet me,

Dm   F

meet me.  Meet me,  meet me.

Am  A5

Meet me,  meet me.
If you want me, meet me in electric chapel.

Oh, if you want me, meet me in electric chapel.

If you want to steal my heart away, meet me, baby, in a
safe place. Come on, meet me in electric chapel.

Oh. Meet me, meet me. Meet me, meet me.
THE EDGE OF GLORY

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA, PAUL BLAIR and FERNANDO GARIBAY

Pop Rock
N.C.

There ain't no reason you and me should be alone tonight,
Another shot before we kiss the other side tonight,

yeah, baby, tonight, yeah, baby,
yeah, baby, tonight, yeah, baby,

But I've got a reason that you should take me home tonight,
I'm on the edge of something final we call life tonight,
I need a man that thinks it's al-right, al-right.
Put on your shades 'cause I'll be

right when it's so wrong to-night,
yeah, baby, to-night,
dancing in the flames to-night,
yeah, baby, to-night,

yeah, baby.
Right on the lim-it's where we
yeah, baby.
It isn't hell if ev-ry-

know we both be-long to-night,
bod- y knows my name to-night,
al-right, al-right.
It's hot to
feel the rush, to brush the dangerous.

I'm gonna run right to, to the edge with you, where we can

both fall far in love. I'm on the edge of glory

and I'm hang-ing on a mo-ment of truth. I'm on the edge.
of glory and I'm hanging on a moment with you.

I'm on the edge, the edge, the edge, the edge, the edge.

the edge, the edge. I'm on the edge of glory.

To Coda

to glory and I'm hanging on a moment with you.

I'm on the edge__ with you.____

I'm on the edge__ with you.____

I'm on the edge__ with you.____

I'm on the edge__ with you.____
I'm on the edge with you.  
(Tenor sax solo)

Sax solo ends
"I'm on the edge, hanging on a moment with you."

Chorus:

I'm on the edge, with you.
YOU AND I

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA

Power Ballad

N.C.

A    Asus   A    G

It's

A

been a long time since I came around,
been a long time, but I'm back in town,

Bm/A

D/A

A

This time I'm not leavin' without you.

You

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taste like whiskey when you kiss me, oh. I'd give anything again to be your baby doll.

This time I'm not leavin' without you.

"Sit back down where you belong, in the corner of my bar with your high heels on.

Sit back down on the couch where we made love the first time." And you said to me, there's
somethin', somethin' about this place.

Somethin' about lonely nights and my lipstick on your face.

Somethin', somethin' about my cool Nebraska guy. Yeah,

To Coda

somethin' about, baby, you and I. It's
been two years since I let you go, I could-n't listen to a joke or rock and roll.
Muscle cars drove a truck right through my heart.
On my birthday you sang me "Heart of Gold" with a guitar hummin' and no clothes.

This time I'm not leavin' without you. Oh, oh,
We've got a whole lot o' money, but we still pay rent 'cause you can't buy a house in heaven. There's only three men that I'm a serve in my whole life: it's my daddy and Nebraska and Jesus Christ. There's somethin', somethin' about the chase. Six whole years! I'm a New York woman, born to run you down. So, want my
lip-stick all o- ver your face?

Some-thin’, some-thin’ a-bout just

know-in’ when it’s right.

So put your drinks up

for Ne-bras-ka, for Ne-

bras-ka, Ne-bras-ka, I love ya.

You and I.

You, you and I.

---

Baby, I’d rather die

with-out you and

Ne-bras-ka, I’d rather die

with-out you and
A\n
You and I

I

It's

Bm

been a long time since I came around,
been a long time, but I'm back in town.

And

D

this time I'm not leavin' without you.