PIANO • VOCAL • GUITAR

LADY GAGA
THE FAME MONSTER

ISBN 978-1-4234-9371-6

HAL LEONARD CORPORATION
7777 W. BLUEMOUND RD. P.O. BOX 13819 MILWAUKEE, WI 53213

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BADM ROMANCE

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA
and NADIR KHAYAT

Moderate Techno groove

N.C. | F | G | Am

Oh, oh, caught in a bad romance.

C | F | G

Oh, oh, caught in a bad romance.

E7/G# | Am | N.C.

caught in a bad romance.

Rah, rah, ah, ah, ah, ah.
Ro-ma, ro-ma, ma._ Ga-Ga, ooh-la-la,_ want your bad romance.

N.C.

Rah, rah, ah, ah, ah._ Ro-ma, ro-ma, ma._ Ga-Ga, ooh-la-la,_

want your bad romance._ I want your ug-ly, I want your dis-ease._
I want your hor-ror, I want your de-sign._

I want your ev’ry-thing as long as it’s free._ I want your love._
’cause you’re a crim-i-nal as long as you’re mine._ I want your love._
Love, love, love, I want your love.

I want your drama, the touch of your hand, hey.
I want your psycho, your vertigo stick, hey.
While you in my rear window.

Kiss in the sand, I want your love.
Baby is sick, I want your love.

Love, love, love, I want your love.

You knew that I want you.
and you know that I need you. I want it bad, 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 lovin’s revenge, you and me could write a bad romance.

Oh. oh.
Work it, move that bitch, crazy. Walk, walk, fashion baby. Work it, move that bitch, crazy.

Walk, walk, passion baby. Work it, I'm a free bitch, baby. I want your love.

and I want your revenge. I want your love. I don't wanna be friends.

Je ton amour, et je veux ton revenge. Je ton amour.
Am F G
I don't wanna be friends.
(Oh, oh,
caught in a bad romance.) I don't wanna be friends.
(Oh, oh,
want your bad romance. caught in a bad romance.) Want your bad romance.

Coda
NC.
Rah, rah, ah, ah, ah. Ro-rea, ro-rea, ma Ga-Ga, ooh-la-la, want your bad romance.
ALEJANDRO

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA
and NADIR KHAYAT

Andante rubato
N.C.

Spoken: "I know that we are young, and I know that you may love me"

Moderate Pop feel

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F#m
Bm
D

F#m
Bm
D

F#m
Bm
D

She's got broken, she's just a baby

F#m
Bm
D

pockets by but her boyfriend's like a dad

F#m
Bm
D

and she won't look at you, just like a dad.
Fm

___

She hides true love,

Fm

___

And all those flames that burned before.

Bm

___

lo, she's got a halo round her finger,

Bm

___

him, now he's got to fight,

Fm

___

You know that I love you, boy.

Bm

___

hot like Mexico, rejoice.

Bm

___

At this point I've got to choose, nothing
I'm not your babe, I'm not your babe.

Don't want to kiss, don't want to touch, just smoke my cigarette and hush.

Don't call my name, don't call my name,

Ro-
Spoken: "Stop please, just let me go.

"Alejandro, just let me go."

She's not

Don't bother me,

Don't bother me,

Alejandro. Don't call my name.
A

jan dro.

I'm not your babe,
I'm not your babe,
Fer-

Bm

don't want to kiss,
don't want to touch,
just smoke my

A

cigarette and hush.
Don't call my name,
don't call my name,
Roo-

Bm

ber to.

Al e jan dro.
MONSTER

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA,
NADIR KHAYAT and NIK DRES?I

Dance pop
N.C.

I’ve never seen one like that before.

Don’t look at me like that.
You amaze me.”

ate my heart, he a - a - ate my heart. He ate my heart, he
star - ing in those e vil eyes.
get your paws right off me.”

I asked my girl - friend if she’d seen you round be - fore,

she mumbled some - thing while we got down on the floor, ba - by.

We might have fucked, not rea - lly sure, don’t quite re - call,
but something tells me that I've seen him, yeah. That boy is a mon-
ster,

that boy is a mon-
ster.

That boy is a mon-
ster,

that boy is a mon-
ster,
er, er, er, er. He ate my heart,
He ate my heart.
He ate my heart.
He licked his lips.
He ate my heart, instead he's a monster in my bed.
He ate my heart, he ate my heart, instead he’s a monster in my bed.
I want to just dance, but he took me home in stead.

Uh oh, there was a monster in my bed.

We french kissed on a subway train, he tore my
Am

clothes right off,... he ate my heart and then he ate my brain.

F

Oh.
Oh, oh.

G

He ate my heart, he

Am

a - a - ate my heart, he ate my heart. Want to
talk to her, she's hot as hell.

That boy is a mon-

ster.

That boy is a mon-

ster.

That boy is a mon-

ster.

That boy is a mon-

ster,

That boy is a mon-

ster,

That boy is a mon-

ster,

That boy is a mon-

ster,

That boy is a mon-

ster,
SPEECHLESS

Words and Music by
STEFANI GERMANOTTA

Moderately (♩ = 80)

* Recorded a half step higher.

How, how, how?

F

F# Gsus

G N.C.

How?

I

can’t be - lieve what you said to me, last night we were alone.

You threw your
F

hands up; ba - by, you gave up, you gave up.

Am

can't be - lieve how you looked at me with your James Dean glossy eyes in your

G

tight jeans with your long hair and your cigarette-stained lies.

F

Could we fix you if you broke? And is your punch
_line just a joke?_ I’ll never talk again. Oh, boy, you’ve left me

speechless, you’ve left me speechless, so speechless.

And I’ll never love again. Oh, boy, you’ve left me

To Coda

speechless, you’ve left me speechless, so speechless.

I
can’t be-lieve how you slurred at me with your half-wired bro-ken jaw. You popped my
heart seams on my bub-ble dreams. bub-ble dreams. I

can’t be-lieve how you looked at me with your John-nie Walk-er eyes. He’s gon-na

get you. And af-ter he’s through, there’s gon’ be no love left to rye.
And I know that it's complicated, but I'm a loser in love. So, baby, raise a glass to mend all the broken hearts of all my wrecked-up friends.

CODA

speechless, so speechless. How, how.

How, how?
C
G/B
Am
G

how.

how?

F
G
Gb

And after all the drinks and bars that we've been to, would you

C
G/B
Am
G
Gb

give it all up? Could I give it all up for you?
And after all the boys and the girls that we've been through, would you give it all up? Could you give it all up if I promise, boy, to you that I'll never talk again.

and I'll never love again?
I’ll never write a song,

won’t even sing along,

I’ll never love again.

How? So speechless.

You left me speechless, so speechless.
Will you ever talk again? Oh, boy, why you so speechless?
You've left me speechless, so speechless.

Some men may follow me, but you choose death and company.

Why you so speechless? Oh, oh.
DANCE IN THE DARK

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA
and FERNANDO GARIBAY

DANCE POP

Dm

Gm7

Dm

C

Dm

Silicone,
Spoken lyrics tacet on repeat

Dm

Bb

sa-line,
poison,
inject me, baby. I’m a
Gm7

free, bitch.

Dm

I'm a free, bitch.

C

Some girls won't

Run, run, her

dance to the beat of the track.

dance to the beat of the track.

kiss is a vampire grin.

Bb

kiss is a vampire grin.

Gm7

She won't walk away.

The moon lights away.
but she won't look back.
while she's bowling at him.

She looks good, but her boyfriend says she's a mess,
boyfriend says she's a tramp,
boyfriend says she's a mess,
boyfriend says she's a tramp,

She's a mess, now the girl is stressed.
She's a tramp, but she still does her dance.
She's a mess, she's a tramp, she's a mess.
mess, she's a mess, she's a mess.

vamp, but she still kills me dance.

Baby loves to dance in the dark.

'cause when he's looking, she falls a part.

Baby loves to dance in the dark. (Dance,
dance, dance.) Baby loves to
dance in the dark, 'cause when he's looking,
she falls apart. Baby loves to
dance, loves to dance in the dark. (Dance, dance, dance.)
dance, dance.)

She loves to dance in the dark.

In the dark, she loves, she loves to dance in the dark.

Marilyn, Judy, Sylvia.
tell 'em how you feel, girls. Work your blonde, Ben- et Ram- sey, will haunt like Lib- er- a- ce. Find your free- dom in the mu- sic, find your Je- sus, find your Ku- brick. You will nev- er fall a- part, Di- a- na. you're still in our hearts. Nev- er let you fall a- part, to- geth- er
we’ll dance in the dark. Baby loves to dance in the dark.

’cause when he’s looking, she falls apart. Baby loves to dance in the dark.

Baby.

Baby loves to dance in the dark. ’cause when he’s looking.
she falls apart.

Baby loves to dance, loves to dance in the dark...

(Dance, dance, dance.)

Repeat and Fade

Optional Ending
Hello, hello, baby, you called. I can't hear a thing.

I have got no service in the club, you see, see. What, what, what did you say? Oh, you're breakin' up on me. Sorry, I cannot hear you. I'm kind of busy, kind,
kind of busy, kind, kind of busy. Sorry, I cannot hear you. I'm

kind of busy. Just a second, it's my favorite song they're gonna play, and

I cannot text you with a drink in my hand, eh. You shoulda made some plans with me, you

knew that I was free, and now you won't stop callin' me. I'm kind of busy.
Stop call-in', stop call-in', I don't want to think any more. I left my head and my heart on the dance floor. Stop call-in', stop call-in', I don't want to talk any more.

I left my head and my heart on the dance floor. Eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh, stop telephon'in' me, eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh. I'm bus-
Eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh
stop telephonin' me, eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh.

eh eh eh eh eh. Can call all you want but there's no one home, and you're

not gonna reach my telephone. Out in the club and I'm sippin' that bub, and you're

not gonna reach my telephone. Call all you want but there's no one home, and you're
not gonna reach my telephone. Out in the club and I'm sippin' that bub, and you're not gonna reach my telephone. Boy, the way you blowin' up my phone won't make me leave no faster, put my coat on faster, leave my girls no faster. I shoulda left my phone at home 'cause this is a disaster. Calling like a collector;
fmm

sor-ry, I can-not an-swer. Not that I don’t like you, I’m just at a par-ty, and

Bb

I am sick and tir-ed of my phone r-ring-in’. Some-times I feel like I live in Grand

Ab

Ce-n-tral Sta-tion. To-night I’m not tak-in’ no calls ’cause I’ll be danc-in’, ’cause

Ab

I’ll be danc-in’, ’cause I’ll be danc-in’. To-night I’m not tak-in’ no calls ’cause
I'll be dancin'. Stop callin', stop callin', I don't want to think anymore.

I left my head and my heart on the dance floor.

Stop callin', stop callin', I don't want to talk anymore.

I left my head and my heart on the dance floor. Eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh
eh eh eh, stop telephon’ me, eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh.
I’m busy.

Eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh, stop telephon’ me, eh eh eh eh eh eh eh eh.

eh eh eh eh eh.
Can call all you want but there’s no one home, and you’re

not gonna reach my telephone. Out in the club and I’m sip-pin’ that bub, and you’re
not gonna reach my telephone. Call all you want but there's no one home, and you're

not gonna reach my telephone. Out in the club and I'm sip-pin' that bub, and you're

not gonna reach my telephone. My telephone,

m-m-my telephone. 'Cause I'm out in the club and I'm sip-pin' that bub, and you're
not gonna reach my telephone.  My telephone.

m - m - my telephone. 'Cause I'm out in the club and I'm sip-pin' that bub, and you're

not gonna reach my telephone.
SO HAPPY I COULD DIE

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA,
NADIR KHAYAT and NIK DRESTIT

Moderate pop feel

Fmaj7

G

Em7

Eh, _ ch, _ yeah, _ yeah, _ eh, _ eh, _

mf

1

Asus

A

ah, _ ah, _ ah, _ ah, _

2

Am

Fmaj7

I love that lav - en - der blonde,
I am as vain as I _ al -

G

Em7

_ the way she moves, _ the way she walks, _
I do my hair, _ I gloss my eyes, _

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touch myself, can't get enough. And in the silence of the night,
touch myself all through the night. And when something falls out of place,

through all the tears and all the lies, I I
I take my time, I put it back, I I

touch myself and it's all right. Just give

in, don't give up baby,

Just
o·pen up your heart and your mind to me. Just know
when that glass is emp·ty, that the
world is gon·na bend, yeah. Happy in the club with a bot·tle of red wine.
stars in our eyes 'cause we're hav·ing a good time. Eh, eh, so
G

happy I could die.

Fmaj7

Be your best friend, yeah. I'll love you forever.

Dm7

up in the clouds, we'll be higher than ever.

Am

Eh, eh, so

To Coda Ø

Fmaj7

happy I could die and it's alright.

Eh, eh,

F#m7b9

G

yeah, yeah,

Em7

Eh, eh,

yeah,
Asus
ah,    ah,    Eh,    eh,    

G
yeah, yeah, eh, eh, ah, ah, 

Em7

Am

D.S. al Coda

CODA
F

G

Em

Am

So hap - py I could die and it's al - right.
So happy I could die and it's all right.

Eh, eh, yeah, yeah, eh, eh, ah, ah.

Eh, eh, yeah, yeah, eh, eh, ah, ah.
Happy in the club with a bottle of red wine, stars in our eyes 'cause we're having a good time.

Eh, eh, so happy I could die.

Be your best friend, yeah, I'll love you for ever, up in the clouds, we'll be higher than ever.

Eh, eh, so happy I could die and it's alright...
TEETH

Words and Music by STEFANI GERMANOTTA,
PETE WYOMING BENDER and TAJA RILEY

Moderate Funk dance groove

Show me your teeth.

Don’t want your money, that shit’s ugly, just want your sex.

* Recorded a half-step lower.
Bm  A°dim/B Bm  A°dim/B
Take a bite of my bad girl meat,
take a bite of me.

Bm  A°dim/B Bm  A°dim/B
Show me your teeth, let me see you’re mean.

Bm  A°dim Bm  A°dim
Got no direction,
I need direction.

Bm  A°dim Bm  A°dim
Just got my vamp.
Uh, uh.
Bm

Take a bite of my bad girl meat, take a bite of me, boy.

Bm

Show me your teeth, the truth is sexy.

Em

Tell me something that'll save me, I need a man that makes me alright.

F#

Tell me something that'll change me, I'm gonna love you with my hands tied. Show me your teeth.
just tell me when. Show me your teeth, open your mouth, boy. Show me your teeth,

show me what you got. Show me your teeth. teeth, teeth, teeth.

Got no salvation, got no salvation.

Got no religion, my religion is you.
Take a bite of my bad girl meat, take a bite of me, boy.

Show me your teeth... I'm a tough bitch. Got my addictions and I love to fix them, no one's perfect.

Take a bite of my bad girl meat, oh.
Show me your teeth, I just need a little guidance.

teeth, teeth, teeth. Show me your teeth. Oh.

My religion is you. My religion is you.

Help, need a man, now show me your fangs. Help,
Bm   A#dim    Bm    A#dim
 need a man, now show me your fangs. Help, need a man, now show me your fangs. Help.

Bm   A#dim   Bm   A#dim/B
 need a man, now show me your fangs. Help, need a man, now show me your fangs.

Em
 Tell me some-thing that’ll save me. I need a man that makes me al-right.

F#   A#dim
 Tell me some-thing that’ll change me, I’m gon-na love you with my hands tied. Show me your teeth.
- show me your teeth. Show me your teeth. - show me your teeth. Show me your teeth.
- show me your teeth. Show me your teeth, teeth, teeth. Show me your teeth.
- show me your teeth. Show me your teeth, show me your teeth. Show me your teeth.
- show me your teeth. Show me your teeth, teeth, teeth.
BAD ROMANCE
ALEJANDRO MONSTER
SPEECHLESS
DANCE IN THE DARK
TELEPHONE
SO HAPPY I COULD DIE
TEETH