A Fine Romance.
A Little Girl From Little Rock.
Bye Bye Baby.
Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend.
Incurably Romantic.
I Wanna Be Loved By You.
Let's Make Love.
My Heart Belongs To Daddy.
Some Like It Hot.
That Old Black Magic.
When I Fall In Love.

This unique tribute songbook includes the words and music to all the most celebrated Marilyn Monroe songs. Several have been newly arranged by Roger Day and are freshly engraved for this edition. The others have been directly reproduced from the finest original piano/vocal sheet music.
Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend.

March Tempo

French are glad to die for love, They delight in fighting
Well conducted rendezvous Makes a maiden's heart beat

But I prefer a man who lives, And
But when the rendezvous is through, these
A kiss on the hand may be quite conventional, But
Diamonds are a girl's best friend, when you've got a
There may come a time when a lady needs a lawyer, But
Diamonds are a girl's best friend.

A kiss may be grand But it won't pay the rental on your humble flat. Or
Time when a hard boiled employer thinks you're awful nice. But
help you at the Au-to-mat. Men grow cold as girls grow
old And we all lose our charms in the end. But
square cut than that those pear shape. These rocks don't lose their shape, Diamonds Are A
Girl's Best Friend. A Friend.
Bye Bye Baby.

Moderate

(Now) I'll be in my room alone
Every Post Meridi-an (Sweetly)

I'll be with my diary And that book by Mister Gideon.

(Now) Bye Bye Baby,
Remember you're my baby When they

(Now) Bye Bye Baby,
Remember you're my baby When they
A Little Girl From Little Rock.

Moderately, not too fast

In my Park Avenue Penthouse I'm so

-philosophical and smart, But a town down in the

Ozarks is where I got my start...
I'm just a little girl from Little Rock.

I lived on the wrong side of the tracks. But a gentleman took me out one night and after he taught me wrong from right. We moved to the right side of the tracks. Then someone broke my heart in Little Rock.
And I up and left old Arkansas,
Like a little lost lamb I roamed about, I came to New York and I found out, The one you call
Daddy ain't your paw, I was young and determined, I was for a kid from a small street, I did
wined and dined and terminated, Every night opportunity would knock, very well in Wall Street, Although I never owned a share of stock,
And some of these days in my fancy clothes, I'm a -

And now that I'm known in the biggest banks, I'm a -

going back home and thumb my nose At the one who done me

going back home and give my thanks To the one who done me

wrong. The one who done me wrong. The one who done me wrong.

Wrong. The one who done me wrong. The one who done me wrong.

Lit-tle Rock. I'm Lit-tle Rock.
I Wanna Be Loved By You.

Moderato cantabile

C  Em  Dm7  G7  C  C7  Dm7  G7  C  C\n
I'm not one of the greedy kind.
all of my wants are simple.

Dm7  Em G7\+5  C  Am7  C  Ab7  G7  C  Em  Dm7  G7

I know what's on my mind.
I'm not pretending until I

C  C7  Dm7  G7  E7  A6  C\+  A7

find what would make your eyes smile like mine
with love di\n
I wanna be loved by you, just

you, and no-body else but you. I wanna be loved by you a-tone.

poo-poo-pa-doo. I wanna be kissed by you, just you and no-body else but you. I wanna be kissed by you a-tone, poo-poo-pa-doo. I couldn't a-
Incurably Romantic

Music by John van Wijk, Words by Peter Green

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Fairly slow, gently

I'm susceptible to

stars in the skies, I'm incurably romantic.

If they're told to me all covered with sighs, the wildest of lies seem

23
true. Each time a love-bird sings, I have no de-

fences, my heart is off on wings a-long with my sen-

ses.

I'm a set up for the moon when it's bright, I'm in-

cut-ably ro-

man-tic, and I shouldn't be al-low-ed out at night with
any one quite like you. But oh your arms are nice,

and it would be awfully nice if you turned out to be

starry-eyed like me and incurably romantic

too. I'm susceptible too.
My Heart Belongs To Daddy.

Medium swing

*F-E#7

While tearing off a

*F-E#7

game of golf, I may make a play for the caddy; But

*G7

when I do I don't follow through 'cause my heart belongs to
dad-dy, If I in-vite a boy some night to dine on my fine fin-nan

had-die, I just a-dore his ask-ing for more but

my heart be-longs to dad-dy, Yes my heart be-longs to dad-dy, so I

simply couldn't be bud; Yes my heart be-longs to

27
So I want to warn you

Lad-die though I know that you’re per-fec-tly swell that my heart be-longs to

Dad-dy ‘caus my dad-dy he treats it so well.

Verse 2
While tearing off a game of golf
I may make a play for the caddy
But when I do I don’t follow through
’Cause my heart belongs to daddy,
If I invite a boy some night
To cook up a fine enchilada
Though Spanish rice is all very nice
Ba ba ba ba ... da da
Some Like It Hot.

Some Like It Hot.

Some Like It Hot.

Some Like It Hot.

Some Like It Hot.

Some Like It Hot.

Some Like It Hot.

Some Like It Hot.

Some Like It Hot.

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Some Like It Hot.

Some Like It Hot.

Some Like It Hot.

Some Like It Hot.
look what you started, a conflagration, baby,

by that's what, don't let the flame go out,

some like it hot.

Oh, baby I'm from that old...

school, I played it real cool, but when you kissed me I lit
When I Fall In Love.

When I fall in love it will be forever
Or I'll never fall in love

In a restless world like this, love is ended before it's begun
And too many moonlight kisses seem to cool in the warmth of the sun.
When I give my heart, it will be completely,
or I'll never give my heart. And the moment I can
feel that you feel that way too, Is when I fall in love with you.

1. Eb Cdim Fm7 Bb7-9
2. Eb Ab9 C60 Eb
Let's Make Love.

Oh the gentle art of conversation is
dead-er than the dead sea scrolls. We've be- come the mut- est kind of na-tion we're
un-com-mon- i-ca-ting souls. No-one talks, no-one talks, it's some-thing we sel- dom ev-er do.
No one talks, no one talks, no one talks but you.

Let's make love.

Here we sit and we chatter.

what are we thinking of? Let's not make with the patter
love. (b.p.) Don’t just say there, honey do something! Don’t just con- tem-

Coda

moon-light trips... with me.

come to grips... with me, lips to lips... with me do! You’ll just love

my em-brac-es, ’cause they’ll fit like a glove. We could get

down to cas-es, may-be kiss me ba-by. Let’s make
my love, oh my. But it's warm, let's make love.

a tight cellar. Let's make you.

Do you know a good doctor? Let's

make love.
That Old Black Magic.

MUSIC BY HAROLD ARLEN \nWORDS BY OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

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a tempo, moderately

Rubato

That old black

mag-ic has me in its spell. That old black mag-ic that you

weave so well. Those ic-y fings-ers up and down my spine, The
same old witch-craft when your eyes meet mine. The same old

triangle that I feel inside and then that elevator starts its

ride and down and down I go, round and round I go.

like a leaf that’s caught in the tide. I should stay a -
way. But what can I do? I hear your name
and I'm a-

flame, a flame with such a burning desire

that only your kiss can put out the fire. For

you're the lover I have waited for. The man that gave

...
A Fine Romance.

Moderately

**She:** (1) A fine ro-mance! with no
**She:** (2) (A) fine ro-mance! my good
**He:** (3) (A) fine ro-mance! with no
**He:** (4) (A) fine ro-mance! my dear

kiss - est! A fine ro-mance, my friend,
feh - low! You take ro-mance, I'll take
kiss - est! A fine ro-mance, my friend
Duch - ess! Two old fo-gies who need
this is! We should be like a couple of hot
Jel- lo! You’re calmer than the seals in the Arctic
this is! We two should be like clams in a dish of
crunch- es! True love should have the thrill that a health-
y

But you’re as cold as
At least they flap their
But we just fizz like
We don’t have half the

yes- ter- day’s mashed po- ta- toes.
fins to ex- press emo- tion.
parts of a Seid- litz pow- der.
thrill that the “March of Time” had.

A
A
A

fine romance! you won't
fine romance! with no
fine romance, with no
fine romance, my good

nestle, A fine romance, you
quarrels, with no insults, and
clinches, A fine romance with
woman! my strong 'Aged in the

won't wrestle! I might as well play
all normals! I've never mussed the
so pinch-es, you're just as hard to
Wood! woman! You never give the
bridge with my old maid aunts!
crease in your blue serge pants,
land as the "Ile de France!"
or children I sent a glance!
I haven't got a
I never get the
I haven't got a
No! you like cactus

This is a fine romance!
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Printed and bound in Great Britain by
Calgriwing Limited Thetford Norfolk
47
10/02 (45780)