Baltimore

Moderately, steady beat \( J = 100 \)

Verse 1:

1. Beat-up little sea-gull,
on a marble stair,

tryin' to find the ocean,
lookin’ every where...

Hard times in the city, in a hard town by the sea.

Ain’t nowhere to run to, There ain’t nothin’ here for free.

Hooker on the corner.
wait in' for a train.

Drunk ly-in' on the side-walk:

sleepin' in the rain.

And they hide their faces

and they hide their eyes.

'cause the city's dy-in',

Baltimore - 8 - 3
PF9868
A7sus  C  Em  G  A7sus  C

and they don't know why...

cresc.

Chorus:

Em  C  Dsus  Bm7  D(4)/C  C

Oh, Baltimore. Man, it's hard... just...

D2  Bm7  Em  C  Dsus  Bm7

to live. Oh, Baltimore. Man, it's hard... just to live...

D(4)/C  C  Dsus  Bm7  Em  G

hard... just... to live, just to live...
Verse 2:

Get my sister Sandy
and my little brother Ray.

Buy a big old wagon
to haul us all away.

Live out in the country
where the mountain's high...

Never comin' back here
till the day I die...

Chorus:
Oh, Baltimore.
Man, it's hard
just to live.

Oh,
Oh, Baltimore. Man, it's hard just to live.
Oh, Baltimore. Man, it's hard just to live.
BLEEDING ALL OVER THE PLACE
from Randy Newman's FAUST

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Slow blues shuffle \( \frac{j}{\text{standard}} \) \( \frac{j}{\text{with pedal}} \)

Verse (ad lib./blues style):

Why don't you love me like you used to do?

Are you tryin' to break my heart?
I know there's something going on with you.

and whatever it is, it's tearing me apart.

I walk along the river every night.

tryin' to figure out why we fuss and fight.
Is love, once again, to slip right through my hand?

Have you been messin' with another man?

I'm bleedin' all over the place,

bleedin' all over the place.
I don't mean to be rude, but I'm in a pretty bad mood!

Just take a look at my face. I'm

bleedin' all over the place,

bleedin' all over.
Verse (ad lib./blues style):
N.C.  F  E+  F7/Eb  Bb/D  Di7  Fm/C  Di/Cb  Fm/C

Why don't you love me like you used to do?
Tell me, what did I do wrong?

Seems like you're through with me; I wasn't through with you.

My love for you is still very strong.

I wander aimlessly, not knowing what to do.
I've become quite shameless in my love for you.

I'm tryin' real hard to understand.

Have you been sleepin' with another man? I'm
Chorus:
Fm Dmaj9 Gmaj9 Amaj7 Gm7 C7
bleed in' all over the place,
Fm D7 C7 Fm C7/G
bleed in' all over.
Fm/Ab C7/G Ab/Gb D7/F
Get me a witness to record my disgrace,
Fm/Ab C7/G Ab/Gb D7/F
how I've been dishonored, deceived and debased.
Then, someone get me a band-aid before I fall on my fuck-in' face.

'Scause I'm bleedin' all over the place.
BURN ON

Moderate \( j = 120 \)

There's a red moon rising

(with pedal)

ing on the Cuyahoga River, rolling into Cleve

land to the lake. There's a red moon rising

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN
F#7

ing on the Cuy - a - ho - ga Riv - er, roll - ing in - to Cleve-

land to the lake. There's an

B

oil barge wind - ing down the Cuy - a - ho - ga Riv-

er, roll - ing in - to Cleve - land to the lake.
Cleveland, city of light, city of magic.

Cleveland, city of light, you're calling me.

Cleveland, even now, I can remember, 'cause the
Cuy - a - ho - ga Riv - er goes smok-in' through my dreams... Burn...

on, big riv - er, burn on.

Now, the

Lord can make you tumb - ble and the Lord can make you turn... And the
Lord can make you overflow, but the Lord can't make you burn.

Burn on; big river.

Burn on, big river, burn on.
COWBOY

Moderately slow $J = 66$

Cold, gray buildings where a

hill should be

Steel and concrete clos'in'

simile

in on me

City fac-es haunt the plac-es

Words and Music by
RANDY NEWMAN

Cowboy - 3 - 1
PF9808

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Wind that once blew free now scatters dust to the sky.

Cowboy, can't run, can't hide. It's too late to fight now,
too tired to try.
DAVY THE FAT BOY

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Slowly, freely (\(J = 50\))

I been his friend
since we were little

smoothly

I was a comfort to his mother and a pal to his

babies...

Slightly faster

Be - fore they passed away they say, "Take care of our Dav - y."

Slightly faster

dad.

Davy the Fat Boy - 5 - 1

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Moderate rock $J = 116$

You may be the only friend he ever will have."

Davy, the Fat Boy.

Davy, the Fat Boy. Isn't he round?

Isn't he round?
What do he weigh, folks?

Can you guess what he weigh?

You know, it's only a quarter.

Win a teddy bear for the girlfriend or something for the wife...

You've got to let this fat boy in your life.

Waltz (slightly slower)

I think we can persuade him to

Davy the Fat Boy - 5 - 3
PF9808
F  B7/Bb  Eb/Bb  Ab  Db

do the famous Fat Boy Dance for you.

Faster (in "1")

C  F

Give me half a chance;

C  F  C/G  G7  C  F#  F#maj7

I just know you'll like my fat boy's dance.

a tempo

(with pedal)
Moderately \( \dot{\text{J}} = 116 \)

Davy, the Fat Boy, Davy, the Fat Boy,

Isn't he, isn't he round?

sub. mp poco rubato
DIXIE FLYER

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Moderately $\mathcal{J} = 116$

\begin{figure}
\centering
\includegraphics[width=\textwidth]{DixieFlyer.png}
\end{figure}

\textit{Dixie Flyer - 8 - 1}

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I was born right here, November, Forty-three.

My dad was a captain in the army,

fighting the Germans in Sicily.

My poor little mamma didn't know a
soul in L. A.,
so we went down to the Union Station,
made our getaway.
Got on the

\[ G's \] Gospel beat

Dixie Flyer,
bound for New Orleans,

a-cross the state of Texas to the Land of Dreams.
On the Dixie Flyer,

bound for New Orleans,

back to her friends and her family in the Land of Dreams.

(freely/semi-spoken vocal)

Her own mother came to meet us at the sta-
tion.
her dress as black as a crow.

in a coal mine.

She cried when her little girl got off the train.

Her brothers and her sisters came down from Jackson,
Mis-sis-sip-pi in a great, green Hudson driv'en by a
gentle they knew.

Drinkin' rye whiskey from a flask in the back seat,

Tryin' to do like the Gentiles do. Christ, they
wanted to be Gentiles too. Who wouldn't down there, wouldn't you?

An American Christian... God

D.S. 8 al Coda

damn! On the

Coda

Across the state of Texas, to the Land of
Dreams.

Repeat ad lib. and fade
FEELS LIKE HOME
from Randy Newman's FAUST

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Moderate rock ballad  \( \dot{\text{J}} = 112 \)

There's

sempre poco legato

(with pedal)

something in your eyes makes me want to lose myself makes me want to

lose myself in your arms

There's

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something in your voice makes my heart beat fast

feeling lasts the rest of my life

how lonely my life has been, and how low

I've felt for so long

Hope this

If you knew
to me... Feels like home... to... me... Feels like I'm

all the way back where I belong...

window breaks down a long dark street... and a si-

ren wails in the night... But
I'm all right, 'cause I have you here with me, and I can
almost see through the dark, there's light.
If you knew.

how much this moment means to me, and how long

I've waited for your touch.
If you knew.
how happy you are making me oh, I

ever thought I'd love anyone so much Feels like home

Feels like I'm all the way back where I belong
GAINESVILLE
from Randy Newman's FAUST

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Moderately slow $j = 92$

I was born in Gaines-ville, Flor-i-da, and my fa-ther was a tai-lor, and my moth-er ran a ca-fe near the u-ni-ver-si-ty.

broth-er, died a-born-ing, and an-oth-er who's a sail-or. I've a
sister who is older and living on her own. I have tried all my life to be kind to others, even when others were unkind to me. I've been told all my life when I found someone, he would look at me and I'd
Are you really mine?

Are you really mine?

Does your heart glow when you see me walk-in' down the street, boy? Do your eyes shine when you know that we're about to meet?
don't think they do. I was born in Gainesville, Florida, and my
father was a tailor, and my mother ran a cafe near the
university. And she didn't raise a fool when she raised
me.
a tempo, semplice
GOD'S SONG
(THAT'S WHY I LOVE MANKIND)

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Slow quiet blues shuffle \( \frac{j}{=69} \)

Cm

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{mf (ad lib. blues style)}
\end{array}
\]

Cain slew Abel. Seth knew not why.

Fm

For if the children of Israel we're s'posed to multiply.
why must any of the children die?

So he asked the Lord and the Lord said: "Man means nothing;

he means less to me than the lowest cactus flower, or the humblest yucca tree.

Chases 'round this desert 'cause he

God's Song - 6 - 2
PF9808
thinks that’s where I’ll be. That’s why I love man-kind.”

“I recoil in horror from the foul-ness of thee,
from the squal-or and the filth, and the mis-er-y.

How we laugh up here in heav-en at the prayers you of-fer me.”
That's why I love mankind.

Christians and the Jews
were having a jamboree;

ad lib.

the Buddhist and the Hindu
joined on satellite TV.

picked their four greatest priests,
and they began to speak.... They said, "Lord, a plague..."
Lord, no man is free.
The temples that we built to you tumbled into the sea.
Lord, if you won't take care of us, won't you please, please let us be?

And the Lord said, and the Lord said,
"I burn down your cities; how blind you must be.

I take from you your children, and you say how blessed we are.

You all must be crazy to put your faith in me. That's why I love mankind;

You really need me. That's why I love mankind."
GUilty

Moderately slow blues \( j = 60 \)

Verse:

\[ \text{F}\sharp \quad \text{C}\#7 \quad \text{F}\sharp \quad \text{B} \quad \text{F}\#7 \quad \text{Bm} \quad \text{F}\# \quad \text{Dim7} \]

\begin{align*}
\text{Yes, ba\-by,} & \quad \text{I've been} \\
\text{drink-in',} & \quad \text{and I shou\-ld'n't come by, I know.} \\
\text{But I found my\-self in trouble, dar-lin',}
\end{align*}

\textit{(ad lib. blues style)}

(with pedal)
and I had no-where else to go.

got some

whis-ky

from the bar-man.

I just

co-caine

from a friend.

had to keep mov- in' 

'til I was back in your arms a - 

*mm. 9 - 13: The right hand part can be played as written, or just play the left hand, ad lib.
gain.
I'm guilty, baby, I'm guilty.
and I'll be guilty all the rest of my life.
How come I never do what I'm supposed to do?
How come nothin' that I try to do ever turns out
right?

You know, you know

how it is with me, baby.

You know I just can't stand myself,

and it takes a whole lot of medicine

for me to pretend that I'm somebody else.

* See mm. 9 - 13.
I LOVE L.A.

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Hate New York City,
its cold and it's damp
and all the people dress like.

-monkeys.

Let's leave Chicago to the eskimos.

That town's a little bit too rugged
for you and me, you bad girl.
Rol-lin' down the Im-pe-ri-al High-way with a big, nas-ty red-head at my side.

San-ta A-na wind, blow-in' hot from the north and we was
born to ride...

Roll down the window,

put down the top,
crank up the Beach Boys, baby,
don't let the music stop.

We gonna ride it 'til we just can't ride it no more.

From the South...Bay to the Valley, from the West Side
to the East Side...
Ev'rybody's very happy

'cause the sun is shining all the time. Looks like another perfect day.

I love L.A. (We love it)

I love L.A.
We love it. (We love it.)

Rag-like in "2"

Ah... ah... ah... ah...
Look at that mountain.
Look at those trees
Look at that bum over there, man, he's
down on his knees...
Look at these women,
ain't nothin' like 'em nowhere...

Cen'try Boulevard...

(Std) Vic'try Bou-le-vard...
(Std) (We love it.)

I Love L.A. - 8 - 6
PF9608
Santa Monica Boulevard (We love it.) Sixth Street (We love it.)

We love it. We love it. We love it. We love it. We love L.A.

(poco maestoso)

(Guitar solo ad lib.)
I love L.A.

(We love it.)

I love L.A.

(We love it.)

I Love L.A. - 8 - 8
PF9808
I LOVE TO SEE YOU SMILE
from the motion picture “Parenthood”

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Moderate rag \( \frac{3}{4} = 108 \) (\( \frac{3}{4} \))

C9          G9          Ab9          E59          G9          G7

mp

Verses 1-4:

C          G9(5)          C          C9          F          F/A

1. I was born to make you hap - py; I think you’re just my style...
2.3.4. See additional lyrics

ad lib. shuffle style

C          G7(5)          C7          F          F#dim7          C/G          E7/G#          A          A7

Ev’ry-where I go, tell-in’ ev’ry-one I know,
baby, I love to see you smile.

In the summer, in the springtime,

winter or the fall, the only place I'd
want to be
is where I can see you smile at me.

Verse 5:
5. In a world that's full of trouble,

you make it all worthwhile.

What would I do
Verse 2:
Don't want to take a trip to China.
Don't want to sail up the Nile.
Wouldn't want to get too far from where you are
'Cause I love to see you smile.

Verse 3:
(Instrumental)

Verse 4:
Like a sink without a faucet,
Like a watch without a dial,
What would I do if I didn't have you?
I love to see you smile.
I THINK IT'S GOING TO RAIN TODAY

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Freely, with feeling

A                      Bm7 A/C♯ D D/E A
                              Bm7 Esus

Verse 1:

A                      D A

A/C♯ D A/C♯

E9sus E9 A(9)/E A/E Cm7 F♯m

D/G A Dsus D

1. Broken windows and empty hallways, a pale, dead moon... in a

sky streaked with gray. Human kindness is overflowing... and I

I Think It's Going to Rain Today - 4 - 1
PF9808

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Verse 2:

2. Scare-crows dressed.
   in the latest styles,
   with frozen smiles.

   chase love away.
   Human kindness is overflowing
   and I
lonely.

lonely.

Am(9) F(9)

tin can at my feet. Think I'll kick it down the street.

C sus C D A D F

That's the way to treat a friend.
Verse 3:

3. Bright before me, the signs implore me, "Help the needy and

show them the way." Human kindness is

overflowing and I think it's going to

rain today.

I Think It's Going to Rain Today - 4 - 4
PF9808
I WANT YOU TO HURT LIKE I DO

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Moderately slow blues \( J = 60 \)

Verse 1:

1. I ran out on my children.

and I ran out on my wife.
G    Bm7    Em    Em/D  

Gonna run out on you too, baby.

C    Am7    D    Em7    D7/F  

I done it all my life.

G    Bm7    C    E  

Everybody cried the night I left. Well, almost everybody did.

Am    C    D    Em7    D7/F  

My little boy just hung his head.
I put my arm, I put my arms around his little shoulders,

and this is what I said; "Son-ny, I just

**Chorus:**

want you to hurt like I do.

want you to hurt like I do.
want you to hurt like I do. Hon-est, I

To Coda

Verse 2:

2. If I had one wish, one dream I knew would come true,

I'd want to speak to all the peo-ple of the
world.  I'd get up there,  I'd get up there on that platform.  
(Spoken:) First I'd sing a song or two, you know I would... Then I'll tell you what I'd do;  (Semi-spoken:) I'd talk to the people, I'd say,  "It's a rough, rough world.  It's a tough, tough world, well, you know.  And things don't always, things don't always go the way we

I Want You to Hurt Like I Do - 6 - 5
PF9808
D  Em7  D7/F#  G  Bm7

plan.

But there's one thing,

one thing we all have in

common.

and it's something ev'ry one can un-der-

stand...

All o-ver the world, sing a-long. I just

D  Em7  D7/F#

Coda  G  D  Em  Bm

do.
IN GERMANY BEFORE THE WAR

Freely, with feeling

In Germany, before the war, there was a man who owned a store in nineteen hundred thirty-four, in Dusseldorf.

And every night at five o'clock, he'd cross the park down to the Rhine; he'd
Am7(65)/G
Gm

sit there by the shore.
I'm

G7
Csus
Cm
A7/D
D7

looking at the river but I'm thinking of the sea...
I'm thinking of the sea...

a tempo

Cm/Eb
Eb

G7

I'm looking at the river but I'm

Csus
Cm
D7
Gm

thinking of the sea...

In Germany Before the War - 4 - 2
PF9808
Lit-tle girl has lost her way, with hair of gold and eyes of gray, re-flected in his glass-es as he

wa-tches her._ A lit-tle girl has lost her way, with hair of gold and eyes of gray.

I'm look-ing at the riv-er but I'm

think-ing of the sea._ I'm think-ing of the sea._ think-ing of the sea.
We lie beneath the autumn sky, my little golden girl and I. And she lies very still.
IT'S MONEY THAT I LOVE

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Moderate rock \( j = 104 \) \( \frac{3}{4} \)

G7

Verses 1 & 2:
(semi-spoken/ad lib.)

1. I don't love the mountains,
   and I don't love the sea.
2. See additional lyrics

It's Money That I Love - 8 - 1
PF9808

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And I don't love Jesus, He never done a thing for me.

I ain't pretty like my sister, or smart like my dad,
or good like my mama.

(2. (Spoken): It is all right.)

Chorus 1 & 2:

G

G/B

2. One, (two,

1. It's it's

(sim.)
Verse 3:

3. Used to worry 'bout the poor,
but I don't worry anymore.

Used to worry 'bout the black man.

Now, I don't worry 'bout the black man.

Used to worry 'bout the starving children of India.
You know what I say... now 'bout the starving children of India. I say,

Chorus 3:

G     G/B

oh, Mama!

C     F5

1. It's

G   G/B

money that I love.

It's Money That I Love - 8 - 6
PF9808
Verse 2:
They say that money
Can't buy love in this world,
But it'll get you a half-pound of cocaine
And a sixteen-year-old girl,
And a great big, long limousine
On a hot September night.
Now, that may not be love,
But it is alright.
(To Chorus 2:)
LIVING WITHOUT YOU

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Moderately slow \( \text{J} = 56 \)

\( \text{G}(4) \)

\[ \text{mp legato, poco espressivo} \]

(with pedal)

Verse 1:

\( \text{G}(4) \)

milk truck hauls... the sun up...

\( \text{Bm} \)

the paper... hits the...

\( \text{Bm/E} \)

door.

\( \text{Am} \)

The subway... shakes my... floor and I think about...

\( \text{Fmaj7} \)

...
you.

Time to face the dawning grey

of another lonely day. Baby, it's so

hard

living without you.

Yes, it's so

Chorus:

hard,

it's so hard,

C (9)
Verse 2:

2. Every one's got something. They're out tryin' to get some more.

They got something to get up for. But I ain't about...
G(4)

Noth-in's gon-na happen.

Bm

Bm/E

Am

Noth-in's gon-na change.

Ba-by, it's so hard.

G

C

G

liv-ing with-out you.

Yes, it's so

D.S.  M  al Coda

Coda G(4)

a tempo

sub. mp
LONELY AT THE TOP
(a/k/a It's Lonely At the Top)

Moderate two-beat \( \frac{\text{d}-\text{d}^{-3}}{\text{g}} \)  \( j = 108 \)

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

\textbf{Gm} \hspace{1cm} \textbf{D7} \hspace{1cm} \textbf{Gm} \hspace{1cm} \textbf{D7}

I've been a - round the world. Had my___ pick of

\textbf{Gm} \hspace{1cm} \textbf{D7}

any girl. You'd think I'd be hap - py, but I'm not.

Lonely at the Top - 5 - 1

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Listen to the band, they're playing just for me.

Listen to the people playing just for me.

All the applause,

and all the parades.

And all the money that I have made.
Oh, it's lonely at the top.

Listen, all you fools...
LOUISIANA 1927

Words and Music by
RANDY NEWMAN

Moderately

G

C  G

D7  G

poco espressivo

(with pedal)

C  G  A7  D7  G

With a beat \( \downarrow = 69 \)

G  G/F\#

Em7

What has happened down here is the wind have changed...

(plus octaves ad lib.)
Clouds roll in from the north and it start to rain.

Rained real hard and it rained for a real long time;

six feet of water in the streets of Evangeline.

River rose all day, the river rose all night.
Some people got lost in the flood, some people got away all right.

River has busted through clear down to Plaquemine,
sim.

six feet of water in the streets of Evangeline.

Louisiana, Louisiana, they're tryin' to wash...
C (9) D7sus C/E G/D C C/D
us a-way, they're tryin' to wash us a-way. Lou-

G Bm7/F♯ B7/F♯ Em G7/D
an-a, Lou-i-si-an-a, they're tryin' to wash.

C (9) D7sus C/E G/D C
us a-way, they're tryin' to wash us a-way.

G G/F♯ Em7
Pres-i-dent Coo-ledge come down in a rail-road train

Louisiana 1927 - 6 - 4
PF9808
little fat man with a note-pad in his hand...

President say, "Little fat man, isn't it a shame

what the

river has done to this poor cracker's land?"

Louisiana

they're tryin' to wash...
C(9)  D7sus  C/E  G/D  C  C/D

us a-way,  they're tryin' to wash us a-way.  Lou-i-si-an-a,

G  Bm7/F♯  B/7/F♯  Em  G7/D

Lou-i-si-an-a,  they're tryin' to wash.

C(9)  D7sus  C/E  G/D  C  G/B

us a-way,  they're tryin' to wash us a-way.  They're tryin' to wash.

A7  C/D  G  C  G

us a-way,  they're tryin' to wash us a-way.

Louisiana 1927 - 6 - 6
PP9808
MAMA TOLD ME NOT TO COME

Words and Music by
RANDY NEWMAN

Moderately bright \( j = 130 \)

G7

1. "Will you have

Verse:

G7

whis - key with your wa - ter or sug - ar with your tea?" What are___

2. O - pen up this win - dow, let some air in - to this room. I think___

ra - di - o is blast - ing, some - one's beat - ing on the door. Our host -
these crazy questions that they're asking of me?
I'm almost choking on the smell of stale perfume.
That cigarette you're smoking 'bout to scare me half to death.
Oh, don't so many things that I ain't never see before. I don't

turn on the light, 'cause I don't wanna see.
pen up the window, let me catch my breath.
know what it is, but I don't wanna see no more.

Chorus:
Mama told me not to come.

Mama Told Me Not to Come - 3 - 2
PF9808
Mama told me not to come. Mama said that ain't the way to have fun.

To Coda

D.S./8 al Coda

3. The

Coda
MARIE

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN
Original String Arrangement by Nick DeCaro

Slowly, with much expression \( \text{j} = 76 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{E7} & \quad \text{D7} \\
\text{A/E} & \\
\text{A} & \\
\text{E/D} & \quad \text{Am6} \\
\text{A} & \\
\text{Bm} & \quad \text{E7/B} \\
\text{A} & \\
\end{align*}
\]

You looked like a princess the night we met, with your hair piled up high. I will never forget.

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I'm drunk right now, baby, but I gotta be
or I never could tell you what you mean to me.
I loved you the first time I saw you,
and I always will love you, Marie.
I loved you the first time
I saw you,

and I always will love you, Marie.
You’re the

song that the tree sings when the wind blows.
You’re a

flower, you’re a river, you’re a rainbow.
Sometimes I'm crazy, but I guess you know,

and I'm weak and I'm lazy and I hurt you so.

And I don't listen to a word you say.

When you're in trouble, I turn away.
But I love you,

I loved you the first time I saw you.

And I always will love you, Marie.

I loved you the first time I saw you,

and I always will love you, Marie.

Marie - 5 - 5

PF9808
MIAMI

Words and Music by
RANDY NEWMAN

Moderately \( \text{J} = 114 \)

\[ \text{Cm(9)} \quad \text{Cm(#5)} \quad \text{Cm6/9} \]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Rock, steady beat} \\
\text{mf}
\end{array}
\]

\[ \text{Cm(#5)} \quad \text{Cm(9)} \quad \text{Cm(#5)} \]

Verse:

\[ \text{Cm6/9} \quad \text{Cm(#5)} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Fm} \]

1. There's a girl over there

(ad lib.)
with the rhythm everywhere.

She's a very fine girl,
she's been awfully nice to me.

When we walk,
as we sometimes do,

all the way out Collins Avenue, well, it's very, very fine.
Ver-y, ver-y spe-cial.
Ver-y...
Gee, I love...

Mi-am-i!
It's so nice and hot
and ev-ry build-ing's so

pret-ty and white.
And I al-ways get in-to
so much trou-ble when I'm

down there.
I know these
two old stiffs live on the water-way.

That's where I like to stay when I'm down.

Slightly slower/feel in "2"

Chorus:

in Miami.

Blue day.

Best dope in the world.
and it's free.

am i.

Blue day.

Put on your short-ie shorts, your Ha-wai-ian shirt and come down!

2. There's a man
Coda

street in

Chorus:
F6
(as before)

Miam-i.

Blue-day.

Best dope in the world and it's

Abmaj7

free.

Miam-i.
Verse 2:
There’s a man over there
With the conch in his hair.
He’s a very bad man.
Don’t look now!
He’s really very bad.
And his name’s Medina
And he comes from Argentina.
See that little dog there with him?
Well, he treats it just like it was his little boy.
Oh, I love Miami!
It’s so hot.
And the women down here are so impure.
I love to hang around the big hotels
And sleep in the sun all day.
I know this double-jointed guy
With the circus in Saint Pete.
He’s with me now.
He says hello from Fourteenth Street in . . .
(To Chorus)
OLD MAN

Slow, freely with feeling (\(J = 76\))

\[ E \quad A/E \quad E \quad B7 \quad Gm \quad E \]

Ev'ryone has gone away. Can you hear me? Can you hear me?

with pedal

\[ A/E \quad E \quad D/A \quad Gm \quad E \]

No one cared enough to stay. Can you hear me? Can you hear me? You

\[ A \quad E \quad Fm7/E \]

must remember me, old man, I know that you can if you try.

So just

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Open up your eyes, old man. Look who's come to say goodbye.

Sun has left the sky, old man, the birds have flown away. And

No one came to cry, old man, goodbye, old man, goodbye.
want to stay, I know you do, but it ain't no use to try. 'Cause

I'll be here and I'm just like you; good-bye, old man, good-bye. Won't

be no God to comfort you. You taught me not to believe that lie. You don't need any-body; no-

bod-y needs you. Don't cry, old man, don't cry. Ev'-ry-bod-y dies.
ONE MORE HOUR
from the motion picture "Ragtime"

Moderate, simple waltz \( \text{\textit{j = 92}} \)

Words and Music by
RANDY NEWMAN

One more hour, one more

One more

Day, one more midnight

Faded away.

One more
Ab/Eb  
E♭  
G  

sad  
song  
play  
for  

Ab  
C  
Fm  
G  
Dm  

me.  
One  
more  
sad  

(rit.)  
a tempo  
(non-legato)  

Adim7  
E♭/B♭  
B♭7  
E♭/B♭  
A♭  

song  
play  
for  
me;  
won't  
you  

E♭/B♭  
B♭7  
To Coda  
E♭  
E♭maj7  
E♭maj7  
E♭  

play  
for  
me?  

a tempo  

One More Hour - 3 - 2
PF9808
POLITICAL SCIENCE

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Rubato, freely

No one likes us, I don't know why...

G7  C7  A♭ maj 9

may not be perfect, but heaven knows we try. But all around, even our

A♭ m 7

big friends, put us down. Let's drop the big one and see what happens. We
A tempo-easy shuffle (\( \text{ \( \frac{3}{4} \)} \))

give them money, but are they grateful?

No, they're spiteful and they're hateful. They

don't respect us so let's surprise 'em. We'll

drop the big one and pulverize 'em.
Asia's crowded and Europe's too old.
Africa is far too hot and

Canada's too cold. South America stole our name.
Let's

drop the big one, there'll be no one left to blame us.

We'll save Australia. Don't wanna hurt no kangaroo.

(poco sostenuto)
We'll build an all-American amusement park there. They got surfin' too.

Boom goes London and boom Paris. More room for you and more room for me. And every city the whole world round will
just be another American town. Oh, how peaceful it'll be. We'll set every body free. You'll wear a Japanese kimono and there'll be Italian shoes for me. They all hate us anyhow. So let's drop the big one now. Let's drop the big one now.
REAL EMOTIONAL GIRL

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Slowly \( \text{\textit{j} = 66} \)

\( \text{G} \quad \text{G7/B} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{C/E} \quad \text{F(9)} \quad \text{F/A} \)

\( \text{legato} \)

She's a real emotional girl.

\( \text{G/B} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G/B} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{Bm7(5)} \quad \text{E7} \)

\( \text{mp} \)

She wears her heart on her sleeve.

\( \text{Ev'ry lit-tle thing you} \)

\( \text{Asus2} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{C/G} \quad \text{G/F} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{Fm/Ab} \quad \text{E7/G4} \)

tell her, she'll believe.

\( \text{She real-ly will} \)
She even cries in her sleep, I've heard her many times before. I never had a girl who loved me half as much as this girl loves me. She's real emotional...

For eighteen years she lived at home, she was Daddy's little girl.
and Daddy helped her move out on her own. She met a boy: he broke her heart. Now, she lives alone. And she's very, very careful. Yes, she is. She's a real emotional girl.
She lives down deep inside herself. She turns on easy, it's like a hurricane.

You would not believe it.

You got to hold on tight to her. She's a real emotional girl.
REDNECKS

Freely

N.C.

Last night, I saw Lester Maddox on a TV show with some

smart-ass New York Jew. And the Jew laughed at Lester Maddox

and the audience laughed at Lester Maddox too. Well, he may be a fool, but he's

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our fool. If they think they're better than him, they're wrong. So, I went to the park and I took some poco ad lib.

da-pur a-long and that's where I made this song.

Moderately, strong beat \( J = 112 \)

We talk really funny down here. We drink too much and we poco ad lib.

laugh too loud. We're too dumb to make it in no northern town and we're
keep-in' the niggers down. We got no-necked oil men from

Tex-as, good old boys from Ten-nes-see,

col-lege men from L. S. U. Went in dumb, come out_

__ dumb too. Hus-tlin' round At-lan-ta in their al-li-ga-tor shoes, get-tin'
drunk every week-end at the barbecues, and they're keep-in' the niggers down.

We're rednecks. We're rednecks. We don't know our ass from a hole in the ground... We're rednecks. We're rednecks and we're keepin' the niggers down.
Break:

Now, your north-ern nig-ger's a

Ne-gro.

You see, he's got his dig-ni-ty.
Down here, we're too ignorant to realize
the North has set the negro free.

Yes, he's free to be put in a cage in Harlem
poco ad lib.

He's free to be put in a cage on the South Side of Chicago and the West Side.
Hough in Cleveland. He's free to be put in a cage in East __

Saint Louis. He's free to be put in a cage in Fill __

more in San Francisco. He's free to be put in a cage in Rox __

bury in Boston. They're gath'rin' 'em up from miles a-round.
Keep-in' the niggers down.  We're red necks. We're red necks.

We don't know our ass from a hole in the ground. We're red necks.

We're red necks and we're keep-in' the niggers down.

We are keep-in' the niggers down. 
SAIL AWAY

Words and Music by
RANDY NEWMAN

Slowly \( \text{J} = 69 \)

N.C.

In America you'll get food to eat,

won't have to run through the jungle and scuff up your feet.

You'll just sing about Jesus and drink wine all day;
it's great to be an American.

With a beat

Ain't no lion or tiger, ain't no mamba snake.

just the sweet watermelon and the buckwheat cake.

Ev'rybody is as happy as a man can be.
climb aboard, little wog, sail away with me.
Sail away.
Slight gospel feel
way.
Sail away. We will cross the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay.
Sail away.
Sail away.
We will cross.
the mighty ocean into Charleston Bay.
In America every man is free
to take care of his home and his family,
You'll be as happy as a monkey in a monkey tree;
you're all gonna be an American.

Sail away...
way. Sail a way. We will cross the might-y oce-an in-to Charles-ton Bay.
Sail a way. Sail a way. We will cross

the might-y oce-an in-to Charles-ton Bay.
SAME GIRL

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Moderately $j = 82$

Am | Am7 | B♭/A | E7/A

\textit{mp}
sempre espressivo, legato

Am (with pedal) | Am7 | B♭/A | E7/A

You're

Am | E7/A | Am7 | B/A

still the same girl you

(sim.)

F(9)/A | Asus | Am

always were. You're
still the same girl you
always were.
Few more nights on the street, that's all.
Few more holes in your arm...
Few more years with me that's all. You're
still the same girl.

With the same sweet smile that you always had,

and the same blue eyes like the sun.

Same Girl - 4 - 3
PF9808
and the same clear voice that I always...
You're still
the same girl that I
love.

Same Girl - 4 - 4
PF9808
SANDMAN’S COMING
from Randy Newman’s FAUST

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Slowly $\frac{d}{b} = 72$

\begin{align*}
Gm & \quad \text{Dm/F} & \quad \text{Eb} & \quad \text{Cb(9)} & \quad \text{Em7(b5)} \\
\text{Gm} & \quad \text{Eb} & \quad \text{Bb/F} & \quad \text{Bb7} & \quad \text{Emaj9} & \quad \text{Bb/D}
\end{align*}

Close your eyes now, little girl.
They don't want to hear you

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cryin'. You never had a chance, you never had a chance.

It's a great big dirty world.

If they say it's not, they're lyin'.

Sandman's comin' soon, you know he's comin' soon.
Close your eyes and dream a little dream for you and me.
Dream yourself a place where you can go.
Baby, you never know... Close your...
eyes now, little girl. Go to sleep, my little baby.
Sandman's comin' soon, you know he's comin' soon.

Sandman's comin' soon... you know he's comin' soon.
SHORT PEOPLE

Words and Music by
RANDY NEWMAN

Moderate shuffle \( J = 104 \) (\( \frac{3}{4} - \frac{3}{4} \))

\[ \text{A} \quad \text{F}\#m7 \quad \text{B7} \quad \text{E7sus} \]

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{sim.} \]

Short peo-ple got no rea-son,
short peo-ple got no rea-son,

(plus octaves ad lib.)

Short peo-ple got no rea-son to live.

They got
lit - tle hands... lit - tle eyes... they walk a - round, tell - in'

great big lies... They got lit - tle nos - es and ti - ny lit - tle teeth... They wear plat - form shoes on their nas - ty lit - tle feet... Well, I don't want no

short peo - ple, don't want no short_ peo - ple.
don't want no short people 'round here.

Short people are just the same as you and I. (A fool such as I...) All men are brothers until the day they die. It's a wonderful world. Short people got no body.
short people got nobody, short people got nobody to love.

They got little baby legs, they stand so low you got to pick 'em up just to say hello. They got little cars that go beep, beep, beep, they got little voices going
peep, peep, peep. They got grubby little fingers and dirty little minds.

they're gonna get you ev'ry time. Well, I don't want no short people,
don't want no short people, don't want no short people 'round

Repeat ad lib. and fade

here.
SIMON SMITH AND THE AMAZING DANCING BEAR

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Moderately fast with a slight swing feel \( j = 140 \)

\( \text{G}\quad \text{D7} \)

\( \text{G}\quad \text{B7}\quad \text{Em}\)

\( \text{A7}\quad \text{D7}\)

Simon Smith and the Amazing Dancing Bear - 6 - 1
PF9808

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I may go out tomorrow if I can borrow a coat.

Oh, I'd step out in style with my sincere smile and my dancing bear. Outrageous, alarming,

Courageous, charming. Oh, who...
_would think_ a boy and bear would be well accepted ev-

'ry where... It's just amazing how fair people can be.

Seen at the nicest places where well fed faces all stop.
to stare?  
Making the grandest entrance is Simon Smith and his dancing bear. They'll love us, won't they?  
They feed us, don't they? Oh, who would think a boy and bear would be so accepted everywhere?  

Simon Smith and the Amazing Dancing Bear - 6 - 4
PF9808
ey when you're funny? The big_

attraction every where will be Simon Smith and his danc-

ing bear. It's Simon Smith and the amaz-ing danc-ing

Much faster

bear.
SONG FOR THE DEAD

Words and Music by
RANDY NEWMAN

Moderately slow \( J = 76 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{D/E Em} & \quad \text{D/E Em} & \quad \text{D/E Em} \\
& & & \\
\text{mp} \quad \text{(sim.)} & \quad \text{mf} \quad \text{mp} & \\
\end{align*}
\]

(with pedal)

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{D/E Em} & \quad \text{D/E Em} & \quad \text{D/E Em} \\
\text{Deep in the field,} & & \text{a} \\
\text{D/G G} & \quad \text{D/G G} & \quad \text{D/E Em} \\
\text{lone soldier stands} & & \text{with mud on his boot} \\
\end{align*}
\]
and blood on his hands...

They left him behind...

to bury the dead...

and to say a few words, on behalf of the leadership.

poco rit.

Par - don me, boys, if I
slip off my pack and sit for a while with you I'd like to explain why you fine young men had to be blown apart to defend this mud hole. Now, our country, boys though it's quite far away, found itself
jeopardized, endangered, boys, by these very gooks who
lie here beside you, forever near. Forever...
We'd like to express our deep admiration for your courage under
delicately
fire, and your willingness to die for your
Country, boys. We won't forget. We won't forget.
YOU CAN LEAVE YOUR HAT ON

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Moderate rock $j = 92$

G5

Bm7

E7

You Can Leave Your Hat On - 6 - 1
PF9808

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(semi-spoken throughout)

Ba-by, take off your coat— real slow.

Ba-by, take off your shoes:— yeah,

I’ll take your shoes.

Ba-by, take off your dress,

Yes, yes, yes.

You can
E7
leave your hat on.
E7/G# You can leave your hat on.
E7/A (ad lib.)

Bm7
You can leave your hat on.
E7

sfz

Go on over there, turn on the light. (ad lib.) No, all the lights.

(sub. ff)

Come back here. Stand on this chair, that's...
right.

Raise your arms up to

the air,

shake 'em.

You give me a reason to live.
You give me a reason to live.
You give me a reason to live.

You give me a reason to live.
Suspicious minds are talking,

try'n' to tear us apart.

They say that my love is wrong.

they don't know what love is.
They don't know what love is.

They don't know what love is.

I know what love is.

Repeat ad lib. and fade
YOU’VE GOT A FRIEND IN ME
from the Motion Picture “Toy Story”

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Easy shuffle \( \text{d} = 108 \) (\( \text{d} = \frac{3}{4} \))

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Eb} & \quad \text{G7/D} & \quad \text{Cm} & \quad \text{B7} & \quad \text{Eb/Bb} & \quad \text{Bb7} \\
& \quad & \quad & \quad & \quad & \quad
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Eb} & \quad \text{D/Bb} & \quad \text{D7/Bb} & \quad \text{D7/Bb} & \quad \text{D7/Bb} & \quad \text{E7} & \quad \text{D/Bb} \\
& \quad & \quad & \quad & \quad & \quad & \quad
\end{align*}
\]

You’ve got a friend in me...
You’ve got a friend in me...

You’ve got a friend in me...
You’ve got a friend in me...

You’ve Got a Friend in Me - 4 - 1
PF9808

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When the road looks rough ahead.

You got troubles, then I got 'em too.

There isn't anything I

warm bed wouldn't do for you.

If we stick together we can see it through 'cause you've

got a friend in me.

Yeah, you've got a friend in me.

got a friend in me.

Yeah, you've got a friend in me.
Now some other folks might be a little bit smarter than I am,

bigger and stronger too. Maybe. But none of them could

ever love you the way I do. It's me and you, boy.

And as the years go by, our friendship will never die...
You're gonna see it's our destiny.

You've got a friend in me.

a tempo

Yeah you've got a friend in me.

You've Got a Friend in Me - 4 - 4

PF9808