MISSUNDAZTOOD

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE
and LINDA PERRY

Medium Pop

I might be the way_ eve-ry-bod-y likes to say. I know what-cha think-ing a-bout.
There might be a day_ eve-ry-thing, it goes my way. Can't you think I know I'm su-per-

me_fly._ There might be a day _you might have a cer-tain way,
I might see a world _in a world in-side of you,

but you don't have my lux-u- ries._ And it's me I know, I know my
then I just might say_good bye._ And it's my name, I know, I say it

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name, 'cause I say it proud, every thing I want I always do. Looking for the loud, 'cause I'm really proud of all the things I used to do. 'Cause it's the right track, always on the wrong track, but wrong track, looking for the right track, and are you catching all these tracks that I'm laying down for you? There's a song I was listening to, up all night, there's a voice I am hearing saying it's all right. When I'm happy I am sad, but (D.S.) I was taken for granted, but
every thing's good.        It's not that complicated, I'm just
it's all good.         'Cause I'll do it again, I'm just

mis - un - der - stood.    mis - un - der - stood. There's a song I was listening to,

up all night, there's a voice I am hearing saying it's all right. When I'm

happy I am sad, but every thing's good. It's not that complicated, I'm just
misunderstood.
Na na na na na na na na.

N.C.
Yeah yeah yeah.

D.S. al Coda
Looking for the

coda
misunderstood. I said I'll do it again. I'm just misunderstood. I said I'll
Every day I fight a war against the mirror,
So doctor, doctor, won't you please prescribe me something.

I can't take the person staring back at me,
A day in the life of someone else,
I'm a hazard to myself.

Don't let me get me,
I'm my own worst enemy.

It's bad when you annoy yourself,
so irritating.
Don't wanna be my friend no more, I wanna be somebody else.

I wanna be somebody else.

Don't let me get me,

I'm my own worst enemy. It's bad when you annoy your...
self, so irritating.

Don't wanna be my friend no more, I wanna be somebody else.

Doctor, doctor, won't you please prescribe me something.

a day in the life of someone else. Don't let me get me.
Solo ends I'm a hazard to myself.

Don't let me get me, I'm my own worst enemy. It's bad when you annoy yourself, so irritating. Don't wanna be my friend no more.

I wanna be somebody else.
I'm lying here on the floor where you left me. I haven't moved from the spot where you left me. This
think I took too much. I'm crying here. All of the other pills, what have you done?
must be a bad trip. I thought it would be fun. I can't stay on your life.
sup-port, there's a short-age in the switch.
I can't stay on your mor-phine, 'cause it's mak-ing me itch.

I said I tried to call the nurse a-gain, but she's being a lit-tle bitch.

I think I'll get out of here, where I can run just as fast as I can.

to the mid-dle of no-where, to the mid-dle of my frus-trat-ed fears. And I
run just as fast as I can to the middle of nowhere.

---

to the middle of my frustrated fears. And I

---

swear, you're just like a pill. 'Stead of making me better, you keep making me ill.

---

Repeat and Fade
Optional Ending

---

you keep making me you keep making me ill
GET THE PARTY STARTED

Moderate Funk
N.C.

I'm

comin' up so you better get this party started.

* Vocal written one octave higher than sung.
Get this par-t-y start-ed on a Sat-ur-day night. Ev-ry-bod-y's
vol-ume, break-in' down to the beat. Cruis-in' through the
recep-tion as I en-ter the room. Ev-ry-bod-y's
wait-in' for me to ar-rive. Send-in' out the mes-sage to all of my friends.
west side we'll be check-in' the scene. Bou-le vard is freak-in' as I'm com-in' up fast.
chill-in' as I set up the groove. Pump-in' up the vol-ume with this brand new beat.
We'll be look-in' flash-y in my Mer-ceds Benz. I get lots of
I'll be burn-in' rub-ber, you'll be kiss-in' my ass. Pull up to the
Ev-ry-bod-y's danc-in' and they're danc-in' for me. I'm your op-er-
sty-le, got my gold dia-mond rings. I can go for miles if you know what I mean.
bump-er, get out of the car. Li-cese plate says "Stunn-er Num-ber One Sup-er-star."
a-tor, you can call any-time. I'll be your con-nec-tion to the par-ty line.
I'm comin' up so you

Better get this party started

I'm comin' up I'm comin' I'm comin'

I'm comin' up so you better get this party started

Pumpin' up the

Get this party

Start ed.
CODA

I'm comin' up so you better get this party started.

Play 3 times

I'm comin' up, uh huh. I'm comin'. I'm comin' up so you better get this party started. Get this party started.
Get this party started right now.

Get this party started.

Get this party started right now.
RESPECT

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE
and LINDA PERRY

Bright Pop

It's my

rap song.

One two three four. I get really sick and tired of

Mirror, mirror on the wall.
Respect

boys up in my face. Pick-up lines like "What's your sign?" won't

dumb, I sure look fine. I can't blame those horny boys,

get you anyplace. When me and all my girls go walking down the street, it

I would make me mine. When I pass you in a club, "Ooh la la," you gasp.

seems we can't go anywhere without a car that goes, "beep beep."

Back up, boy, I ain't your toy or your piece of ass.

Fun

And this body is a priceless piece of loving unconditionally.
yes - a. So Mis - ter Big - stuff, who'd you think you are? You was

think - ing you's gon' get it for free, no no no. Hey la - dies, (Yeah!) let them

know it ain't eas - y. R - E - S - P - E - C - T, let's come to - geth - er.

Sis - ters, (Yeah!) it's time to be greed - y, noth - ing good comes for free.
come one, let's work it out. No free-bies in the limousine, that's not what it's about.

Let them know there's work to do. Give it up, he won't call you. Repeat is just a minimum, go on, girl... and get you some.

D.S. al Coda
(take 2nd ending)

One two three four.
18 WHEELER

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE and DALLAS AUSTIN

Medium Rock

Can't keep me down, can't keep me down...

I say you can't keep me down.

Original key: B major. This edition has been transposed up one half-step to be more playable.
Hey, hey, man, what's your problem? I see you're trying to hurt me bad, don't know what you're up against. Maybe you should shield and sword, 'cause it's time to play the games. You are

reconsider, come up with another plan. 'Cause you beautiful, even though you're not for sure. Don't

know I'm not that kind of girl that'll lay there and let you come first. You can push me out the
window. I'll just get back up. You can run o-ver me with your eigh-teen wheel-er truck and I

won't give a f***. You can hang me like a slave, I'll go un-der-ground. You can run o-ver me

with your eigh-teen wheel-er, but you can't keep me down down down down.

down. You can't keep me down down... you can't keep me down down down.
Can't keep me down, down, uh uh uh. can't keep me down. You can push me out the window.
I'll just get back up. You can run over me with your eighteen wheeler truck and I won't give a pa**. You can hang me like a slave.
I'll go underground. You can run over me
with your eighteen wheeler, but you can't keep me down down down down. Everywhere that I go,

there's someone waiting to chain me. Everything that I pay, there's someone trying to short change me. I am only this way because of what you have made me, and

I'm not gonna break. You can push me out the window, I'll
just get back up. You can run over me with your eighteen wheeler truck and I

won't give a f***. You can run me like a slave. I'll

go under ground. You can run over me with your eighteen wheeler, but you

Repeat and Fade

Optional Ending

can't keep me down. You can push me out the can't keep me down down down down.
FAMILY PORTRAIT

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE
and SCOTT STORCH

Moderately

Cm

Fm

Eb"""

Mama, please stop crying,
Daddy, please stop yelling.

Dm

G

Cm

I can't stand the sound,
I can't stand the sound.

Fm

Eb

Dm

G

Your pain is painful and it's tearing me down,
Make Mama stop crying, 'cause I need you around.

Cm

Fm

I hear glasses breaking as I sit up in my bed.
My mama, she loves you, no matter what she says, it's true.

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I told God you didn't mean those nasty things you said.
I know that she hurts you, but remember. I love you too.

You fight about money.
I ran away today.

and this I come home to,
Don't wanna go back to that place, but don't have no choice, no way.

It ain't easy growing up in World War Three, never knowing what love could be.
You'll But I've
I don't want love to destroy me like it's done my family. Can we work it out, can we be a family? I promise, I'll be better, Mommy, I'll do anything. Can we work it out, can we be a family? I promise, I'll be
better,
Daddy, please don't leave.
In our family portrait

we look pretty happy.
Let's play pretend, let's act like it comes

naturally.
I don't wanna have to split the holidays,
I don't want

two addresses,
I don't want a stepbrother anyway, and I don't want my
mom to have to change her last name. In our family portrait we look pretty happy, we look pretty normal, let's go back to that. In our family portrait we look pretty happy, let's play pretend, act like it comes naturally. In our family portrait we look pretty happy, we look work it out, can we be a family? I promise I'll be
pretty normal, let's go back to that. In our
better, Mom-my, I'll do any-thing. Can we
family portrait we look pretty happy.
work it out, can we be a family? I promise, I'll be

Let's play pretend, act like it comes so nat-urally. In our
better, Dad-dy, please don't leave. Can we
pretty happy, we look pretty normal, let's go back to that.

fam i ly? I promise I'll be bet ter, Dad dy, please don't leave.

Dad dy, don't leave, Dad dy, don't leave,
Dad dy, don't leave, Dad dy, don't leave, turn a round, please.
Remember that the night you left, you took my shining star.
Daddy, don't leave, don't leave, don't leave us here alone.
Mama'll be nicer, I'll be so much better, I'll tell my brother. I won't
spill the milk at dinner. I'll be so much better. I'll do ev-

rything right. I'll be your little girl forever.

I'll go to sleep at night. Oh, oh, oh.

Repeat and Fade
(Vocal ad lib.)

Optional Ending
MISERY

Words and Music by RICHIE SUPA

Medium slow Blues (\( \text{\( \frac{3}{4} \text{ or } \frac{7}{4} \text{ } \)} \))

Shadows are falling all over town, another

night, and these blues got me down. Oh, misery,

I sure could use some company. Since you've been
gone I ain't been the same. I carry the weight like an old ball and
chain. Guess it's all meant to be, for love to cause such
misery. Oh, misery, oh, misery—
Tell me, why does my heart make a fool of me? Seems it's
my destiny
for love to cause me misery.

And oh, I've been down this road before, where the

passion, it turns into pain.
And each time I saw

love walk out the door I swore I'd never get caught up again. But ain't it
true, it takes what it takes.
And sometimes we get too smart.

too late.

One more heartache for me,

another night of misery.
Oh, misery.

Tell me, why does my heart make a fool of me?

Misery, misery.

Tell me,

why, why, why, why, why does my heart make a fool of me?

Seems it's
DEAR DIARY

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE and LINDA PERRY

Am    C    G    Dsus
Am    C    G    Dsus
Am    C    G    Dsus

Dear, dear diary, I wanna tell my secrets.
'Cause you're the only one

G    Dsus    Am    C
Am    C    G    Dsus

that I know will keep them.
Dear, dear diary, I wanna tell my secrets.

Am    C    G    Dsus
Am    C    G    Dsus
Am    C    G    Dsus

I know you'll keep them, so this is what I've done.
I've been a bad, bad girl for so long,
I've been down every road you could go.
I don't know how to change,
I've made some bad choices.

what went wrong,
as you know.
Daddy's little girl,
Seems I've got this whole world

but he went away,
cradled in my hand,
What did it teach me?
but it's just like me

That love leaves, yeah yeah
not to understand.
Dear, dear diary, I wanna tell my secrets.
'Cause you're the only one that I know will keep them. Dear, dear diary, I wanna tell my secrets. I know you'll keep them, so this is what I've done.

I've been a bad, bad girl. Na na na na na na na na na.

Ah.
Na na na na na na na na na.

I learned my lessons young.

I turned myself around.

I've got a guardian angel tattooed on my shoulder.

She's been watching over me.
Dear, dear diary, I wanna tell my secrets.
'Cause you're the only one

that I know will keep them.
Dear, dear diary, I wanna tell my secrets.

I know you'll keep them, so this is what I've done.

I've been a bad, bad girl.
I've been a bad, bad girl.
Eventually

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE
and LINDA PERRY

Slowly, steadily

I'm an opportunity,
and I knock so soft

Sometimes I get loud
when I wish

everybody'd just get off me.
So many players you'd think I
was a board game. It's everyone for themselves, there are no teammates.

This life gets lonely. To win my love, to them a game, when everybody wants some
to watch me live my life in

thing. They'll smile up in your face, when all is done and the glitter fades, fades away,
vain.

but they'll get theirs eventually, and I hope I'm there.
they'll get theirs eventually, and I hope I'm there.
Sur-round-ed by fa-mil-iar fac-es with no names.

None of them know me or

want to share my pain.

They only wish to bask in my light, then fade a-

way.

I drank your poi-son,

’cause you told me it’s wine.

Shame on you if you fooled me once,
shame on me if you fooled me twice.

Cause I didn't know

the price.

You'll get yours eventually.

So what am I to you

if I can't be broken?

You'll get yours,

yes, you'll get yours eventually.
LONELY GIRL

Words and Music by
LINDA PERRY

Moderately slow

I can remember the very first time I cried,
Ly ing awake,
watching the sunlight.

How the wiped my eyes
birds will sing
and buried the pain inside
as I count the rings around my eyes.

All of my memories,
good and bad that's passed,
constantly pushing
the world I know aside.

Original key: A minor. This edition has been transposed up one half-step to be more playable.

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F
take the time, I don't even want to try.
I'm

Bb/D
feel the pain.__
__

Dm
Sur - ing at the cracks in the walls, __ the person I dreamt up
A/E
look - ing for a way to be - come

F
's - cay - ing to an end.__
when I was six - teen

G9
Still I curl up right un - der the bed,
C/G
Oh, noth - ing is e - ver e - nough

Cmaj7/G
'ooh, ba - by, it ain't e - nough, or what it may seem.
C7/G

Dm
'al o - ver a - gain.__
(Do you even know who you are?)
{ I guess I'm trying to find.
I'm still trying to find.

(A borrowed dream or a superstar?)
{ I want to be a star.
Everybody wants to be.

(Is life good to you or is it bad?)
I can't tell anymore.

(Do you even know what you have?)
No.
(Sorry girl,)
Tell a tale for me, 'cause I'm wondering how you really feel.)
I'm a lonely girl, I'll tell a tale for you. 'Cuz I'm just trying to make all my dreams come true.
(Do you even know who you are?)

(A borrowed dream or a superstar?) Oh, I wanted to be a star.

(Is life good to you or is it bad?) I can't tell anymore.

(Do you even know what you have?) I guess not. Oh, I guess not.
(Do you even know who you are?) Oh, I'm trying to find.

(A rising dream or a falling star?) Oh, I have all these dreams.

(Is life good to you or is it bad?) I can't tell anymore.

(Do you even know what you have?) No no.
NUMB

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE and DALLAS AUSTIN

Moderately

No sleep, no sex for you from your ex-girlfriend.
I laid there quiet, watched you have your way with me.

I was too deep, can't let you call me just jump in.
I might have cried, but the tears were silent inside, you see.

At times I would push my feelings aside to let you feel.
You called me names, made me feel like I was dumb.
I'm no - vo - caine, I'm numb and noth - ing's real.
I didn't feel a thing, and now I'm gone, gone, gone.

Like the coldest win - ter I am fro - zen
I was weak before, now you've made me so

Like a bat - tered child I got used to your
from you, but you know it's 'cause

I gave you my all.
my baby. I'm numb.
(Numb. numb, numb.)

But the tears were silent inside, you see.

But the tears were silent inside, you see.

I was weak before, now you've made me so numb I can't feel much for you anymore...
I gave you my all, my baby, I'm numb.
(Numb, numb, numb.)

Say, I was weak before, now you've made me so numb I can't feel
much for you any more.
I gave you my all,
my baby, I'm numb. (Numb, numb, numb.)

So now I'm numb, numb, numb.

Numb.
GONE TO CALIFORNIA

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE
and LINDA PERRY

Slow Pop Ballad

N.C.

I'm going to California

Saxophone solo

to live in the summer sun

hustlers selling sweets

The streets are made of silver

Baby is home crying

I'm like a rabbit on the run

while her mama's on the streets

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Philadelphia freedom,
Everybody's dying,
Going to California

Well, it's not like you've heard,
Have you heard the news today?
To resurrect my soul

City of Brotherly Love,
Woman in north Philly is mourning,
Sun is always shining,
Is full of pain and hurt,
a bullet took another son away,
or at least that's what I'm told.
I'm going to California

to find my pot of gold.
There's a better life for me.

Corruption on every corner
Going to California,
I'll write and tell you what I see.

I'm going to California,
somebody say a prayer for me.
MY VIETNAM

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE
and LINDA PERRY

Moderately

Bm

Dad-dy was a sol-dier.
Ma-ma was a lu-na-tic.

He taught me a-bout free-dorn:
She liked to push my but-tons.

peace and all the
She said I was-n't

great things that we
take ad-va-n-tage of.
good e-nough, but I
guess I was-n't try-ing.

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Once I fed the homeless.

Never liked school that much.

I'll never forget

the look upon their faces as I

But I just wasn't hearing it, because

I thought I was already pretty clever.

This is my

Vietnam,

I'm at war.

Life keeps
on dropping bombs and I keep score.

This is my Vietnam, I'm at war.

They keep on dropping bombs and I keep score.
What do you ex-pect
from me?

What am I not giv-ing you?

What could I do for you to make me o-kay in your

eyes?

This is my Viet-nam,
I'm at
E7(no3rd)  Bm  C#m7b5

__war__

{They keep}  on__drop-ping bombs__  and I__

D  E7(no3rd)  Bm

__keep__  score__

This is my__

C#m7b5  D5  E5  Bm

__Viet-nam__

This is my__

C#m7b5  D5  E5

__Viet-nam__

N.C.