ARE WE ALL WE ARE

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE,
BUTCH WALKER, JOHN HILL
and EMILE HAYNIE

Moderately slow, in 2

C#m7
E
B(add4) (Oh.)

Amaj7
C#m7
E

(Oh.)

(Are we all we are?) (Are we all we are?)

Cut to now: holy
Seventeen seconds, seven

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wow, how did ev'rything become such a hell of a mess?

seconds, that is all the time you've got to make your point.

Maybe now, my attention, my attention's like an infant tryin' to grow, around this joint.

now, can somebody come and take this off my chest?

I know you think it's not your I know we're better than the
prob - lem; mass - es, I know you think that God 'll solve them.

But if your shit is not to - geth - er, it - ll nev - er be you and me. Plant the seed.

O - pen up and let it be. We are the peo - ple that you’ll nev - er get the best of,

not for - get the rest of, rest of. (Oh.) We’ve had our fill, we’ve had e -
nough, we've had it up to here. (Are we all we are?)

We are the people that you'll never get the best of, not forget the rest of,

rest of. (Oh.)

Just sing it loud until the kids'll sing it right back:

(Are we all we are?) (Are we all we are?)

Four: that's how many years it
took me to get through the lesson that I had to do it all on my own. Three: that’s how many Hail Marys they would pray for me, thinking I was gonna end up all alone. Two, for second chances that you’ve given me. Can it be? Lucky me, lucky me. Now let’s go.
One is what we are, is what we are. (Are we all we are?)

We are the people that you'll never get the best of, not forget the rest of, rest of. (Oh.)

We've had our fill, we've had enough, we've had it up to here.
BEAM ME UP

Moderately

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE
and BILLY MANN

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There's a whole 'nother conversation going on
in a parallel universe where nothing breaks and
nothing hurts.

There's a
waltz playing, frozen in time, blades of grass on

tiny bare feet. I look at you, and you’re looking at

me. Could you beam me up?

Give me a minute: I don’t know what I’d say in it;
Saw a black-bird soaring in the sky.

Barely a breath, I caught one last sight. Tell me that was you,

saying goodbye. There are
times I feel the shiver and cold. It only happens when I'm on my own. That's how you tell me I'm not alone.

Could you beam me up? just beam me up.

——

——

——

——

——

——
In my head, I see your baby blues.

I hear your voice,

and I, I break in two, and now there's

one of me with you.
So when I need you, can I send you a sign?

I'll burn a candle and turn off the lights,

I'll pick a star and watch your shine.
Just beam me up.

Give me a minute: I don't know what I'd say in it; I'd probably just stare, happy just to be there, holding your face.

Beam me up.

Let me be light...
I'm tired of being a fighter, I think.

A minute's enough, beam me up.

Beam me up. Beam me up.

Could you beam me up?
BLOW ME
(One Last Kiss)

Driving Dance beat

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE
and GREG KURSTIN

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Eyes on fire, eyes on fire, and the burn from all the tears.
No more sick whiskey dick, no more battles for me.

I've been cry'n', I've been cry'n', I've been dyin' over you.
You'll be call ing a trick, 'cause you'll no long er sleep.

Tie a knot in the rope, try'n' to hold, try'n' to hold.
I'll dress nice, I'll look good, I'll go danc ing al one.

But there's noth ing to grab so I'll take some bod y home.
I think I've fin'ly had enough, I think I may be think too much.

I think this might be it for us. Blow me one last kiss.

You think I'm just too serious, I think you're full of sh**.

My head is spinning, so blow me one last kiss.
G

Just when it can’t get worse, I’ve had a sh** day.

Bm

Have you had a sh** day? We’ve had a sh** day.

C

I think that life’s too short for this, want back my ignorance and bliss.

G

I think I’ve had enough of this. Blow me one last kiss.

To Coda
Blow me one last kiss.

La la la la la la la.

Blow me one last kiss.

La la la la la la.

Blow me one last kiss.

I will do what I please.
an - y - thing that I want. I will breathe, I will breathe, I won’t wor - ry at all.

You will pay for your sins, you’ll be sor - ry, my dear.

All the lies, all the whys will all be crys - tal clear.

Blow me one last kiss. Na na na na na na na na na na.
Bm
Na na na na na na na na.

Em
Na na na na na na na na.

C
Blow me one last kiss,

G
Na na na na na na na na.

Bm
Na na na na na na na na.

Em
Na na na na na na na na.

C
Blow me one last kiss.

G
Just when it can’t get worse,
I've had a sh** day. Have you had a sh** day?

We've had a sh** day. I think that life's too short for this,

I want back my ignorance and bliss. I think I've had enough of this.

Blow me one last kiss.
HERE COMES THE WEEKEND

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE, KHALIL ABDUL RAHMAN, PRANAM INJETI, ERIK ELCOCK, LIZ RODRIQUES and MARSHALL MATHERS

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Moderately fast

F#m   D   A

Here comes, comes the week - end. Hear it call - ing like a

E7/G#   F#m   D

si - ren. (Oh.) We don’t (1.) want no prob - lems. We don’t

A   E7/G#   F#m

like them. Keep it mov - ing.) Here comes the week -

D   A   E7/G#

end. Set off your si - rens. (Oh.)
Here comes the weekend. Set off your senses.

(Oh.) Drink some pink champagne. Big city, I don’t know you yet, but will forget, so get out of my way.

If you know what’s better for you. Let the rum upload until it rains.
I’m tearing up the night, lipstick, and leather tight. Not looking for a fight, no. (Oh.)

High heels and cherry wine, not wasting any time.

We’re ticking like a bomb about to blow. (Oh.) We’re ticking like a bomb about to blow. (Oh.)

D.C. al Coda

CODA
Rap (see Rap Lyrics)

F\#m

D

A

\[ E7/G\# \]

\[ E7/G\# \]

\[ F\#m \]

D

A

E

E7

\[ F\#m \]

D

A


(Rap ends)
(Here comes the weekend.)

Set off your sirens)

(Oh.)

(Oh.)
Here comes the weekend.

Set off your sirens.

E7/G# (Oh.)

Set off your sirens. (Oh.)

Rap Lyrics

Nothing high class in my glass, only bottles of pop.  
The bottles are popped, so when I pop up in the spot  
I’m probably not gonna be wanting to pop bubbly or Ciroc.  
I’m not Puffy, but I’m gonna run the city tonight.

When I hit it I might act like a frickin’ idiot,  
Diddy mixed with a medieval knight.  
Big city lights, little indignity.  
Hot diggety, this biggie is getting me hyped.

I don’t get some liquor, I’ll hurt you,  
I’ll knock your dick in the dirt.  
Bickering worse than that chick in that Snickers commercial.  
A mixture of Stifler and Urkel, hangin’ from the light fixture.

I hope you pricks are insured for this building,  
’Cause we’re tearing it down.  
Security, get out the frickin’ way.  
Jesus Christ, when the blarin’ is loud.  
I swear, only thing I hear is the sound of sirens going,  
Ah, ah, ah, ah. ’Cause...
HOW COME YOU’RE NOT HERE

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE
and GREG KURSTIN

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Moderately fast \( \frac{4}{4} = \frac{2}{2} \)
you're like Santa Claus;
you're like white noise

when I'm on my fa-v'rite song.
Just come on back

bored and she gets carded for beer.
I'm the one:

and come on home.
I'm just as slick.

It ain't super smart
You won't find bet-

—
to leave me alone.
Well, light a flare,

I'm honey-dipped.
There ain't a thing

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pick up the phone. I’m like a stoner babe.

by; without my bong, come home to me. Are you hiding in the closet?

Are you underneath the bed? Did you go for a long walk off a short pier? How come you’re not here?
Should I worry you've been bitten,
or somebody got you high?

Quick, come back

or I might just die.

How come you're not here?
How come you're not here?

Has anyone seen, has anyone seen, has anyone seen

why he's hiding from me? Can anyone see,
F#m7  
F#m6  

— can any one see, can any one see? — Let’s play “Hide and Seek.” Are you hiding in the closet? __________

E  
D.S. al Coda

CODA  

E  

or I might just die.

C#  
F#  
Bm7

Quick, come back

E5  
A/Bb  
A5

or I might just die. __________
Moderately

Em  Bm/D  A/C#  D  G/B  C  G/B

Female: Right from the start you were a thief,

you stole my heart, and I, your willing victim.

let you see the parts of me that weren’t all that pretty, and with

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE, JEFF BHASKER and NATE RUSS

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ev'ry touch, you fixed them. Now you've been talk ing in your

sleep, oh, oh, things you nev er say to me, oh, oh.

Tell me that you've had e nough of our love, our

love. Just give me a rea son, just a lit tle bit's e nough, just a
Em          Bm/D  C  Bm          D7sus
second. We're not broken, just bent, and we can learn to love again.

G          D/F#          Em          Bm/D  C  Bm
It's in the stars. It's been written in the scars on our hearts: we're not broken, just bent.

D7sus          G
and we can learn to love again. Male: I'm

C          Em
sorry, I don't understand where all of this is coming from.

I
thought that we were fine.

Female: (Oh, we had ev'ry-thing.)

head is running wild again. My dear, we still have ev'rything and

it's all in your mind. Female: (Yeah, but this is happen-ing.)

Male:
You've been having real bad dreams, oh, oh, you used to lie so close to
me,

Oh, Both: oh, there's nothing more than empty sheets between our

love,

Male: our love,

Female: (love, our

love.)

Both: Just give me a reason, just a little bit's enough, just a

second. We're not broken, just bent, and we can learn to love again.
Male:  Never stopped: you’re still written in the scars on my heart.  Both:  You’re not broken, just bent,

and we can learn to love again.  Female:  Oh, tear ducts and rust.  Male:  I’ll fix it for us.

We’re collecting dust, but our love’s enough.  Male:  You’re holding it in.

Female:  You’re pouring a drink.  Male:  Now nothing is as bad as
Female: We'll come clean. Both: Just give me a reason, just a little bit's enough, just a second. We're not broken, just bent, and we can learn to love again. It's in the stars. It's been written in the scars on our hearts, that we're not broken, just bent,
and we can learn to love again. Just give me a reason, just a little bit’s enough, just a

second. We’re not broken, just bent, and we can learn to love again.

It’s in the stars. It’s been written in the scars on our hearts,

that we’re not broken, just bent, and we can learn to love again.
Female: Oh,______ we can learn to love a-gain.______ Oh,______

we can learn D7sus to love a-gain.______

that we’re not broKEN, just bent,______ and we can learn to love a-gain.______
I'm not a slut, I just love love!

Tell me something new, 'cause I've heard this. Okay, I'll fuck you.

A little taste test. You'll be my little friend, you'll be my little friend,
you'll be my little friend. And they think we fall in love,

but that's not it. Just wanna get some. Ain't that some shit!

You'll be my little friend, you'll be my little friend, you'll be my little friend.

Yeah,
Yeah, yeah, yeah, I got a little piece of you-hoo.

And it's just like, woo-hoo! Wham, bam, thank you, man.

Woo-hoo! I'm a slut like you.

You say you're looking for a fool, and I'm just like,
They're just our little friend, they're just our little friend,
they're just our little friend. Spoken: Listen, you little fucker: you think you call the shots.

(Huh?)

I just bought you some. Drink up; your ride's gone. This might be fun.

(Nope.)

You're now my little friend, you're now my little friend, you're now my little friend.

D.S. al Coda

CODA

N.C.

Rap: (see Rap Lyrics)
You, male: come now.


I, I’ve got a little piece of you.

and it’s just like, woo. Wham, bam, thank you, man.
Boo hoo. I'm a slut like you. (Yoo hoo.)

Looks like the joke's on (you hoo!) So go home and cry, like

(boo hoo.) I'm a slut like you.

I got a little piece of you fool, And it's just like,

(boo hoo.) I'm a slut like you.
Rap Lyrics

You don’t win a prize with your googly eyes.
I’m not a cracker jack; you can’t go inside unless I
Let you, Jack. Ah, damn,
Fuck, what’s your name again?
THE GREAT ESCAPE

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE and DAN WILLSON

Moderately

Bb Gm7

Bb Gm7

Bb Gm

I can understand how, when the feel like I could wave my fist in

edges are rough and they cut you like they’re tiny slivers of

front of your face and you wouldn’t flinch, or even feel a

glass, thing; and you’ve retreated to your silent corner like you de-

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don't know how long you're gonna last.

cid-ed the fight was over for you.

But ev'ry-one you know is tryin' to

smooth it over, find a way to make the hurt go away.

{But} ev'ry-one you know is tryin' to
smooth it over. like you’re try-in’ to scream under-wa-
ter. But I won’t let you make the

great escape; I’m never gonna watch you checking
out of this place. I’m not gonna lose you, ’cause the
passion and the pain are gonna keep you alive someday,

I keep you alive someday,

they're gonna keep you alive someday.
Oh, terrified of the dark, but not if you go with me.
And I won’t need a pill to make me numb.
And I wrote the book on runnin’, but that
chapter of my life will soon be done.

Ah, I'm the king of the great escape. You're not gonna watch me checking out of this place. You're not gonna lose me, 'cause the
Yeah, the passion and the pain are gonna keep us alive some day.
THE TRUTH ABOUT LOVE

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE, BILLY MANN and DAVID J. SCHULER

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Moderately fast

N.C.

The truth about love comes at three a.m. You wake up fucked up and you grab a pen and you say to yourself, "I'm gonna figure it out; I'm gonna crack that code, gonna break it, break it down. I'm

* Lead vocal written an octave higher than sung.
tired of all these questions, and now it's just annoying, 'cause no one has the answers, so I guess it's up to me to find the truth about love as it comes and it goes, a strange fascination that is lips on toes. Morning breath, bedroom eyes on a smiling face, sheet marks, rugburn and a sugar glaze.
Shock and the awe that can eat you raw. Is this the truth about love (the truth about love)? I think it just may be perfect.

You're the person of my dreams. I've never, ever, ever, ever been this happy, but now something has changed, and the

* Lead vocal written at recorded pitch.
truth about love is, it's all a lie. I thought you were the one, (and) I

Spoken: Oh, you want the truth? The

truth about love is, it's nasty and salty. It's the regret in the morning. It's the

smelling of armpits. It's wings and songs and trees and birds. It's
all the poetry that you ever heard._

Ter-ra coup d’e-tat, life-

line, forget-me-nots; it’s the hunt and the kill, the schemes and the plots._

The

truth about love is, it’s blood and it’s guts, pure-breds and mutts, sandwich-

es without the crust. It takes your breath, ’cause it leaves a scar, but those un-
touched never got, never got very far. It's rage and it's hate and a
sick twist of fate, and that's the truth about love (the truth about love).

Oh, you can lose your breath, and oh, you can shoot
— a gun; and convinced you're the only one that's
ever felt this way before, it hurts inside the hurt within, and it falls together perk y thin, and it's whispered by the angels' lips and it can turn you into a son of a bitch, man. (The
truth, the truth, the truth about love is, truth, the truth, the

couldn't be better

truth about love is... (Truth, the truth, the truth...

I think it just may be the

perfect.

truth about love is... (Truth, the truth, the truth, the

happened.

truth about love is... (Truth, the truth, the truth, the

never, ever, ever, ever,

This love is real.

truth about love is... (Truth, the truth, the truth, the

happened.

truth about love is... (Truth, the truth, the truth, the

happened.

truth about love is... (Truth, the truth, the truth, the

happened.

truth about love is... (Truth, the truth, the truth, the

happened.

truth about love is... (Truth, the truth, the truth, the

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happened.

truth about love is... (Truth, the truth, the truth, the

happened.

truth about love is... (Truth, the truth, the truth, the

happened.
ever been this happy,
truth about love is...

but now something has

changed,
truth about love is...

and the truth about love is, it's

all a lie. I thought you were the one, and I

hate goodbyes.
truth about love is...

(Truth, the truth, the

love, the

truth, and I)

(Truth, the truth, the

love,)

(Truth about love.)
TRUE LOVE

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE,
GREG KURSTIN and LILY ROSE COOPER

Moderately fast

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*Lead vocal written an octave higher than sung.
you push all my buttons down. I know my life would suck without you. (Whoa-oh-oh.)

Ro-mance. (Spoken): You can do it, baby.

At the same time, I wanna hug you,

I wanna wrap my hands around your neck. You’re an asshole, but I love you,

and you make me so mad, I ask myself why I’m still here or where could I go.
You're the only love I've ever known, but I hate you, I really hate you so much, I think it must be true love,
It must be true love.

No one else can break my heart like you.


(I love you.) Think it must be love.
I think it must be love.

Why do you rub me up the wrong way?

Why do you say the things that you say?

Sometimes I wonder how we ever came to be,

but without you I'm incomplete.

Oh, I think it must be...
Sometimes I think that it’s better
to never ask why.

Where there is desire, there is gonna be a
flame. Where there is a flame, someone’s bound to get
burned. But just because it
burns doesn’t mean you’re gonna die; you gotta get up and try and try and try

try, gotta get up and try, and try, and try, gotta get up

and try, and try, and try.

Fun-ny, how the heart can be de-ceiv-ing
Ev-er wor-ry that it might be ru-ined?

And
more than just a cou·ple times,
does it make you wan·na cry?

Why do we fall in love so
When you're out there do·ing what you're
eas·y, do·ing,
e·ven when it's not right?

Tell me, are you just get·ting by,
by, by? Where there is de·

sire, there is gon·na be a flame.
Where there is a flame, some·one's bound to get
burned. But just because it burns doesn’t mean you’re gonna die; you gotta get up...

and try and try and try, gotta get up... and try and try,

try... You gotta get up... and try and try, try, gotta get up...

try, you gotta get up... and try and try, try... You gotta get up...
A

and try and try and try.

Bm
G
D
A

You gotta get up and try and try and try,

Bm
G
D
A5
B5
Bm
G

try, gotta get up and try, try, try.

D
A
Bm
G(b5)
D
A5

Asus
Bm
WALK OF SHAME

Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE and GREG KURSTIN

Moderately fast

One step, two steps, counting tiles on the floor.

Three steps, four steps.

Guess this means that I'm a whore.

Uh oh, hell no,

how long 'til I reach the door.

Fuck me, my feet are sore.
I'm wearing last night's dress, but I look like a hot ass mess,
Okay, now, raise two hands if you've ever been guilty;
although my hair looks good 'cause I haven't slept yet;
and clap, clap, clap it out if you've walked with me.

Make the elevator come a little faster. I'm pushing on the buttons
but nothing's happening. Please, God, don't let anybody see me.
no more bubbles, no more yum. Where’d I get the wrist band?

Tell me there’s no tramp stamp. One, two, three, shoot. No, I know that shit ain’t cute, but

damn it, man, it sure is fun, party ’til the sun wakes up walking.)

I should’n’t have let them take my keys, take my keys. They left me
D.S. al Coda

CODA

I'm doing the walk of shame.

walk-ing.) So walk this way. (We're walk-ing, we're walk-ing.)

walk-ing.) Walk this way. (We're walk-ing, we're walk-ing.)
WHERE DID THE BEAT GO?
Words and Music by ALECIA MOORE, BILLY MANN, STEVE DALY and JON KEEP

Moderately

E

D

E

A5

B5

Em

D

Ba-dup-bup-bum, ba-dup-bup-bum, ba-dup-bup-bum.

I can hear planes flying over my head, just hours before you occupy my bed.

* Recorded a half step lower.
Em

In our darkness we conjured up sunlight.

Em

In our haste, our need, our thirst, we lost our sight.

Em

But I was inspired, tracing the lines on your face,

to the poetry the first time I heard your name. when I trip from your lips
my heart was like a kick drum, and it silenced the guilt. I wasn’t raised to hurt anyone.

Oh, oh, does he know, lying in the afterglow,

that I’m lying, but I can’t go, can’t say no. Make him think he’s crazy.

while his paranoia grows. And what I should be asking,
Where did our love go? Then I wouldn't be bask ing in another man's afterglow. Where's the beat,

Where is the beat?

So how do I justify to the judge and the jury...
Em voices in my head that cause this fury?

Never had to play with

D(add2) matches to start a fire, but it got so cold, and I thought I'd forgotten desire.

Em I was your concubine and your Madonna.

You couldn't see anything beyond your baby's mama. How long is lonely supposed to last?
I was naked and waiting for you to come back.

Oh,

In another man’s after-glow.

There’s a cause and effect, although I took the steps.

I dove off the
bridge, 'cause I had noth-ing left. All I ev-er wanted was you,

D(add2)

and in the ab-sence of you I fell through

Oh, oh, does he know, ly-ing in the af-ter-glow,

that I'm ly-ing, but I can't go, can't say no? Make him think he's cra-zy.
While his paranoia grows, and what he should be asking is, “Where did our love go?” Then I wouldn’t be basking in another man’s afterglow. Where’d the beat, where did the beat go? (Another man’s afterglow.) Where is the beat?
Where did the beat go?
(Where did the love go?)

Where did the beat go?

Where did the love go?

Where did the love go?