SCISSOR SISTERS

All the songs from the album arranged for piano vocal guitar
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1. Laura, can't you give me some time? I've got to give myself one more chance to be the man that I know I am.

2. Freida, can't you spare me a dime? I've got to give myself one more chance to ring the band that I know I'm in.

To be the man that I know I am.
Won't you just tell Cincinnati?

To ring the band that I know I'm in.
Won't you just tell Baby Daddy?

I'm gonna need your love.
Don't you give me your love, why don't he give me his love?

I'm gonna need your love.
Don't you give me your love, why don't he give me his love?

Come

Come
on, come on. Where is your love? Don't you give me your love,

don't you give me your. Come on, come on. Where is your love?

Don't you give me your love, don't you give me your.
This guy don't you give me your. This'll be the last time.
I've never done your hair. Tired of this shit, swear I'm gonna quit. Can't seem to

make enough dough, but my cuttin's on a roll.

I never thought you cared. Seen enough stuff, thought I got rough. Now I know it

ain't so, I gotta live my own. ain't so, I gotta live my own.
TAKE YOUR MAMA

Words and Music by Scott Hoffman and Jason Sellards

\( J = 80 \)

1. When you grow up, liv - in' like a good boy
   2. It's a strug-gle, liv - in' like a good boy

ought-a and your ma - ma takes a shine to her best son, some thing
ought-a in the sum-mer, watch in' all the girls pass by. When your
diff'rent, all the girls they seem to like you
ma-ma heard the way that you'd been talking. 'cause you're
I tried to

hand-some, like to talk and a whole lot of fun. But now your
tell you that all she'd wanna do is cry.
Now we

1. girl is gone a miss-in' and your house has got an empty bed. The folks-ll

won-der 'bout the wed-ding, they won't listen to a word you said. We're gonna
take your ma-ma out all night, yeah, we'll show her what it's all about. We'll get her
jacket up on some cheap champagne, we'll let the good times all roll out. And if the
music ain't good, well it's just too bad, we're gonna sing a long no matter what, because the
dancers don't mind at the New Orleans if you tip 'em and they make a cut.
Do it! Take your ma-ma out all night, so she'll have no doubt that we're doing oh the best we can.

We're gonna do it! Take your ma-ma out all night. You can stay up late 'cause baby you're a full grown man.

End up tak' in' the long way home, lookin' over-dressed, wear ing buck-ets of stale cologne.
It's so hard to see streets on a country road, when your glasses in the garbage and your Continental's just been towed.

We're gonna take your ma-ma out all night, yeah, we'll show her what it's all about.

We'll get her jacked up on some cheap champagne, we'll let the good times roll out.

And if the
music ain't good, well it's just too bad, we're gonna sing along no matter what, because the
dancers don't mind at the New Orleans if you tip 'em and they make a cut.

Do it! Take your mama out all night, so she'll have

no doubt that we're doing oh the best we can...
do it!
Take your ma - ma out all night.
You can stay

_up late 'cause ba - by you're a full grown man.

Guitar and piano solo ad lib.
COMFORTABLY NUMB

Words and Music by George Roger Waters and David Gilmour

\[ \begin{array}{c}
\text{\textbf{A}} \\
\text{\textbf{G}} \\
\text{\textbf{Em}} \\
\text{\textbf{Bm}}
\end{array} \]

Hello (hello, hello, hello), is there anybody in there?

Just nod if you can hear me.
Is there anybody home?

Come on now,
I hear you're feeling down.
Well, I can ease your pain,
and get you on your feet again.
Relax,
I need some information first.
Relax.
Just the basic facts...

Can you show me where it hurts?

There is no pain, you are receding.

A distant ship floats on the horizon.

You're only coming through in waves.
Your lips move, but I can't hear what you're saying.

I was a child, I caught a fever.
I was a child, I caught a fleeting glimpse out of the corner of my eye.

Now I've got that fever once again, I can't explain, you would not understand.
I turned to look, but it was gone, I cannot put my finger on this isn't how I am.

I, I, have been the child is gone, the dream is gone.
stand up, no!
I do believe it's working, uh-huh.

Got ta keep it going through the show, come on, it's time to go.

Got ta keep it going through the show, come on, it's time to go.

Got ta keep it going through the show, come on, it's time to go.
Got-ta keep it go-ing through the show, come on, it's time to go.

I, I, have be-come com-fort-ably numb.
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh.
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh.
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh.
Uh-huh, uh-huh, uh-huh.
I, I, have become comfortably numb.
MARY

Words and Music by Scott Hoffman and Jason Sellards

\[ J = 72 \]

1. I love the tone that's in your laugh, gasping for an extra breath, waiting for the time to pass.

2. I've had it easy now, you see. When I'm down you're always there, standing by to comfort me.
I believe in days ahead.
Some-day we'll go round the world,
Don't spend another night.

-alone,
cross and wishing you were dead.
sublime. I know you're not a travelling girl.

Mary, you shouldn't let 'em make you mad.
You

hold the best you can.
And Mary, after all the pain is gone,
I'm always gonna live to be your man.

Oh,

1.

Oh,
'Cause I'd give ev'rything I have, forget all the things that bring me joy, if you could have one day, pure and simple happiness.

Until that moment comes, I'll be here where I've always been. Gonna be your friend until the day I die.
Mary, you shouldn't let 'em make you mad...
You hold the best, you can...

And Mary, after all the pain is gone,
I'm always gonna live to be your man.

Oh,

Repeat to fade

Oh

Oh
TITS ON THE RADIO

Words and Music by Scott Hoffman, Jason Sellards and Ana Lynch

\[ \text{\textbf{N.G.}} \]

\( J = 112 \)

1. Cream-sicle sky, while the sun sets in the West.
2. Dark room Danny can't see with the lights turned out.

Where are the queers on the piers? Heard they gave it their best.
Black-haired tranny counts sheep with her bed turned down.

\( \text{\textcopyright 2004 EMI Music Publishing Ltd, London WC2H 0QY} \)
Now they got jobs at a local fast food chain. Dark room Danny hears police alarm. Dark room Danny can't see with the lights turned out.

Fame. Flip-pin' tricks for the burger since Lady M jacked their fame. 'Cause you
can't see tits on the radio.

I'll give you five fingers for a one man show.

Fasten those pants for the lap dance.

Take a shot now this may be your last chance. There ain't no tits on the radio.

Oh no, there ain't no tits on the radio. Oh no,
there ain't no tits on the radio.
Oh no, there ain't no tits on the radio.

1.
F

2.
F

'Cause you can't see tits on the radio.
I'll
there ain't no tits on the radio.
Oh no,
give you five fingers for a one man show.

there ain't no tits on the radio.
Oh no,

Fasten those pants for the lap dance.

there ain't no tits on the radio, no, no.

Take a shot now this may be your last chance.
LOVERS IN THE BACKSEAT

Words and Music by Scott Hoffman and Jason Sellards

\[ J = 120 \]

N.C.

With sound effects ad lib.

She's

(1.) qui - et when she's down.
(2.) hap - py when she's proud.

Stran - gers from o - ther towns,
Ar - ten - tion well de - served.

No - where to be found
Ex - u - ber - ant and loud.

on this side
A dis - guise.

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of the scene. Would you like a cigarette?

can he know? How much she needs him now.

Or my hand upon your shoulder?
There's static on the sidelines.

I think we might have met.
Would you like me to come over?
Can you read my thoughts?
May-be it's the right time.

Lovers in the back seat.
Jealous glances, now I'm looking for another song.
on the radio, I'll take you to a side street, in the shadows. You can touch one another now,

and I'll just watch the show.

She's lovers in the back-seat. Jealous glances, now I'm looking for another song
on the radio. I'll take you to a side street, in the shadows. You can

touch one another now, and I'll just watch the show. Lovers in the back-seat.

Lovers in the back-seat.

1. On the radio.  

2. On the radio.  

N.C.
FILTHY/GORGEOUS

Words and Music by Scott Hoffman, Jason Sellards and Ana Lynch

\[ \text{N.C.} \]

[Musical notation]

Spoken: Oh you're so gorgeous.

[Musical notation]

1, 2.

When you're

[Musical notation]
walking down the street, and a man tries to get your business, and the
(2) running from a trick, and you trip on a hit of acid, you gotta

people that you meet want to open you up like Christmas,
work for the man, but your biggest money maker's flacid,

you gotta wrap your fuzzy with a big red bow. Ain't
You gotta keep your shit together with your feet on the ground, ain't

no sum bitch gonna treat me like a ho, I'm a classy, honey, kissy, huggy,
no-one gonna listen if you haven't made a sound. You're an acid junkie, college flunky,
lov - ey, do - vey ghet - to

dirt - y pup - py dad - dy

prin - cess... 'Cause you're

bas - tard...

fil - thy,

fil - thy,

oooh... and I'm... gorgeous.

'Cause you're

gor - geous.

You're dis -

gust - ing,

oooh... and you're nas - ty.

And you can
grab me,  
ooh, 'cause you're nasty.

1.  
N.C.  

When you're

2.  
N.C.  

'Cause you're filthy,  
ooh, and I'm

gorgeous.  

'Cause you're filthy,  
ooh, and I'm
gorgeous.
You're disgusting.
ooh... and you're

nasty.
And you can grab me,
ooh, 'cause you're

nasty.

N.C.
'Cause you're filthy,
ooh... and I'm
gor - geous.
'Cause you're fil - thy,
ooh, and I'm_

You're dis - gust - ing,
ooh, and you're

nas - ty.
And you can grab me,
ooh, 'cause you're

nas - ty.
MUSIC IS THE VICTIM

Words and Music by Scott Hoffman, Jason Sellards and Derek Gruen

\[ j = 160 \]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{F5} \\
\text{F5}
\end{align*}
\]

1. I left my heart in San Franc - is - co.
   It's at some mo - ther-fuck - ing
   where all them girls was do - in'

2. - de - na,

3. N.G.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{F5} \\
\text{F5}
\end{align*}
\]

dis - co.
The peo - ple there was dan - cin' on it,

Ti - na.
Them bit - ches sure was cranked up on it.

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and that's in-chu-ing Ms. Ma-tron-ic.
I said I'd ra-ther smoke some chro-nic.
Hell, if mu-

-sic is the vic-tim then so am I, of lov-in' and a-cheat-in', the snake-
gon' bite... I beg... and I scream... and I cuss... and I cry... If mu-

-sic is the vic-tim than so am I, of your bad fun. Mo-
-ney's all gone but you need some. Lover's on the phone but they

got none. Daddy ain't home from the dog run. And you're rid-

- ing through the city with a shotgun. I left my bag in Pas- shot-gun.

Guitar solo ad lib.
I left my man in Houston,
Tex-ask,
just before he finished breakfast.
He said, "Oh, baby, fry some
more eggs,"
but I was run-nin' on my own two legs.

Yeah if Je-sus has the pow-er than so do I to rise,
up from the dead and take up to the sky. I'm bust-in' for the mo-ney so I

get by, and if mu-sic is the vic-tim than so am I of your
bad fun.   Money's all gone but you need some.   Lover's on the phone but they got none.   Daddy ain't home from the dog run. And you're riding through the city with a shotgun.   Riding through the city with a shotgun.
BETTER LUCK

Words and Music by Scott Hoffman, Jason Sellards and Derek Gruen

\[ J = 100 \]

\[ C^7 \quad C^7/E_b \quad C^7/E \quad C^7 \quad C^7/E_b \quad C^7/E \]

1. I know I'm into you, I don't know what to do. When we talk I feel like I've died twice.
   You tell me that you're mine, aren't you just being kind? Let's not stretch our imagination.

2. Box-ers use their fist, when you look in my eyes, hockey players break their wrist. You always get them butterflies.
   My
break my heart when you try to play nice.  Like a detective without a case, I'll magnify what you say and test the implications. It could be you, or it could disappear, is the binding coming undone? You leave me waiting with impatience.

be through before it even begins. I'm a fish swimming without fins. Your grasp, but I can't tell what you feel, and I'm too afraid to ask you.

Better luck next time, maybe we could have a go with another kind of
love, one that carries on. Better luck next time... Guess I've only one regret, that I didn't get to know you better than I did.
Better luck next time… may-be we could have a
go with an-oth-er kind of love, one that car ries on. Better luck next time. Guess I’ve on-ly one re-
gret, that I did-n’t get to know you bet-ter than I did.

Repeat to fade
Sailing through the tunnels in the morning by yourself,
scrapers rise between us, keeping me from finding you.

There's a very special feeling, true sensation,
If the concrete architecture disappeared.
-tion all is well. If you stand and reach your arms
there'd be so few of us left to na-vi-gate.

out wide, close your eyes and try to fly,
it's an un-

and de-fend our-selves from the tide.
It's an un-

-der-ground illu-sion trick-ing you from side to side.
-der-ground illu-sion trick-ing you from side to side.

We knew all the an-swers and we shout-ed them like an-thems.
There's no in-di-ca-tion of what we were meant to be.
Anxious and suspicious that God knew how much we'd cheated. It can't
Suck-ing up to stran-gers, throw-ing wish-es to the sea.

Come quickly enough. And now you've spent your life waiting for this moment. And when you finally saw it come it passed.

You by and left you so defeated.
come quickly enough. And now you've spent your life wait

-ing for this moment. And when you finally saw it come it passed

you by and left you so de-fear-ed. It can't come quickly enough. And now you've spent
RETURN TO OZ

Words and Music by Scott Hoffman and Jason Sellards

1. Once there was a man who had a little too much time on his hands.
2. See block lyrics

He never stopped to think that he was getting older.
When his
night came to an end he tried to grasp for his last friend and pretend

that he could wish himself health on a four leaf clover. He said is

this the return to Oz? The grass is dead, the gold is brown and the sky has

claws. There's a wind-up man walking round and round. What
Once was Emerald City's now a crystal town.

The wheelies are cutting pavement and the Skeksis at the rave meant to hide.
deep inside their sunken faces and their wild rolling eyes.

But their callous words reveal that they can no longer feel love or sex appeal. The patchwork girl has come to cinch the deal to return to Oz. We've fled the world with smiles and clenching jaws.

Please help me friend from coming down, I've lost my place and now it can't be
found. Is this the return to Oz? The grass is dead, the gold is brown and the sky has

claws. There's a wind-up man walking round and round. What

once was Emerald City's now a crystal town.
Verse 2:
It's three o'clock in the morning.
You get a phone call from the queen
With a hundred heads.
She says they're all dead.
She tried the last one on.
It couldn't speak, fell off.
And now she just wanders the halls
Thinking nothing, nothing at all.

She says is this the return to Oz?
The grass is dead, the gold is brown
And the sky has claws.
There's a wind-up man
Walking round and round.
What once was Emerald City's
Now a crystal town.
SCISSOR SISTERS

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