THEME FROM "THE SIMPSONS"

Music by
DANNY ELFMAN

Moderately fast (\( \frac{d}{2} = 171 \))

\[\text{Score Image}\]

Theme From "The Simpsons" - 4 - 1
0981B

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"THE ITCHY & SCRATCHY & POOCHIE SHOW" THEME

Music and Lyrics by
ALF CLAUSEN, DAVID COHEN,
SAM SIMON and ROBERT ISRAEL

Quickly  \( \frac{J}{J} = 176 \)
N.C.

They fight and bite! And bark! They

fight and fight and bite! And bark! Fight, bite, bark! Woof woof woof! The

Itchy and Scratchy and Poochie Show!
HAIL TO THEE, KAMP KRUSTY

Moderate alma-mater style \( j = 120 \)

Hail to thee, Kamp Krusty, by the shores of Big Snake Lake.

Though your swings are rusty, we know they'll never break.

(Spoken:) Louder! Faster! From your gleaming mess hall to your hallowed baseball field.

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JAY KOGEN, WALLACE WOLODARSKY, AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

\( \text{C} \)  \( \text{F} \)  \( \text{C} \)  \( \text{D7} \)

\( \text{G7} \)  \( \text{C} \)  \( \text{G7} \)

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field, to your spick-’n’-span infirmary where all our wounds are healed.

Hail to thee, Kamp Krusty, below Mount Avalance.
CAPITOL CITY

Music and Lyrics by JEFF MARTIN

Quickly $j = 132$

Easy swing $j = 120$ ($\frac{3}{4}$ with $\frac{3}{8}$-note triplets)

There's a swing-in' town I know called Capitol City.

People stop and scream "Hello" in Capitol City.
It's the kind of place that makes a bum feel like a king,
and it makes a king feel like some nutty, cuckoo super king.

"Look! It's Tony Bennett!"  "Hey! Good to see you!"
It's against the law to frown in

Capitol City.
You'll gape a like a
Fmaj7  Fdim7  Cm9  

stupid clown when you chance to see Fourth Street and D, yeah!

Bbmaj9  Gm9(+5)  Fmaj7/C  Am7  D7(13)

Once you get a whiff of it, you'll never want to roam from

Gm9  Bdim7  C13  Am7  D7(13)

Capitol City, my home, sweet, yeah! Capitol City, that happy-talk city; it's

Gm9  Bdim7  C13  F9  N.C.  

Capitol City, my home, sweet, swing-in' home!

cresc.
CANYONERO

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by DONICK CARY

Fast \( \dot{j} = 102 \)

Verse 1:

1. Can you name the truck with four-wheel drive?

Smells like a steak, seats thirty-five, Canyonero.
Verses 2 & 4:

goes real slow with the hammer down. It's a country-fried truck en-
dorsed by a clown. Canyonero...

To Coda

Canyonero - 5 - 2
0551B
Verse 3:

3. Twelve yards long, two lanes wide,
sixty-five tons of American pride. Canyonero.
Bridge:
C7

Top of the line in utility sports. Unexplained fires are a

C7

matter for the courts. Canyonero.

A7

D.S. & al Coda

4. She
Verse 4:
She blinds everybody with her super highbeam.
She's a squirrel-squashin', deer-smackin' drivin' machine.
Canyonero, Canyonero.
"SCORPIO" END CREDITS

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by KENNETH C. KEELER

Up-tempo spy music \( \text{j} = 152 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Eb} & & \text{Fm} & & \text{Eb/G} & & \text{C#/Eb} & & \text{Adim7} \\
&\text{Eb} & & & & \text{Eb} & & & & \text{Eb/G} \\
&\text{Bb} & & \text{Cm} & & \text{Bb/D} & & \text{E} & & \text{Fm} & & \text{Eb/G} \\
&\text{Bb} & & & & \text{C#/Eb} & & & & & & \\
&\text{Adim7} & & \text{Bb} & & & & & & & & \\
\end{align*}
\]

Scor - pi - o! He'll sting you with his dreams of pow - er and wealth! Be - ware of Scor - pi - o! His twist - ed twin ob - ses - sions are his plot to rule the world and his em - ploy - ees' health! He'll
welcome you into his lair, like the
no - ble - man wel - comed his guest, with
free den - tal care and a stock plan that helps you in -
vest... But be
ware of his generous pensions, plus three weeks paid vacation each year. And, on

Fridays, the lunch-room serves hot dogs and burgers and beer! He

loves German beer!
DO THE BARTMAN

Music and Lyrics by
BRYAN LOREN

Moderate Hip-Hop

with Figure A

1. Yo! Hey, what's happenin' dude?
   I'm a guy with a rep for bein' rude.
   Terrorizin' people wherever I go,
   It's not intentional, just keepin' the flow.
   Fixin' test scores to get the best scores,
   Droppin' banana peels all over the floor.
   I'm the kid that made delinquency an art,
   Last name: Simpson, first name: Bart.
Am7/D

D9

with Figure B1

I'm here today to introduce the next phase,
The next step in the big Bart plays.
I got a dance real easy to do,
I learned it with no rhythm, and so can you.
So move your body if you got the notion,
Front to back in a rock-like motion.
Now that you got it, if you think you can,
Do it to the music—that's the Bartman.

Chorus
A9

G

Ev-ery-bod-y, if you can, do the Bart-man,
shake your bod-y, turn it out, if you can, man.
Front to back, to the side, yes you can can, every-body in the house do the Bart-man.

Ev-ery-bod-y, if you can, do the Bart-man, shake your bod-y, turn it out, if you can, man.

Front to back, to the side, yes you can can, every-body in the house do the Bart-man.

with Figure A

2. It wasn't long ago—just a couple of weeks,
I got in trouble, yeah, pretty deep.
Homer was yellin', Mom was too,
Because I put moth balls in the beef stew.
Punishment time, in the air lurks gloom,
Sittin' by myself, confined to my room.
When all else fails, nothin' left to do,
I turn on the music so I can feel the groove.
Move your body, if you got the notion, front to back in a rock-like motion.

Move your hips from side to side now, don't-cha slip, let your feet glide now.

If you got the groove, you gotta use it, rap rhythm in time with the music.

You just might start a chain reaction.

(Spoken): If you can do the Bart you're bad like Michael Jackson.
Do the Bartman.
Do the Bartman.
Do the Bartman.

with Figure C

Do the Bartman,
Everybody back and forth and side to side.
Do the Bartman,
Pick your feet up off the floor, let 'em glide.
Do the Bartman,
She can do it, you can do it, so can I.
Do the Bartman,
Now here's a dance beat that you can't deny.

Figure D

A7+9

Now I end in the house feelin' good to be home,
Till Lisa starts blowin' that damn saxophone.
And if it was mine, you know they'd take it away,
But still I'm feelin' good, so that's O.K.
I'm up in my room just a singin' a song,
Listen to the kickdrum kickin' along.
Yeah, Lisa likes Jazz, she's your number one fan,
But I know I'm Bart 'cause I do the Bartman.

To Chorus (with cue notes)
To Figure B2
To Chorus (add figure B2)

Tacet: Do the Bartman!
BABY ON BOARD

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF MARTIN, SHELBY GRIMM,
HARRY CAMPBELL, GEORGE ECONOMOU
and DANNY JORDAN

Dixieland swing \( \text{\( \text{\( \frac{3}{2} \frac{3}{2} \)} \)} \)

E7/B

A7

E7/B

A7

Dm

A7

Dm

A7

"BABY ON BOARD"

how I've adored that

sign on my car's window pane.
The bounce in my step,
loaded with pep 'cause I'm driving in the
car pool lane.

Call me a square; friend, I don't care...
That little yellow sign can't be ignored. I'm telling you it's mighty nice; each trip's a trip to paradise with my baby on board.

Chords:
- Dm
- A7
- Dm
- F
- Fmaj7
- C
- B7
- Gm/Bb
- A7
- Dm7
- Dm7/G
- G+
- C
- G+
- C
THE AMENDMENT SONG

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JOHN SWARTZWELDER

Memphis rock feel $J = 120$

KID:

Hey! Who left all this garbage on the steps of Congress?

SINGER:

I'm not garbage!

I'm an amendment to be... yes, an amendment to be... and I'm...
hoping that they'll ratify me. There's a

lot of flag-burners who have got too much freedom. I

want to make it legal for policemen to beat 'em, 'cause there's

limits to our liberties. Least I hope and pray—
Well, why can’t we just make a law against flag-burning? Because that law would be unconstitutional.

But, if we changed the Constitution... Then we could make all sorts of crazy laws! Now you’re catching on!

What the hell is this? It’s one of those campy ’70s throwbacks that appeals to Generation X-ers!
We need another Vietnam to thin out their ranks a little!

What if people say you're not good enough to be in the

Constitution?

Then I'll crush all opposition to me, and I'll make Ted Ken-

needy pay. If he fights back, I'll say that he's gay!

Good news, amendment! They ratified ya! You're in the U.S. Constitution!

Oh, yeah! Door's open, boys!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LISA

Moderate 16th-note shuffle  \( \frac{J = 76}{4} \) \( \frac{J = 3}{2} \)

Verse:

Cmaj9  Bmaj9  Cmaj9  Bmaj9

1. Lisa, it's your birthday; God bless you this day. You
(2.) wish you love and good will; I wish you praise and joy.

Cmaj9  Bmaj9  Cmaj9  Bmaj9  Cmaj9  Bmaj9  Cmaj9

gave me the gift of a little sister, and I'm proud of you today.

Wish you better than your heart desires and your first kiss from a boy.

Happy Birthday, Lisa - 2 - 1
05518

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Chorus:
Cmaj9   Bbmaj9   Cmaj9   Bbmaj9

Lisa, it's your birthday! Happy Birthday, Lisa!

mf

Cmaj9   Bbmaj9   Cmaj9   Bbmaj9

Lisa, it's your birthday! Happy Birthday, Lisa! 2. I

dim.

2.
Cmaj9   Bbmaj9   Cmaj9   N.C.

Happy Birthday, Lisa! Yeah!

mP (Percussion fill)
UNION STRIKE FOLK SONG

Music and Lyrics by
JEFF MARTIN, JAY KOGEN
and WALLACE WOLODARSKY

Moderately fast $j = 158$

Come gather 'round, children, it's high time ye learned...

'bout a hero named Homer and a devil named Burns.

We'll march till we drop, the simile
girls and the fellas. We'll fight till the death or else
fold like umbrellas.
So we'll march day and
night by the big cooling tower.
They have the plant, but we have the power.
TALKIN' SOFTBALL

Music and Lyrics by TERRY CASHMAN

Well,

Verse:
Mister Burns had done it. The power plant had won it, with

Roger Clemens cluck-ing all the while. Mike

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Am
Am(maj7)
Am7
D7

Sci - osa's trag - ic ill - ness made us smile, while

D7
Am7
Ddim7
D7

Wade Boggs lay un - con - cious on the bar - room tile — We’re talk - in’

Chorus:
G
Gdim7
Am
D7

soft - ball, from Maine to San Di - e - go. Talk - in’

G
Gdim7
Am
D7

soft - ball; Matt - ing - ly and Can - se - co. Ken

Talkin' Softball - 3 - 2
05518
Griffey's grotesquely swollen jaw;

Sax and his run-ins with the law. We're talkin' Homer,

Ozzie and the Straw. We're talkin'

Repeat and fade
YOUR WIFE DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU

Music and Lyrics by JEFF MARTIN

Easy country swing \( J = 152 \) (\( J = \frac{3}{4} \))

You

work all day for some old man, sweat and break your back,

then you go home to your castle, but your
queen won't cut you slack.
That's why you're los - in' all

your hair;
that's why your o - ver - weight.
That's

why you flipped your pick-up truck,
right off the In - ter - state.

There's a lot of bull they hand you;
there's noth-in' you can
do.
Your wife don't understand you, but I do.

No, your wife don't understand you, but I do.

I do.
I said no one understands.

— you, but I do.
BAGGED ME A HOMER

Music and Lyrics by
BEVERLY D'ANGELO
and JEFF D'ANGELO

Bright country two-beat \( \dot{\text{j}} = 152 \)

E

Oh, the bases were empty on the diamond of my heart when the coach called me up to the
I'd been swingin' and missin' and lovin' and kissin'; my average was point double eight. So I

spit on my hands, knocked the dirt from my spikes, and
pointed right toward center field

This time, I'm hit-tin' a home run

This time, love is for real. I'll

slide, I'll steal, I'll sac - ri - fice; I'll
lob and fly for you. I've been
slumpin' all season, but now I've found a reason; I've
struck on a love that is true.
used to play the field;
used to be a roamer.

But the season's turnin' 'round for me now:

I fin'ly bagged me a homer. That's right! I fin'ly bagged me a homer.
DEEP, DEEP TROUBLE

Music and Lyrics by
MATT GROENING and JEFF TOWNES

Well, you're damned if you do.
(What are we talking about?)
Well, you're damned if you do.
(Where's your sense of humor?)
Well, you're damned if you do.
And you're damned if you don't.

Moderate Rap

Figure A

No Chord

with Figure A

I. Let me start at the start, then take it away,
My name is Simpson, Bartholomew T.
That's Bart with an Art and a capital B.,
Then Simp plus S-O-N, that's me.
Introductions aside, let's move right along,
You can all sing along at the sound of the gong.
Once upon a time, about a week ago,
All of a sudden trouble started to grow.
Alarm was buzzin', I was snoozin',
S'pose to get up now, but I was refusin',
To let reality become an intrusion,
'Cause in dreamy Dreamland, I was cruisin'.
But the buzz kept buzzin', my head kept fuzzin',
Gave the radio a throw and heard an explosion.
Opened up my eyes, to my surprise,
There stood Homer and his temperature rise.
I was chillin', he was yellin',
Face all distorted 'cause he was propellin'.
It wasn't what he said but more of his tone,
The usual jive, put your hose to the grindstone.
I said, I'm real sorry, but that didn't cut it,
I started to protest but Dad said, "Shut it,
Get up, mow the lawn, move it, on the double,
'Cause if you don't, you're in deep, deep trouble."

(To Chorus)

Chorus:

You wanted to
The yard begins to
No need to
Nothin'

snuggle,
bubbly,
struggling,
stubble,

Deep, deep

Deep, Deep Trouble - 4 - 2
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2. So I'm in the front yard, mowin' like crazy,
Sweatin' like a pig and the sun is blazey.
Homer's in the driveway, gettin' in the car
With Mom and Lisa; hope they're goin' real far.
Then Dad yells: "Bart!" And I go: "Yo!"
He goes: "Ya done yet?" and I go: "No."
He goes: "Oh, you're too slow."
So I step on the gas to speed up the mow.
Didn't see that sprinkler underneath that tree,
Clank, grind, BOOM! Water's rainin' on me.
I go "Whoa!" Homer goes "D'oh!"
"Now you can't go to the boat show."
This is my thanks after working my butt off?
Homer revs the motor and they all start to put off.
Soaked to the bone, standin' in a puddle,
No one needs to tell me I'm in deep, deep trouble.

(To Chorus)

3. As soon as they're gone, I'm stretched on the lawn,
Lookin' at the sky with my sunshades on.
Now I've never ever claimed that I was a smarty,
But inspiration hits me: Let's have a party!
Called up my posse, they were here in a flash,
They brought all their pals, we started to thrash.
There was rompin' and stompin', an occasional crash,
A fistfight or two, and Nintendo for cash.
We raided the fridge, dogs raided the trash,
I got a little worried when the windows got smashed.
The next thing you know, Mom and Dad are home,
The kids disappear and I'm all alone.
Everything's silent except for my moan,
And the low bluesy tone of a saxophone.
They look at me, then they go into a huddle,
Get the sinkin' sensation I'm in deep, deep trouble.
4. There's a little epilogue to my tale of sadness,
I was dragged down the street by His Royal Dadness.
We rounded the corner and came to a stop,
Threw me inside Jake's Barber Shop.
I said, "Please, sir, just a little off the top,"
Dude shaved me bare, gave me a lollipop.
So on my head there's nothing but stubble,
Man, I hate being in deep, deep trouble.

(To Chorus)
WE PUT THE SPRING IN SPRINGFIELD

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by KENNETH C. KEELER

Moderately, with freedom

**HOMER:**

F Gm/F F Gm/F F Gm/F F Em7 A7

You could close down Moe's or the Kwik-E-Mart, and nobody would care; but the

D G/D D G/D D G7 C7 Cdim7 C7

heart and soul of Springfield's in our Maison Derrière!

Bright Dixieland tempo \( \downarrow = 112 \)

C7 Cdim7 C7 Cdim7 C7 Cdim7 C7 N.C.

**BELLE:**

We're the
sauce on your steak; we're the cheese in your cake.

We put the spring in Springfield! We're the

lace on the nightgown, the point after touchdown. Yes,

we put the spring in Springfield! We're that

We Put the Spring in Springfield - 6 - 2
little extra spice that makes existence extra nice; a

giddy little thrill at a reasonable price. Our

only major quarrel's with your total lack of morals. Our

skimpy costumes ain't so bad; they seem to entertain your dad!
BELLE AND DANCERS:

The

gin in your martini, the clams on your linguini; yes.

SPRING SOUND: N.C. TOWNSMEN:

we put the (boing!) in Springfield! We re

member our first visit; the service was exquisite.

MRS. QUIMBY:

Why,
C7sus  N.C.  C7  F7  N.C.  C7  F7
QUIMBY:  N.C.  GRANDPA AND JASPER:

Joseph, I had no idea! Come on, now! You were working here! With

out it, we'd have had no fun since March of Nineteen sixty one! To

G7  N.C.  G9  C
JIMBO, DOLPH AND KEARNEY:

shut them down now would be twisted! We just heard this

A little slower (broadway-chorus style) (J = 92)

Bb/C  Cdim7  C7  D17
BELLE AND DANCERS:

place existed!

We're the

molto rit.
high-lights in your hair-do, the extra arms on Vish-nu! So don't take the...

We won't take the...

let's keep the in Springfield!

We Put the Spring in Springfield - 6 - 6
0551B
WHO NEEDS THE KWIK-E-MART?

Freely, in two

APU:

Whether igloo, hut, or lean-to, or a geodesic dome, there's no

structure I have been to which I'd rather call my home.

Bright two-beat $J = 112$

N.C.

When I first arrived, you were all such jerks, but now I've come to

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love your quirks.
Maggie with her eyes so bright:

Marge with hair by Frank Lloyd Wright.
Lisa can philosophize;

Bart's adept at spinning lies.
Homer's a delightful fellow;

HOMER:
sorry 'bout the salmonella!
Heh heh... That's OK!
Who needs the Kwik-E-Mart? Now here's the tricky part:

Who needs the Kwik-E-Mart? Their floors are sticky mart!

They made Dad sick-y mart. Let's hurl a brick-y mart!
HOMER:
The Kwik-E-Mart is real... doh!

Who

APU:
needs the Kwik-E-Mart?

Not

OTHERS:
Forgot the Kwik-E-Mart! Good-bye to Kwik-E-Mart!

Who needs the Kwik-E-Mart?.. Not me!
SEÑOR BURNS

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by BILL OAKLEY and JOSH WEINSTEIN

Spirited Latin groove \( \cdot = 104 \)

Verse:

1. Wounds won't last long, but an insulting song Burns will
always carry with him. So, I'll settle my score on the salsa floor with this

vengeful Latin rhythm...end solo)

Chorus:

Burns!
D9\(\text{b} 5\)
C7\(\text{b} 9\)
Fm7
Bb7
\[\text{die... and fry... in...}\]

D9\(\text{b} 5\)
C7\(\text{b} 9\)
Fm7
Bb7
Di9
\[\text{hell... you rot... ten, rich...}\]

C7\(\text{b} 9\)
Fm7
Bb7
\[\text{old wretch!...}\]

1.
Gm7\(\text{b} 5\)
C7\(\text{b} 9\)
\[\text{...}\\]

2.
Gm7\(\text{b} 5\)
C7\(\text{b} 9\)
Fm
N.C.
C7\(\text{b} 9\)
Fm
\[\text{A-dios, viciojo!}...\]
WE DO
(The Stonecutters' Song)

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JOHN SWARTZWELDER

March tempo $J = 116$

F\textsubscript{dim}

D/C

F\textsubscript{dim}

D/C

Who controls the British crown? Who keeps the metric system down?

C\sharp

C\sharp/B

F\textsubscript{dim}/A

C\sharp/G\flat

C\sharp7

We do!

We do!
Who keeps Atlantis off the maps? Who keeps the martians under wraps?

We do! We do!

Who holds back the electric car?

Who makes Steve Gutenberg a star?
We do! We do!

Who robs cave fish of their sight? Who rigs ev'ry Oscar night?

We do! We do!

Who robs cave fish of their sight? Who rigs ev'ry Oscar night?

We do! We do!
DR. ZAIUS

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JACK BARTH

Rap \( j = 92 \)

APE:

TROY:

Help! The hu-man's a-bout to es-cape!
Get your paws off me, you_ dirt - y ape!

APE:

ELDER APES:

TROY:

(Gasp!) He can talk! He can talk, he can talk, he can talk, he can talk, he can talk, he can talk!
I can

NURSE APE:

ELDER APES:

sing!

Ooh! Help_ me, Doc-tor Zai-us!

Dr. Zaius, Doc-tor Zai-us!
Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!

Dr. Zaius - 3 - 1
0551B

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Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!     Oh,     Doc-tor Zai-us!  
(Doctor Zai-us, Doctor Zai-us!)

What's wrong with me?  I think you're crazy!
Want a second opinion!
You're also lazy!

Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!
Doc-tor Zai-us, Zai-us!
Doc-tor

Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!     Oh,     Doc-tor Zai-us!
(Doctor Zai-us, Doctor Zai-us!)
CHIMPAN A TO CHIMPAN Z

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by JACK BARTH

Easy swing  \( \frac{J = 132}{(3 \frac{3}{8})} \)

I hate ev'ry ape I see, from Chim-pan A to Chim-pan Z. No, you'll never make a monkey out of me. Oh my
God! I was wrong! It was Earth all along! You've

finally made a monkey, (Yes, we've finally made a monkey,) yes, you've

finally made a monkey out of me.

Freely

I love you, Doctor Zai-us!
MINIMUM WAGE NANNY

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

Moderately $j = 120$

N.C.

LISA:
If you want to be our sit-ter,
please be sweet and

G    D    G    D/F♯


BART:

Might I add:

B♭7(5)    A7

eat my shorts! Bart!

If Mag-gie's fuss-y, don't a-void her.

Just cuttin' through the treacle!

Minimum Wage Nanny - 2 - 1
0551B

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Let me get away with mo-der! Teach us songs and mag-ic tricks.

HOMER: Might I add: no fat chicks! Ho-mer! The nan-ny we want is

kind-ly and sage. And one who will work for min-i-mum wage. Hur-ry, nan-ny,

GRANDPA: N.C.

things are grim. I'll do it! An-y-one but him!

BART AND LISA:
CUT EVERY CORNER

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

Brightly \( j = 112 \)

N.C.

SHARY:

\( F/C \)

\( Fdim7/C \)

If there's a task that must be done, don't

\( Gm7/C \)

\( Cdim7 \)

N.C. \( G7/C \)

N.C. \( G7 \)

N.C.

turn your tail and run; don't pout, don't sob, just

\( C7 \)

\( B7 \)

\( Gm7 \)

\( Cdim7 \)

\( C7 \)

\( Am7 \)

\( Al\dim7 \)

do a half-assed job.

If you

\( rit. \)
Cut every corner, it is really not so bad. Everybody does it, even Mom and Dad. If nobody sees it, then nobody gets mad.
It's the American way!
lice-man on the beat needs some time to rest his feet.

WIGGUM:

Fighting crime is not my cup of tea.

SHARY:

And the clerk who runs the store can charge a little more for

Tempo rubato

meat for meat and milk and milk from

N.C.  APU:

N.C.

Cdim7  N.C.
SHARY:

nine
ten
eight
y
four.

If you

rit.

cut
ev
er
cor
ner,
you'll have
more time for
play.

a tempo

LISA, BART, MARGE, HOMER:

It's
the Amer
ican

cresc. poco a poco

way!

N.C.
A BOOZEHOUND NAMED BARNEY

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

* Slowly
N.C.

SHARY:

In front of a tavern,

(with pedal)

flat on his face, a booze-hound named Barney is pleading his case.

Moderately \( J = 104 \)

BARNEY:

Buy me a beer, two bucks a glass.

*Originally recorded in E\text{\textasciitilde}s minor.
Come on, help me, I'm freezing my ass.

Buy me brandy, a snifter of wine.

Who am I kidding? I'll drink turpentine.

Move it, ya drunk, or I'll blast your rear end.
BARNEY:
I found two bucks! Then come in, my friend.

SHARY:
And

MOE:

so,
let us leave on this heart-warming

BART:
scene.
Can I be a boozehound?

HOMER:
Not

till your fifteen.
HAPPY JUST THE WAY WE ARE

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

Brightly  \( j = 126 \)

HOMER:

A-round the house, I nev-er lift a fin-ger.

As a hus-band and fa-ther, I'm sub-par.

rat-her drink a beer than win Fa-ther Of The Year.

Happy Just the Way We Are - 4 - 1

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happ
ty with things the way they are. Lisa: I'm getting

BART:
used to never getting noticed.

MARGE:
stuck here till I can steal a car.
The

LISA AND BART:
house is still a mess, and I'm going bald from stress, but we're

Happy Just the Way We Are - 4 - 2
Happy just the way we are.

Happy just the way we are.

FLANDERS:

They're not

per-fect, but the Lord says "Love thy neigh-bor."

Shut up,

SHARY:

Don't

Flan-ders!

O-ke-ly, do-ke-ly, do.
think it's sour grapes, but you're all a bunch of apes. And
so, I must be leaving
cresc.
you.
cresc. poco a poco
N.C.
YOU'RE CHECKIN' IN

Music by ALF CLAUSEN
Lyrics by KENNETH C. KEELER

Bright waltz, in one \( \frac{3}{4} = 72 \)

JUROR/WOMAN:

He's

guilty of mayhem, exposure indecent!

JUROR/MAN:

Freaked-out behavior, both chronic and recent!
JURORS/ALL:

Drink ing and driv ing, narcot ics pos ses - sion! And

that's just page one of his ten page confes sion!

JUDGE:

I should put you a way where you can't kill or maim us. But

this is L. A., and you're rich and fa mous!
STAFF AND PATIENTS:

He's check-in' in!

DOCTOR:

No more looking pale and thin. No more bugs beneath your skin.

MR. CLEARY:

Hey! That's just my aspirin! Check it out!

STAFF AND PATIENTS:

You're check-in' in!
When I grow up, I wanna be in the Betty Ford Center!

Better start saving now, it's very expensive!

Shh! They're strapping down Liza Minnelli!

You're Checkin' In - 5 - 5
0551B