SOUTH PARK: BIGGER, LONGER & UNCUT
MUSIC FROM THE MOTION PICTURE
PIANO * VOCAL * GUITAR

SOUTH PARK: BIGGER, LONGER & UNCUT
MUSIC FROM THE MOTION PICTURE

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MOUNTAIN TOWN

Words and Music by TREY PARKER and MARC SHAIMAN

Moderately slow, in 2

F7sus

C#m7

Stan: There's a bunch of birds in the sky

B

C#m/B

B

and some deers just went running by.

C#m/B

B

F7

B

Em/G

B/F#

F7/E

B/D#

E7dim7

Oh, the snow's pure and white on the earth rich and brown.
Just another Sunday morning in my quiet mountain town.

The sun is shining and the grass is green, under the three feet of snow, I mean. This is a day when it's hard to wear a frown.

All the happy people stop to say hel-
lo (Man: Get out of my way.) even though the temp - 'a-ture's low. It's a per - fect Sun - day

morning in my qui - et lit - tle moun - tain town.

Stan's Mom: Oh, what a pic - ture - per - fect child.

Just like Je - sus, he's ten - der and mild; he'd wear a smile while he
wore a thorny crown.
What an angel, with a

heart so sweet and sure,
and a mind so open and

pure.
Thank God we live in this quiet redneck

mountain town.
Stan: You can
see your breath hanging in the air. You see homeless people but you just don't care. It's a sea of smiles in which we'd be glad to drown.

Kenny: Mmhp.

Stan: That's right! It's Sunday morning in our
quiet little white bread, red neck mountain town.

Kyle's Mom: Look at those frail and fragile boys; it really gets me down. The world is such a rotten place and city life's a complete disgrace. That's
why I moved to this red-neck me-schu-gen-nah quiet mountain
town.

Gradually faster

Boys: Off to the movies we shall go, where we learn ev-ry-thing that we know 'cause the
movies teach us what our par-ents don't have time to say.

And this movie's gon-na
Em7
make our lives complete,

D    G6/D  D    F♯7/C♯
'cause Terrence and Phillip are sweet.

Bm  Em7  Asus
Thank God we live in the quiet little red-neck, podunk (Carman: Super sweet.)

Em7  A7♭9  D
white trash (Kenny: Kick-ass!) Boys: U.

S.  A.

Eb(♯11)  A7sus  D  N.C.

ff  8vb

8vb
UNCLE FUCKA

Words and Music by TREY PARKER

As fast as possible

F  Dm7  Bb(b5)  A+  Ab7  G  C

Terrance: Shut your fuck - ing

Phillip: Shut your fuck - ing

E+  F  C

face, un - cle fuck - a.

face, un - cle fuck - a.

You're a cock - suck - ing, ass

You're the one that fucked your

E+  F  G

lick - ing un - cle fuck - a.

uncle, un - cle fuck - a.

You're an un - cle fuck - er;

You don't eat nor sleep or

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yes, it's true, nobody fucks uncles quite like you. all day long.

(Fart with feeling)

Spoken: Hm. Flatulence:
Guard: What's going on here?

Flatulence:
All: Uncle fuck-a.

uncle fuck-a uncle fuck-a, uncle fuck-a.

Both: Shut your fucking face uncle fuck-a. (Uncle fuck-a.) You're a
Bon-er bit-ing bas-tard, un-cle fuck-a. Terrance: You’re an un-cle fuck-er,

Phillip:
I must say. We fucked your un-cle yes-ter-day. Both: Un-cle fuck-a.

That’s, U-N-C-L-E. Fuck you, un-cle

Too right! Terrance: Suck my balls.
Mr. Mackey: There are times when you get sucked in by drugs and alcohol and sex with women, mmmkay, but it's when you do these things too much that you've become an addict and must get back in touch.
Moderately in 2

You can do it. It's all up to you, mmm... kay.

With a little plan you can change your life today.

You don't have to spend your life addicted to smack, home-less on the streets giving hand jobs for crack.

Follow my plan and very soon you will say it's easy, mmm...
kay.

Step one: instead of “ass,” say “buns,” like

“kiss my buns,” or “you’re a buns hole.” Step two: instead of “shit” say “poo,” as in

“bull-poo,” “poo-head,” and “this poo is cold.” Step three: with “bitch,” drop the t, ’cause

“bic” is Latin for “generosity.” Step four: don’t say “fuck” anymore, ’cause
"fuck" is the worst word that you can say, so just use the word "mmm-kay."

Kids: We can do it, it's all up to us mmm-kay.
Mr. Mackey: (Mmm-kay.)

With a little plan we can change our lives to-day.
Mr. Mackey: (You can change 'em to-day.)
We don't

have to spend our lives shooting up in the trash, home-less on the streets giving hand jobs for cash.
Follow this plan, and very soon you will say it's easy, mmm-

Mr. Mackey: Step one: Boy: like,
Girl: instead of "ass," say "buns,"

kay.

"kiss my buns," Girl: or "you're a buns hole." Mr. Mackey: Step two:
Kids: instead of "shit" say "poo,"

Boy: and "this poo is cold."

"bull-poo," Stan: "poo-head,"

Mr. Mackey: Step three: Kids: with "bitch," drop the "i" 'cause
"bic" is Latin for "generosity." Mr. Mackey: Step four: Kids: don't say "fuck" anymore, 'cause

All: "fuck" is the worst word that you can say Kids: ("Fuck" is the worst word that you can say.) We

shouldn't say "fuck" no we shouldn't say "fuck," fuck no! You're cured! You can go! All: We don't

have to spend our lives shoot-ing up in the trash, home-less on the streets giv-ing hand jobs for cash.
Follow this plan and very soon, you will say

Mr. Mackey: It's easy, mmm-kay.

Kids: (It's easy, mmm-kay.)

It's easy, mmm-kay.

(It's easy, mmm-kay.)

It's easy, mmm-kay.

(It's easy, mmm-kay.)

Mr. Mackey: Mmm-kay, Mmm-kay, Mmm-kay.

(Sound of laughing)
BLAME CANADA

Words and Music by TREY PARKER
and MARC SHAIMAN

Fast March tempo

Gm

Kyle's Mom: Times have changed;
our kids are getting worse.

They

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won't obey their parents; they just want to fart and curse.

Stan's Mom: Should we blame the government? Cartman's Mom: or

blame society? Men: Or should we blame the images on TV?

Kyle's Mom: No! Blame
Can - a - da.

Kyle's Mom: with all their head - y lit - tle eyes, and flap - ping

heads so full of lies. All: Blame Can - a - da.

Blame Can - a - da. Kyle's Mom: We need to
form a full assault; All: it's Canada's fault.

Stan's Mom: Don't blame me for my son,

Stan. He saw that darn cartoon, and now he's

off to join the Klan. Cartman's Mom: And my boy Eric once had my
picture on his shelf, but now when I see him he tells me to fuck myself. Kyle's Mom: Well?

Canada. All: Blame Canada.

Kyle's Mom: It seems that everything's gone wrong since
Canada came along. All: Blame Canada.

Blame Canada. Man: They're not even a real country anyway.

Kenny's Mom: My son could have been a doctor or a lawyer, rich and true.
stead he burned up like a piggy on a barbeque.

Men: Should we blame the matches?

Should we blame the fire, or the doctors who allowed him to expire? Kyle's Mum: Heck, no! All: Blame Canada. Blame
Can - a - da
Kyle's Mom: with all their hock - ey hul - la - ba -

D/F#  G  Am(sus)  G  D/F#  C
loo Cartman's Mom: and that bitch Anne Murray too. All: Blame

Can - a - da;
shame on Can - a - da, rit.

Original tempo

A7  G/D  D
for the smut we must cut the trash we must bash, the
laugh-ter and fun must all be un-done. We must blame them and
cause a fuss be-fore some-body thinks of blam-ing
As fast as possible

G

G+36

C

Eric: Well, Kyle’s mom’s a bitch; she’s a big fat bitch; she’s the big gest bitch in the whole wide world. She’s a stu pid bitch if there ev er was a bitch; she’s a bitch to all the boys and girls.

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On Monday she's a bitch, on Tuesday she's a bitch, on

Wednesday through Saturday she's a bitch. Then on Sundays, just to be different she's a

super King Kamehameha bitch.

Have you ever met my friend Kyle's mom? She's the
biggest bitch in the whole wide world. She's a mean old bitch and she has stupid hair; she's a bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch.

Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch.

she's a stupid bitch (Whew.). Kyle's mom's a bitch and she's such a dirty bitch (Bitch.). Talk to kids around the world; it
might go a little bit something like this: Japanese: Kyle de ma ma shi-ge po fu

trill

ta-shi ge da fey zoo ta shi quan-shi jie-zoo bu ya li-an de po fu. French: La

mare duh Kyle et oon poost oon sac ray vee-ay poost la ploo grahn pooot doo mond oo-tyeh.

Dutch: Kyle's mood-er is ayn teef, zi is ayn groa-ta fet-teh teef ze is de groot steh teef ter ver-reld teef ter ver reld.
African: Mah mah yah kay Kyle nee me-wah nee me-wah koo bwah m neh nay nee bwah m-koo bwah koo lee koh

wot tay doo ne ah ne. Eric: Have you ev-er met my friend Kyle’s mom? She’s the

big-est bitch in the whole wide world; she’s a mean old bitch and she

has stu-pid hair; she’s a bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch. Bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch,
bitch, bitch, bitch, bitch, she's a stupid bitch. Kyle's mom's a
bitch and she's such a dirty bitch. I really mean it: Kyle's
mom, she's a big fat fuckin' bitch.
Big old fat fuckin' bitch, Kyle's mom.
WHAT WOULD BRIAN BOITANO DO?

Words and Music by TREY PARKER
and MARC SHAIMAN

Moderately fast

Bb

Eb F Bb

Ab F Ab

Bb

Eb F Db Cm Bb

Ab F

Stan: What would Brian Boitano do if he was here right now? He'd

Bb

Gm Eb F Bb

make a plan and he'd follow through that's what Brian Boitano'd do. Kyle: When

Original key: B major. This edition has been transposed down one half-step to be more playable.
Brian Boitano was in the Olympics skating for the gold—
he did
two "sow cows" and a "triple lutz" while wearing a blindfold. Eric: When

Brian Boitano was in the Alps fighting grizzly bears
he

used his magical fire—breath and saved the maidens fair. All: So
what would Brian Bordan do if he were here today? I'm sure he'd kick an ass or two; that's what Brian Bordan'd do.

Eric: I want this v-chip out of me; it has stunted my vocabulary.

Kyle: And I just want my mom to stop fighting everyone. Stan: For
Ab

Wendy I’ll be an activist too ‘cause that’s what Brian Boitan-o’d do. All: And

Bb

what would Brian Boitan-o do? He’d call all the kids in town and

Bb

tell them to unite for truth; that’s what Brian Boitan-o’d do.
All: When Brian Boitan-o traveled through time to the year three thousand ten, he fought the evil robot king and saved the human race again. Eric: And when Brian Boitan-o built the pyramids, he beat up Kubbi Khan. All: 'Cause Brian Boitan-o doesn't take shit from
Much slower

F#       G       C       F
an - y - bod - y. So let's get all the kids to - geth - er and u -

C       Bb       G       C       Am
nite to stop our moms, and we'll save Ter - rance and Phil - lip too, 'cause

F       G       C       Em       Am
that's what Bri - an Boi - tan - o'd do. And we'll save Ter - rance and Phil - lip too, 'cause

F       G       C       Am       F       Am       G       C
that's what Bri - an Boi - tan - o'd do, 'cause that's what Bri - an Boi - tan - o'd do!
Moderately slow

Sometimes I think when I look up real high that there's such a big world up there I'd like to give it a try.

(Spoken:) But what is evil anyway? (Sung:) Is there here I'm supposed to stay. But I get so lonely down here. Tell me, must be

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why's it have to be that way?
good to be evil sometimes.

Up there, there is so much room where

babies burp and flowers bloom. Everyone dreams, I can dream too. Up there, up

where the skies are ocean blue, I could be safe and live without a care up

there.

They say I don't belong. I must
LA RESISTANCE
(Medley)

Words and Music by TREY PARKER and MARC SHAIMAN

Moderately

N.C.

\( \text{Cm} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Fm} \quad \text{Ab/Eb} \quad \text{Db} \quad \text{Ab/C} \)

God has smiled upon you this day,

the fate of a nation in your hands.

And blessed be the children who fight with all our bravery 'til

on only the righteous stand.

You see the distant flames, they get smacked in the head with a

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Am Dm F C
below in the night, You fight in all our names for
dagger or a sword. You may be burned to death or
Am Dm F C
what we know is right. And when you all get shot and
skinned alive or worse, But when they torture you, you have
Am Dm Bb C7 C
cannot carry on. Though you die, la resistance lives
F
on.
F B/C#
You on. Blame
Canada, blame Canada, Because the
country's gone awry tomorrow night these freaks will fry.

Tomorrow night our lives will

change. Tomorrow night we'll be enter-
tained.

An ex - ec - tu - tion.

what a

sight
to - mor - row

night.

Up there, there is so much room where

ba - bies burp and flowers bloom.

To - mor - row night, up there is doomed and

so I will be go - ing soon.

Shut your fuck - ing face, Un - cle
Gb/Db

Gb/Db

Gb

D

What the fuck are they fighting for? When did this song become a marr...
I want to be no more Celine Dion. They may cut your dick in half tomorrow and serve it to a pig. And though it hurts, you'll laugh tomorrow and dance a less jig. But that's the way it goes in

(Spoken: When Canada is dead and gone, there'll be no more Celine Dion.)
Dm  Gm  Eb

cu - tion you're shat up - on. Though we die, I want to la re -

F  Gb  Ebm

sis - tance up lives on, there.

Bb

Blame Can - a - da, blame Can - a - da,

blame Can - a - da.
I CAN CHANGE

Moderate Middle Eastern tempo

F#m

Some people say that I'm a bad guy. They may be right,

But it's not as if I were sometimes a

C#7

You see my parents were sometimes a

don't try. I just fuck up, try as I might. But I can

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change. I can change.
I can learn to keep my promises, I swear it.

accel. poco a poco

I'll open up my heart and I will share it. Any minute now I will be born again.

Yes, I can change, I can change.
But what if you never change?

I know I've been a dirty little bastard.
What if you remain a sandy little butt-hole.

Hey Satan!
kill, I like to maim. Yes, I'm insane, but it's okay 'cause I can change.

It's not my Don't be such a twit. Mother Teresa won't have shit on me. Just watch, just watch me change. (Spoken:) Here I go. I'm changing.
Tempo I

Gm

(Whistle)

* Whistle sounds one octave higher than written.

(Sung:) Dee dee dee

deh deh deh deh deh.

Hey Satan!
I'M SUPER

Moderately, somewhat freely

Bombs are flying, people are dying, children are crying, politicians are lying too. Cancer is killing, Texaco's spilling. The whole world's gone to hell, but how are you? I'm

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Bright two-beat tempo

Super, thanks for asking. All things considered, couldn’t be better, must say. I’m feeling super. No, nothing bugs me.

Every thing is super when you’re... Don’t you think I look cute in this hat?

I’m so
sor-ry, Mis-ter Cri-p-ple, but I just can't feel too bad for you right now. Because I'm feeling so in-sane-ly su-per that e-ven the fact that you can't walk can't bring me down. He's 

hat and those lit-tle pants and this match-ing top that I got at "Merv's"? I'm
sai- per.
In the bar-racks and the trench-es as well,
Big Gay Al says.

Do ask, do tell.
Yes, he’s su-per and he’s proud to be fey.

Ev- ry- thing is su-per when you’re gay.

when you’re gay.
MOUNTAIN TOWN
(Reprise)

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Moderately, somewhat freely

Moderately bright

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pleas? 'Cause Terrence and Phil are sweet. Thank God we live in this
Speak: Su-per sweet!

Bbmaj7/D

F7sus F7 Bb
D7/A Gm

slow
 accel. poco a poco

Eb6 Bbmaj7/F
Cm7/G

quiet little pissant redneck podunk jerkwater greenhorn one-horse

Bbmaj7/F

Bbmaj7/D

mud-hole peckerwood right-wing whistle-stop hobnail truck driving old-fashioned hayseed

Eb6 Bbmaj7/F Cm7/G

in-bred unkempt out-of-date out-of-touch white trash kick-ass