I WILL TALK AND
HOLLYWOOD WILL LISTEN

Words and Music by Robert Williams and Guy Chambers

I wouldn’t be so alone if they knew my name in every home. Kevin

Spacey would call on the phone, but I’d be too busy. Come
back to the old _ Five 'n' Dime, Cameron Diaz, give me a sign.

I'd make you smile all the time _ and your conversation _ would compliment

mine. _ I will talk _ and Hollywood will listen._

see them bow _ at my every word. Mister Spielberg, look _ just what you're
Missing
doesn't that seem a little absurd?

Bow at my every word?

Buy up the rights to my book and live on a ranch.
from what the box office took.

I'll go and visit the set, they'll call me their

saviour.

Oh how the papers will score, celebrity

- ty lives on the moon.

But I'll be back home in June to promote the

sequel.

I will talk and Hollywood will
listen,  
see them bow at my every word.

Mister Spielberg, look just what you're missing.  
Doesn't that seem a little absurd?  

Bow at my every word?
MACK THE KNIFE

Words by Bertholt Brecht
Music by Kurt Weill
Translation by Marc Blitzstein

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{Oh the shark babe,} \\
\text{has such teeth dear,} \\
\text{and he scarlet}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{shark bites} \\
\text{with his teeth dear,} \\
\text{and he scarlet}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
\text{shows them pearly white.} \\
\text{start to spread.} \\
\text{Just a fancy}
\end{align*} \]

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Renewal Rights Assigned to The Kurt Weill Foundation for Music, Bertholt Brecht and
Edward and Josephine Davis, as Executors of the Estate of Marc Blitzstein.
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Boogie Woogie

C/E E6dim Dm7

Jack-knife gloves, though, has old Mac-heath babe,
and he so there's

g7sus4 G7 G6

keeps it never, never a trace of sight.

2. You know when that

2.

A7 D6 Ddim Em7

3. On the sidewalk, oh, Sunday morning, don't you know,

A7 D6

lies a body just oozing life.
There's someone sneaking around the corner;

could that be our boy, Mack the Knife?

From a tugboat down by the river, don't you know,

there's a cement bag just dropping on down.
That cement's there, it's there for the weight dear.

Five will get you ten, old MacKie's back in town.

D'ya hear 'bout Lou is Miller? He disappeared baby.

After drawing out all his hard-earned cash.
And now Mac heath he spends just like a sailor.

Could it be, could it be, could it be our boy's done something rash?

Yeah, yeah, yeah, Jenny Diver, old Sukey Tawdry;

look out, Miss Lone Lena and old Lucy Brown;
yeah the line forms on the right babe,

now that Mack-ie's back in town,

I said Jenny Driver, old Su-ky Taw dry,

Spoken: Look out, Miss Lotte Lenya and old Lucy Brown;
yeah the line forms on the right, babe,

now that Mackie's back in town.

Look out, old Mackie is back! Yeah!
SOMETHIN' STUPID

Words and Music by Carson Parks

\[ J = 106 \]

G

Nicole:

Robbie: I know I stand in line un\-til you

think you have the time to spend an ev\-ning with me, and

if we go some\-place to dance I know that there's a chance you won't be leaving with me.
And afterwards we drop into a quiet little place and have a drink or two, and then I go and spoil it all by saying something stupid like 'I love you'. I can see it in your eyes you still despise the same old lies you heard the night before.
And though it's just a line to you, for me it's true and never seemed so right before...

I practise every day to find some
(2nd time instrumental)

clever lines to say to make the meaning come true...

but then I think I'll wait until the evening gets late and I'm alone with you...
(instrumental ends)
The time is right, your perfume fills my head, the stars get red and oh, the
night's so blue,
and then I go and spoil it all by
saying something stupid like 'I love you.'

love you.
'I love you.'

repeat to fade
DO NOTHIN' TILL YOU HEAR FROM ME

Words by Bob Russell
Music by Duke Ellington

N.C.

Do nothing till you hear from me,
(2nd time instrumental)

G
N.C.

pay no attention to what's said.

Why people tear the seam of

G

any one's dream is over my head.
Do nothing till you hear from me, at least consider our romance.
If you should take the words of others you've heard,
I haven't a chance. (instrumental ends) True, I've been seen
with someone new, that doesn't mean I've
been un - true. While we're a - part, all the words in my heart re -veal how I feel a - bout you. Some kiss may cloud my_ me-mo-

ry, and oth - er arms may hold a thrill.

But please do no - thing till you hear it from me, and you ne - ver
will.

please do nothing till you hear it from me,

please do nothing till you hear it from me;

baby you never will.

Spoken: That's the truth...

And don't tell your mama!
IT WAS A VERY GOOD YEAR

Words and Music by Ervin Drake

Slowly and freely

Dm7    Am    A

It was a very good year.

1. When I was seventeen, it was a
   twenty-one, it was a

E    Dm

very good year. very good year.

It was a very good year for small-

© 1961 and 1989 (renewed) Lindabet Music Corp and The Songwriters Guild Of America, USA
Memory Lane Music Ltd, London WC2H 8NA
town girls and soft summer nights
-ty girls who lived up the stair,
We'd with all that

hide from the lights
perfumed hair;
on the village green,
and it came undone,

when I was seventeen
when I was twenty-one
3. When I was thirty-five,
(4.) days are short,

it was a
I'm in the

very good year.
autumn of the year.

It was a very good year for
And now I think of my life as

blue-blooded girls of independent means.

We'd From the
ride in limousines,
Their chauffeurs would drive.

bring to the dregs,

when I was thirty-five,

It was a very good year.

4. But now the
STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT

Words and Music by Nat King Cole and Irving Mills

Swing quavers ($\frac{4}{4}$)

$J = 144$

N.C.

A buzzard took a monkey for a ride in the air, the monkey thought that everything was on the square. The buzzard tried to throw the monkey
off of his back, the monkey grabbed his neck and said, 'Now listen Jack,

straighten up and fly right, straighten up and stay right,

straighten up and fly right. Cool down, papa, don't you blow your top.

Ain't no use in diving, what's the use in jiving?
Straighten up and fly right, cool down papa, don't you blow your top. The buzzard told the monkey, You are choking me, release your hold and I will set you free. The monkey looked the buzzard right dead in the eye and said, Your story's so touching but it sounds just like a lie.
Straight-en up and fly right, straight-en up and stay right,

Cool down pa-pa, don't you blow your top.

Take it a-way boy.
Hold that cav-ey.

N.C.

Hee, hee, hee.

Straight-en up and fly right, straight-en up and stay right,
straighten up and fly right. Cool down papa, don't you

blow your top. Ain't no use in diving, ain't no good in jiv-

Straighten up and fly right, cool

down papa, don't you blow your top. A-fly right.
WELL, DID YOU EVAH

Words and Music by Cole Porter

Relaxed quaver swing \( \frac{4}{4} = 145 \)

Capo 1  N.C.

I have heard among this clan

you are called the forgotten man. Is that what they're saying? Well did you ev-

-er?

What a swell party this is. And have you heard the

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Warner/Chappell Music Ltd, London W6 8BS
story of a boy, a girl, unrequited love? Sounds like pure soap opera.

Tune in tomorrow. What a swell party this is. What frills, what frocks! What broads! What furs, what rocks! They're bootiful! Why I've never seen such gaiety! It's neither have I.
all just too too risqué, really. This French champagne, domestic so so so


good for the brain. That’s what I was gon-na say. You know you’re a brilli-ant fellow? Why


thank you. Pick up, Jack, but please don’t eat that glass my friend.


Have you heard about dear Blanche, got run down by an a-va-lanche? No! Oh
don't worry, she's a game girl you know, got up and finished fourth. The kid's got guts. Hav-in' a nice time?

Grab a line. Have you heard that Mimsie Starr, Oh what now? she got pinched in the

As - tor bar. Sauced a-gain, eh? She was stoned. Well did you ever? Ne-ver! What a swell par - ty this

Straight quavers $j = 162$

is.

is.
Hey, check out that ass!

Ah, it's a love-by dress. Do you think I can talk her out of it?

It's great, ah it's great, so grand, so grand, it's

won... won... der-land.

La, la... ad lib.
We sing, oh we sing, so rare, so rare, like old old

Camembert!
Camembert!

-rum, ba ba ba ba bum, don't dig that kind of croon-in' chum!
Have you heard? It's in the stars,
next July we col-

-lide with Mars...
-lide with Mars...

Well did you ever?
Well did you ever?

What a swell par-
-swell par-

-swell e-gant, e-

-this is.
-this is.
I drink to your health, no,

let's drink to your wealth. You're my bon ami, hey, that's French, a-

-ker-ty, fra-ter-ni-ty, -ker-ty, fra-ter-ni-ty,
BOOGIEWOOGIE.RU

Have you heard? It's in the stars,
next July we col-

-lide with Mars.
-lide with Mars.

Well did you ever?
Well did you ever?

What a swell party,
swell par - ty,
swell par - ty
swell e - gant, e - le - gant
swell e - gant, e - le - gant
par - ty this is.
par - ty this is.
MR. BOJANGLES

Words and Music by Jerry Jeff Walker

\[ J = 140 \]
\[ N.C. \]

F \#3\#
C/E

Bo-jan-gle jang-le, Bo-jan-gle jang-le, Bo-jan-gle jang-le, Bo-jan-gle jang-le,

C/E

Dm7

G7/D C7/E F \#3\#

Bo-jan-gle jang-le.

C/E

Dm7

G Dm7 C7/E F \#3\#

(whistle)

© 1968 Cotillion Music Inc and Danel Music Inc, USA
Warner/Chappell Music Ltd, London W6 8BS
knew a man,
Bo- ja-gles, and he'll dance for you,
2. Told me of a time he worked with, with minstrel shows,
3. He said I dance now and ever chance in honky tonks

in worn-out shoes,
travelling through the South.
for my drinks and tips

With silver hair,
Spoke with tears
But most the time I,
a ragged shirt, for fifteen years how his, how his dog and he,
baggy pants,
I spend behind these country bars,
he will do the old soft shoe.
you see son, I, I drinks a bit.

He would jump so high, jump so high.
But his dog up and died,
Then he shook his head.

Oh Lord,
then he'd lightly got up and died,
when he shook his head,

and after twenty years he still grieves.
I could swear I heard somebody saying, 'Please,
please,

(that's) Mister Bo-

(2nd time ad lib.)

jan-gles,

(calling) Mister Bo-

jan-gles,

Mister Bo-

jan-gles, come back and

dance, and dance, and dance, please, dance.
dance, and dance and dance_ please_ dance.

Come back and dance a- gain Mis- ter Bo- jan- gles. (whistle)

poco rit.
ONE FOR MY BABY

Words by Johnny Mercer
Music by Harold Arlen

1. It's quarter to three,

there's no-one in the place 'cept you and me.

© 1943 Harwin Music Corp. USA
Chappell Morris Music Ltd, London W6 8BS.
So set 'em up Joe, I got a little story I think you should know.

We're drinking my friend, to the end of a brief episode.

Make it one for my baby.

and one more for the road.
2. I got the routine, put another nickel
3. That's how it goes, and Joe, I know you're getting

in the machine, anxious to close.

Feel-ing so bad, Thanks for the cheer,

won't you make the music easy and sad?
I hope you didn't mind my bending your ear.

I could tell you a lot, But this torch that I found,
but it's not in a
It's got-to be drowned or it
gentleman's code. Just make it one for my baby,
soon might explode. Make it one for my baby,
and one more for the road.

You'd never know it, but buddy I'm a kind of poet, and I've

got a lot of things I'd like to say.

And when I'm gloom-y,
won't you listen to me till it's talked away?

Well!

one for my baby, and one more for the road:

long, it's so long, the long and winding road.
THINGS

Words and Music by Bobby Darin

\[ \text{\( \dot{\text{d}} = 88 \)} \]

\( \text{Eb} \)

\[ \text{Ev - ery night I sit here by my win - dow, (w in - dow)} \]

\[ \text{Bb7} \]

\[ \text{star - ing at the lone - ly a - ve - nue, (a - ve - nue)} \]

\[ \text{Eb} \]

\[ \text{Eb7} \]

\[ \text{Ab} \]

\[ \text{watch - ing lo - vers hold - ing hands and laugh - ing... (Ha, ha, ha)} \]

© 1961 (renewed) Alley Music Corp and Trio Music Co Inc, USA
T M Music Ltd, London NW1 8BD
think 'bout the things we used to do.

things like a walk in the park; things like a kiss in the dark;

things like a sailboat ride. (Yeah, yeah). What 'bout the night we cried?

Things like a lover's vow; things that we don't do now;
think-ing' bout the things we used to do.

Mem-o ries are all I have to cling to. (cling to) Now

heart-a ches are the friends I'm talk-ing to. Spoken: (But you got me now) But

I'm not think-ing'bout just how much I love you, Spoken: (I love you too) I'm
think-ing 'bout the things we used to do. Spoken: (We used to) Think-ing 'bout things like a walk in the park; things like a kiss in the dark.

things like a sail-boat ride. (Yeah, yeah). What a-bout the night we cried?

Things like a lo- ver's vow; things that we don't do now;
thinking 'bout the things we used to do.

Still can hear the juke - box softly play - ing, (play - ing), and the

face each day I see belongs to you. (be - longs to you.) There's

not a sin - gle sound and there's no - bo - dy else a - round,
just me thinking 'bout things we used to do.

Think 'bout things like a walk in the park;

things like a kiss in the dark;

things like a sailboat ride. (Whoa, woh). What 'bout the night we cried?

Things like a lover's vow; things that we don't do now;
thinking 'bout the things we used to do.

And...

heartaches are the things I'm talking to.

You've got me

thinking 'bout the things we used to do.

Spoken: (I hope so.)

I'm thinking 'bout the things we used to do.

(speech to end)
AIN'T THAT A KICK IN THE HEAD

Words by Sammy Cahn
Music by James Van Heusen

Swing quavers (\( \frac{\text{\textcurlye}}{4} = \frac{\text{\textcurlye}}{\text{\textcurlye}} \))

\( \text{\textcurlye} = 130 \)

1. How lucky can one guy be?
   
   (2nd time instrumental/vocal)

   kissed her and she kissed me.

   (1.2.) Like a fellow once said,
'Ain't that a kick in the head?"  (1.) Her room was completely black,

I hugged her and she hugged back...  (1.2.) Like the

sailor said, quote, 'Ain't that a hole in the boat?' My head keeps

spin-nin', I go to sleep and keep grin-nin', if this is just the be -
- gin-nin', my life is gonna be beautiful Life's

sun-shine enough to spread, it's just like the fellow said,
tell-ing me we'll be wed, she's

tell me quick, ain't that a kick in the head?

Whey! picked out a king-size bed,
I couldn't be any better or I'd be sick.

Tell me quick, oh ain't that a kick,

tell me quick, ain't that a kick in the head?

Yeah!
THEY CAN’T TAKE THAT AWAY FROM ME

Music and Lyrics by George Gershwin and Ira Gershwin

Swing quavers (♩= 116)

The way you wear your hat,
the way you sip your tea,

the memory of all that,
no, no, they can't take that away from me. The way your smile just beams,
the way you sing off-key. I ain't flat, the band's sharp. The way you haunt my dreams, oh no, they can't.

take that away from me. We may never, never meet
take that away from me, no, no they can't take that away

from me, not without a lawyer, any way.

from me, not without a lawyer, any way.
We may never, never meet again on this bumpy road to love, still I'll always, always...
The way you hold your
knife,
the way we danced till three
the way you changed my life,

oh no, they can't

say that away from me,
no, they can't say that away
HAVE YOU MET MISS JONES?

Words by Lorenz Hart
Music by Richard Rodgers

\( \frac{d}{dt} = 122 \)  
N.C.  
Am7/D  
Gdim7/D Am7/D  
D7/9  

\[ \begin{array}{c} \text{G9} \\ \text{Gdim} \\ \text{Am7} \\ \text{D13} \end{array} \]

ʼHave you met Miss Jones?ʼ  
(2nd time instrumental)  
some-one said as we shook hands.

\[ \begin{array}{c} \text{G9} \\ \text{Em7} \\ \text{Am7} \end{array} \]

She was just Miss Jones to me, and

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Warner/Chappell Music Ltd, London W6 8BS
then I said 'Miss Jones, you're a girl who understands

I'm a man who must be free.' And all at once

once I lost my breath, and all at once was scared to death, and all at

once I owned the earth and sky. And
now I've met Miss Jones,
and we'll keep on meeting till we die,
Miss Jones and I,
Miss Jones and I,

D7
D7/C

G6
Gdim
Am7
Am7
D7
D7/C

Bm7
Gdim
Am9
D13b9

G6
Em7
Am7
D7b5

G6
Gdim

Am7
D13
G6
Gdim
Am7
D13
G6/D
Am7/D

Gdim7/D Am7/D

N.C.
ME AND MY SHADOW

(AS PERFORMED BY SAMMY DAVIS, JR. AND FRANK SINATRA)

Words by Billy Rose
Music by Al Jolson and Dave Dreyer

Swing quavers (\(\text{♩}= \frac{7}{4}\))

\( \text{♩} = 108 \)

"Youth, why are you talking like that, we're from Stoke?"

"Johnny and Robbie!"

"I know, but I can't stop here, pally"

Like the wall-paper sticks to the wall,

© 1927 Bourne Co., USA

EMI Music Publishing Ltd, London WC2H 0QY and Memory Lane Music Ltd, London WC2H 8NA
sea shark clings to the sea, like you'll never get rid of your

you'll never get rid of me. Let all the

shadows. Let all the

others fight and fuss, whatever happens,

others fight and fuss, whatever happens,
we've got us.

we've got us.

Closer than pages that stick in a book, we're closer than ripples that

dow, strolling down the astral

flow in a brook, where-ever you'll find him, you'll find me, just look,
- nue, oh___ oh___ Closer than smog is t

closer than a mis-er, all the blood-hounds turn eyes on me___

all of L. A.,___ closer than Rick-y to confess-ing he’s gay!___

and my sha - dow___

Not a soul can bust this team in two, we stick to-gether like glu

Not a soul can bust this team in two, we stick to-ge-ther like glu
And when it's sleeping time, we start to swing.

that's when we rise, ho ho ho

Ha ha ha ha Clocks don't chime, a - they
you think you're so jaz - zue!

What a sur - prise, a - they

ring a - ding ding, hap - py new year.
And not to re - peat what I

ring a - ding ding, hap - py new year. Me
said at the start, they'll need a large crow-bar to break us a part,

and my shad-

we're a lone but far from blue, woh, oh.

we're a lone but far from blue.

REPRISE

Before we get finished we'll make the town roar,

Before we get finished we'll make the town roar, we'll hit a few late spots and
we'll start out at Strin-ky's and may-be Grou-cho, life is
then a few more,
we'll start out at Strin-ky's and may-be Grou-cho, life is
gonna be a-wow wow wee for my sha-dow and
gonna be a-wow wow wee for my sha-dow and

back to Reprise

me.
me.
BEYOND THE SEA

Original Words and Music by Charles Trenet and Albert Lasry
English Words by Jack Lawrence

$J = 130$ ($\frac{3}{4} = \frac{3}{4}$)

Some

where beyond the sea, somewhere waiting for

me, my lover stands on golden sands

and watches the ships that go sailing Some

© 1945 Editions Raoul Bréton, France
Women/Chappell Music Ltd, London W6 8BS
- where beyond the sea, she's there watching for

me.

If I could fly like birds on high,

then straight to her arms I'll go sailing.

It's far beyond the stars, it's near beyond the moon.
I know beyond a doubt

my heart will lead me there soon,

We'll meet beyond the shore,

we'll kiss just like before.

Happy we'll be beyond the sea,