MOVIE VOCAL SELECTIONS

CHICAGO

THE MIRAMAX MOTION PICTURE

Music by John Kander
Lyrics by Fred Ebb

National Music Publications Limited
AND ALL THAT JAZZ

Moderately slow, deliberately

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Copyright Renewed
All Rights Administered by Unichappell Music Inc.
International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved
gin is cold but the piano's hot. It's just a noisy hall where there's a nightly brawl. And all that jazz!

Slick your hair and wear your buckle shoes. And all that jazz! I hear that...
Fa-ther Dip is gon-na blow the blues
And all that jazz!

Hold on, hon, we’re gon-na bunny hug, I bought some as-pir-in down at U-

nit-ed Drug In case we shake a-part and want a brand new start to do

that jazz!

Oh,
I'm gonna see my She-ba shim-my shake. (And all that jazz!)

Oh, she's gonna shim-my till her garters break. (And all that jazz!)

Show her where to park her girdle.

Oh, her mother's blood'd curdle if she'd hear her
Find a flask, we're playing fast and loose and

Oh, you're gonna see your Sheba

all that jazz!

Right up here is where I

shimmy shake. And all that jazz!

Oh,
store the juice, — And all that jazz! —

I'm gonna shimmy till my garters break, — And all that jazz!

Come on, babe, we're gonna brush the sky. I betcha lucky Lindy never

Show me where to park my girdle, Oh,

flew so high, 'Cause in the stratosphere how could he lend an ear to

my mother's blood'd curdle if she'd hear her baby's queer for
all that jazz!
No, I'm no one's wife, but oh, I love my life and all that jazz!
* Sung an octave lower
sometimes I'm up, But he follows 'round like some droopy-eyed pup.

He loves me so, that funny honey of mine.

He ain't no sheik. That's no great physique. And

Lord knows he ain't got the smarts. But look at that soul!
tell ya that whole is a whole lot greater than the sum of its parts. And if you

knew him like me. I know you'd agree.

What if the world slandered my name?

Why he'd be right there taking the blame.

He loves me so and it all suits me fine,
That sunny, funny, honey hubby of mine.

hon - ey hub - by of mine.
**WHEN YOU’RE GOOD TO MAMA**

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

* Sung an octave lower

---

Ask any of the chick-ies in my pen. They'll tell you I'm the big-gest moth-er

hen. I love them all and all of them love me Be-cause the

sys-tem works, the sys-tem called re-ci-pro-ci-ty!

---

Copyright © 1975 by Unichappell Music Inc. and Kander & Ebb, Inc.
All Rights Administered by Unichappell Music Inc.
International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved
Got a little
If you want my
mot-to,
always sees me through,
When you're good to Ma-
gravy,
pepper my ragout,
Spice it up for Ma-

-ma,
Mama's good to you.
-ma,
She'll get hot for you.

There's a lot of favors
When they pass that basket
I'm prepared to do.
folks contribute to.
You do one for Ma - ma,
You put in for Ma - ma,

She'll do one for you.
She'll put out for you.

say that life is "tit for tat" and that's the way I
folks a - top the lad - der are the ones the world a -

live. So I de - serve a lot - ta "tat" for what I got to give.
do - res. So boost me up my lad - der, kid, and I'll boost you up yours.
Don’t you know that this hand washes that one
Let’s all stroke together like the Princeton

Too.
When you’re good to Mama,
When you’re strokin’ Mama,

Mama’s good to you.

Mama’s strokin’ you.
So what's the one conclusion I can bring this number to?

When you're good to Mama, Mama's ad lib.

good to you.

Fm Gm7 C7(+9) C7+5 Fm
CELL BLOCK TANGO

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Moderate Tango

N.C.

LIZ: ANNIE: JUNE: HUNYAK:

Pop Six Squish Uh - uh

(claves)

(bass drum)

VELMA: MONA: L: A: J: H:

Cic - er - o Lip - shitz Pop six Squish Uh - uh

Copyright © 1975 by Unichappell Music Inc. and Kander & Ebb, Inc.
All Rights Administered by Unichappell Music Inc.
International Copyright Secured  All Rights Reserved
He had it comin', he had it comin', he only
had himself to blame.
If you'd have been there, if you'd have
seen it, I betcha you would have done the same. Pop Six Squish
Uh - uh Cicer - o Lip - shitz
Pop Six Squish Uh - uh Cicer - o Lip - shitz

ALL
(Except Speakers):
(Fist time: Liz speaks her story)
(D.S.: Annie speaks her story)

He had it com - in', he had it com - in', he on - ly

had him - self to blame.

If you’d have been there, if you’d have

seen it, I bet - cha you would have done the same. He had it
same. He had it com'in', he had it com'in', he only

had himself to blame.  

LIZ, spoken cue: So I took the shotgun off the wall and fired two warning shots into his head.

He had it ANNIE, spoken cue: You know, some guys just can't hold their arsenic.

He had it
com-in’, he had it com-in’, he took a flower in its prime.

GROUP 2:

Pop Six Squish Uh-uh Cicer-o Lip-shitz

And then he used it, and he abused it. It was a murder, but not a crime.

L:

Squish Uh-uh Cicer-o Lip-shitz
JUNE, spoken cue: And then he ran into my knife. He ran into my knife ten times.
(Hunyak speaks her story)

seen it. I bet-cha you would have done the same.
HUNYAK, spoken cue:  
Uh-uh. Not guilty.

(Velma speaks her story)

He had it com'in', he had it com'in', he had it com'in', he had it com'in'.

He only had him.

self in its blame.

If you'd have And then he
They had it comin', they had it comin', they had it comin',

Ensemble:
They had it comin', they had it comin', they had it comin',

Spoken (Velma continues): Well, I was in such a state of shock, I completely blacked out. I can't remember a thing! It wasn't until later, when I was washing the blood off my hands, I even knew they were dead!
They had it com- in', they had it com- in', they had it

They had it com- in', they had it com- in',
He had it comin',
he had it comin',
he only had himself to

Mona speaks her story:

"But if I'd...
they took a flower in its prime...
And then they used it...
"
If you'd have been Шеге,
you would have felt the same. MONA, spoken cue: I guess you could say we broke up because of artistic differences. He saw himself alive and I saw him dead.

The dirty bum,
bum, bum, bum, bum, bum. They had it com-in', they had it

They had it com-in',

com-in', they had it com-in' all a-long. 'Cause if they

they had it com-in', they had it com-in' all a-long.

used us and they a-bused us, how could you tell us that we were

'Cause if they used us and they a-bused us, could you tell us that we were
wrong? He had it com-in', he had it com-in', he only
wrong? He had it com-in', he had it com-in',

had him-self to blame. If you'd have been there, if you'd have
he only had him-self to blame. If you'd have been there,

seen it, I bet-cha you would have felt the same. Pop that gun
if you'd have seen it, bet-cha you would have felt the same.

Pop that gun one more time.
Film ending

Single, Ten Uh-uh. #17, the Spread Eagle. Artistic differences. Pop

Stage ending

D7 ALL: I bet cha

you would have done the same.
ALL I CARE ABOUT

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Moderately

D    A9+5    F#m7
Billy:  
I don't care about expensive things, cashmere coats.
I don't care for wearing silk cravats, ruby studs. (or)

Am6/B    B7    E7    Gm6    A7

diamond rings don't mean a thing.
All I care about is

dsatin spats don't mean a thing.
All I care about is

|1. | D    Em7 A7+5 A7(6) ||2. | D    Gm

love.
That's what he's here for.
Love. All he cares about is
Give me two eyes of blue,
Show me long raven hair,

softly saying, "I need you,"
Let me see her,

flowing down about to there,
When I see her,

standing there And
hon-est, Mis-ter, I'm a mil-lionaire.
running free
Keep your mon-ey, that's en-nough for me.

I don't care for any fine attire
Van-der-bilt
I don't care for hav-ing Pack-ard cars
or smok-ing long.
Honest to God  All I care about is love. All he cares about is

love.

I don’t care for having Packard cars or smoking long—
black cigars. No, no, not me, All I care about is
Do-in' a guy in who's pickin' on you. Twist-in' the wrist that's
All he cares about turn-in' the screw. All I care about is
love!
WE BOTH REACHED FOR THE GUN

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Brightly

F#7

ENSEMBLE:

BILLY (as Roxie):

Where'd you come from? Miss - sis - sip - pi.

And your par - ents? Ver - y weal - thy.
Why'd you shoot him? I was leav - in'.

ENSEMBLE:

BILLY (as Roxie): (as Billy):

Where are they . now? Six feet un - der, But
Was he an - gry? Like a mad - man.

Copyright © 1975 by Unichappell Music Inc. and Kander & Ebb, Inc.
All Rights Administered by Unichappell Music Inc.
International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved
(as Roxie): she was granted one more start, The Convent of the Sacred Heart.

Still I said, “Fired move along.” She knew that she was doin’ wrong.

(as Billy): When’d you get here? Nineteen Twenty.
Then describe it. He came toward me.

ENSEMBLE:

BILLY (as Roxie):

How old were you? Don’t remember.
With a pistol? From my bureau.

ENSEMBLE:

BILLY (as Roxie):

Then what happened? I met Amos.
Did you fight him? Like a tiger.
And he stole my heart away, convinced me to elope one day.

He had strength and she had none, And yet we both reached for the gun.

Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, we both, oh yes, we both, oh yes, we both reached for
The gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, oh yes, we both reached for the gun, for the gun.

Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, they both, oh yes, they both, oh yes, they both reached for the gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, oh yes, they both reached for the gun, for the gun, for the gun.
Moderately Bright (in one)

Am7    D7    Gmaj7    G6
stand - a - ble,   Un - der - stand - a - ble,   Yes it's

Am7    D7    Gmaj7    G/D
per - fect - ly,   un - der - stand - a - ble,   Com - pre -

Am7    D7    Gmaj7    G6
hen - si - ble,   Com - pre - hen - si - ble,   Not a

Ritard
B/F#    F#7    B7
bit re - re - hen - si - ble,   It's so de - fens - i - ble.
Though my choo-choo jumped the track, I'd give my life to bring him back.
C

BILLY (as Roxie):


B:


Fm6

what? That's the thought that ENS: Yeah? came upon me

B:

C/G

B:

F#m7b5

Moderately Bright (in one)

MARY S:

G7

ENS: When? when we both reached for the gun!

Un-der
Am7
stand - a - ble,
D7
Un - der - stand - a - ble,
Gmaj7

G/D
BILLY:
Am
D7
Yes it's per - fect - ly un - der -

G

Mary S:
stand - a - ble.
Com - pre - hen - si - ble,

BILLY:
Am

Com - pre - hen - si - ble,

D7
G
G/D
Com - pre - hen - si - ble,
Not a
Ritard

Slow, accel, poco a poco

ENSEMBLE:

Billy: Let me hear it!

Billy: A little louder!

bit reprehensible, It's so defensible.
oh yes, they both, oh yes, they both, oh yes, they both reached for the gun.

BILLY: Now you got it!

accelerando

for the gun.

Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, they both,

Oh yes, they both, oh yes, they both reached for The gun, the gun, the gun,
the gun, oh yes, they both reached for the gun, for the gun.

A Tempo, Brightly

Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes, they both, oh yes, they both, oh yes,

they both reached for The gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, the

gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, the

Both reached for the gun!
ROXIE

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Moderate four (\( \frac{3}{4} \))

1. The name on every body's lips is gonna be Roxie,
2. They're gonna wait outside in line to get to see Roxie,

The lady rakin' in the chips is gonna be Roxie.
Think of those autographs I'll sign: "Good luck to you, Roxie."

I'm gonna be a celebrity, that means somebody everyone knows.
And I'll appear in a lavaliere that goes all the way down to my waist.
They're gon-na rec-og-nize my eyes, my hair, my teeth, my boobs, my nose.
Here a ring, there a ring, ev'ry where a ring-a-ling, but al-ways in the best of taste.

From just some dumb mech-an-ic's
(She's) giv-ing up (my) hum-drum

wife I'm gon-na be Rox- ie.
life, (she's) gon-na be Rox- ie.
Who says that mur-der's not an art?

And who in case she does-n't hang can
And So-phie Tuck-er'll shit, I know, can
say she started with a bang?
see her name get billed below
Roxie

Hart.

Repeat ad lib.
I CAN'T DO IT ALONE

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Slowly

A/E A+/E A6/E A7/E E A A+/E

Freely, rubato

A6/E A7 EVELMA: A Esus4 A

My sis-ter and I had an act that could-n't flop. My sis-ter and I were head-ed straight for the top. My sis-ter and I earned a thou a week at

G#m/F# E7 A E7 A E7 A

least. But my sis-ter is now, un-for-tu-nate-ly, de-ceased. It's

Copyright © 1975 by Unichappell Music Inc. and Kander & Ebb, Inc.
All Rights Administered by Unichappell Music Inc.
International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved
sad, of course, but a fact is still a fact. And now all that remains is the remains of a

(Spoken:) Watch this! Now, you have to imagine it with two people.

Moderately bright 4 \( \frac{9}{8} \)
Then she'd...

"Then we'd...

But I can't do it alone.

Then she'd..."
I’d say, “Men.” (Yuk, yuk, yuk.) She’d say, “You’re the cat’s meow.”
Then we'd wow the crowd again... when she'd go...

I'd go...

We'd go...

And then those
two-bit John-nies did it up brown__ to cheer the best at-

traction in town. They nearly tore the bal-co-ny down.

(Spoken:) And we’d say, “O.K. boys, we’re goin’ home, but before we go, here’s a few more parting shots.” And this we did in perfect unison.
Now you seen me go-in' through it. You may think there's noth-in' to it. But I simply cannot do it a-lone.
MISTER CELLOPHANE

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

If some-one stood up in a crowd and raised his voice up way out loud

and

pose you was a lit-tle cat re-sid-in’ in a per-son’s flat, who

waved his arm and shook his leg, you’d no-tice him.

fed you fish and scratched your ears; you’d no-tice him.

some-one in the mov- ie show yelled “Fire____ in the sec- ond row! This

pose you was a wom-an, wed and sleep-in’ in a dou-ble bed be-

Copyright © 1975 by Unichappell Music Inc. and Kander & Ebb, Inc.
All Rights Administered by Unichappell Music Inc.
International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved
whole place is a powder keg! You'd notice him.

side one man for seven years; You'd notice him.

And

even without clucking like a hen, everybody gets noticed now and everyone's made of more than air. With all that bulk you're bound to see him

then, unless, of course, that personage should be there, unless that human being next to you is

visible inconstant me.

unimpressive, undistinguished me.

Celophane, Mister
Cel-lo-phant should have been my name, Mis-ter Cel-lo-phant, 'cause you can
look right thru me, walk right by me and nev-er know I'm there. I tell ya

Cel-lo-phant, Mis-ter Cel-lo-phant should have been my name, Mis-ter

Cel-lo-phant, 'cause you can look right thru me, walk right by me and nev-er know I'm
Should have been my name, Mister Cel-lo-phone, 'cause you can

look right thru me, walk right by me, and never know I'm

there. I tell ya Cel-lo-phone, Mister Cel-lo-phone should have
been my name, Mr. Cellophane, 'cause you can

walk right by me, look right thru me, and never know I'm there.

Never even know I'm there.

Slowly
RAZZLE DAZZLE

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Slowly

(Finger snaps)

(snap) (snap)

C7

F6/A

Bead and feath-er 'em.

ho - cus

C7

po

F6/A 7

be pas - sion-ate.

Raz - zle daz - zle 'em.

 FD

Give 'em the old raz - zle daz - zle.

Fdim

C7/G

Give 'em an act with lots of flash in it.

Fdim

C7/G

And the re - ac - tion will be pas - sion - ate.

C7

Cdim

Dm7

G7

C7

Give 'em the old ho - cus po - cus.

F

F6/A

Db7

C7

Bead and feath - er 'em.
How can they see with sequins in their eyes.

What if your hinges all are rusting? What if in fact you're just disgusting?

Razzle dazzle 'em and they'll never catch wise

Give 'em the old razzle dazzle.
Razzle dazzle 'em.

Give 'em a show that's so splendid.

Row after row will grow vociferous. Give 'em the old flim flam flummox.

Fool and fracture 'em.

How can they hear the truth above the roar.

Throw 'em a fake and a finagle.
F/C

They'll never know you're just a bagel. Raz - zle daz - zle 'em

G9

C7

and they'll beg you for more.

F

D Eb C7

Give 'em the old raz - zle daz - zle.

Ab

Give 'em the old raz - zle daz - zle.

Ab/C Cbdim

Adim Eb9/Bb Eb7

Raz - zle daz - zle 'em.

Eb7/Bb

Raz - zle daz - zle 'em.

Eb7

Back since the days of

Bb7

Give 'em an act that's
old Methuselah, Everyone loves the big bambooza-la.
unassailable, They'll wait a year 'til you're available.

Give 'em the old three ring circus. Stun and stagger 'em.
Give 'em the old double whammy. Daze and dizzy 'em.

When you're in trouble go into your dance. Show 'em the first rate sorcerer you are.

Though you are stiffer than a girdler
Long as you keep 'em way off balance,
They'll let you get away with murder.
How can they spot you got no talents.
Razzle dazzle 'em

and you got a romance.
Razzle dazzle 'em,

Razzle dazzle 'em, Razzle dazzle 'em and they'll make you a star.
Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Copyright © 1975 by Unichappell Music Inc. and Kander & Ebb, Inc.
All Rights Administered by Unichappell Music Inc.
International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved
Now every son of a bitch is a snake in the grass. What ever happened to class? Class!

Ah, there ain’t no gentlemen to open up the doors, There ain’t no ladies now there’s only pigs and whores and even kids ’ll knock ya down so’s they can
What ever happened to "breeding?" and good morals and good values?

Now no one even says "oops" when they're passing their gas.

What ever happened to class?
Ah, there ain't no gentlemen who's fit for any use.

And even kids'll kick your shins and give ya sass.

No-body's got no class.

All you read about to-day is rape and theft. Jesus Christ!
Ain't there no decency left? No-body's got no class.

Ev'-ry-body you watch s'got his brains in his crotch. Holy crap, Holy crap, What a shame, What a shame. What's become of class?
NOWADAYS

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Slowly, sempre non rubato \( \frac{3}{4} \)

\[
\begin{array}{cccc}
F & F+ & F7 & F+\\
\end{array}
\]

It's

It's

It's

It's

Copyright © 1975 by Unichappell Music Inc. and Kander & Ebb, Inc.
All Rights Administered by Unichappell Music Inc.
International Copyright Secured All Rights Reserved
Fmaj7  F7  Gm7  C7b9  Cl3  C7  F6  Gb7

days.  There's  Now-a-days.

F7  Bb7maj7  A7  Dm  A7

You can like the life you're living. You can live the life you

Dm7  G13  Dm7  G6  C  G+7/C

like. You can even marry Harry, But mess around with

cresc.

C9  C7+  F  F+

ike. And that's good, isn't it? Grand, isn't it?
Great, isn't it? Swell, isn't it? Fun, isn't it? But nothing stays.

It's gonna change. You know. But oh, it's heaven nowadays.
I MOVE ON
from the Motion Picture CHICAGO

Bluesy vamp (J J= J 2)

A6/9

While

Amaj9

G#7

F#7sus(b9)

E7(13)

just move on.
I can't find a single star That I can wish upon

I just move on.

I run so fast.
D9(#11)
C#m7   F#m7   Bm7   E7sus

(D.S.)
a shot gun blast Can’t hurt me not one bit.
I’m out of dreams And life has got me down.

A(9)
D9(#11)
C#m7   F#m7

I’m on my toes I don’t despair, 'cause heaven knows, A
I don’t go there.

B9
Bm7   E7   C(#9)/Eb   E9sus

moving target’s hard to hit.
hang my bonnet out of town.
cresc.

C(#9)/Eb   E9sus   C(#9)/Eb   E9sus

So, So,

(8va)
as I play in life's ballet,
there's no doubt I'm well cut out.
To run life's marathon,
I'm not the dy-ing swan.
just move on.

So fleet of foot,

I can't stay put,

Yeah, I move on.

A6/9

dim. poco a poco

mf
IF YOU CAN'T BE FAMOUS, BE INFAMOUS

AND ALL THAT JAZZ
FUNNY HONEY
WHEN YOU'RE GOOD TO MAMA
CELL BLOCK TANGO
ALL I CARE ABOUT
WE BOTH REACHED FOR THE GUN
ROXIE
I CAN'T DO IT ALONE
MISTER CELLOPHANE
RAZZLE DAZZLE
CLASS
NOWADAYS
I MOVE ON