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Due to licensing restrictions, "But I Am a Good Girl" is not included in this folio.
SOMETHING'S GOT A HOLD ON ME

Freely
N.C.

Oh, sometimes, I get a good feeling, yeah.

D7
N.C.

(Yeah!) I get a feeling that I never, never, never, never

With pedal

had before, no, no. (Yeah!) I just gotta

scorded a half step lower.

Words and Music by ETTA JAMES,
LEROY KIRKLAND and PEARL WOODS

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tell you right now that uh, (Ooh!) I believe, I

really do believe that, something's got a hold on me, yeah.

(Whoa, it must be love.) Oh, something's got a hold on me right now, child. (Whoa, it must be love.) Let me tell you now:
I got a feeling, I feel so strange; something's got a hold on me that
to have changed. Step by step, I got a brand new walk. I
won't let go. Believe I'd die if I only could.
even sound sweeter when I talk. I said, oh, (Oh,)
sure feel strange, but it sure feels good. I said, oh, (Oh,)
(oh,)
(oh,)
(oh,)
I said,
Let me tell you now,

Let me tell you now, my heart feels heavy;

(Wah)

feet feel light.

(Wah)

I shake all over, but I feel all right.

(Wah)

I never felt like this before.

(Wah)

Something's got a hold on me that

(Wah)
won't let go. (Wah ooh.)
I never thought it could happen to me. (Wah ooh.)

Got me happy when I'm in misery. (Wah ooh.)

I never thought it could be this way; Love's sure gonna put a

hurtin' on me. I said. oh. (Oh.) oh. (oh.) oh.
(oh.) oh, (oh.) I said, baby,

oh, it must be love. (You know it must be love.)
Yeah, it walks like love.

(You know it walks like love.)
It talks like love. (You know it talks like love.)

Makes me feel alright in the middle of the
(in the middle of the night.)

Na na na na.  (La la la la.)

Oh, yeah.

(Oh.)

Hey, oh,

(Oh.)

Hey!

Yeah!
Moderately fast half-time feel

Show a little more; but never can possess.

Add a little smoke; welcome to Bur-

Everything you dream.
Oh, everyone is buying; put your money in my hand.

If you've got a little extra, well, (Spoken:) give it to the band.

You may not be guilty, but you're ready to con-
Tell me what you need; welcome to Bur-lesque.
You can dream of Coco;
do it at your risk.
The triplets grant you mercy,
but not your every wish.
Jesse keeps you...
guessing, so cool and statuesque.

“Be-have your-self,” says Georgia: welcome to Bur-lesque.
Oh, every one is buying; put your money in my hand.

If you want a little extra, well,

(Spoken:) you know where I am. Something very dark

is playing with your mind. It's not the end of days.
it's just the bump and grind.

Show a little more;
show a little less.

Add a little smoke;
welcome to Burlesque.

Tempo I

Bm
Cmaj7
N.C.
guy what takes his time
hurry-up affair
I'd go for any time
I always give the air
I'm a Would-n't

fast movin' gal who like them slow
give any rushin' gent a smile
Got no I would

use for fancy drivin'; wanna see a guy arrivin' in low
go for any singer who would condescend to linger a while

I'd be satisfied, electrified to
What a lullaby would be supplied to
know a guy what takes his time.

Oh.

A guy what takes his time

go for any time.

A hasty job really spoils a master's

touch.

I don't like a big commotion; I'm a

grade.

I can spot an amateur; appreciate
Swing

Demon for slow motion or such.

Why should who would

I deny that I would die to know a guy who takes his

qualify, no alibi, to be the guy who takes his

1

Bb7

time?

There time?

2

Bb7

Oh.

Oh.
Medium Shuffle (♩=♩=♩)

N.C.

It’s a cold and crazy world — that’s raging outside, — but baby,

me and all my girls — are bringing on the fire.

Show a little leg; — gotta shimmy your chest. — It’s a

* Recorded a half step lower.

Words and Music by CHRISTINA AGUILERA, CHRISTOPHER STEWART and CLAUDE KELLY

life, it's a style, it's a need... it's burlesque.

Techno groove (♩= ♩)

S: love, sex, ladies, no regrets. E -
X - P - R - E - S - S; love, sex, ladies, no re-

hold ing back for quite some time; teasing 'em till they're on the edge. They scream and

greets.)

finally, the moment's right. I mean for more and more; they beg.

I

love to make the people stare; they know it's me they come to see; my

I
got that certain savoir-faire,
pleasure brings them to their knees,

eh.
hey.

(Fas-

ten up; can you imagine what would happen if I let you close enough to touch?

Step into the fantasy; you'll never want to leave, baby, that's guaranteed.) (Why?)

It's a passion, an emotion; it's a fashion.... (Burlesque.)
It will move you, going through you, so do what I do.... (Burlesque.)

All ladies, confident, flaunt it; boys, throw it up if you want it.

Can you feel me? Can you feel it? (It's burlesque.)

(Eh eh oh oh eh eh eh) (Burlesque) (Fh eh eh eh eh)
YOU HAVEN'T SEEN THE LAST OF ME

Words and Music by DIANE WARREN

Slowly
Fm

\[\begin{array}{c}
\text{Eb} \\
\text{Ab} \\
\text{Eb/G} \\
\hline
\text{mp} \\
\hline
\text{With pedal}
\end{array}\]


Feeling broken, barely holding on,

but there's still something so strong somewhere inside me.

And I am down, but I'll get up again. Don't count me out just yet.
I've been brought down to my knees.
And I've been pushed way past the point
of breaking, but I can take it. I'll be back, back on my feet.
This is far from over. You haven't seen the last of me.
You haven’t seen the last of me. They can say that

I won’t stay a-round, but I’m gonna stand my ground.

You’re not gonna stop me. You don’t know me, you don’t know who I am.

Don’t count me out so fast. I’ve been
brought down to my knees. And I've been
pushed way past the point of breaking, but I can take it. I'll be
back, back on my feet. This is far from o-
ver. You haven't seen the last of me. There will be no fade out. This is not the end.
I'm down now, but I'll be standing tall again.
Times are hard, but I was built tough.

I'm gonna show you all what I'm made of.
I've been

brought down to my knees.
I've been

a tempo

pushed way past the point of breaking, but I can take it. I'll be
back, back on my feet. This is far from over.

I am far from over.

You haven't seen the last of me. No, no, I'm not going nowhere.

I'm staying right here. Oh, no. You won't see me fade out.
I'm not taking my bow... Can't stop me. It's not the end. You haven't seen the last of me.
Oh, no, you haven't seen the last of me.
sure I can trust.
came my home.
My heart and I were
I'm strong and I'm sure there's a

buried in dust.
fire in us.
Free me, free us.
Sweet love, so pure.

You're all I catch I need when I'm we're just
I need to catch my breath when I'm we're just

holding you tight.
one beating heart.
If you walk away, I will
And I brace myself; please don't
suffer tonight.

tear this apart.

I found a man I can trust.

and boy, I believe in us.

I am terrified to love for the first time.

Can't you see that I'm bound in chains?
finally found my way. I am bound to you; I am bound to you. Suddenly, the moment's here; I embrace my fears, all that I have been carrying all these years. Do I risk it all, come this far just to
fall, fall?

I can trust, and boy, I believe in

us. I am

I am, oh, I am,

I'm bound to you.
Underneath the city lights, there is a life few know about, where rules don't apply, no; and you can't keep a good girl down.

Moderately
(She comes through the club looking for a good time. Gonna make that, shake that,

money on a dime. Don't need a sugar daddy; she can work it just fine. Up

on the table, she'll be dancing all night.) Yeah, yeah hey,
ooh, ooh.)

(Wah ooh, ooh.)

baby doll just comes to life

under the

(Wah ooh, ooh.)

everybody just comes to life

under the

spot light.

All the girls wanna fall in line.

spot light.

All the boys wanna fall behind.

(We say:)

Yeah.

(Here come the ladies, 'bout to

give a little show.)

Yeah.

(Here go the boys, are yelling,
“show a little more.”) (more.) (more.) (more.) Hit it up, get it up. (Won’t let you rest.) Hit it up, get it up. (This is not a test.) Hit it up, get it up. (Gotta give me your best.) So, get your ass up, show me how you burlesque. Hit it up, get it up. (Won’t let you rest.) Hit it up, get it up. (This is not a test.) Hit it up, get it up.
up, get it up. (Gotta give me your best.) So, get your ass up, show me how you bur-lesque.

(A little bit of naught-y, it’s a little bit nice. She’s a whole lot-ta glam, sweat, sugar, sex, spice. Just shim-my, shim-my, strut, strut, give a little what, what. Up
Yeah,
on the ta bles, we'll be danc ing all night.

Spoken: (OK, girls;)

let's show 'em how it's done.

It ain't over till we say;

and we've

only just begun.)

Let me hear ya say, yeah.
THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE
(From Burlesque)

Words and Music by MARILYN MANSON, TWIGGY RAMIREZ, RONALD FAIR, NICOLE SCHERZINGER, ESTHER DEAN, STEFANIE RIDE, LAURA PERGOLIZZI, MELVIN K. WATSON, JR., LARRY SUMMERVILLE, JR. and TOMMY LEE JAMES

Moderate Shuffle

N.C. 3

Beautiful.

Beau-ti-ful.

* Recorded a half step higher.
The girls are flipping their hair back.
Ah, so you want to be famous,

You see them looking so perfect,
and undeniably sexy.

like from another planet.
You wanna be so outrageous.

Oh oh oh oh oh!
All of the beautiful people, shiny like dia...
-monds; ain't got no problems. They always smile for the cam-

-ra, stealing the spotlight, living the high life. 'Cause it's the

beautiful beautiful beautiful beautiful people they want, and it's the

beautiful beautiful beautiful beautiful people they flaunt, and it's the
beautiful beautiful beautiful beautiful beautiful beautiful beautiful people they love...

Yeah...

'Cause it's the

Yeah...

You say, "I wanna be you,"

I wanna
be just like you, one of the beautiful people."

Ay, ay, ay, ay!

(The beautiful people, the beautiful people, ah.)

(The beautiful people, the beautiful people.)

It's the beautiful people,
(The beautiful people, the beautiful people.

They love, they love, they love.

Hey, yeah.

(All of the beautiful people;

Wanna be, don't you

Wanna be like all of the beautiful peo
Am7

- ple;
  wan-na be, don't you wan-na be like...

F

D

C

Hey!

Oh,)

N.C.

C

G

F

C

beau-ti-ful beau-ti-ful beau-ti-ful beau-ti-ful peo-ple they want, and it's the
beautiful beautiful beautiful beautiful beautiful beautiful people they love.

'Cause it's the
Yeah.

Super beautiful; yeah, they always wanna be

so super beautiful. Ain't really what it seems.
Everybody wants it, everybody wants a piece

Of super beautiful

They all wanna be,

(The beautiful people, the beautiful people.)

yeah.

(The beautiful people, the beautiful people.)

yeah.
kiss on the hand may be quite continental, but
diamonds are a girl's best friend.

kiss may be grand, but it won't pay the rental on your

humble flat, or help you at the automat.
Men grow cold as girls grow old, and we

all lose our charms in the end.

square-cut or pear-shaped, these rocks don't lose their shape;

diamonds are a girl's best friend.
Tiffany's!

Car-ter!

Adim7

Black Starr!

Frost Gorham! Talk to me, Harry Winston, tell me all about it!

D.S. al Coda

CODA
Solo ends I've heard of affairs that are strictly platonic, but diamonds are a girl's best friend.

And I think affairs that you must keep lissonic are better bets if
Cm7   F13   Bb7
lit-tle pets get big ba-guettes.   Time_ rolls on,

Eb6   Bb6
and youth is gone, and you can't straight-en up when you

Cm7   F13   Bb   Dm/A
bend.   But stiff back or stiff knees, you

Ddim/Ab G9 N.C.
stand straight at Tiffany's.   Diamonds!
Diatoms!

I don't mean rhinestones, but diamonds

are a girl's best, best friend.

Tempo I
LONG JOHN BLUES

Words and Music by
TOMMY GEORGE

Freely

I got a dentist

With pedal

who's over seven feet tall.

Ooh, I've got a dentist, baby;
the man is over seven feet

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His name is Doctor Long John,

and he answers ev'ry call.

Slow Blues

F7  F7/A  Bb7  Bdim7  F/C  D♭9  C9

You know,

I went to Long John's office; I said,

"Doctor, the pain is__
kill-ing me.”

Ooh, I went to Long John’s of-fice; I said,

“Doc-tor, the pain is kill-ing me.”

He said,

“Don’t wor-ry, ba- by; it’s just your cav-i-ty— needs a lit-tle fill-ing.”

He
took out his trust-y drill,  

told me to open wide;  
he said it wouldn't hurt me;  
then he filled my whole inside.

Oh, Jesus, Long John,  
don't you never go away,  
'cause you thrill me when you drill me, and
I don't need no Novocaine to-day. Oh,

when he got done drill-in', he said,

"Oh baby, that is going to cost you ten." See, now I woulda thought

it would be more like twelve, twelve and a half... Ooh, when he got done drill-in', he said,
“Ooh sweet ma-ma, that is going to cost you ten._

But if it ev-er starts in to throb-bing, come

back and see your Long John a-gain and a-gain and a-gain and a-gain and a-

Mm! Girl, you know I will.
Is Someone Out There?
from In The Beginning

Music and Lyrics by Maury Yeston

Slowly \( \frac{1}{4} = 72 \)

C+

The

C\#m/B

C\#m/A\#

C+

garden, it was every thing to me.

We

a tempo

We

sim.

C\#

C\#/D\#

C\#/A\#

C\#/B\#

had no fear, spring was the only sea son.

The
fruit hung heavy down from every tree.

would not be so strange to live within this change, if

somehow I could understand the reason. Is someone

out there? Am I alone? Is someone else in the great un-
known? Is there a force far beyond my view? Is someone out there? Could that be true? Is someone out there? Beyond the sky? Is there a home where these words can fly? Is there a heart that might understand? Is someone out...
there to take my hand?

World forever changing every day.

Nothing ever seems to stay the same.

Who'd be there if I should lose my way now?

Does someone else know my name?

Is someone poco rit.