MOVIE VOCAL SELECTIONS

CHICAGO

THE MIRAMAX MOTION PICTURE

Music by John Kander
Lyrics by Fred Ebb
AND ALL THAT JAZZ

Moderately slow, deliberately

Come on, babe, why don't we paint the town,
And all that jazz! I'm gonna rouge my knees and roll my stockings down.

And all that jazz! Start the car, I know a whoop-ee spot where the
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
Father Dip is gonna blow the blues
And all that jazz!

Hold on, hon, we're gonna bunny hug, I bought some aspirin 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 Sheba shimmy shake. (And all that jazz!)

Oh, she's gonna shimmy 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
baby's queer for all that jazz!

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
No, I'm no one's wife, but oh, I love my life and all that jazz!
FUNNY HONEY

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Tempo di blues

G  Roxie:

G+5  Sometimes I'm right.

G6  Sometimes I'm wrong. But he doesn't care.

He'll string a-long... He loves me so, that funny honey of mine.

Bm7  Sometimes I'm down and

E7  sung an octave lower

Am7

D7

G

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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.

Honey hubby of mine.
When You're Good to Mama

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Slowly

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

hen. I love them all and all of them love me Because the

system works, the system called reciprocity!

* Sung an octave lower
Got a little
If you want my
mot-to,
always sees me through,
When you're good to Ma-
gravity,
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
I'm prepared to do.
When they pass that basket
folks contribute to.
You do one for Mama,
You put in for Mama,

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

They say that life is "tit for tat" and that's the way I
folks atop the ladder are the ones the world a-

I deserve a lot of "tat" for what I got to give.
So boost me up my ladder, kid, and I'll boost you up yours.
Don't you know that this hand
Let's all stroke together,

washes that one
like the Princeton
too.
crew.

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 good to you.
Cicero Lipshitz Pop Six Squish Uh uh Cicero Lipshitz

(Except Hunyak):

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

He had it com - in', he had it com - in',
He said, "I betcha you would have done the same."

(First time: Liz speaks her story)
(First time: Liz speaks her story)

(D.S.: Annie speaks her story)

If you'd have been there, if you'd have
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.

ALL: D.S. (with repeats)

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

He had it
GROUP 2:

F#7

And then he used it, and he abused it. It was a

Uh - uh Cic - er - o Lip - shitz

Pop Six

D7 C#7+ F#m

murder, but not a crime.

L:

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

p (percussion)
JUNE, spoken cue: And then he ran into my knife. He ran into my knife ten times.

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

D7

C#7+

F#

(Hunyak speaks her story)

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

(C7+)
ALL (except Velma):

(Velma speaks her story)

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

(p)
(p)

com - in',
com - in',
he only had him -
he took a flower -

F7

self to blame.
If you'd have
in its prime.
And then he
(2nd time: Stop at Velma’s line: “Veronica and Charlie doin’ number 17, The Spread Eagle.”)

been there, if you’d have seen it, and he abused it.

I betcha you would have felt the same. It was a murder, but not a crime.

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!

VELMA:

They had it com’in’, they had it com’in’, they had it

ENSEMBLE:

They had it com’in’, they had it com’in’,
com' in' all along._ I didn't do it, but if I'd
they had it com' in' all along._ She didn't do it,

Bbm
D#7
C7+
Fm
done it, how could you tell me that I was wrong?

but if she'd done it...

C#7+

They had it com' in', they had it com' in', they had it
They had it com' in', they had it com' in',
com'in' all along. I didn't do it, but if I'd
they took a flower in its prime. And then they used it...

Bm    D7    C#7+    F#m  (Mona speaks her story)
done it, how could you tell me that I was wrong?

ALL (except Mona):

He had it

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

F#+    F#    F#    F#

he only had himself to
If you'd have been there, I betcha
if you'd have seen it, I betcha

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

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
F#m          NC.          G
wrong? He had it com-in', he had it com-in', he only

G          D7+          G

G          D7+

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

G7          G7#9          C
he only had him-self to blame._ If you'd have been there,

Cm          Eb7          D7+
seen it, I bet-cha you would have felt the same. Pop that gun

Gm          N.C.          L.t.
one more time.

if you'd have seen it, bet-cha you would have felt the same.
Single, my ass! Ten times.

Artistic differences.

Film ending

Uh-uh.

#17, the Spread Eagle.

Pop

Six Squish Uh-uh Cicero

Stage ending

D7 ALL:

I betcha

Lipshitz

Eb7

you would have done the same.

D7 Gm
ALL I CARE ABOUT

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Moderately

[D]

Billy:

D         A9+5             F#m7

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.
satin spats don't mean a thing.

[1.

[D]

Girls:

love.
That's what he's here for.

[2.

[D]

Girls:

love. All he cares about is

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Give me two eyes of blue,
Show me long raven hair,

softly saying "I need you,"
flowing down about to there.

standing there And honest, Mister, I'm a millionaire.
running free Keep your money, that's enough for me.

I don't care for any fine attire
I don't care for having Packard cars

Billy:
might admire
black cigars.
No, no, not me, All I care about is

love. All he cares about is love.

It may seem odd All I care about is

That's what he's here for. Boo boo boo boo boo boo
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—
WE BOTH REACHED FOR THE GUN

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Brightly
F#7

ENSEMBLE:
B

WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?
WHO'S FRED CASELY?
MISSISSIPPI.

BILLY (as Roxie):

ENGLISH:
F#7

BILLY (as Roxie):

AND YOUR PARENTS?
WHY'D YOU SHOOT HIM?
VERY WEALTHY.

BILLY (as Roxie):

ENGLISH:
F#7

BILLY (as Roxie):

WHERE ARE THEY NOW?
WAS HE ANGRY?
SIX FEET UNDER, BUT
LIKE A MAD MAN.
N.C. (as Roxie): B/D# Ddim7 F#7/C# F#7
she was granted one more start. The Convent of the Sacred Heart.

(as Billy): Still I said, “Fred move along.” She knew that she was doin’ wrong.

B
ENSEMBLE: BILLY (as Roxie):

When’d you get here?
Nine teen Twen ty.

Then describe it.
He came toward me.

ENSEMBLE: E6
BILLY (as Roxie):

How old were you?
Don’t remem ber.

With a pis tol?
From my bureau.

Em6
ENSEMBLE: B/B#
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.

(as Billy):

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

(Mary Sunshine speaks)

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

BILLY:
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  pre  hen  si  ble, It's so de  fens  i  ble.
A Tempo

ENSEMBLE:

How’re you feeling?

Very frightened.

G7

ROXIE (as herself):

Are you sorry?

Are you kidding?

ENSEMBLE:

What’s your statement?

All I’d say is,

N.C.

Though my choo-choo jumped the track, I’d give my life to bring him back.

C/E

Ebdim7

G7/D

G7
C

BILLY (as Roxie):


B:


F6

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 -
Slow, accel. poco a poco

ENSEMBLE:

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

BILLY: Let me hear it!

they both reached for the gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, oh yes, they

BILLY: A little louder!

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.

BILLY: Now you got it!

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.
BILLY:

Both reached for the gun.

ALL:

The gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, the gun, the gun.

Both reached for the gun!
ROXIE

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

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

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 some body everybody knows.
And I'll appear in a lava liere that goes all the way down to my waist.
They're gonna recognize my eyes, my hair, my teeth, my boobs, my nose.
Here a ring, there a ring, every where a ring-a-ling, but all-ways in the best of taste.

From just some dumb mechanical's
She's giving up her hum-drum

wife I'm gonna be Roxie.
life (she's) gonna be Roxie.

Who says that murder's not an art?
She I made a scandal and a star.

And who in case she doesn't hang can
And Sophie Tucker'll shit, I know, to
say she started with a bang?
see her name get billed below

Rox - ie

Hart.

Rox - ie

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 A Esus4 A

My sister and I had an act that couldn't flop. My

Esus4 B/F# B6/F# F#7sus4

sister and I were headed straight for the top. My sister and I earned a thou a week at

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

least. But my sister is now, unfortunately, deceased. It's
sad, of course, but a fact is still a fact. And now all that remains is the remains of a

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

Moderately bright 4 (\( \frac{3}{4} \))

First I'd... (Choreography)
Gb7

Then she'd...

Bb6

Then we'd...

Bb/A

Gb7

But I can't do it alone.

Bb/A

G7 C9

Gb7 F7

Bb6

Then she'd...
Then I'd...

Then we'd...

But I can't do it alone. She'd say, "What's your sister like?"

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 Johnnies did it up brown to cheer the best traction in town.

They nearly tore the balcony 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 nothin' to it. But I simply cannot do it alone.
MISTER CELLOPHANE

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

If someone stood up in a crowd and raised his voice up way out loud and posed you was a little cat residin' in a person's flat, who

waved his arm and shook his leg, you'd notice him.

fed you fish and scratched your ears; you'd notice him.

someone in the movie show yelled "Fire in the second row! This pose you was a woman, wed and sleepin' in a double bed be -
whole place is a powder keg! You'd notice him.
And side one man for seven years; You'd notice him.

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

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

visible incoherent me,
unimpressive, undisguised me.

Celophane, Mister
Cel-lo-phant should have been my name.  
Mister 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.  
Mister Cel-lo-phant should have been my name.  
Mister

Cel-lo-phant, 'cause you can look right thru me, walk right by me and nev-er know I'm
there. Sup-

[Player piano style]

Should have been my name, Mister Cel-lo-phone, 'cause you can

look right thru me, walk right by me, and nev-er know I'm

there. I tell ya Cel-lo-phone, Mister Cel-lo-phone should have
been my name, Mister Cel-lo-phone, 'cause you can
walk right by me, look right thru me, and nev-er know I'm
there. Nev-er e-ven know I'm
there.
RAZZLE DAZZLE

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Slowly

(Finger snaps)

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

Give 'em an act with lots of flash in it And the reaction will be passionate.

Give 'em the old hocus pocus. Bead and feather '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-er-ous.

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

and they'll beg you for more.

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

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

Raz - zle daz - zle 'em. Back since the days of

Raz - zle daz - zle 'em. Give 'em an act that's
old Methuselah, Everybody 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, Raz-zle daz-zle 'em

How can they spot you got no talents, Raz-zle daz-zle 'em

and you got a romance, Raz-zle daz-zle 'em,

Raz-zle daz-zle 'em, Raz-zle daz-zle 'em

and they'll make you a star.
CLASS

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Moderately slow - in 2

Velma:

What ever happened to fair dealing and

[Quasi FRANZ SHUBERT]

pure ethics and nice manners? Why is it ev'ryone now

is a pain in the ass? What ever happened to class?

Class?

What ever happened to "please, may I?" and "yes, thank you" and
"how charming!
Now ev'ry son of a bitch is a snake in the
grass.
What ever happened to class? Class!

Matron:
Ah, there ain't no gentlemen to open up the doors.

Velma:
Bb
Am

Gm
C9

ladies now there's only pigs and whores and even kids'll knock ya down so's they can
Am D7 Gm7 Gm7/C C7 Db Velma:
pass. No-bod-y's got no class._______________ What ev-er hap-pened to

Matron: Dbm Velma: Ab(sus4) A♭7
old val-ues and fine mor-als and good breed-ing?

Db Matron: Db+5 G♭m
Now no one e-ven says "oops" when they're pass-ing their gas.

C♭m/E♭ C7
Both: What ev-er hap-pened to class?
Class!
Ah, there ain't no gentlemen who's fit for any use, and any
girl'd touch your privates for a deuce. And even kids'll kick your shins and give ya

Am
t kids'll kick your shins and give ya

Gm, C7 Bb

sass.

No-bod-y's got no class.

Velma:

Am

Matron: Gm

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

Every-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 \( \frac{3}{4} \)

It's
good, isn't it? Grand, isn't it?
good, isn't it? Jazz, isn't it?
men everywhere, Booze everywhere.

Swell, isn't it? Fun, isn't it?
Life everywhere, Joy everywhere,

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days. There's nowadays.

You can like the life you're living. You can live the life you like. You can even marry Harry. But mess around with 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.

In fifty years or so

it's gonna change, you know.

But, oh, it's

heaven nowadays.
I MOVE ON
from the Motion Picture CHICAGO

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Bluesy vamp (\( \frac{3}{4} \))

A6/9

While

Amaj9

G#7

A9/G

truck in' down the road of life When ev'ry hope seems gone,

F#7sus(b9)

F#7 F(#5) F(b5) E7(13)

I just move on.
When

Amaj9  G#7  A9 G
I can’t find a single star That I can wish upon

F#7sus(b9)  F#7  F(#5)  F(b5)  E9
I just move on. I move on.

A6/9
I run so fast.
a shot-gun blast
Can't hurt me not one bit
I'm out of dreams
And life has got me down

I'm on my toes
I don't despair
'cause heaven knows
I don't go there

moving target's
hard to hit
hang my bonnet
out of town

cresc.

So, So,
As I play in life's ballet, I'm not the dying swan.
There's no doubt I'm well cut out To run life's marathon.

To Coda

I just move on, I move on.

D.S. al Coda

Just when it seems

CODA

I move on.
just move on. So fleet of foot. I

can’t stay put. I just move on. Yeah, I move on.
CHICAGO

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