VOCAL SELECTION
ORIGINAL SOUNDTTRACK SONGS FROM THE MOTION PICTURE

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CHAPPELL MUSIC LIMITED
Alone At The Drive-In Movie

By WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Moderately slow Rock 'n' Roll beat, in 4
Beauty School Dropout

Lyric and Music by Warren Casey and Jim Jacobs

Freely

Your story's sad to tell: a teenage ne'er-do-well; most
mixed-up non-delinquent on the block. Your future's so unclear now. What's
left of your career now? Can't even get a trade-in on your smock.
Beauty school dropout,

Not graduation day for you. Beauty school dropout,

Missed your mid-

Terms and flunked shampoo. Well, at least you could have taken time to
wash and clean your clothes up, after spending all that
dough to have the doctor fix your nose up. Baby, get moving.
Why keep your feeble hopes alive? What are you proving?
You've got the dream, but not the drive. If you
go for your diploma, you could join the steno

pool. Turn in your teasing comb and go back to high school.

Beauty school

drop-out, hanging around the corner store.
Beau-ty school drop-out, it's a-bout time you knew the

score. Well, they could--n't teach you any-thing. You

think you're such a look-er. But no cus-tom-er would

go to you un-less she was a hook-er. Ba-by, don't

E C#m 4fr. F#m7

sweat it. You're not cut out to hold a

B E C#m 4fr.

job. Better forget it. Who wants their

A B E

hair done by a slob? Now your bangs are curled; your

E#10 A D9 4fr.

lash-es twirled. But still the world is cruel. Wipe off that
An - gel face and go back to high school.

Ba - by, don’t blow it.

Don’t put my
good ad - vice to shame. Ba - by, you know it.

E - ven Dear Ab - by’d say the same. Now, I’ve
called the shot. Get off the pot. I really gotta fly. Gotta be going to that malt shop in the sky.

Beauty school drop-out, go back to high school—
Blue Moon

Lyric by LORENZ HART Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

Blue moon, you saw me
moon, you knew just
now I'm no

standing alone, without a
what I was there for. You heard me

longer alone, without a

dreaming in my heart, without a
saying a prayer for someone I

dreaming in my heart, without a

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love of my own.
able of could
love of my

Blue care for.
And then

suddenly appeared

fore me the only one
my arms could ever hold.

I heard some-bod-y

whisper, "Please, adore me."

But when I looked,
that moon had turned to gold.

Whoa, blue own, without a love of my own.
Born To Hand Jive

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Medium tempo, in 2

fore I was born, late one night,
barely walk when I milked a cow.

my papa said, "Every thing's all right."
When I was three, I pushed a plow.
The doctor made Mama lay down,
While chop-pin' wood, I'd move my legs,

with her stomach bouncin' all around,
and I started dancin' while I gathered eggs,

'Cause a bebop stork was a-
The town-folk clapped... I was

bout to arrive... Mama gave birth to the
only five. "He'll out-dance 'em all. He's a born hand jive."
I could Born to
hand jive, baby._

D. S. ½ (instrumental) at Coda […]
hand jive, baby._

Now, can you hand jive, baby?_
Oh, can you hand jive, baby?

Oh, yeah.

Oh, yeah.

Yeah.

Born to hand jive, oh yeah!
Freddy, My Love
Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Slow Rock tempo, in 2

Freddy, my love, I miss you
Freddy, you know, your absence oh.
Freddy, you'll see, you'll hold me

G

more than words can say.
That's o - kay, though, your pres ents
in your arms some day,
and I will be wear ing your

B7sus4

touch while you're a way.
Hear ing from you can make the
make me think of you.
My ma will have a heart at -

lac y lin gerie.
Think ing a bout it, my heart's
day so much better, getting a souvenir or

tack when she catches, those ped-al push-ers with the

pound-ing al-read-y, knowing when you come home, we're

may-be a let-ter. I really flipped o-ver the

black leath-er patch-es. Oh, how I wish I had a

bound to go steady, and throw your serv-ice pay a-

gray cash-mere sweat-er, Fred-dy, my love, Fred-dy, my love, Fred-dy, my

jack-et that match-es, Fred-dy, my love, Fred-dy, my love, Fred-dy, my

round like con-fetti, Fred-dy, my love, Fred-dy, my love, Fred-dy, my

love, Fred-dy, my love, Don't keep your let-ters from me; I

love, Fred-dy, my love, Fred-dy, my love, Fred-dy, my

love.
Fm  D7  Gm7  A7  Dm

thrill to every line. Your spelling's kind a crummy, but, honey, so is mine. I treasure every giftie; the ring is really nifty. You

Em7-5  A7+5  A7  Dm  G7

say it cost you fifty, so you're thrifty; I don't mind. Oh, oh, oh,

Cmaj7  Bm7  Em7  A7  D.S. 3/4 al Coda

love. Freddy, my love, Freddy, my love, Freddy, my love.

Coda  A7  D  Dmaj7  G  A7

Repeat and fade
Grease
Words and Music by BARRY GIBB

Moderately, with a beat

Bm

I solve my problems and I see the light. We got a

E  Bm

lovin' thing - We gotta feed it right. There ain't no danger we can

F#m7  Em7  D

go too far. We start believin' now that we can be who we are. Grease is the word.
They think our love is just a
We take the pressure and

grow in pain. Why don't they understand it's just a
throw away. Conventionality belongs to

cry in shame? Their lips are lying. Only
yes yesterday There is a chance that we can

real is real. We stop the fight right now. We got to
make it so far. We start believing now that we can
be what we feel...
be who we are...
Greasie is the word...
It's got a groove...

It's got a meaning...
Greasie is the time...
is the place...

is the motion.
Greasie is the way
we are feel-

To Coda
This is a life of illusion,
wrapped up in troubles, faced in confusion.

What are we doing here?

D. S. ½ (lyric 2) al Coda

Coda
Greased Lightnin'
Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Fast Rock 'n' Roll beat

C

We'll get some overhead lifters and four-barrel quad, oh yeah.

F

purple French tail lights and thirty inch fins, oh yeah.

A fuel injection cut-off and chrome.

A Palomino dashboard and dual

C

plated rods, oh yeah.
muffler twins, oh yeah.

With

With new
four-speed on the floor, they'll be wait-in' at the door. You
pistons, plugs, and shocks, I can get off my rocks. You

know that ain't no shit. We'll be gettin' lots of tit in Greased
know that I ain't braggin'. She's a real pussy wagon. Greased

Lightnin',
Lightnin',

Go Greased Lightnin'. You're

burnin' up the quarter mile.
Go Greased Lightnin'. You're coastin' through the heat lap trial.

You are supreme. The chicks 'll cream for Greased Lightnin'.

We'll get some

2. Half as fast

Light-nin'.
Hopelessly Devoted To You

Words and Music by JOHN PARRAR

Moderately slow, in 2

Dm
A
Dm
A
Dm

A

A

C#m

Guess mine is not the first heart
know I'm just a fool who's
head is sayin', "Fool, for -

D

Bm7

E7

Amaj7

broken.
My eyes are not the first to cry.

willin',
to sit a-round and wait for you.

get him.

My heart is sayin', "Don't let go.

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I'm not the first to know
But, baby, can't you see
Hold on to the end."

And

C\#m7-5/G
F#7
1. Bm7

just no gettin' over you.
that's what I intend to

C#m7
Cm7 Bm7 E7

2. Bm7

C#m7
Cm7 Bm7 E7

I'm hopelessly devoted to
you.

But now there's

cresc.

no where to hide since you pushed my love aside.

I'm out of my head,

hope less ly devoted to you.
hopelessly devoted to you.

decresc.

D. S. (no repeats) al Coda

hopelessly devoted to you.
Hound Dog
Words and Music by JERRY LEIBER and MIKE STOLLER

Fast Rock 'n' Roll beat

C

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog,
cy-in' all the
time.

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog,
cy-in' all the
time.

Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit, and you ain't no friend of mine.

C

G7

F7

To Coda △

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They said you was high class. Oh no, that was just a lie.

Call you high class. That was just a lie.

Well, you ain't ne'er caught a rabbit, and you ain't no friend of mine.

D. S. al Coda

You ain't nothin' but a
It's Raining On Prom Night

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASBY and JIM JACOBS

Slowly and freely

G
G
A7
Bm
E7

I was de-privèd of a young girl's dream by the

cruel force of na-ture from the blue.

In-stead of a night full of

romance su-preme, all I got was a run-ny nose and A-si-a-tic flu.

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Medium Cha-Cha

D Bm G A7

It's

D Bm G A7

rain - ing on prom night; my hair is a mess. It's
wilt - ing the quilt - ing on my Maiden - form, and mas -

D Bm G A7

run - ning all o - ver my taf - fe - ta dress. It's
ca - ra flows right down my nose be - cause of the

D Bm G A7

storm. I don't e - ven have my cor - sage, oh
D7		G		B7		Em7

gee. It fell down a sewer with my sister's l.

A7		D		Bm		G

D.
(spolken) Yes, it's raining on prom night. Oh, my darling, what

A7		D		Bm		G

can I do? I miss you. It's raining rain from the skies, and it's raining real

A7		D		Bb7		Eb

It's raining on tears from my eyes over you. Oh, dear God, make him feel
prom night. Oh, what can I do?

the same way I do now. Make him want to see me again. (sung) What can I do? It's

rain ing rain from the skies. It's rain ing tears from my eyes o ver

you.) Rain ing, ooh, tears from my eyes o ver

D. S. % and fade

you. Rain ing, ooh, rain ing on prom night.
Look At Me, I'm Sandra Dee (Reprise)

Lyric and Music by Warren Casey and Jim Jacobs

Moderately and very freely, in 1

(A(addB))

Look at me. There has to be something more than

(A(addB))/C#

D

F#m7/B

B7

what they see: wholesome and pure, oh so

E

E7

A

A7/C#
Dmaj7  B7  A/E  E7  A

scared and unsure, a poor man's Sandra Dee

A7  Dm7  G7  Cmaj7  Am7

Bm7  E7  A(addB)  A  Dm7

G7  Amaj9  F#7  B7
Sandy, you must start anew.
Don't you know what you must do?
Hold your head high, take a deep breath, and sigh, "Good-bye to Sandra Dee."
Look At Me, I'm Sandra Dee

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Bright Waltz

\[\text{Look at me. I'm Sandra Dee,}\]

\[\text{Watch it! Hey, I'm Doris Day.}\]

\[\text{As for you, Troy Donovan.}\]

\[\text{lousy with virginity,}\]

\[\text{I was not brought up that way.}\]

\[\text{I know what you wanna do.}\]

\[\text{Won't go to bed till I'm legally wed.}\]

\[\text{Won't come across. Even Rock Hudson lost his}\]

\[\text{You got your crust! I'm no object of lust.}\]

\[\text{I'm}\]

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can't: I'm Sandra Dee.  

(spoken) I don't drink or swear. I don't rat my hair.  

I get ill from one cigarette. Take
your filthy paws off my silky drawers!

Would you pull that crap with Annette?

D. S. ½ al Coda

just plain Sandra

(spoken) Elvis, Elvis,
let me be!

Keep that pelvis

far from me!

Just keep your cool. Now you're

starting to drool. (spoken) Hey, fongoool, I'm Sandra

freely

Repeat and fade

Dee!

Repeat and fade

a tempo
Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing

From the 20th Century Fox Motion Picture "Love Is A Many-Splendored Thing"

Lyric by PAUL FRANCIS WEBSTER Music by SAMMY FAIN

Moderately

B7

E

C#m7

G#m

E

E7

A

C#7/C#

F#m

F#m/E

C#m

F#m

F#m/E

D#m7-5

B#97

G#7

C#m

D#7

F#m6

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Mooning
Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Moderately slow, in 2

I spend my days
just mooning, so sad and blue,

so sad and blue, I spend my nights
just moon - ing all o-ver you.

(All o-ver who?) Oh,

I'm so full of love, as any fool can

see, 'cause angels up a-bove have hung a
moon on me. Why must I go on moon背面的你
ing, so all a - lone (so all a - lone)?
ing for-ev - er - more (for-ev - er - more).

There would be no more moon背面
Some - day you'll find me moon背面

ing if you would call me (up on the phone).
ing at your front door (At my front door).
While lying by myself in bed, I
Oh, every day at school I watch ya.

cry and give myself the red eye,
Always will until I got cha

BB

you.
I'll stand between

F7

BBm7

F7

Cm7

BB

F7

Cm7

BBmaj7

Freely and much slower
(There's a moon out tonight.)
Rock And Roll Is Here To Stay

Words and Music by DAVE WHITE

Fast Rock 'n' Roll beat

G

Em

C

D

G


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It will never die. It was meant to be
Dig it to the end. It'll go down in his-

that way. though I don't know why.
To try; just you wait, my friend.

I don't care what the people say. Rock-and-roll is here to stay.
Rock-and-roll will always be. It'll go down in history.

(We don't care what the people say.) (Rock-and-roll is here to stay.)
Ev'ry body rock.
Ev'ry body rock.

Ev'ry body rock.
Ev'ry body rock.
Come on.
Ev'ry body rock.
Now ev'ry body rock and roll.

Ev'ry body rock and roll.
Ev'ry body rock and roll, roll.
and roll, rock and roll, rock and roll. Come

on.

Everybody rock and roll, roll, roll, roll.

Rock and roll will always be. I dig it to the end.

If you don't like rock and roll, think what you are miss-

in'. But if you like to hop and stroll,
just you wait, my friend.

Come on down and listen.

Rock and roll will all

Let's all start to have.

ways be. It'll go down in history.

A ball. Everybody rock and roll.

Rock 'N' Roll Party Queen

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Medium Rock beat

La la la... la la la... la, la la la... la... la... la... la...

No chord

la la la... la la... ah ha ha, rock 'n' roll party queen...

Lit-tle girl, do you know who I mean? Pretty soon she'll be sev-e-n-een.

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They tell me her name's Betty Jean, ah ha ha, rock 'n' roll party queen.

Friday night and she's got a date, goin' places, just a stayin' out late.

She's the girl that all the kids know, talk about her wherever she goes.

droppin' dimes in the record machine, ah ha ha, rock 'n' roll party queen.

I could write a fan magazine about my rock 'n' roll party queen.

Bomp ba bomp, ba bomp ba. Oh, no. Can I have the car tonight?

Bomp ba bomp, ba bomp ba. You should see her shake.
Baby, baby, can I be the one to love you with all of my might?
Baby, baby, don't you call it puppy love. Don't you want a true romance?
Ay yi yi yi. Rock 'n' rollin' little party queen. We're gonna do the stroll, hey, party queen.
You know I love you so, my party queen. You're my rock 'n' rollin' party queen.
Sandy
Words by SCOTT SIMON Music by LOUIS ST. LOUIS

F

Stranded at the drive-in.

Am7

Brand-ed a

Eb

fool.

What will they say

C7

Mon - day at

 accel.

Medium Rock beat

F

Am7

Gm7

Am/C

Gm/Bb

F/A

Gm

school?
Sandy, can't you see I'm in misery?

We made a start, Now we're apart, There's nothing left for me.

Love has flown, All alone,

sit and wonder why, oh why, you left me, oh
Sandy, oh Sandy.
(spoken) Sandy, my darlin',
some day, when high school is done,
you hurt me real bad.
You know it's true.
somehow, some way, our two worlds will be one.
But, baby, you gotta believe me when I say I'm helpless without you.
In heaven forever, and
(sung) Love has flown. All alone, I
ever we will be.
Oh, please say you'll stay.
sit. I wonder why,
Oh why, you left me.

D. S. (instrumental with spoken lyric) at Coda

oh, Sandy!

Sandy.
Sandy.

why? (spoken) Oh, Sandy!
Summer Nights

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Moderately

No chord

BOY: "Sum - mer lov - in', had me a blast." GIRL: "Sum - mer lov - in'
"She swam by me; she got a cramp." "He ran by me;
"T'ook her bowl - ing in the ar - cade." "We went stroll - ing;

hap - pened so fast." BOY: "Met a girl, cra - zy for me."
"Got my suit damp." "Saved her life; she nearly drowned."
"Drank lem - on - ade." "We made out under the dock."

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GIRL: "Met a boy, cute as can be." Summer days
"He showed off, splash-ing a-round." Summer sun,
"We stayed out till ten o’-clock." Summer fling

drift-ing a-way... to... uh, oh, those sum-mer nights... Well-a, well-a, well-a
some-thing’s be-gun... But... uh, oh, those sum-mer nights... Well-a, well-a, well-a
don’t mean a thing... But...

uh. Tell me more. Tell me more. Did you get ver-y far? Tell me more. Tell me
uh. Tell me more. Tell me more. Was it love at first sight? Tell me more. Tell me

more. Like, does he have a car? Tell me more. Did she put up a fight? uh, oh, those sum-mer nights.
Tell me more, tell me more. But you don't got to brag.

Tell me more, tell me more. 'Cause he sounds like a drag.


BOY: "She got friendly, down in the sand."
GIRL: "He was sweet; just turned eighteen." BOY: She was good. You know what I mean.

Summer heat; boy and girl meet. But uh, oh those summer nights.

Tell me more. Tell me more. How much dough did he spend?

Tell me more. Tell me more. Could she get me a friend?
GIRL: "It turned colder; that's where it ends."

BOY: "So I told her we'd still be friends."

GIRL: "Then we made our true love vow."

BOY: "Wonder what she's do-in' now."

Summer dreams ripped at the seams. But...

Oh, those summer nights. Tell me more. Tell me more."
Tears On My Pillow

Words and Music by SYLVESTER BRADFORD and AL LEWIS

Moderately, in 2

You don't remember me,
but I remember you.

If we could start a new,
I wouldn't hesitate.

'Twas not so long ago
you broke my heart in two.

I'd gladly take you back
and tempt the hands of fate.

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Tears on my pillow, pain in my heart, caused by you,

you, you, you, you,

Love is not a gadget. Love is not a toy.

When you find the one you love, he'll fill your heart with joy.
If we could start a - new,

I _wouldn't hes - i - tate._ I'd glad - ly take you back _and tempt the

hands of fate _Tears on my pil - low, pain in my heart_ caused _by

you, you _molto ritt._
There Are Worse Things I Could Do

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Ffreely

\[\text{D13 fr.} \quad \text{Gmaj7} \]

There are worse things I could do

\[\text{Em7} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{F#m7-5} \]

do than go with a boy or two.

\[\text{B7} \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{A7} \]

Even though the neighborhood thinks I'm trashy and no
good, I suppose it could be true. But there are worse things I could do. I could flirt with all the guys, smile at them and bat my eyes, press against them when we dance, make them think they stand a
chance, then refuse to see it through. That's a thing I'd never do. I could stay home every night, wait around for Mister Right, take cold showers every day, and
throw my life away on a dream that won't come true.
I could hurt someone like me out of spite or jealousy.
I don't steal and I don't lie, but I can
feel and I can cry: a fact I'll bet you never knew.

But to cry in front of you, that's the worst thing I could do.
Those Magic Changes
Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Moderately, with a light beat

What's that playing on the radio?
I'll be waiting by the radio.

Why do I start swaying
to and fro?

I have never heard that song before.

You'll come back to me someday,
I know.

Been so lonesome since our last goodbye.
But if I don't hear it any more, it's still familiar to me; but I'm singing as I cry say say. While the bass is sounding,

sends a thrill right through me. 'Cause those chords remind me of the while the drums are pounding, beatings of my broken heart will

night that I first fell in love to those magic changes. rise to first place on the chart. My heart arranges

My heart arranges a melody that's never the same, a melody those magic changes.
F
dy____ that's calling your name and begs you, please, come
Am
back to me. Please return to me. Don't go a-
F
way again. Oh, make them play again the music I wanna hear as once a-
G6
G7
gain you whisper in my ear. Oh, my
We Go Together
Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Bright Rock 'n' Roll beat

We go togeth-er, like rama la-ma la-ma ka ding-a da ding-a dong.

re-mem-bered for-ev-er, as shoo-bop sha wad-da wad-da yip-pi-ty boom-de boom.

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Chang chang chang-it-ty chang shoo-bop, that's the way it should be, wha oooh, yeah!

We're one of a kind, like dip da-dip da-dip doo-wop da doo-bee doo.

Our names are signed boog-eddy boog-eddy boog-eddy boog-eddy
shoo-by doo-wop she-bop. Chang chang chang-it-ty chang shoo-bop, we'll always
be like one, wawa wawaah.

When we go out at night, and stars are shin-in' bright

up in the skies above, or at the
high school dance, where you can find romance, maybe it
might be love, Vocal ad lib
We're for each other, like a
wop ba-ba lumop and wop bam boom, just like my brother is
sha-nana-nana-nana yip-pi-ty dip-de doom. Chang chang

chang-it-ty chang shoo-bop, we'll al-ways be to-

geth-er, wha ooooh, yeah! We'll

Repeat and fade

al-ways be to-geth-
er. We'll

Repeat and fade
You're the One That I Want

Words and Music by JOHN PARRAR

Moderately

Am

I got chills, filled
They're multiplying

\[ \text{Am} \]

C

And I'm losing in control,
you're too shy to convey,

\[ \text{F} \]

E

\[ \text{Am} \]

'Cause the power you're supplying,
meditate in my direction.

\[ \text{E} \]

\[ \text{Am} \]
it's electric!

Feel your way.

You better shape up,
'cause I need

a man
and my heart is set on

you.

You better shape up,

I better shape up,
you better understand
if I'm gonna prove

Am

Nothin'
Are you

F

to my heart I must be true.

left, sure?
Yes, I'm sure down deep inside.

You're the

C

one that I want.

You, oo,
oo, honey. The one that I want.

You, oo, oo, honey. The one that I want.

You, oo, oo are what I need.

1. 2. D. S. ½ and fade

Oh, yes indeed.
If you're You're the