MADONNA

IM BREATHLESS

MUSIC FROM AND INSPIRED BY THE FILM DICK TRACY
BACK IN BUSINESS

Words and Music by
DONNA SUMMER & PATRICK LEONARD

Moderately

Bbm

E57

Bbm7

F+5

Bbm

\begin{array}{c}
E57, \quad Bbm7, \quad F+5, \quad Bbm, \quad E57
\end{array}

\begin{array}{c}
I'm gonna show you, \\
I'm gonna show you.
\end{array}

Instrumental

Bbm7

F+5

Bbm

\begin{array}{c}
that good guys don't always win, \\
good guys always finish last. \\
I'm gonna show you, Speak of virtue.
\end{array}

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the brighter side of living in sin.
being nice is a thing of the past.

So when you're six feet under, you won't wonder why.
When I want something done, I'll say it with a gun.

Just 'cause you got a halo don't mean _
Just 'cause you're an angel don't mean _

(Spoken): You don't know if you want to hit me or kiss me.
If you thought it was o-
I just wanted to thank
I just wanted to thank

ver,
you're way off track.
you for what you lack.
for what you lack.

You made a blunder.
Hope they don't hang you.
And 'Cause you put me
'Cause you put me
back, back in business.

This ain't no hit and miss, I'm gonna get my way, 'cause you put me back, back in business.

You're my first witness.
and I'm here to stay.

Repeat and Fade (vocal ad lib)

He's back in business now.

Give me a hand and I'll take a bow.
He's A Man

Words and Music by
MADONNA CICCONETE
and PATRICK LEONARD

Moderately Slow

Gm7 Gm7 C7/G

Gm Gm7 C7/G

Gm Gm7 C7/G

Gm Gm7 C7/G

All work and no play

Gm7 Gm7 C7/G

D7 C6 B7

makes Dick a dull boy, career gets in the way.

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Em    Em7    A7/E
Square jaw oo, such a handsome face;

Em    Em7    A7/E

why do you have to save the human race?

A7    Em    F#7    Bm

Life of crime, All guts
no, it never pays, and no brains.

Instrumental
clean up the streets and they make your secret get a way.

bald-ies and thugs, they take up all your time and 

All alone, 

All alone, 

Can't let go, 

in your room with your radio,

someone cries and you hear the call,

in your room with your radio,

no one to hold you, had to let her go.

who's gonna catch you, don't good guys have a ball?

no one to hold you, I would never let you go.
You're a man with a gun in your hand,

waging a war between good and evil can be a bore. If you don't

take time, it's not nice; so here's my advice: Take your
love on the run, oh; God, let me be the one. Ah, ah, ah,

man with a gun.

me be the one, 'cause I can show you some fun,

(Spoken): and I don’t mean with a gun.

You are a man with a gun in your hand.

man with a gun, take it out of your hand.
waging a war between good and evil can be a bore. If you don't


take time, it's not nice; so here's my advice: Take your


love on the run; oh God, let me be the one. Ah, ah, ah.
Adagio (\( \cdot \cdot \cdot = 80 \))

_Languorously_

Soon-er or lat-er you’re gon-na be mine.

Soon-er or lat-er you’re gon-na be fine.

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Baby, it's time that you faced it. I always get my man.

Soon-er or lat-er you're gon-na de-cide:

Soon-er or lat-er there's no-where to hide.
Baby, it's time, so why waste it in chatter?

Let's settle the matter.

Baby, you're mine on a platter, I always get my man.

But
If you insist, babe, the challenge delights me. The more you resist, babe, the more it excites me. And no one I've kissed, babe, ever fights me again. If you're on my list, it's just a question of
When I get a yen,

Then baby, amen.

I'm counting to
cresc. poco a poco

ten.

And

then

motto rall.
Tempo Primo - Molto Maestoso

I'm gonna love you, like nothing you've known.

I'm gonna love you, and you all alone.

Sooner is better than later but lover,

However,

I'll plan.
1. This time I'm not only getting, I'm holding my man.

2. This time I'm not only getting, I'm holding my man.
HANKY PANKY

Moderately Slow

Dm    C    B°    A7sus4  A7  G7  A7sus4  A7

Dm/A  B19  A7    Dm    Dm/C  C    B°  A7sus4  A7

G7    A7sus4  A7

Fast swing (♩♩ = ♩♩♩)

No Chord

N.C.

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(Spoken): Come over here!

Some girls, they like candy, and others, they like to grind.

I'll settle for the back of your hand some where on my behind. Treat my like I'm a bad
A7

girl.
G7
even when I'm being good to you.
F

Bl7
I don't want you to thank me, you can just spank
A7

N.C.

Dm

me.

Dm

Some guys like to straight talk,
Please don't call a doctor, 'cause

Instrumental


others, they like to tease. Tie my hands behind
there's nothing wrong with me. I just like things a

my back and oo, I'm in ecstasy.
little rough and you better not disagree. 'Cause

Don't slobber me with kisses,
I don't like a big softy,
Treat me like I'm a bad girl,
I can get that from I like someone mean
even when I'm being
my sisters. Before I get too cranky...
and bossy. Let me speak to you frankly...
You better good to you, I don't want you to thank me...

like hanky panky, (Hanky panky,)
nothing like a good

spunky. Don't take out your handkerchiefs; I don't wanna cry, I just

wanna hanky panky. Like hanky panky, (Hanky panky,)
nothing like a good spanky.
(Good spanky.)

Don't take out your handkerchiefs; I don't wanna cry, I just wanna hanky-panky guy.

(Hanky-panky.)
(Good spanky.)
(Wanna cry, I just

Repeat and Fade (vocal 1st time only)

wan - na...)

That square came into this room, the
doc - tor said han - er she's a beau - ti - ful girl.

They gave me a spank - ing and I

got her to smile, so give it up, honey, 'cause I want it.
and I feel like my poor little mind is being devoured by pi - all day long there's a man in my brain incessantly playing "Boo-ga"

for I'm going bananas but I'm going meshuga.

There's non compos mentes and I feel like a tooth being drilled, a bats in my belfry. Won't you make sure this straight-jacket's tight, oth -
nerve being killed by a dentist, for I'm non compos
erwise I might get myself free. Yes, there's bats in my
mentes.
bellfry.

Who knows? Who could be the

Who knows? could be the

tropic heat or something that I eat
wince I drink or it's the way I think
that makes me gonzoo.
that makes me gonzoo.
Oh, Doctor Alonso says I'm
go ing bananas,
go ing bananas,
Some one book me a
Some one get me a
room in the hot haciend o with all my ma-
bed in the "Casa de Loco" for all my ma-
for I'm going bananas.
for I'm going ba-
Moderately with a steady beat (♩ = ♩)
such a bump-kin, it
doesn't take much to make him cry. If you
so

so tem-p'ra-men-tal and
I don't know what I should do. If you


hurt some-one helpless, it's like
taking away all his toys;

step on a lit-tle, bug he
cries all o-ver the floor;


he's just a cry baby boy,

he's just a cry baby bore.
I don't want to hurt his feelings, but his outbursts have me reeling;

boo-hoo-hooing all the time, if I turn out like him, I think I'm gonna cry.
la, la, la, la, la, la, He's such a cry

ba-by,
la, la, la, la, la, la.
(Spoken): And I'll tell you something else...

© Coda

F7

C6

I love a cry
ba-by,

G7+5

C6

la, la, la, la, la, la, He's such a cry
3. My guy is such a wet noodle,
   He's always teary-eyed,
   He acts like a real cockadoodle,
   He can't even tell you why.
   If you just play him a sappy song,
   He acts like his doggie just died.
   He's just a cry baby guy.

4. My guy is such a whiner,
   He's worse than Buddy Sue,
   A cockroach seen in the diner,
   And the tears flow out of the blue.
   And if I ask him to knock it off,
   He goes and cries in the can.
   He's just a cry baby man.

(To Chorus)
SOMETHING TO REMEMBER

Words and Music by
MADONNA & CICCONI
and PATRICK LEONARD

Slowly

Am7 | D7 | Am7 | D9

Seems I've played the game for much to know: I let people
bets laid all on you: set your stakes too

Am7 | A7

G7 | Emaj7 | D9

buy my love and I never got to sing my songs for you,
you're bound to lose in the game of love I've paid my

G7sus4 | G7 | F7+7 | F7 | E7+5 | G7

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I had all my _

Say that hap-pi-

Guess I'm wait-ing

ness can-not be mea-sured, and a lit-tle pain can bring _ you all _

for my place in your sun, wish I had the chance to know _ you and it

life's lit-tle plea-sures. What a joke!

wasn't stor-my weath-er. What a shame!

Who's to blame?
I was not your woman, I was not your friend, but you gave me something to remember.

No other man said love yourself no body else can. We weren't meant to be.

at least not in this lifetime, but you gave me something to remember...
Moderato \( \text{\( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{q}} = 104 \))

(VERSE)

Once upon a time I had plenty of nothing, which was fine with me. Because I had rhythm, music, love, The
sun, the stars and the moon above. Had the clear blue sky

and the deep blue sea. That was when the best

things in life were free. Then time went by and now

I got plenty of plenty, which is fine with me. 'Cause I
still got love, I still got rhythm. But look at what I got _

_ to go with 'em... "Who could ask for anything more?", I hear you

quer - y. _ Who could ask for anything

more? Well, let me tell you, _ dear - ie:

rall...
(CHORUS)
A tempo

Got my diamonds, got my yacht.

Got a guy I adore.

I'm so happy with what I got.
I want more!

poco dim.

count your blessings:

one... two

mf

three...

I just hate keeping score...

Any number is
fine with me,  As long as it's more!

As long as it's

more...  I'm no

mathematician.
All I know is addition.

I find counting a bore.

Keep the number mounting. Your accountant does the counting.

CHORUS GIRLS:

More! More!

mf
BREATHELESS:

I got rhythm, music, too,

Just as much as before.

Got my guy and my sky of blue.

Now, however, I own the view.
More is better than nothing.
true, But nothing's better than nothing's better than nothing's better than more, more, more,
INTERLUDE
more!
sempre stacc. & leggiero
mp
One is fun, why not two?
And if you like two, might as well have four. And if you like four,
why not a few, Why not a slew more?

CHORUS GIRLS:

More!
BREATHELESS:

If you've got a little, why not a lot?
Add a bit and it'll get

CHORUS:

More!

B. 

_to be an oo-dle. Ev’ry jot and tit-tle adds to the pot.

Ch.

More!

B. 

Soon you've got the kit as well as the ca-boo-dle.

Ch.

More! More! More!
Nev-er say when, nev-er stop at plen-ty.

More!

sempre staccato

If it's gon-na rain, let it pour.

Happy with ten,

hap-pi-er with twen-ty-

If you like a pen-ny, would-n't you like man- y much

cresc.
(2nd Chorus)

more? Or does

that sound too greedy?

That's not greedy, indeed
That's just stocking the store.

Gotta fill your cupboard. Remem-ber Mother Hubbard... Chorus

More!
Each pos

More!

cresc.

ses sion you pos sess

Helps your spir its to soar.

dim.
That's what's soothing about excess.

Never settle for something less.
Something's better than nothing.

Chorus:

But nothing's better than

Except all, all,

more, more, more...
Meno Mosso & molto rubato

You may find, all else above.

poco cresc.
piu mosso

_that_ though

find all else above

piu mosso

piu mosso, poco rubato

"things" are bliss. There's one thing you miss,

_and that's More!

and that's More!

a tempo

a tempo
Lazy Blues (\( \j = 108 \))

\[ \text{Rubato} \]

What can you lose?

Only the blues.

Why keep concealing everything you're
feeling? Say it to her — What can you lose?

She's had clues, which she chose to ignore.

Maybe, though, she knows, And just wants to go on as before.

As a friend, nothing more.
So she closes the door.  
Well, if she does,

Those are the dues.

Once the words are spoken, something may be broken. Still, you love her-

cresc. poco a poco

What can you lose?  
But what if she goes?  
At least now,
you have part of her. What if she had to choose? Leave it alone.

Hold it all in.

Better a bone. Don't even begin. With so much to

Rall.

win. There's too much to lose.
Now I'm Following You
(Part 1)

Medium Rag \( \frac{\text{Bb7}}{4} \frac{\text{Ab7 fr. C7}}{4} \frac{\text{C7}}{4} \frac{\text{F7}}{4} \frac{\text{Bb}}{4} \)

\[
\begin{array}{cccccc}
& & & & & \\
\text{Bb7} & \text{Ab7 fr.} & \text{C7} & \text{C7} & \text{F7} & \text{Bb} \\
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{ccccccc}
\text{F7} & \text{C} & \text{F7/C} & \text{F7} & \text{Bb} & \text{Bb7} & \text{F7/C} \\
\end{array}
\]

\[
\begin{array}{ccccccc}
\text{Bb} & \text{Bb7} & \text{F7/C} & \text{F7} & \text{Bb7} & \text{Ab7 fr.} & \text{G7} \\
\end{array}
\]

Let's dance, you can do a little two-step.
I'll go anywhere that you step to.

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'cause I'm following you.

My feet might be falling out of rhythm.

Instrumental

don't know what I'm doing with them, but I know I'm following
you.

Unlike as it is to me.

on the floor with two left feet.

Let's boogie woogie

till our hearts skip a beat.

but who's counting.
Encore, once again around the dance floor.

Romance is in the picture too, now I'm following you.
Moderate dance beat

Let's dance, you can do a little two-step, I'll go anywhere that you step to.

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'cause I'm following you. My feet might be falling out of rhythm, I don't know what I'm doing with them but I know I'm following you. Unlikely as it
E7-9    A7+5    Dm    D7    E7-9    A7+5
is to me, on the floor with two left feet.

Dm    D7    E7-9    A7    Dm    A/D
Let's boogie woogie till our hearts skip a beat,

F7/C    F7    Bb    B7    F7/C    F7
but who's counting. Encore, once again around the

Bb    B7    F7/C    F7    Bb7    A7-5 fr. G7
dance floor. Romance is in the picture too,
An unexamined life is not worth living.

(Spoken): Come over here!

Let's dance.  

Encore once again around the
Two-step.

I'll go anywhere that you step to, 'cause I'm following.

You.

But who's counting? (Spoken): Ten million, twenty million, What about Dick Tracy?

Thirty million, forty million . . .

That's an interesting name.
Dick. (Spoken): My bottom hurts just thinking about it.

(Spoken): Could you knock it off please? Thank you.
Moderate dance beat

\[ Ab\text{7sus4} \]

\[ mf \]

\[ \text{Eb7sus4} \]

\[ Ab\text{5} \]

\[ \text{4fr.} \]

What you lookin' at? 
Vogue, Vogue, Vogue.
Look around, everywhere you turn is heartache, it's everywhere that you go.
All you need is your own imagination, so use it, that's what it's for.

You try everything you can to escape
Go inside, for your finest inspiration;
the pain of life that you know.
When all else fails, and you
your dreams will open the door.
It makes no difference if you're

Ab(addBb)

long to be something better than you are today.
black or white, if you're a boy or a girl.

If the

Eb7sus4/Ab

I know a place where you can get away, it's called a dance floor and here's what.
music's pump-in', it will give you new life. You're a superstar, yes, that's what.

Abm7 Gbmaj7 Fb Ebm Abm7 Gbmaj7 Fb Ebm

it's for, so you are, you know it. Come on, Vogue,
let you body
move to the music, hey, hey, hey. Come on, Vogue.

let your body go with the flow, you know you can do it.

know you can do it. Beauty's where you find it, not

just where you bump and grind it. Soul is in the
musical, that's where I feel so beautiful.
magical, Life's a ball so get up on the dance floor.
know you can do it, do it. Vogue, Vogue.

Beauty's where you find it. Move to the music. Vogue,
Vogue. Beauty's where you find it. Go with the flow.

Spoken: Greta Garbo and Monroe, Dietrich and DiMaggio Marlon Brando, Jimmy Dean,

on the cover of a magazine. Grace Kelly, Harlow, Jean; picture of a beauty queen.

Gene Kelly, Fred Astaire, Ginger Rodgers dance on air. They had style, they had grace.
Rita Hayworth gave good face. Lauren, Katherine, Lana too. Bette Davis; we love you.

Ladies with an attitude, fellas that were in the mood. Don’t just stand there, let’s get to it.

Strike a pose, there’s nothing to it. Vogue. Vogue.
you've got to let your body move to the music.

Ooh, you've got to let your body go.

with the flow. Oh, you've got to:

Vogue, Vogue, Vogue.