06: I DON'T FEEL LIKE DANCIN'
14: SHE'S MY MAN
23: I CAN'T DECIDE
29: LIGHTS
34: LAND OF A THOUSAND WORDS
40: INTERMISSION
46: KISS YOU OFF
52: OOH
59: PAUL McCARTNEY
65: THE OTHER SIDE
72: MIGHT TELL YOU TONIGHT
77: EVERYBODY WANTS THE SAME THING

BONUS SONG
84: TRANSISTOR
I DON'T FEEL LIKE DANCIN'

Words and Music by Scott Hoffman, Jason Sellards and Elton John

\[ J = 112 \text{ Moderately} \]

\[ \text{D} \]

\[ \text{Daug} \]

\[ \text{D6} \]

\[ \text{Gsus/D} \]

\[ \text{G} \]

\[ \text{Gm} \]

\[ \text{A} \]

\[ \text{D} \]

\[ \text{G/D} \]

\[ \text{Em/D} \]

\[ \text{D} \]

\[ \text{G/D} \]

\[ \text{Em/D} \]

\[ \text{D} \]

\[ \text{Em/D} \]

\[ \text{D} \]
1. Wake up in the morning with a head like, What you done?

2. Cities come and cities go just like the old empires, This when

used to be the life but I don't need another one.
all you do is change your clothes and call that versatile.

You like cutting up and carry'n on, you wear them gowns, so
so

how come I feel so lonely when you're up getting down? So I'll
why can't I keep up when you're the only thing I'd lose? So I'll
_don't feel like danc-in' when the old_ Joanna plays, my heart_

could take a change but my feets can't find a way. You'd think that I_

could muster up a little soft shoe gentle sway, but I_

don't feel like dancin', no sir, no dancin' today. I don't feel like
dancin', dancin', even if I find nothing better to do... Don't feel like
dancin', dancin', why'd you pick a tune when I'm not in the mood?... Don't feel like
dancin', dancin', I'd rather be home... with the one in the bed till dawn... with you...

To Coda ∅
Daug  D6  Gsus/D  G

a - round but your_ two - step makes my_ chest pound, just lay me down_ as you

Gm  A7#9  Asus4  N.C.  D.8 al Coda

float away into the shimmer lights_ But I_

Coda

D  Em/D

Don’t feel like danc - in’, danc - in’, ev - en if I find no - thing bet - ter to do_ Don’t feel like

I don’t feel... Danc - in’._
dancin', dancin', why'd you pick a tune when I'm not in the mood? Don't feel like dancin', dancin' I'd rather be home...

don't feel... Dancin' I don't feel...

with the one in the bed till dawn... with you...

Dancin' without you...
1. This town was built on muddy stilts, by the lunatic parade. Well, it rains.
2. Some day soon, this dank lagoon's gonna sink right into hell. They'll hide.

like Revelation's gonna wash these freaks away. Some get you from Big Idaho at the Sho' Enough Hotel. The L.

girls wanna hold your hand and some girls like to pray. Well my. - dies of the evening's just a tombstone in your bed. Well my.
-- girl takes her drinks with dust and rusty razor blades.
-- girl eats a wounded preacher 'tween two loaves of bread.

As I lie between these covers, I wanna tell her that I love...
I know she's up to something, but how can I run when she's just keel-

-- it when she choked me in the back seat of her riverboat 'cause...
-- hauled twenty-one to nothing, I'll stay next to the steel-cold oven 'cause...

She's my man and we got all the balls we need.
(Sing BVs if only)
taste that pavement you're amazed, she smells your sympathy. So

bye-bye, ladies, may the best queen hold the crown for the

most bush sold on the levee, my, my, how word gets around. She stran-

gles for a good time and she kills your self control. She's
my man, don't be too sad son-ny, 'cause she'll never be your wo-man no more.

Hey! All you need's just a fist of a tear-stained bun-ny

when the good ship comes to town

Who said love's a bitch - I'll sit next to me hon-ey,
'cause this old boat's gonna run aground

Cause I don't want to be the burden or your jealous bastard,

I don't wanna be the Tarzan of your next epic disaster
I CAN"T DECIDE

Words and Music by Scott Hoffman and Jason Sellards

\[ \text{N.C.} \]
\[ \text{C} \]
\[ \text{Honky-tonk} \]
\[ \text{D=100} \]

1. It's not easy having yourself a good time,
   (2.) bitch convincing people to like you,
   if

   greasing up those bets and better,
   I stop now, call me a quitter,
   if lies were cats you'd be a letter.

   Fuck and kiss you both at the same time,
   Pleasing everyone isn't like you.

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smells like something I've forgotten, curled up, died and now it's rotten.

dancing jigs until I'm crippled, slug ten drinks, I won't get pick-led.

I'm not a gangster tonight, don't want to be a bad guy,
I've got to hand it to you, you've played by all the same rules,

I'm just a loner, baby, and now you've gotten in my way.
It takes the truth to fool me, and now you've made me angry.

I can't decide whether you should live or die, oh, you'll

(BVs I\textsuperscript{th} tacet, top part on \& only)
A♭
probably gonna heaven, please don't hang your head and cry. No wonder why.

Cm

my heart feels dead inside, it's cold and hard and petrified.

Eb

Lock the doors and close the blinds, we're going for a ride.

2. It's a
24. Ab Bb Eb C
   go-in' for a ride._ Oh, I could throw you in the lake__ or feed__ you

26. Fm Bb
   poisinced birth-day cake._ I won't de-ny__ I'm gonna miss you when you're

28. Eb G7
   gone._ Oh, I could bury you alive__ but you__ might

30. Cm Abm6/Cb Bb7
   crawl out with a knife__ and kill me when I'm sleeping, that's__ why...
Coda

32

Lock the doors and close the blinds, we're going for a ride...
1. No pussy-footin' or that look of surprise can hide the holes in your eyes or cover up...
2. No-body's callin' that pay-phone in your mind. I wonder just what they find but that line's...

— that busy bitter smile. All the birds can see that you're heading South, that mirror

deep in your mouth reflects you running on for miles.

When you cut the lights out, think of me. (Think of me.)
When you cut the lights out, think of all the things you can't see.

But are they real?

That face will be revealed.

Revealed.

To Coda
1.

G7

Am7

C7

33

36

N.C.

2.

G7

My ma-ma told me one__ thing I'll re-mem-ber till I die__ the one you want the most__ will be__ the one__

Am7

Am7/G

Fmaj7

39

42

Dm7

E

Am7

Am7/G

that you de-fy__ The times they're gon - na love you, it's like stich-es in__ the scar__ You can ne-
Fmaj7

Ever run from trouble, 'cause there ain't no place that far.

Coda

D7

When the lights, when the lights keep moving on, when the lights, when the lights keep moving on,

Am G D

Am G D

Repeat to fade

When the lights, when the lights keep moving on, when the lights, when the lights keep moving on,
LAND OF A THOUSAND WORDS

Words and Music by Scott Hoffman and Jason Sellards

\[ \text{\textit{Steadily}} \]

\[ \text{C} \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{F}^7 \quad \text{Eb} \quad \text{C} \]

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Am}^7 \quad \text{C/G} \quad \text{Fmaj7} \quad \text{F} \]

\[ \begin{align*}
1. \text{Another constellation dies.} & \quad \text{Do what you want 'cause it's your own.} \\
\text{sky.} & \quad \text{Just call me when the phone stops ringing, thanks for coming by. I'm just} \\
\text{glad I'm on your good side.} & \quad \text{where it's smouldering and freezing, it's nev-}
\end{align*} \]

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er all that easy to decide
This is a land... of a thou-sand words,

but it seems so few are worth the breath to say,

I'll be look-ing af-ter my own... world... and you just keep on sav-ing the day...

I'll try to stay but it's in vain when you're far,
I'm on the run...
to where-\(\text{ever}\) you are.

2. And that's the na-\(\text{ture}\) of the chase,

you fall so far be\(\text{hind}\), you end in first place. Pass the torch, this time we're run\-\(\text{ning}\) to

each's own re\-\(\text{gret}\), there's no harm in play-\(\text{ing}\) hard to get.
Bound-less-ness de-ceives me, ba-by, you may turn the cor-ner yet.

This is a land of a thou-sand words, but it seems so few are worth the breath to say.

'Cept I'll be look-ing af-ter my own words and you just keep on sav-ing the day.

I'll try to stay but it's in vain, when you're far I'm on the run.
To wherever you are

thing I say, tried to stay but time is runnin’ out but now I’m on my way. I’m a’gon-na do ev’ry-th ing I say,

tried to stay but time is runnin’ out but now I’m on my way.)

molto rit.
INTERMISSION

Words and Music by Scott Hoffman, Jason Sellards and Elton John

Freely

A♭⁹
D/A
Ddim/A
Dm/A
G♭⁷/A
A⁷

Bright swing

D
G
Aaug
B

1. When you're standing on the side of a hill, feeling like your day may be done...
2. Sometimes you're filled with the notion the after-life's a moment away...

F♯
G♯

— here it comes; the strawberry smog...
— you want to tell someone the way that you feel... but

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chas- ing a-way the sun,
then you ain’t got noth-ing to say._
Don’t let those
You fight for free-

pre-cious mo- ments fool you,
- dom from de- vo- tion, a hap-pi- ness is get- ting you down._
with

rain-bow nev- er smiles or blinks,
some-body giv-ing you a piece of ad-vice,
it’s just a can-dy-col-oured frown.
by the way, you’re liv-in’ in sin._

You were go-ing on at half past sev-en,
Now there’s nev- er gon-na be an in-ters- si- sion,
now it's going on a quarter 'til nine.  
All the angels 
but there'll always be a closing night.  
Never enter

want to know, are you lost or treading water?  
And you're going on you
-tain those visions, lest you may have packed your baggage.  
First impressions are

sixteenth bender, but you've only got a matter of time.  
cheap auditions, situations are long goodbyes.  

Yes, we've all got seeds to sow, not everyone's got lambs to slaughter.  
Truth so often living dormant, good luck walks and bull-shit flies.
When the night wind starts to turn into the ocean breeze,
(Ah,)

When the headlights guide your way, you know the place is right,
(ah.)

and the dew drops sting and burn like angry honey bees;
(Ah,)

when the tree tops sing and sway, don't go to sleep tonight;
(ah.)

that is when you hear the song falling from the sky:
(Ah,)

that is when you'll see the sign, luminous and high:
(ah.)

(Ah,)

Oh...
Happy yesterday to all, we were born to die.

(Clarinet)

Oh...

Happy yesterday to all, we were born to die.
2. Spur this child your side-ways smile that crack in your ve- neer.

Em

say you see what's un-der me that the gloss has washed a-way. But

G

you're the one whose co-lour's gone from love to dir-ty grey.

Em

Some blue broad will spoil your rod, it just takes pa-tience dear. They

G

Questions come a-live in the mid-dle of the day. (Ov-er and ov-er a-gain.)

Bm

rush you for your life but you'll nev-er beat the game. (Old-er and old-er you get.)

C

Watch me start a fire in the mid-dle of your shade. (That's why I'm tell-ing you I'm gon-na...)

Bm

Crush you like a gyre but the gim-ble's all the same. (Oh no, I think it's hap-pen-ing.)
Kiss you off my lips, I don't need another tube of that dime store lipstick. Well, I think I'm gonna buy me a brand new shade of man.

Kiss you off my lips, it's standing room only for a piece of my pigment, so excuse me a minute while I supply demand.
Kiss you off these lips of mine, kiss you off for a custom shine.

pissed yours truly off this time. It's why I ain't just kissin' you, I'm kissin' you off.

I'm kissin' you off.
Kiss you off my lips, I don't need another tube of that dime store lipstick. Well, I think I'm gonna buy me a brand new shade of man...
I'm kiss-in' you off...
1. Some people say such awful things, I don't understand; they're so hateful.
We don't need those diamond rings, even though they look my clothes. Measure distances with tears, the tracks'll run for miles when I

2. When you talk sweet things in my ear I get so hot inside, I'm burning tasteless. Chi-chi parties, so important, sink a fortune, high-class apartment. Feel those mixed emotions, in your heart, guilty feelings, you fall apart.
One or two ooh-ohs make you feel so good, it's not a threat to nobody, in fact the
One or two oooohs, nothing left to lose, I'm not a threat to nobody, don't try and

people they should give me them blues. Ooh, don't you give me them blues. I got magic in my

dancing shoes. Let me hear you say ooooh.

(Don't you give me them blues, got magic in my dancing
Ooh, don't you give me them blues. I got magic in my shoes.

dancing shoes. Let me hear you say ooooh.

(Don't you give me them blues, got magic in my dancing shoes.)
(Say, hey, honey baby, don't you know... ain't got any money left to blow... can't
buy you no snow cone even when it's hot outside.
Wanna make love, show you what I do, pocket that rug and you ride the groove just

D.S al Coda

let me go dance and give me no blues tonight.

Ooh, don't you give me them blues, I got magic in my

Coda
Dancing shoes. Let me hear you say oooh._
(Don't you give me them blues, got ma-gic in my danc-ing

Ooh___ don't you give me them blues____ I got ma-gic in my shoes.)

Dancing shoes. Let me hear you say oooh.___
(Don't you give me them blues, got ma-gic in my danc-ing shoes.)
PAUL McCARTNEY
Words and Music by Scott Hoffman, Jason Sellards, Derek Gruen and Carlos Alomar

\( \text{j} = 140 \)

1.

2.

5.

9.

1. There's an
ur-gen-cy I'm feel-ing for the first time.
(2.) way to get to-geth-er when I'm gone a-way.
(1.) (It's all mine... Do we
(2.) (One day... Do, do, do, do.)

dream a-bout each oth - er at the same time?
place that all that mat-ters are the notes you play.
(All night... Simple
(I say... Do, do, do, do.)

This might be the on-ly way to talk to you.
plea-sures when I'm lis-ten-ing, it gets me by.
(That's right... It's your
(Won't lie... When you're
(Do, do, do, do.)
(Do, do, do, do.)
ears with the sound that I'll walk into.
singing I'll be with you to the exit line.

(Your mind...)
(We shine...)

Is it the
Is it the
Do, do, do, do.)

party that ain't over 'til it's through?
Is it the wiring that's suddenly a blown fuse?
Is it a

chemical that makes this moment true?
Is it the music that connects me to you?
(To you.)
Here I was awaiting, praying for the muse. I'm finally awake and you have left me less confused. And maybe now, you will hear me now, I'm just in love.
in love with your sound...

(Guitar Solo)

D.S. al Coda

Is it the

Coda

Ah, your song, it gets me by. By,

(BV 2 only)

say by, when you're singing I'll be with you 'till the exit line. (Saxophone solo 2 only)
THE OTHER SIDE
Words and Music by Scott Hoffman, Jason Sellards and John Garden

\[ J = 120 \quad \text{Freely} \]

Em

1. What will one day become of us?
We'll grow as grass under their feet.

No one here will ever know your name.

And you still lie here next to me.
If it takes another life, I'll wait for you on the other side.

Everything that comes to me as good belongs to you.

I'll count our blessings as I wait for you on the other side.

Good luck and I will see you through.
2. Get used to this, you're going to be all right.

The world goes on with or without me.

If I don't ever leave a thing behind,

I'll still leave you without me.
If it takes anothe r life I'll wait for you on the other side...

Ev'rything that comes to me as good belongs to you....

I'll count our blessings as I wait for you on the other side...

Good luck and I will see you through...
(Spoken:) And I have a right to be in love, and I have a right to be loved.

They'll be over the rainbow for me.
MIGHT TELL YOU TONIGHT
Words and Music by Scott Hoffman and Jason Sellards

\( \text{Tempo: 98}
\)

1. When you're quiet, but your eyes are saying everything
2. They'll tell you that you'll maybe make it if you just cut...

Am
I need to know, I want to burrow like a sparrow, dodging all your clothes and change your hair, but I won't fuss and moan 'bout what you wear.

C
-ley cats and whiskers, why do we talk in whispers? Is it pain...
ful hearing voices ring so early in the morning?
your dirty letters, just wear your sweaters in the winter

I've been waiting for the day when I can throw away
'cause I wouldn't want you to get cold. I hope that we're together

these numbers that line my dresser drawers and cupboards. Start me over when we're old. I would have sold all my possessions, never took

or, life seems so much slower with your tooth
piano lessons, but baby you're a grand and I will learn
- brush by the mir-ror, can I make it any clearer?
- to play the good notes and tune you up the best I can.

And I just might say it to-night,
I just might say it to-night.
And I just might tell you to-night.
That I love you and you should stay all my life.
And I just might say it tonight.
I just might say it tonight.

And I just might tell you tonight that I love you and you should stay all my life.
EVERYBODY WANTS THE SAME THING

Words and Music by Scott Hoffman, Jason Sellards, Ana Lynch, Patrick Seacor and Paul Leschen

\[ \text{D/A} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G/B} \quad \text{D/A} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G/B} \quad \text{D/A} \]

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G/B} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{G/B} \quad \text{D} \]

(Guitar)

1. If you're waiting for your wings but you just got legs and you're feeding all your chickens but they (2) exit sign is coming could be round any bend, now did you live your life proper, did you
won't lay eggs. When you open up your draw'rs and see your janky clothes, just pretend that you knew what you were talk- ing a-bout which side was your fence? When the

member, life's in love with you but let's sup-pose that God ain't gonna drop you no
hammer comes down it never makes no sense. Chaos is not a virtue, para noi-

hundred dollar bill you've got to ques-tion your inten-tions'cause the bad ones kill.
-
a loads the bas-es, just im-magine giant rivers o-ver-flow with their faces.)

Ev-ry-bod-y wants the same thing ev-ry-bod-y wants the
same thing
No trading places on the chain gang, it doesn't

To Coda

matter how you swing it, everybody wants the same thing.

(Guitar)

2. When your
Play 4 times ad lib, one BV entering on each repeat

What is it that you want? What is it that you give?

Where
do you plan on finding it? How do you want to live? What do you want to live?

Love is what I want, and love is what I give.

right here's where I'm finding it, that's how I'm gonna live.

Love is what I want, and love is what I give.
right here's where I'm finding it, that's how I'm gonna live.

**Coda**

D   C   G/B

(How am I gonna live? How am I gonna live?)

D   C   G/B

How am I gonna live? How am I gonna live?

D   C   G/B

Come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on, come on.
TRANSISTOR

Words and Music by Scott Hoffman and Jason Sellards

\[ \text{\( \frac{1}{4} \)} \]

\( \text{\( \frac{3}{4} \)} \)

1. We're getting nowhere, where did we go?

Shift ing so slowly, facing the tow_
Creeping and diving, the palm of my hand.

Will we soon discover a soft place to land? She

waits on the bow... Waves

break from the south... There's no

safe, take a vow... You'll
way to tell her now... She
stay out of bounds...

waits but we're getting nowhere. Tran-

sister, won't you take my signal?

Send it like a siren call the wild. (The light's alive...)
Shoot me like a rainbow to the sky.
-sis-tor.

let the new world hit you,

and help.

me reach, find the stars between your eyes. (Like to love...)

To Coda 0

sis-tor.
2. We're shaking the apple
and tasting the ice___

The fearless horizon
feigning surprise___

I see a curtain
beginning to fall___

what's good for the captain
is good for us all___

Make
sis-ter.

(Oh.

 Tran-sis-ter.

(Woah.)

(He-y.)

(Oh.

 Tran-sis-ter.

N.C.
I DON'T FEEL LIKE DANCIN'
SHE'S MY MAN
I CAN'T DECIDE
LIGHTS
LAND OF THOUSAND WORDS
INTERMISSION
KISS YOU OFF
OOH
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BONUS SONG
TRANSISTOR

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