MOVIE VOCAL SELECTIONS

CHICAGO

THE MIRAMAX MOTION PICTURE

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

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

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

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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!

That jazz!
FUNNY HONEY

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Tempo di blues

Roxie:

G    G+5    G6

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

G9  C  Cm

He'll string along. He loves me so, that funny honey of mine.

Bm7  E7  Am7  D7  G

Sometimes I'm down and

*Sung an octave lower

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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

Fm  F7  Bbm  Eb7

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

Ab  Db  Bbm/G

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

Fm  Fdim  C7  Fdim/C  C7  Fm

system works, the system called re-ci-pro-c-i-ty!

* Sung an octave lower

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Got a little
If you want my

mot-to,
always sees me through,
When you're good to Ma-

gra-vy,
pepper my ragout,
Spice it up for Ma-

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You do one for Mama,
You put in for Mama,

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

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

live. So I deserve a lot ta "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 to-gath-er,
  wash-es that one
  like the Prince-ton
too.
  When you're good to Ma-ma,
  When you're strok-in' Ma-ma,
  Mama's good to you.
  Mama's strok-in' you.
So what's the one conclusion I can bring this number to?
When you're good to Mama, Mama's good to you.

At this stage, quasi TED SHAPIRO
Cicero Lipshitz Pop Six Squish Uh-uh Cicero Lipshitz

ALL (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 Cicer-o Lip-shitz
Pop Six Squish Uh-uh Cicer-o Lip-shitz

ALL
(Except Speakers):
(First time: Liz speaks her story)
(D.S.: Annie speaks her story)

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

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

seen it, I bet-cha you would have done the same.
He had it
same. He had it com-in', he had it com-in', he only

had him self to blame.

LIZ, spoken cue: So I took the shotgun off the wall and fired two warning shots into his head.

He had it

ANNIE, spoken cue: You know, some guys just can't hold their arsenic.
GROUP 2:

And then he used it, and he abused it.
It was a murder, but not a crime.

N.C. (June speaks her story)

L:

$p$ Pop
JUNE, spoken cue: And then he ran into my knife. He ran into my knife ten times.
Bm

seen it. I bet-chu you would have done the same.

Bm/F#

D7/F#

Bm/F#

D7/F#

F#m/C#

C#

F#
HUNYAK, spoken cue:
Uh-uh. Not guilty.

ALL (except Velma):
(Velma speaks her story)

He had it com-in',
com-in',
com-in',
com-in',
he only had him-
he took a flow-
self to blame.
in its prime.
If you'd have
And then he
comin' all along.

I didn't do it, but if I'd

they had it comin' 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 comin', they had it comin', they had it

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

Bm
done it, how could you tell me that I was wrong?

(Mona speaks her story)

ALL (except Mona):
He had it

comin', he had it comin'.

F#+

he only had himself to
blame.

If you'd have been there,

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.

ALL:

bump, bump, bump, bump, bump, the dirty

The dirty bump, 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.

B

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
wrong? He had it com-in', he had it com-in', he only wrong?
He had it com-in', he had it com-in',

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

seen it, I bet-cha you would have felt the same. Pop that gun one more time.

if you'd have seen it, bet-cha you would have felt the same.

P
Film ending

Single, my ass! Ten times. Uh-uh. #17, the Spread Eagle. Artistic differences. Pop

Stage ending

D7 ALL:

I betcha

you would have done the same.
ALL I CARE ABOUT

Moderately

D  Billy:  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,
All I care about is

I.
D  Girls:  Em7  A7+5  A7(6)
love. That's what he's here for. love. All he cares about is

II.
D  Girls:  Gm
Give me two eyes of blue,
Show me long raven hair,

softly saying, "I need you."
Let me see her,

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
Van derbilt
I don't care for having Packard cars or smoking long
might admire, All I care about is
black cigars, No, no, not me, 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
A9+5  F#m7(-5)  Am6/B  B7
booo  booo  booo,  booo  booo  booo,  booo  booo  booo.

E7  A7  D  Gm
Honest to God  All I care about is love. All he cares about is

D  D.S. al Coda
love.

(Girls:)  Eb  Bb7+5  Gm7
(nough for me.

I don't care for having Packard cars or smoking long—
black cigars
No, no, not me,
All I care about is

Ah, oo, hum,

Do-in' a guy in who's pick-in' on you.
Twist-in' the wrist that's

All he cares about

turn-in' the screw.
All I care about is

love!
she was granted one more start, The Convent of the Sacred Heart.
Still I said, “Fred move along.” She knew that she was do-in’ wrong.

When’d you get here? Nine teen Twenty.
Then describe it. He came toward me.

How old were you? Don’t remem ber.
With a pis tol? From my bureau.

Then what happened? I met Amos,
Did you fight him? Like a ti ger.
And he stole my heart away, convinced me to elope one day.

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, the gun, oh yes, we 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, oh yes, 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-fen-si-ble.
A Tempo

C

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.

BILLY (as Roxie):

C/E  Ebdim7  G7/D  G7
BILLY (as Roxie):


ENS: And the men who ENS: What? play for fun. ENS: And

what? That's the thought that ENS: Yeah? came upon me

MARY S:

ENS: When? when we both reached for the gun! Under
Ritard

B/F#

F#7

B7/F#

B7

bit reprehensible. It's so defensible.

Slow, accel. poco a poco

E6

ENSEMBLE:

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

B13

E6

BILLY: Let me hear it!

accel.

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

B7

E6

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, oh yes, they both reached for the gun,

BILLY: Now you got it!  
accelerando

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,
C7#9

**molo ad lib.**

**BILLY:**

Both reached for the gun.

**N.C.**

**A tempo**

F

ALL:

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

F/E

F/Eb

F/E

F

F/E

F/D

F/Db

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

C7#9

Both reached for the gun!
ROXIE

Words by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Moderate four (\( \text{\textsf{\textbf{\( \frac{3}{4} \)}}} \))

Optional repeat

A

A\#dim7 E7/B E7

1. The name on ev - ry - bod - y's lips is gon - na be Rox - ie.
2. They're gon - na wait out - side in line to get to see Rox - ie.

A

A\#dim7 E7/B E7

The lady rak - in' in the chips is gon - na be Rox - ie.
The thought of those au - to - graphs I'll sign: "Good luck to you, Rox - ie.'"

C\#7 F\#m C\#7/G# C\#7 F\#m F\#m/E

I'm gon - na be a ce - leb - ri - ty, that means some - bod - y ev - ry - one knows,
And I'll ap - pear in a lav - a - liere that goes all the way down - to my waist.
They’re gon-na rec-o-g-nize my eyes, my hair, my teeth, my boobs, my nose. 
Here a ring, there a ring, ev’ry where a ring-a-ling, but al-ways in the best of taste.

From just some dumb mech-an-ic’s 
{She’s} giv-ing up {my} hum-drum

wife {I’m} gon-na be Rox- ie. 
{She} I made a scan-dal and a star.

And who in case she does-n’t hang can 
And So-phie Tuck-er ’ll shit, I know, to
A/E      B9      B7(b5)  
I       A      F#dim     Bm7(b5)     E7

say she started with a bang?
see her name get billed below

Rox - ie

A

Hart.

A6/E      F#dim      Bm7(b5)     E7     A

Rox - ie

Hart.

Repeat ad lib.

mp
Slowly
A/E  A+E  A6/E  A7/E  E  A  A+E

Freely, rubato
A6/E  A7  EVELMA:  A  3  Esus4  A

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

sis-ter and I were head-ed straight for the top. My sis-ter and I earned a thou a week at

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

least. But my sis-ter is now, un-for-tu-nate-ly, de-ceased. It's
sad, of course, but a fact is still a fact. And now all that remains is the remains of a

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

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

(Choreography)
Gb\(\text{b7}\)

Then she'd...

Bb\(\text{b6}\)

Then we'd...

Bb\(\text{b}/A\)

But I can't do it alone.

Bb\(\text{b}/A\)\(\text{b}\) G7 C9

Gb\(\text{b7}\) F7

Bb6

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

Then we'd...

But I can't do it alone.

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
C9            F7            Bb
two-bit John-nies did it up brown_ to cheer the best at-

G7            C9            C#dim7
traction in town._ They nearly tore the balcony down._

F7
(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.

mp

N.C.            Bb            Bb/A            Bb/A\b            Eb7/G (F)            Bb            Bb/A
(percussion)
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

Moderately

G Ad lib. G6 G G6

If some-one stood up in a crowd and raised his voice up way out loud and pose you was a lit-tle-cat re-sid-in' in a per-son's flat, who

Am/D D7 Ddim D7

waved his arm and shook his leg, you'd no-tice him.

Fed you fish and scratched your ears; you'd no-tice him.

If some-one in the mov-ie show yelled "Fire in the sec-ond row! This

pose you was a wom-an, wed and sleep-in' in a dou-ble 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, ev’ry one 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 personage should be in-
there, Unless that human being next to you is

visible inconsequential me.
unimpressive, undistinguished me.

Celophane, Mister
Cellophane should have been my name, Mister Cellophane, 'cause you can

look right thru me, walk right by me and never know I'm there. I tell ya

Cellophane, Mister Cellophane should have been my name, Mister

Cellophane, 'cause you can look right thru me, walk right by me and never know I'm
there. Sup-

you know who.

[Player piano style]

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

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

there. I tell ya Cel-lo-phane, Mister Cel-lo-phane should have
been my name, Mister Cellophane, 'cause you can
walk right by me, look right thru me, and never know I'm there.
Never even know I'm there.

Slowly
Cm

Ab7

C
RAZZLE DAZZLE

Slowly (Finger snaps) (snap) (snap)

\( F \rightarrow Fdim \rightarrow C7/G \)

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

\( C7 \rightarrow C\text{dim} \rightarrow Dm7 \rightarrow G7 \rightarrow C7 \)

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

\( F \rightarrow F6/A \rightarrow Db7 \rightarrow C7 \)

Give 'em the old hocus pocus. Bead and feather 'em.

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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.

All:
Give 'em the old razzle dazzle.
Razzle dazzle 'em.
Give 'em a show that's so splendid-er-ous,
Row after row will grow vo-cif-er-ous. Give 'em the old flimflam flum-mox.
Fool and frac-ture 'em.
How can they hear the truth a-bove the roar.
Throw 'em a fake and a fi-na-gle.
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.

Back since the days of Raz-zle daz-zle 'em.
old Methuselah, Every one loves the big bamboo-za-la.
un-assailable, 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. How can they spot you got no talents. Razzle dazzle 'em

and you got a romance. (snap) (snap) Razzle dazzle 'em,

Razzle dazzle 'em, Razzle dazzle 'em and they'll make you a star.
Moderately slow - in 2

Velma:

What ev-er hap-pened to fair deal-ing and

[Quasi FRANZ SHUBERT]

pure eth-ics and nice man-ners?

Why is it ev'-ry-one now

is a pain in the ass?

What ev-er hap-pened to class?

Class?

What ev-er hap-pened 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.

There ain't no 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)  Ab7

old val-ues and fine mor-als and good breed-ing?

Db:  3

Db+5  Gbm

Now no one e-ven says "oops" when they're pass-ing their gas.

Both:  Gbm/Eb

C7

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 kids'll kick your shins and give ya Gm sass, C7 Bb

soss. No-bod-y's got no class.

Velma: Am Matron: Gm
All you read about 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 (\( \text{\textfrac{3}{4}} = \text{\textfrac{3}{4}} \))

\[ \begin{align*}
F & \quad F^+ & \quad F7 & \quad F^+ \\
F & \quad & \quad & \quad \\
\text{gp} & \quad & \quad & \quad \\
\text{gp} & \quad & \quad & \quad \\
\text{gp} & \quad & \quad & \quad \\
\end{align*} \]

It's

good, isn't it? Grand, isn't it? Great, isn't it?
men every where, Jazz every where, Booze every where.

\[ \begin{align*}
F & \quad F^+ & \quad F6 \\
& \quad & \quad \\
\text{gp} & \quad & \quad \\
\text{gp} & \quad & \quad \\
\text{gp} & \quad & \quad \\
\end{align*} \]

Swell, isn't it? Fun, isn't it? Now a-
Life every where, Joy every where,
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

\[ \text{mf} \quad \text{easy} \]

\[ \text{While} \]

Amaj9

G#7

A9/G

\[ \text{truck - in'} \quad \text{down} \quad \text{the road of life} \quad \text{When ev - 'ry hope seems gone,} \]

F#7sus(b9)

F#7

F(#5)

F(b5)

E7(13)

\[ \text{I just move on.} \]
I can't find a single star That I can wish upon

I just move on.

I run so fast.
a shotgun blast  Can't hurt me not one bit
I'm out of dreams  And life has got me down,

I'm on my toes  'cause heaven knows,
I don't despair, 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
F#7sus(99)  E9
F(25)    A6/9

I just move on, I move on.

D.S. al Coda
Just when it seems-

CODA
Bm9  E7sus(99)  E9sus
just move on. So fleet of foot, I can’t stay put, I just move on. Yeah, I move on.

A6/9

dim. poco a poco

p
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