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.
Beau - out, Beauty school drop-out, no graduation day for you. Beau - ty school drop-out, missed your mid - terms and flunked shampoo. Well, at least you could have taken time...
wash and clean your clothes up, after spending all that
dough to have the doctor fix your nose up. Baby, get mov-ing.
Why keep your fee-ble hopes a-live? What are you prov-ing?
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...
you knew the out,

Beauty school drop-out, it's about time you knew the score.

Well, they couldn't teach you anything. You think you're such a looker. But no customer would go to you unless she was a hooker. Baby, don't
You're not cut out to hold a job. Better forget it.

Who wants their hair done by a slob? Now your bangs are curled; your lashes twirled. But still the world is cruel. Wipe off that
angel face and go back to high school.

Baby, don't blow it. Don't put my

good advice to shame. Baby, you know it.

Even Dear Abby'd say the same. Now, I've
drop-out,
go back to high school.
Blue Moon
Lyric by LORENZ HART Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately

D13

G

Em

C

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

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

Dream in my heart, without a
saying a prayer for someone I
dream in my heart, without a
And then

sudden-
ly
ap-
peared

fore-
me
the on-
ly one
my arms could ever hold.

I heard somebody whisper, "Please, adore me."

But when I looked,
Born To Hand Jive

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Medium tempo, in 2

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

My papa said, “Everything’s all right.”
When I was three, I pushed a plow.
The doctor made Ma-ma lay down.
While chop-pin' wood, I'd move my legs.

with her stom-ach bounc-in' while I gath-ered eggs.

The town-folk clapped and I was about to ar-rive.
Ma-ma gave birth to the hand jive.

Causer a be-bop stork was a-
only five. 'He'll out-dance 'em all. He's a born hand jive.'
I could Born to hand jive, baby.

Born to hand jive, baby.

D. S. \frac{3}{4} (instrumental) al 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
Freddy, you'll see, you'll hold me

more than words can say.
That's okay, though, your presents
and I will be wearing your

who, you're away.
Your ma will have a heart at

and my heart's
Oh, how I wish I had a letter. I really flipped over the letter. Oh, how I wish I had a letter. Oh, how I wish I had a letter.

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

Gray cashmere sweater, Fred-dy, my love. Fred-dy, my love. Fred-dy, my love. Fred-dy, my love. Fred-dy, my love. Fred-dy, my love. Fred-dy, my love.

Don't keep your letters from me;
Fred-dy, my love, Fred-dy, my love, Fred-dy, my love.
Grease

Words and Music by BARRY GIBB

Moderately, with a beat

Bm

E

Bm

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

E

Bm

F#m7

Em7

D

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

C

Bm

E

Bm

F#m7

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 we

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

There is a chance that we can

real make it so far. We stop believing now. We got to
be what we feel...
be who we are...
Grease is the word.

It's got a groove...

It's got a meaning...

Grease is the time, is the place,

is the motion.

Grease is the way we are feel-
ing.

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

What are we doing here?
We'll get some overhead lifters and four-barrel quads, oh yeah.

A fuel injection cutoff and chrome-

A Palomino dashboard and dual

Plated rods, oh yeah...

We'll get some overhead lifters and thirty inch fins, oh yeah...

Muffler twins, oh yeah...

With a

With new
four-speed on the floor, they'll be waitin' 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

Lightnin'.
Hopelessly Devoted To You
Words and Music by JOHN FARRAR

Moderately slow, in 2

Dm
A
Dm
A
Dm

Guess mine is not the first heart who's for.

My eyes are not the first to cry.

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

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

Don't let go.

Don't let go.
I'm not the first to know there's something there's something

Can't you see you can't you see

Just no gettin' over you

That's what I intend to do

I'm hopelessly devoted to
But now there's nowhere to hide since you pushed my love aside.

I'm out of my head, hopelessly devoted to you.
Hound Dog
Words and Music by JERRY LEIBER and MIKE STOLLER

Fast Rock 'n' Roll beat

You ain't nothin' but a hound dog, cryin' all the time.
Well, you ain't never caught a rabbit, and you ain't no friend of mine.
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 never caught a rabbit, and you ain't no friend of mine.

D. S. % at Coda

You ain't nothin' but a

No chord
It's Raining On Prom Night
Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Slowly and freely

I was deprived of a young girl's dream by the cruel force of nature from the blue. Instead of a night full of romance supreme, all I got was a runny nose and Asiatic flu.
rain - ing on prom night; my hair is a mess. It's 
will - ing the quilt - ing. my_Maid - en _form. and mas - 
run - ning all ver my taf - fe - ta dress. It's 
ca - ra flows right down my nose because of the 

I don't even have my cor - sage, oh
It fell down a sewer with my sister's L.

D.

(spooken) Yes, it's raining on prom night. Oh, my darling, what can I do? I miss you. It's raining rain from the skies, and it's raining real tears from my eyes over you.

Oh, dear God, make him feel
tears from my eyes
rain from the skies.

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.

Ooh.

Rain-ing, ooh, tears from my eyes o-ver

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)

A(addB)

A(addB)/C#

D

F#m/B

B7

There has to be something more than

E

E7

A

A7/C#

what they see: wholesome and pure, oh so
scared and unsure, a poor man's
Sandra Dee.
Sandy, you must start anew.
Don't you know what you must do?
Hold your head high, take a deep breath, and sigh. "Goodbye to Sandra Dee."
Look At Me, I'm Sandra Dee

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Bright Waltz

A

A7/C♯

D

Look at me. I'm Sandra Dee,
Watch it! Hey, I'm Doris Day.
As for you, Troy Donahue,

B

B7/D♯

E

E7

I was not brought up that way.
I know what you want to do.

A

A7

D

B7

Won't go to bed till I'm legally wed.
Won't come across. Even Rock Hudson lost his
You got your crust! I'm no object of lust.
I'm
your flthy paws off my silky drawers!

Would you pull that crap with Annette?

D. S. al Coda

just plain Sandra

Dee.

(spoke) Elvis, Elvis,
let me be!

Keep that pelvis far from me!

Just keep your cool. Now you're starting to drool. *(spoken)* Hey, songool, I'm Sandra freely

Repeat and fade

Dee!

Repeat and fade

*a tempo*
Moderately

B7

E C#m7 G#m

E E7 A C#7/G# F#m F#m/E C#m

F#m F#m/E D#m7-5

B#7 G#7 C#m D#7 F#m6
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 mooning all over you.

(All over who?)

Oh,

I'm so full of love, as any fool can see, 'cause angels up above have hung a
Freely and much slower

While lying by myself in bed, I watch you.
Always will until I got-cha moon singing over

I'll stand between you.

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

Rock, oh baby.

Em

G

Rock, oh baby. Rock.

C

D

G

Rock, oh baby. Rock-and-roll is here to stay.

Rock-and-roll will always be.
It will never die. It'll go down in history.

though I don't know why.

I don't care what the people say.

Rock and roll will always be.

(We don't care what the people say.
(Rock and roll will always be.

It'll go down in history.)

It'll go down in history. 

Rock and roll is here to stay.)

Rock and roll is here to stay.)
Everybody rock. Now everybody rock and roll.
Everybody rock and roll. Everybody rock and roll, rock.
Rock - and - roll will al - ways be. I dig it to the end.
If you don't like rock and roll, I think what you are miss -
in'.
But if you like to bop and stroll,
you wait, my friend. 

coming down and listen. 

Rock and roll will all start to have. 

ways be. It'll go down in history. 

everybody rock and roll. 

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 la la,

No chord

La la la la la la la, uh ha ha, rock 'n' roll party queen.

Little girl, do you know who I mean?... Pretty soon she'll be seventeen...
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, talkin' 'bout 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 to-night?
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 love? Don't you call it puppy love. Don't you want a true romance? A-yi yi yi yi. Rock-in' and a-roll-in' little party queen. We're gon-na do the stroll, hey, party queen. You know I love you so, my party queen. You're my rock-in' and a-roll-in' party queen.
Sandy

Words by SCOTT SIMON  Music by LOUIS ST. LOUIS

Stranded at the drive-in.  Brand ed a

F

fool.  What will they say Monday at

Eb

Medium Rock beat

Am7

Gm7

accel.

Am/C  Gm/Bb  F/A  Gm

school?
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.

some how, some way, our two worlds will be one.
But, baby, you gotta believe me when I say I'm helpless without you.

(sung) Love has flown... All alone, and I
why—
we will
won-
der
why,

Oh, please
say you'll
stay,

oh, Sandy!

D. S. ½ (instrumental with spoken lyric) at Coda

Sandy.

why?

(spean) Oh, Sandy!
Summer Nights
Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Moderately
No chord

BOY: "Summer lovin', had me a blast."
"She swam by me; she got a cramp."
"Took her bowling in the arcade."

GIRL: "Summer lovin'"
"He ran by me;"
"We went strolling;"

BOY: "Met a girl, crazy for me."
"Saved her life; she nearly drowned."
"We made out under the dock."

"Happened so fast."
"Got my suit damp."
"Drank lemonade."

D G G D G

A G D G A B
"He showed off, splashing around."
"We stayed out till ten o'clock."
"Mot a boy, cute as can be."
"Met a boy, cute as can be."
"Sum-mer sun, Sum-mer days."

Sum-mer nights. Well-a, well-a,
don't mean a thing. But...

Tell me more. Tell me more. Did you get very far?
Tell me more. Did it love at first sight?

more. Like, does he have a car?
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 friend-ly, down in the sand.'
BOY: She was good. You know what I mean?

GIRL: “He was sweet; just turned eighteen.”

—summer beat; 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?
BOY: "Wonder what she's do-in' now. Summer dreams ripped at the seams."

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 doin' now. Summer dreams ripped at the seams."

N.C.:

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

C
Am
Dm7
G

You don't remember me,
if we could start anew,
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.
Tears on my pillow, pain in my heart, caused by you.

Love is not a gadget. When you find the one you love, he'll fill your heart with joy.
If we could start a new,
I wouldn't hesitate.
I'd gladly take you back
and tempt the hands of fate.
Tears on my pillow,
pain in my heart, caused by you...

molto rit.
I Could Do

Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

There are worse things I could do

Freely

D13

Gmaj7

Em7

C

F#m7-5

B7

Em7

A7

Even though the neighborhood thinks I'm trashy and no

There are worse things I could do

than go with a boy or two.
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 a round for Mister Right.

take cold showers every day, and
don't lie, I don't steal and I don't lie, but I can

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.
Moderately, with a light beat

C     Am  F      G6     G7

What's that playing on the radio?
I'll be waiting by the radio.
You'll come back to me someday.

G6     G7     C     Am

to and fro?

I have never heard that song before.
day, I know.

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

sends a thrill right through me. 'Cause those chords remind me of the

night that I first fell in love to those magic changes.

My heart arranges a melody that's never the same, a melody
those magic changes.
I cry, and fancy that's calling your name and begs you, please, come
back to me. Please return to me. Don't go away again. Oh, make them play again the music I wanna hear as once again you whisper in my ear.

Oh, my
You're The One That I Want

Words and Music by JOHN FARRAR

Moderately

I got chills.

They're multiply

filled

with affection

And I'm losing control.

you're too shy to convey.

'Cause the power in

you're supplyin'.

meditate in

my direction.
it's electrifyin'!
Feel your way.

You better shape up,
I better shape up,
'cause I need
'cause you need

Em

a man
a man
and my heart is set on
who can keep you satis-

Am

F

You better shape up;
I better shape up

C
You're the un-

you bet-
ter un-
der-
stand-

if I'm gon-
na prove-

to my heart-
that your faith-
is just-
tified.

left, sure?
Yes, I'm left sure down deep to do in-
side.

You're the

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.

Oh, yes indeed.

If you're

You're the
We Go Together
Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Bright Rock 'n' Roll beat

We go together... like mamma lama lama ka ding-a da ding-a dong.

remembered forever as shoo-bop sha wada wada yip-pity boom-de boom.
Chang chang chang it ty chang shoo-bop, that's the way it should be.

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-ity 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