Alone At The Drive-In Movie

By WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Moderately slow Rock 'n' Roll beat, in 4

Gmaj9
Em7

Am7
D7

Gmaj9
Em7
Am7
D7

Bm7
E9

Am7
D7
Cm(maj7)

D7
Gmaj9
Em7
Am7
D7

Am7
D7

Am7
D7
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,

no graduation day for you. Beauty school dropout,

missed your midterms 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 sten-o

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

Beauty school

don'tา

drop-out, hanging a round the corner store...
Beauty school dropout,
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
sweat it. 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
called the shot. Get off the pot. I really gotta fly. Gotta be going to that malt shop in the sky.

Beauty school dropout, 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
moon,

you saw me
now I'm no

standing alone,
what I was there for.
longer alone,

without a
You heard me
without a

dream in my heart,
saying a prayer for
dream in my heart,

without a
someone I
without a
love of my own.
real love could my

Blue care for.

And then

suddenly appeared

be

fore me the only one
my arms could ever hold.

I heard somebody

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

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

my papa said, "Ev'rything'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.

'Cause a be-bop stork was a-
The town-folk clapped I was

bout to ar-rive. Ma-ma gave birth to the hand jive.
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. % (instrumental) al Coda

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

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

while you're away.
Hearing from you can make the
make me think of you.
My ma will have a heart at

lac - y lin - ger - ie.
Thinking about it, my heart's
day__ so much bet - ter,    get - ting a sou - ve - nir or
fack__ when she catch - es    those ped - al push - ers with the
pound - ing al - read - y,    know - ing 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 stead - y.    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 - fet - ti, Fred - dy, my love, Fred - dy, my love, Fred - dy, my

love, Fred - dy, my love. Don't keep your let - ters from me;
film  D7  Gm7  A7  Dm

thrill to ev'ry line. Your spelling's kind a crummy, but, honey, so is mine. I treasure ev'ry giftie: the ring is really nifty. You say it cost you fifty, so you're thrift y; I don't mind. Oh, oh, oh,

Cmaj7  Bm7  Em7  A7

D. S. al Coda

Coda  A7  Dmaj7  G  A7

Repeat and fade

love. Freddy, my love, Freddy, my love, Freddy, my love. Repeat and fade
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

mf

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

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

real is real. We stop fighting right now. We got to
make it so far. We start believing now. We can
This is a life of illusion,
wrapped up in troubles,
laced in confusion.

What are we doing here?

D. S. \(\&\) (lyric 2) al Coda

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

Fast Rock ‘n’ Roll beat

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.
muffler twins, oh yeah.

With a
With new
four-speed on the floor, they'll be wait-in' at the door. You
pistons, plugs, and shocks, I can get off at my rocks. You
You
know that ain't no shit. We'll be get-tin' lots of tit in Greased
know that I ain't brag-gin'. She's a real pussy wagon, Greased

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
know I'm just a fool who's for

Dm       Bm7     E7      Amaj7

My eyes are not the first to cry.
to sit around and wait for you.

bro - ken... My heart is say - in', "Don't let go.
will - in'... get him."

in - fra...
Dm
you.
A
But now there's
cresc.
Gm7
no where to hide since you pushed my love aside.
C7
F
Fmaj7
I'm out of my head,
Ao7
D7-9
Gm7
hope less ly 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.
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. ½ al Coda

You ain't nothin' but a
It's Raining On Prom Night
Lyric and Music by WARREN CASEY and JIM JACOBS

Slowly and freely

\[ G \]
\[ x000 \]

\[ G \]
\[ x000 \]

\[ A7 \]
\[ x000 \]

\[ Bm \]
\[ x000 \]

\[ E7 \]
\[ x000 \]

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.
Medium Cha-Cha

D Bm G A7

It's raining on prom night; my hair is a mess. It's
wilted on the quilting on my maidenform and mas-

d D Bm G A7

running all over my taffeta dress. It's

cara flows right down my nose because of the

2 A7 D G F#m

storm. I don't even have my corsage, oh
D7          G          B7          Em7
        Gee. It fell down a sewer with my sister's L.

A7          D          Bm          G

D. (spoken) 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
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.}
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 4/4

A(addB)

Look at me. There has to be something more than

A(addB)/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, "Good-bye 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. Hey, 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 wanna do.

A

A7

D

B7

To Coda

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

Would you pull that crap with Annette?

D. S. at Coda

Coda

just plain Sandra

A

F7

Bb

Bb7/D

Dee. (spoken) Elvis, Elvis.
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/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 moon ing, 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
moon on me. Why must I go on moon you moon

ing, ing so all a lone (so all a lone)?
ing for-ev er more (for-ev er more).

There would be no more moon

Some day you'll find me moon

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.

And give myself the red eye, moon ing over
Always will until I got-cha you.
I'll stand between moon-

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

Words and Music by DAVE WHITE

Fast Rock 'n' Roll beat

G

G

Rock, oh baby.

Em

C


D

G

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

Rock-and-roll will always be.
It will never die. It's meant to be that way, though I don't know why.

I don't care what the people say. Rock-and-roll is here to stay.

(We don't care what the people say. Rock-and-roll is here to stay.)
Everybody rock... Everybody rock...
Come on. Everybody rock. Now everybody rock and roll.

Everybody rock and roll. Everybody rock and roll, rock...
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, I think what you are missing.
It’ll go down in history. But if you like to bop and stroll,
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 stay in out late,
She's the girl that all the kids know; talk about her wherever she goes.

Drop in 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?
Ay yi yi yi. Rockin' and a-rollin' little party queen. We're going to do the stroll, hey, party queen.
You know I love you so, my party queen. You're my rockin' and a-rollin' party queen.
Sandy

Words by SCOTT SIMON
Music by LOUIS ST. LOUIS

Stranded at the drive-in.

Brand-ed a

fool.

What will they say

Monday at

school?
F               Am7            Gm7            C7
San - dy,      can’t you see    I’m in mis - er - y?    We
Gm7            C7
made a start... Now we’re a - part... There’s noth - in’ left for me.
Bb/F          Bbmaj/F

F               Eb/F            F7          Eb/F            F7
Love has flown... All a - lone... I

Bbmaj7       Bbm6         F         Dm         Gm7
sit and won - der why... oh why, you left me, oh
Moderately

"Sum-mer lov-in', had me a blast."  
"She swam by me; she got a cramp."  
"Took her bowling in the arcade."  
"We went strolling, happened so fast."

BOY:  "Met a girl, crazy for me."  
"Got my suit damp."
"Crank lemonade."  
"Saved her life; she nearly drowned."
"We made out under the dock."
GIRL: "Met a boy, cute as can be."
"He showed off, splash-in' around."
"We stayed out 'til ten o'clock."

Summer days
Summer sun
Summer fling

drifting away... uh, oh, those summer nights. Well a, well a, well a
something's begun. But uh, oh, those summer nights. Well a, well a, well a
don't mean a thing. But...

uh Tell me more. Tell me more. Did you get very 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 summer 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—

Shu-da bop bop. Shu-da bop bop. Shu-da bop bop. Shu-da bop bop. GIRL: "He got friend-ly,

holding my hand."  

BOY: "She got friend-ly, 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 doin' now." Summer dreams ripped at the seams. But...

Em7 A N.C. D G7 D...

oh, those summer nights... Tell me more. Tell me more.
You don't remember me,
If we could start anew,
But I remember you.
I wouldn't hesitate.

'Twas not so long ago,
I'd gladly take you back,
You broke my heart in two,
And tempt the hands of fate.
Tears on my pillow, pain in my heart, caused by you.

you, you, you, you, 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, you.

molto rit.
There Are Worse Things I Could Do

Freely

There are worse things I could do

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

C    Am    F   G6   G7

What's that playing on the radio? Why do I start swaying
I'll be waiting by the radio. You'll come back to me some-

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 while the drums are pounding. ’Cause those chords remind me of the
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...
dy____ that's calling your name_and begs you, please,____ come
back to me._ Please___ return to me._ Don’t go a-
way again._ Oh, make them play again the music I wanna hear as once a-
again you whisper in my ear.__________ Oh, my
You're The One That I Want

Words and Music by JOHN PARRAR

Moderately

I got chills.

They're multiply'in'.

filled

with affection

And you're too shy

in control.

to convey.

'Cause the power

you're supply'in'.

meditate in

my direction.
it's electrifyin'!
Feel your way.
You better shape up,
I better shape up,
'cause I need
'cause you need

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

You better shape up;
I better shape up;
Em

you bet - ter un - der - stand
if I'm gon - na prove

Am

to my heart I must be true.
that your faith is jus - ti - fied.

F

left, sure? Yes, I'm sure down deep in - side.
nothing left for me to do.

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. D. S. ½ and fade

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 rama lama lama ka ding-a da ding-a dong,
re-membered for-ev-er as shoo-bop sha wad-da wad-da yip-pi-ty boom-de boom.
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_e_dy boog_e_dy boog_e_dy boog_e_dy
shoo - by doo - wop _ she - bop. Chang chang chang - it - ty chang _ shoo - bop, we'll al - ways
be _ like one, wa - wa - wa - waah.

When we go out at night, and stars are shin - in' bright
up in the skies a - bove, 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 baba lumop and wop bam boom, just like my brother is
Shan-nan-nan-nan-nan-yippy-ty dip-dee doom. Chang chang

Chang-it-ty chang-shoo-bop, we'll always be together,

Wha oooh, yeah! We'll

Repeat and fade

Always be together.