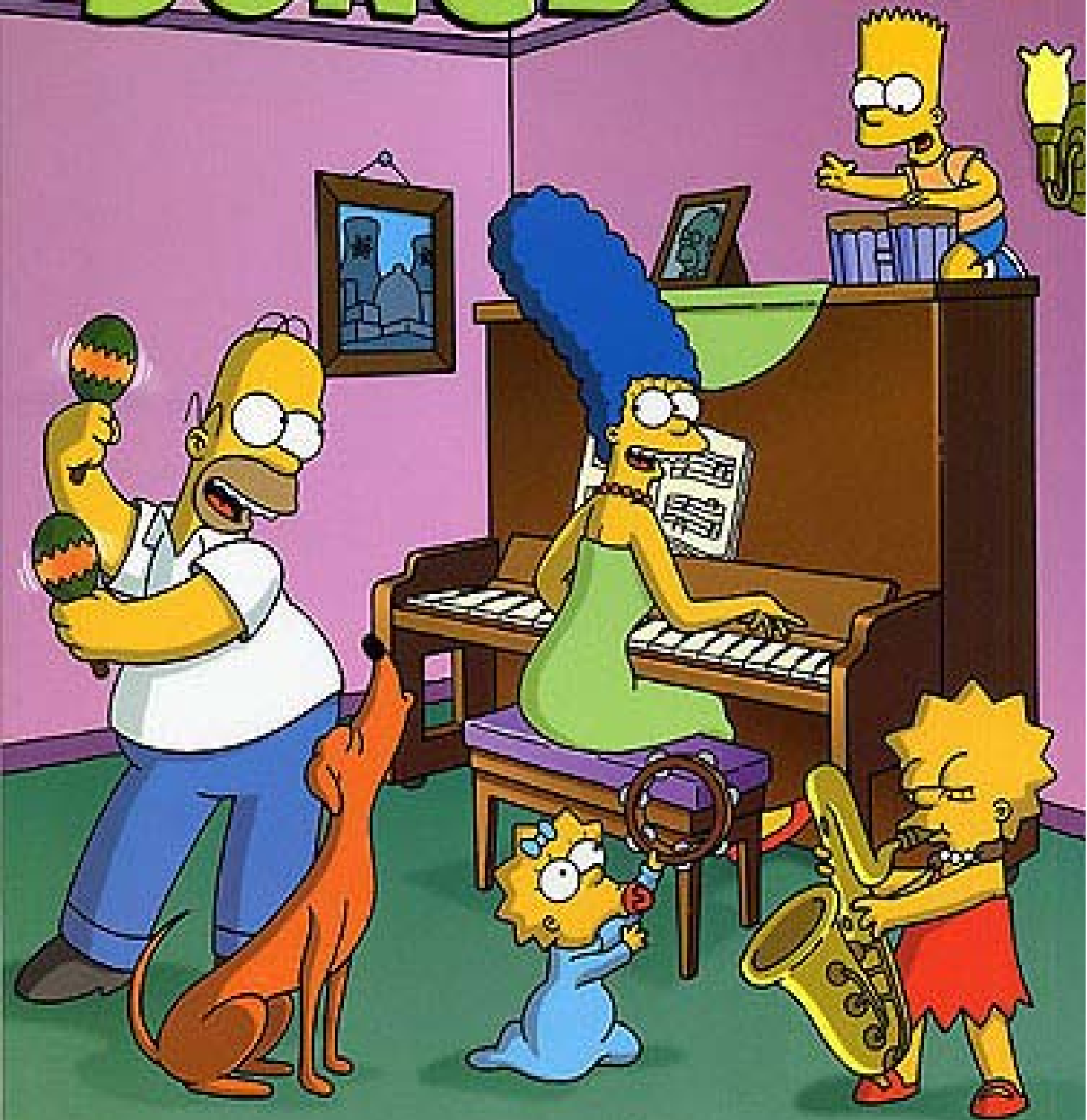


Piano/Vocal/Chords

# THE SIMPSONS SONGBOOK



# THEME FROM "THE SIMPSONS"

Music by  
DANNY ELFMAN

Moderately fast (♩ = 171)

The first system of music features a vocal line in the treble clef and piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Moderately fast' with a quarter note equal to 171 beats per minute. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a piano (*mp*) dynamic and includes the lyrics 'The Simp - sons!'. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note bass line with chords in the right hand.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic. It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass line and chords in the treble line. A first ending bracket is present at the end of the system, marked 'Red.' and an asterisk (\*).

The third system continues the piano accompaniment. It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass line and chords in the treble line. A first ending bracket is present at the end of the system, marked 'Red.' and an asterisk (\*).

The fourth system continues the piano accompaniment. It features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes in the bass line and chords in the treble line. A first ending bracket is present at the end of the system, marked 'Red.' and an asterisk (\*).

The image displays a musical score for piano, organized into five systems. Each system consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The first system features a melodic line in the treble clef with slurs and a bass line with chords and rests. The second system continues the melodic line with slurs and includes the instruction "Red." in the bass line. The third system is marked "legato" and features a long, flowing melodic line in the treble clef with many slurs, and a bass line with chords. The fourth system shows a melodic line in the treble clef with slurs and a bass line with chords. The fifth system is marked "jokingly" and features a melodic line in the treble clef with slurs and a bass line with chords. The score includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

First system of musical notation. The treble clef staff contains a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes, including a slur over the final two notes. The bass clef staff is mostly empty, with a few notes appearing later in the system. The tempo marking "a tempo" is written in the right-hand margin.

Second system of musical notation. The treble clef staff features a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes and chords. The bass clef staff has a few notes, with two instances of the word "Ped." (pedal) written below the staff.

Third system of musical notation. The treble clef staff continues the melodic line with slurs and ties. The bass clef staff has a rhythmic accompaniment, with one instance of the word "Ped." written below the staff.

Fourth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a melodic line with some rests. The bass clef staff has a rhythmic accompaniment, with one instance of the word "Ped." written below the staff.

Fifth system of musical notation. The treble clef staff has a melodic line with a slur over the final two notes. The bass clef staff has a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes.

The first system of the piano accompaniment features a treble clef staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The music begins with a *legato* marking. The right hand plays a series of chords and dyads, including a half-note chord in the first measure, a half-note chord with a slur in the second measure, and a half-note chord with a slur in the third measure. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. A horizontal line is drawn across the middle of the system.

The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth-note runs and slurs, while the bass line maintains the eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature remains two flats.

The third system shows the piano accompaniment with the right hand playing a melodic line with eighth-note runs and slurs. The bass line continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature remains two flats.

The fourth system of the piano accompaniment features the right hand playing a melodic line with eighth-note runs and slurs. The bass line continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature remains two flats. A *Red.* marking and an asterisk are present at the bottom of the system.

The fifth system of the piano accompaniment features the right hand playing a melodic line with eighth-note runs and slurs. The bass line continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The key signature remains two flats. A *Red.* marking and an asterisk are present at the bottom of the system. An *A* marking is placed above the final measure of the right hand.

# "THE ITCHY & SCRATCHY & POOCHIE SHOW" THEME

Music and Lyrics by  
ALF CLAUSEN, DAVID COHEN,  
SAM SIMON and ROBERT ISRAEL

Quickly  $\text{♩} = 176$

N.C.



They fight and bite! And bark! They



fight and fight and bite! And bark! Fight, bite, bark! Woof woof woof! The



Itch - y and Scratch - y and Pooch - ie Show!

# HAIL TO THEE, KAMP KRUSTY

Music by ALF CLAUSEN  
 Lyrics by JAY KOGEN, WALLACE WOLODARSKY,  
 AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

Moderate alma-mater style  $\text{♩} = 120$

G7 C G7

Hail to thee, Kamp Krust - y, by the shores of Big Snake

C F C D7

Lake. Though your swings are rust - y, we know they'll nev - er

Faster  $\text{♩} = 136$

G7 C G7

break. (*Spoken:*) *Louder! Faster!* From your gleam - ing mess - hall to your hal - lowed base - ball

C F C F G7

field, to your spick - 'n' - span in - fir - ma - ry where all our wounds are

C F C Dm

healed. Hail to thee, Kamp Krust - y, be - low Mount Av - a -

*rit.*

G C F

*freely*

lanche. We will al - ways love Kamp Krust - y, a

G C

3

reg - is - tered trade-mark of the Krust-y Cor-po - ra-tion, all rights re - served.



# CAPITOL CITY

Music and Lyrics by  
JEFF MARTIN

Quickly ♩ = 132

F
Eb/F
F
Eb/F
F
Eb/F
F
Eb/F
F
G/F
F
G/F
F

Easy swing ♩ = 120 (♩ =  $\overset{\sim}{\underset{\sim}{\text{J}}}$ )

F
Fmaj7
F6
F#dim7
Gm7
C
N.C.

F
Fmaj9
F#dim7
Gm9
C13

There's a swing-in' town I know called Cap-i - tol Cit-y.

F
Fmaj9
F#dim7
Cm9
F13
F7(#9)
F7(b5)

Peo-ple stop and scream "Hel-lo" in Cap-i - tol Cit-y.

Bbmaj9

Gm9(b5)

Fmaj7/C

Am7

Am7/D

D7(15)

(19)



It's the kind of place that makes a bum feel like a king;



and it makes a king feel like some nut-ty, cuck-oo su-per king.

Gm7



N.C.



MARGE:

TONY:

"Look! It's Tony Bennett!"

"Hey! Good to see you!"

It's a-against the law to frown in

f

dim.

mp

Gm9



Cap - i - tol

Cit - y.

You'll gape - a like a

Fmaj9

F#dim7

Cm9

F13

F13(b9)



stu - pid clown\_ when you chance to see Fourth Street and D, yeah!

Musical notation for the first system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment with a *mf* dynamic marking.

Bbmaj9

Gm9(b5)

Fmaj7/C

Am7

D7(#5)



Once you get a whiff of it, you'll nev-er want to roam from

Musical notation for the second system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Gm9

Bdim7

C13

Am7

D7(b9)



Cap-i - tol Cit - y, my home, sweet, yeah!\_ Cap - i - tol Cit - y, that hap - py - talk cit - y; it's

Musical notation for the third system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment.

Gm9

Bdim7

C13

F9

N.C.

F9



Cap - i - tol Cit - y, my home, sweet, swing-in' home!

Musical notation for the fourth system, including vocal line and piano accompaniment with dynamics *cresc.*, *f*, *p*, and *ff*.

# CANYONERO

Music by ALF CLAUSEN  
Lyrics by DONICK CARY

Fast  $\text{♩} = 102$

Dm



*mf*

*Verse 1:*

1. Can you name the truck with four - wheel drive?

C7



F



Smells like a steak, seats thir - ty - five, Can - yon - er - o.



Can - yon - er - o. 2. Well, it

§ Verses 2 & 4:

4. See additional lyrics

goes real slow with the ham - mer down. It's a coun - try - fried truck en -



dorsed by a clown. Can - yon - er - o.

To Coda ⊕



Can - yon - er -



o. Can - yon -



er - o.

Verse 3:

3. Twelve yards long, two lanes wide,



six - ty - five tons of A - mer - i - can pride. Can - yon - er - o.



Can - yon - er - o.

Bridge:



Top of the line in u - til - i - ty sports. Un - ex - plained fires are a



mat - ter for the courts. Can - yon - er - o. Can - yon -



*D.S. al Coda*

er o. 4. She

♩ Coda



Can - yon - er

Verse 4:  
She blinds everybody with her super highbeam.  
She's a squirrel-squashin', deer-smackin' drivin' machine.  
Canyonero, Canyonero.



# "SCORPIO" END CREDITS

Music by ALF CLAUSEN  
Lyrics by KENNETH C. KEELER

Up-tempo spy music ♩ = 152

Chord diagrams: Eb, Fm, Eb/G, Cb/Eb, Adim7

Scor - pi - o! He'll sting you with his dreams of pow - er and

*f* *mf*

Chord diagrams: Bb, Cm, Bb/D, Eb, Fm, Eb/G, Cb/Eb

wealth! Be - ware of Scor - pi - o! His twist - ed twin ob - ses - sions are his

*cresc.* *f* *mf*

Chord diagrams: Adim7, Bb

plot to rule the world and his em - ploy - ees' health! He'll

*cresc.*

Cb/Eb

Gb



wel - come you in - to his lair, like the

D/F#

A



no - ble - man wel - comed his guest, with

C/G

G

E7/G#



free den - tal care and a stock plan that helps you in -

Am

F/A

Am6

F/A



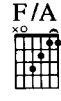
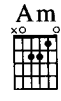
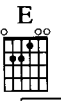
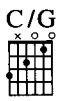
vest. But be -



ware of his gen - er - ous pen - sions, plus three



weeks paid va - ca - tion each year. And, on



Fri - days, the lunch-room serves hot dogs and bur - gers and beer! He







loves Ger - man beer!


# DO THE BARTMAN

Music and Lyrics by  
BRYAN LOREN

Moderate Hip-Hop

**Figure A**  4fr.

  4fr. 



with **Figure A**

- Yo! Hey, what's happenin' dude?  
I'm a guy with a rep for bein' rude.  
Terrorizin' people wherever I go,  
It's not intentional; just keepin' the flow.  
Fixin' test scores to get the best scores,  
Droppin' banana peels all over the floor.  
I'm the kid that made delinquency an art,  
Last name: Simpson, first name: Bart.

**Figure B1**



  4fr.




  4fr.




Do the Bartman - 5 - 1  
0551B

Am7/D  D9  4fr.





Am7/D  D9  4fr.



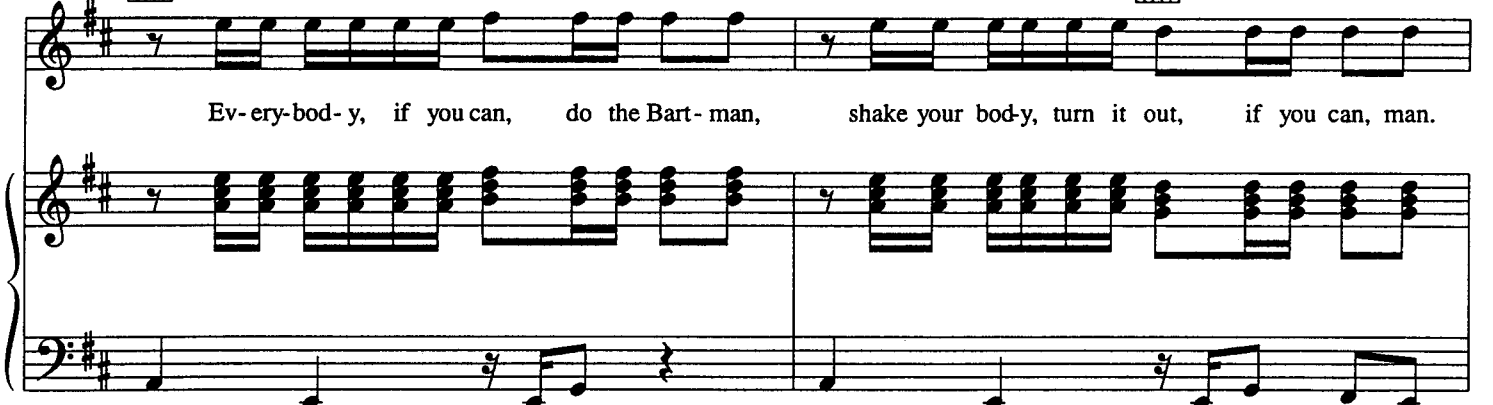
with **Figure B1**

I'm here today to introduce the next phase,  
 The next step in the big Bart plays.  
 I got a dance real easy to do,  
 I learned it with no rhythm, and so can you.  
 So move your body if you got the notion,  
 Front to back in a rock-like motion.  
 Now that you got it, if you think you can,  
 Do it to the music-that's the Bartman.

**Chorus**

A9  4fr. G 

Ev-ery-bod-y, if you can, do the Bart-man, shake your body, turn it out, if you can, man.



A9 4fr. G

Front to back, to the side, yes you can can, ev-ery-bod-y in the house do the Bart-man.

A9 4fr. G

Ev-ery-bod-y, if you can, do the Bart-man, shake your bod-y, turn it out, if you can, man.

A9 4fr. G

Front to back, to the side, yes you can can, ev-ery-bod-y in the house do the Bart-man.  
Do the

with Figure A

2. It wasn't long ago-just a couple of weeks,  
I got in trouble, yeah, pretty deep.  
Homer was yellin', Mom was too,  
Because I put moth balls in the beef stew.  
Punishment time, in the air lurks gloom,  
Sittin' by myself, confined to my room.  
When all else fails, nothin' left to do,  
I turn on the music so I can feel the groove.

Am7/D



D9



Move your bod - y, if\_ you got the no - tion,

front to back in a rock - like mo - tion.

Am7/D



D9



Move your hips from\_ side to side now,

don't-cha slip, let your feet glide now.

Am7/D



D9



If you got the grove, you got-ta use it,

rap rhy- thm in time with the mus - ic.

Am7/D



D9



You just might start\_ a chain re- ac - tion,

(Spoken): If you can do the Bart you're bad like Michael Jackson.

To Chorus (with cue notes)

No Chord

## Figure C

A9 4fr. Gmaj7 A9 4fr. Gmaj7

Bart-man. Do the Bart-man. Do the

with Figure C

Do the Bartman,  
 Everybody back and forth and side to side.  
 Do the Bartman,  
 Pick your feet up off the floor, let 'em glide.  
 Do the Bartman,  
 She can do it, you can do it, so can I.  
 Do the Bartman,  
 Now here's a dance beat that you can't deny.

## Figure D

A7+9 4fr.

with Figure A

Now I end in the house feelin' good to be home,  
 Till Lisa starts blowin' that damn saxophone.  
 And if it was mine, you know they'd take it away,  
 But still I'm feelin' good, so that's O.K.  
 I'm up in my room just a-singin' a song,  
 Listen to the kickdrum kickin' along.  
 Yeah, Lisa likes Jazz, she's your number one fan,  
 But I know I'm Bart 'cause I do the Bartman.

To Chorus (with cue notes)

To Figure B2

To Chorus (add figure B2)



# BABY ON BOARD

Music and Lyrics by  
 JEFF MARTIN, SHELBY GRIMM,  
 HARRY CAMPBELL, GEORGE ECONOMOU  
 and DANNY JORDAN

Dixieland swing ♩ = 138 (♩ = ♩<sup>3</sup>)



“BA - BY ON

*mp* *mf*



BOARD”; how I’ve a - dored that



sign on my car’s win - dow - pane.

Dm



G7



The bounce in my step,

C



A7



D7



load - ed with pep 'cause I'm driv - ing in the

G7



F#7



G7



car - pool lane.

C



E7/B



A7



Call me a square; friend, I don't care.

Dm

A7



That lit - tle yel - low sign can't be ig -

Dm

A7

Dm

F

F#dim7



nored. I'm tell - ing you it's might-y nice; each trip's a

*cresc.* *f*

C

B7

Gm/Bb

A7

Dm7



trip to par - a - dise with my ba - by

Dm7/G

G+

C

G+

C



on board.

# THE AMENDMENT SONG

Music by ALF CLAUSEN  
Lyrics by JOHN SWARTZWELDER

Memphis rock feel ♩ = 120



KID:

Hey! Who left all this garbage on the steps of Congress?

*mf*

8

D13



SINGER:

I'm not garbage! I'm an a -

mend - ment to be, yes, an a - mend - ment to be, and I'm

G7

Gdim7

G7

F/A

G7/B



hop - ing that they'll rat - i - fy me. There's a

C7



lot of flag - burn - ers who have got to much free - dom. I

Eb7



want to make it le - gal for po - lice - men to beat 'em, 'cause there's

G7

F#7

F7(b5)

E7



lim - its to our lib - er - ties. Least I hope and pray

A7(b9)

D13



that there are 'cause those lib - 'ral freaks go too far.



KID:

SINGER:

Well, why can't we just make a law against flag-burning? Because that law would be unconstitutional.



KID:

SINGER:

But, if we changed the Constitution... Then we could make all sorts of crazy laws! Now you're catching on!



BART:

LISA:

What the hell is this? It's one of those campy '70s throwbacks that appeals to Generation X-ers!

C7



Eb7



BART:

KID:

We need another Vietnam to thin out their ranks a little!

What if people say you're not good enough to be in the

SINGER:



Constitution?

Then I'll crush all op - po - si - tion to me, and I'll make Ted Ken-

A7(b9)



D13



G7



C7



ne - dy pay. If he fights back, I'll say that he's gay!

G7



C7



G7



C7



G



MAN:

SINGER:

Good news, amendment! They ratified ya! You're in the U.S. Constitution!

Oh, yeah! Door's open, boys!

# HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LISA

Music and Lyrics by  
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

Moderate 16th-note shuffle ♩ = 76 (♩ =  $\frac{1}{2}$  ♩)

Cmaj9                      B♭maj9



Mm    hm,                      mm    hm.


(Light percussion throughout)

*mp*




**Verse:**

Cmaj9                      B♭maj9                      Cmaj9                      B♭maj9

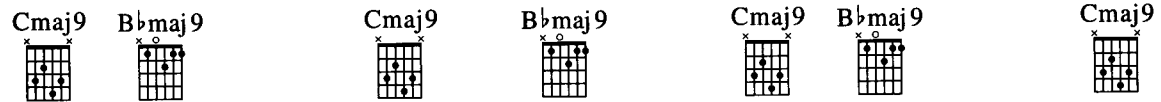


1. Li - sa, it's your birth - day;                      God bless you this day.                      You  
(2.) wish you love and good will;                      I wish you praise and joy.                      I

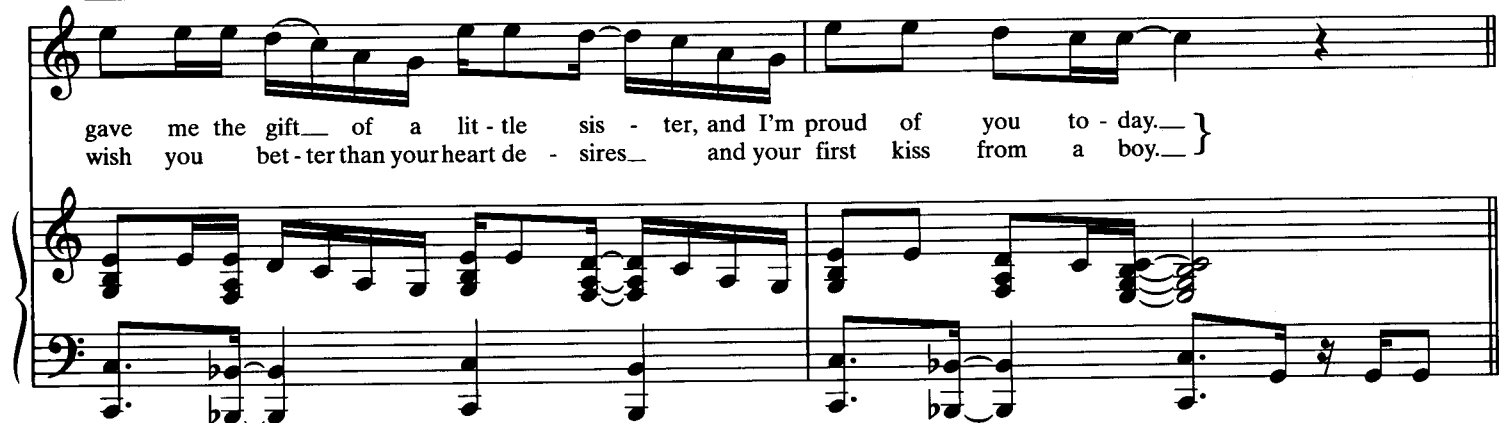
*mp*



Cmaj9    B♭maj9                      Cmaj9                      B♭maj9                      Cmaj9    B♭maj9                      Cmaj9



gave me the gift of a lit - tle sis - ter, and I'm proud of you to - day. }  
wish you bet - ter than your heart de - sires and your first kiss from a boy. }





Chorus:

Cmaj9



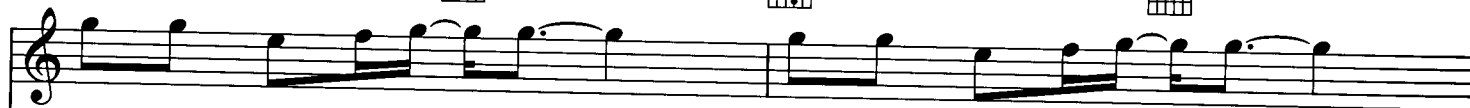
Bbmaj9



Cmaj9



Bbmaj9



Li - sa, it's your birth - day! \_\_\_\_\_ Hap - py Birth - day, Li - sa! \_\_\_\_\_



*mf*

Cmaj9



Bbmaj9



1.  
Cmaj9



Bbmaj9



Li - sa, it's your birth - day! \_\_\_\_\_ Hap - py Birth - day, Li - sa! 2. I



*dim.*

2.

Cmaj9



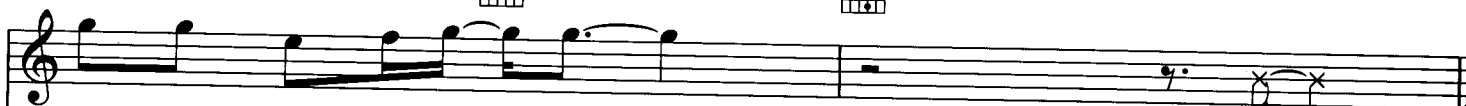
Bbmaj9



Cmaj9



N.C.



Hap - py Birth - day, Li - sa! \_\_\_\_\_ Yeah!\_



*mp* (Percussion fill)

# UNION STRIKE FOLK SONG

Music and Lyrics by  
JEFF MARTIN, JAY KOGEN  
and WALLACE WOLODARSKY

Moderately fast  $\text{♩} = 158$

Fm



*mf*

E $\flat$



Come gath - er 'round, chil - dren, it's high time ye learned.

Fm



E $\flat$



'bout a he - ro named Ho - mer and a dev - il named

Fm



Burns. We'll march till we drop, — the

*simile*



girls and the fel - las. We'll fight till the death or else



fold like um - brel - las. So we'll march day and



night by the big cool - ing tow - er. They have the



plant, but we have the pow - er.

# TALKIN' SOFTBALL

Music and Lyrics by  
TERRY CASHMAN

Easy shuffle ♩ = 120 (♩ =  $\frac{3}{4}$ )

G  $G\sharp dim7$  Am D7 G  $G\sharp dim7$

Well,

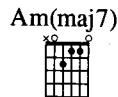
Verse:

G  $Gmaj7$   $G7$  G6

Mis - ter Burns had done it. The pow - er plant had won it, with

Am  $Am(maj7)$  Am7 D7

Rog - er Clem - ens cluck - ing all the while. Mike



Scio - scia's trag - ic ill - ness made us smile, while



Wade Boggs lay un - con - cious on the bar - room tile. We're talk - in'

Chorus:



soft - ball, from Maine to San Di - e - go. Talk - in'



soft - ball; Mat - ting - ly and Can - se - co. Ken



Grif - fey's gro - tesque - ly swol - len jaw; Steve



Sax and his run - ins with the law. We're talk - in' Ho - mer,



Oz - zie and the Straw. We're talk - in'



*Repeat and fade*

# YOUR WIFE DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU

Music and Lyrics by  
JEFF MARTIN

Easy country swing ♩ = 152 (♩ =  $\bar{\text{3}}\bar{\text{2}}\bar{\text{1}}$ )



You

work all day — for some old man, — sweat and break — your back;



— then you go home to your cas - tle, but your



queen won't cut you slack. — That's why you're los - in' all —



— your hair; — that's why your o - ver - weight. — That's



why you flipped your pick-up truck — right off the In - ter - state. —



There's a lot of bull — they hand — you; there's noth-in' you can



B7



E7



A7



D



C#



C



do.

Your wife don't un - der - stand you,

but I do.

B7



E7



A7



No, your wife don't un - der - stand you,

but

D



C#



C



B7



G



I do.

I said no one un - der - stands.

A7



D



C#



D



you, but I do.

# BAGGED ME A HOMER

Music and Lyrics by  
BEVERLY D'ANGELO  
and JEFF D'ANGELO

Bright country two-beat  $\text{♩} = 152$



Oh, the

*mf* *dim.*

bas - es were emp - ty on the dia - mond of my

*mp*

B7



heart when the coach called me up to the

plate. I'd been swing - in' and

miss - in' and lov - in' and kiss - in'; my

av - 'rage was point - dou - ble - eight. So I

spit on my hands, knocked the dirt from my spikes, and

E7



A



point - ed right toward cen - ter field.

E



This time, I'm hit - tin' a home run.

B7



E



This time, love is for real. I'll

*cresc.*

A



slide, I'll steal, I'll sac - ri - fice; I'll

*mf*



lob and fly for you. I've been



slump - in' all sea - son, but now I've found a rea - son; I've



struck on a love that is true. I



used to play the field; I



used to be a roam - er. But the



sea - son's turn - in' 'round for me now; I

*cresc.*



fi - n'ly bagged me a ho - mer. *That's right!* I

*f*



fi - n'ly bagged me a ho - mer.

*a tempo*

# DEEP, DEEP TROUBLE

Music and Lyrics by  
MATT GROENING and JEFF TOWNES

*Well, you're damned if you do.  
(What are we talking about?)  
Well, you're damned if you do.  
(Where's your sense of humor?)  
Well, you're damned if you do.  
And you're damned if you don't.*

Moderate Rap

**Figure A**

No Chord

with **Figure A**

- Let me start at the start, then take it away,  
My name is Simpson, Bartholomew T.  
That's Bart with an Art and a capital B.,  
Then Simp plus S-O-N, that's me.  
Introductions aside, let's move right along,  
You can all sing along at the sound of the gong.  
Once upon a time, about a week ago,  
All of a sudden trouble started to grow.  
Alarm was buzzin', I was snoozin',  
S'pose to get up now, but I was refusin',  
To let reality become an intrusion,  
'Cause in dreamy Dreamland, I was cruisin'.  
But the buzz kept buzzin', my head kept fuzzin',  
Gave the radio a throw and heard an explosion.  
Opened up my eyes, to my surprise,  
There stood Homer and his temperature rise.  
I was chillin', he was yellin',  
Face all distorted 'cause he was propellin'.  
It wasn't what he said but more of his tone,  
The usual jive, put your nose to the grindstone.

I said, I'm real sorry, but that didn't cut it,  
 I started to protest but Dad said, "Shut it,  
 Get up, mow the lawn, move it, on the double,  
 'Cause if you don't, you're in deep, deep trouble."  
 (To Chorus)

Chorus:



Trou- ble, \_\_\_\_\_ deep, deep

Chorus:



trou- ble. \_\_\_\_\_

You want - ed to  
 The yard be - gins to  
 No Noth - in' need but to


Chorus:





snug - gle, \_\_\_\_\_  
 bub - ble, \_\_\_\_\_  
 strug - gle, \_\_\_\_\_  
 stub - ble, \_\_\_\_\_

Deep, deep




Gm/C  3fr.

Gm/B $\flat$   3fr.

F/A 

trou - ble. \_\_\_\_\_



with Figure A

2. So I'm in the front yard, mowin' like crazy,  
 Sweatin' like a pig and the sun is blazing.  
 Homer's in the driveway, gettin' in the car  
 With Mom and Lisa; hope they're goin' real far.  
 Then Dad yells: "Bart!" And I go: "Yo!"  
 He goes: "Ya done yet?" and I go: "No."  
 He goes: "Oh, you're too slow,"  
 So I step on the gas to speed up the mow.  
 Didn't see that sprinkler underneath that tree,  
 Clank, grind, BOOM! Water's rainin' on me.  
 I go "Whoa!" Homer goes "D'oh!"  
 "Now you can't go to the boat show."  
 This is my thanks after working my butt off?  
 Homer revs the motor and they all start to putt off.  
 Soaked to the bone, standin' in a puddle,  
 No one needs to tell me I'm in deep, deep trouble.

(To Chorus)

3. As soon as they're gone, I'm stretched on the lawn,  
 Lookin' at the sky with my sunshades on.  
 Now I've never ever claimed that I was a smarty,  
 But inspiration hits me: Let's have a party!  
 Called up my posse, they were here in a flash,  
 They brought all their pals, we started to thrash.  
 There was rompin' and stompin', an occasional crash,  
 A fistfight or two, and Nintendo for cash.  
 We raided the fridge, dogs raided the trash,  
 I got a little worried when the windows got smashed.  
 The next thing you know, Mom and Dad are home,  
 The kids disappear and I'm all alone.  
 Everything's silent except for my moan,  
 And the low bluesy tone of a saxophone.  
 They look at me, then they go into a huddle,  
 Get the sinkin' sensation I'm in deep, deep trouble.

*(To Chorus)*

4. There's a little epilogue to my tale of sadness,  
 I was dragged down the street by His Royal Dadness.  
 We rounded the corner and came to a stop,  
 Threw me inside Jake's Barber Shop.  
 I said, "Please, sir, just a little off the top,"  
 Dude shaved me bare, gave me a lollipop.  
 So on my head there's nothing but stubble,  
 Man, I hate being in deep, deep trouble.

*(To Chorus)**Repeat and fade*

Gm/C 3fr.      Gm/B $\flat$  3fr.      F/A

Trou ble, \_\_\_\_\_ deep, deep

Gm/C 3fr.      Gm/B $\flat$  3fr.      F/A

trou - ble. \_\_\_\_\_ Deep, deep

# WE PUT THE SPRING IN SPRINGFIELD

Music by ALF CLAUSEN  
Lyrics by KENNETH C. KEELER

Moderately, with freedom

**HOMER:**

F Gm/F F Gm/F F Gm/F F Em7 A7

You could close down Moe's or the Kwik - E - Mart, and no - bod - y would care; but the

*mp*

D G/D D G/D D G7 C7 Cdim7 C7

heart and soul of Spring-field's in our Mai - son Der - ri - ère!

Bright Dixieland tempo ♩ = 112

C7 Cdim7 C7 Cdim7 C7 Cdim7 C7 N.C.

**BELLE:**

We're the

*mf*



sauce on your steak; \_\_\_\_\_ we're the cheese in your cake. \_\_\_\_\_

*mf*



**DANCER #1:**

We put the spring in Springfield! We're the



**DANCER #2:**

**BELLE AND DANCERS:**

lace on the night - gown, the point af - ter touch - down. Yes,



**BELLE:**

we put the spring in Springfield! We're that

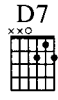
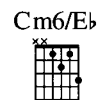


lit - tle ex - tra spice that makes ex - ist - ence ex - tra nice; a



**REV. LOVEJOY:**

gid - dy lit - tle thrill at a rea - son - a - ble price. Our



**DANCER #1:**

on - ly ma - jor quar - rel's with your to - tal lack of mor - als. Our



N.C.



N.C.



N.C.

**DANCER #2:**

skimp - y cos - tumes ain't so bad;\_ they seem to en - ter - tain your dad!\_



BELLE AND DANCERS:

*tr*

*p*

*cresc.*

The



gin in your mar - ti - ni, the clams on your lin - gui - ni; yes.

*mf*



SPRING SOUND:

TOWNSMEN:

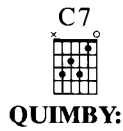
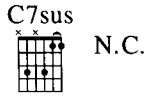
we put the (boing!) in Spring - field! We re -



QUIMBY:

MRS. QUIMBY:

mem - ber our first vis - it; the ser - vice was ex - qui - site. Why,



QUIMBY:

GRANDPA AND JASPER:

Jo - seph, I had no i - de - a! Come on, now! You were work - ing here!\_ With -



BART:

out it, we'd have had no fun\_ since March of Nine - teen six - ty - one!\_ To



N.C.



JIMBO, DOLPH AND KEARNEY:

shut them down now would be twist - ed! We just heard this

A little slower (broadway-chorus style) (♩ = 92)



N.C.

BELLE AND DANCERS:

place ex - ist - ed! We're the

G $\flat$  Eb7 Ab7 Ab dim7 Ab7 D $\flat$ 7 Ab $\flat$ m7/E $\flat$  E dim7 63

APU:

BELLE AND DANCERS:

high-lights in your hair-do, the ex-tra arms on Vish-nu! So don't take the...

D $\flat$ /F G $\flat$  D $\flat$ 7/A $\flat$  D $\flat$ 7 Ab $\flat$ m7/E $\flat$  E dim7 D $\flat$ /F G $\flat$  D $\flat$ 7/A $\flat$

SPRING SOUND:

TOWNSMEN:

SLIDE WHISTLE:

ALL:

(boing!) We won't take the... Yes,

D $\flat$ 7 Ab $\flat$ m7/E $\flat$  E dim7 N.C. D $\flat$ 13 G $\flat$  G $\flat$ 7/F $\flat$

DRUM:

let's keep the in Springfield!

(boom!)

C $\flat$ /E $\flat$  D6 G $\flat$ /D $\flat$  C G $\flat$  C G $\flat$  F7 G $\flat$  N.C.



# WHO NEEDS THE KWIK-E-MART?

Music by ALF CLAUSEN  
Lyrics by GREG MARTIN DANIELS

Freely, in two



APU:

Wheth - er ig - loo, hut, or lean - to, or a ge - o - des - ic dome, there's no






struc - ture I have been to which I'd rath - er call my home.

Bright two-beat  $\text{♩} = 112$

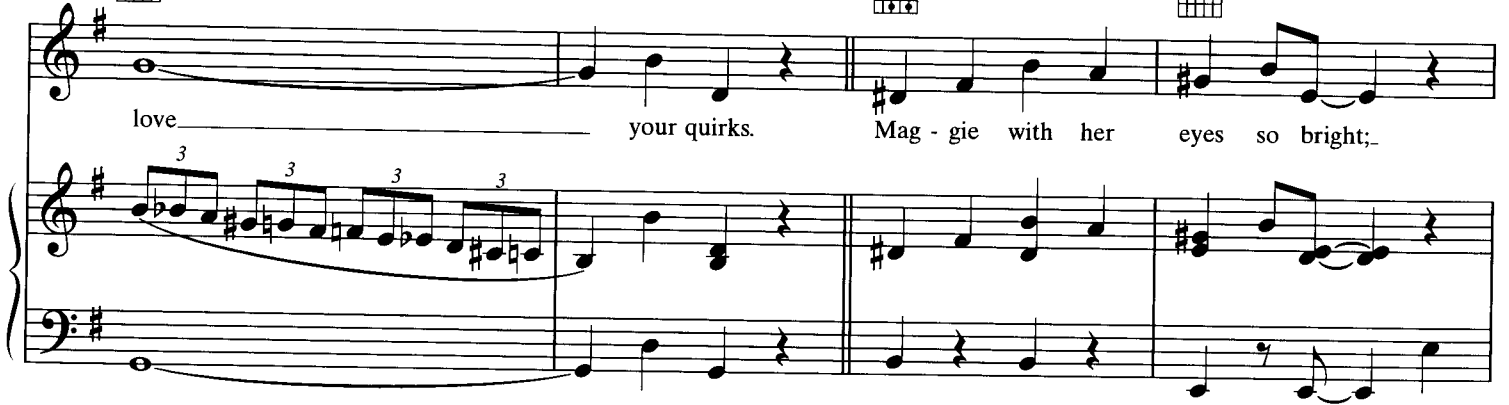
N.C.








When I first ar - rived, you were all such jerks, but now I've come to

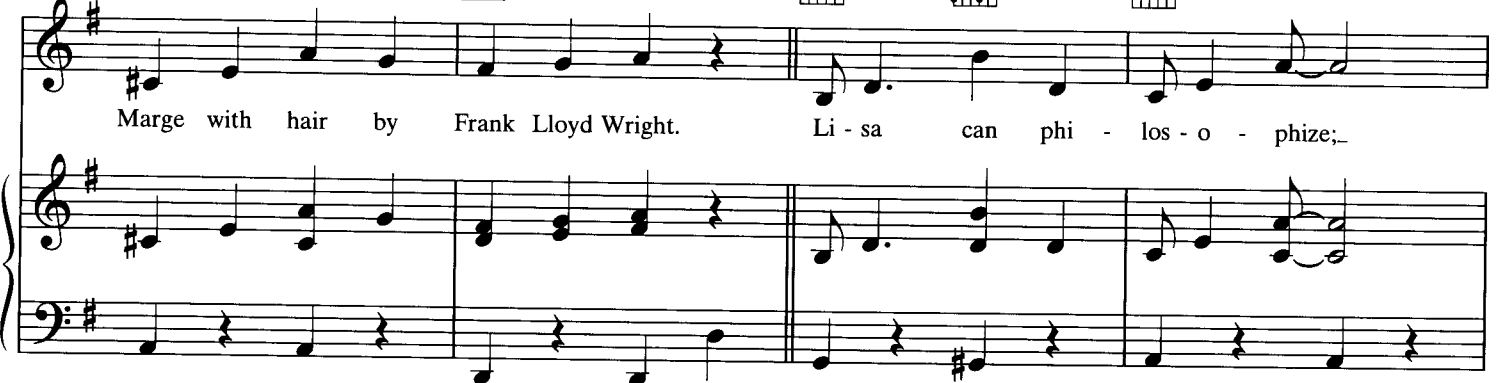
G  B7  E7 







love your quirks. Mag - gie with her eyes so bright;



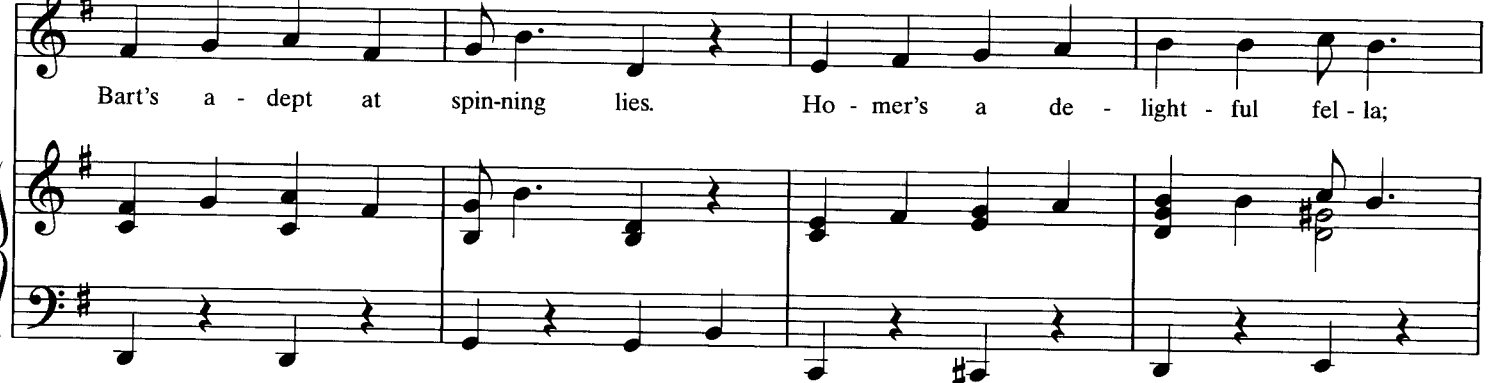
A7  D  G  G#dim  Am 



Marge with hair by Frank Lloyd Wright. Li - sa can phi - los - o - phize;



D7  G  C  C#dim  G/D  E7 

Bart's a - dept at spin-ning lies. Ho - mer's a de - light - ful fel - la;



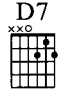
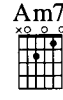
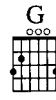
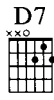
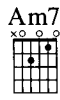
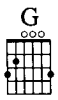
A7  D7  **HOMER:**    

sor - ry 'bout the sal - mo - nel - la!

*Heh heh... That's OK!*

*cresc.*





Who needs the Kwik-E - Mart?\_ Now here's the trick - y part:—



oh, won't you rhyme with me?



**MARGE:**



Who needs the Kwik-E - Mart?\_ Their floors are stick - y mart!—



**LISA:**

**BART:**

They made Dad sick - y mart.\_ Let's hurl a brick - y mart!—

G G/F C/E Cm/Eb D7 G/D Dm/F E7 E7/G#

HOMER:

ALL:

The Kwik - E - Mart is real... doh! Who

*cresc.*

A9 G/B Cm6 A7/C# Cmaj7/D D13(b9)

APU:

needs the Kwik - E - Mart? Not

G G/F C/E Cm/Eb D7 G G/F C/E Cm/Eb D7

OTHERS:

For - get the Kwik-E - Mart!\_ me! Good - bye to Kwik-E - Mart!\_

*ff*

G G/F C/E Cm/Eb D7 G N.C. F# G

APU:

Who needs the Kwik-E - Mart?\_ Not me!

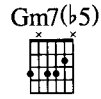
*Not me!*

*p*

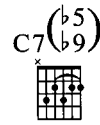
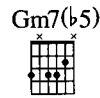
# SEÑOR BURNS

Music by ALF CLAUSEN  
Lyrics by BILL OAKLEY and JOSH WEINSTEIN

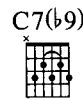
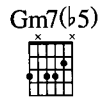
Spirited Latin groove ♩ = 104



mf



Verse:



1. Wounds won't last long, but an insulting song Burns will  
2. (Inst. solo ad lib...)

Db9



C7



Fm



Dm7(b5)



G7(b9)



C7(#5)



al - ways — car - ry — with him. — So, I'll



Fm



Bbm



Gm7(b5)



C7(b9)



Fm7



Bb7



set - tle — my score on the sal - sa floor with this



Db9



C7



Fm



Bbm/F



Fm



venge - ful — Lat - in — rhy - thm. —  
...end solo)



Chorus:

Bbm7



Eb9



Abmaj7



Dbmaj7



Burns!



Gm7(b5)



C7



Fm



F7



Con el co - ra - zón de pe - rro! Se - ñor

Bbm7



Eb9



Abmaj7



Dbmaj7



Burns! El di -

Gm7(b5)



Abm7



Db7



Gm7(b5)



C7(b5)



N.C.

a - blo con di - ne - ro! It

Fm



Bbm



Gm7(b5)



C7(b9)



Fm7



Bb7



may not sur - prise you, but all of us de - spise you. Please

Db9(b5)



C7(b9)



Fm7



Bb7



die

and

fry

in

Db9(b5)



C7(b9)



Fm7



Bb7



Db9



hell,

you

rot

ten,

rich,

C7(b9)



Fm7



Bb7



Gm7(b5)



C7(b5)



old

wretch!

1.

2.

Gm7(b5)



C7(b5)



Fm



N.C.

C7(b5)



Fm



A - di - os, vi - e - jo!



# WE DO

(The Stonecutters' Song)

Music by ALF CLAUSEN  
Lyrics by JOHN SWARTZWELDER

March tempo  $\text{♩} = 116$

F#m D/C F#m D/C

*ff*

F#m D/C Bm G/F

Who con - trols the Brit - ish crown? Who keeps the met - ric sys - tem down?

*mf*

C# C# Bm/A C#7/G# C#7

We do! We do!

*f*

F#m



D/C



Bm



G/F



Who keeps At - lan - tis off the maps? Who keeps the mar - tians un - der wraps?

*mp*

F#m



D/C



F#m/C#



C#7



F#m



F#m/A



We do! We do!

*f*

*cresc.*

*ff*

C#B



F#m/A



G/F



Am/E



Who holds back the e - lec - tric car?

*mp*

*cresc. poco a poco*

E/D



Am/C



Bb/Ab



C/G







Who makes Steve Gut - ten - berg a star?

*ff*

D/C  C#  C#7 


We do! We do!







F#m  D/C  Bm  G/F 

Who robs cave fish of their sight? Who rigs ev - 'ry Os - car night?


*mf*





F#m  D/C  F#m/C#  C#7 

We do! We


*f*



F#m  D/C  F#m  N.C.

do!

*ff*



# DR. ZAIUS

Music by ALF CLAUSEN  
Lyrics by JACK BARTH

Rap ♩ = 92

**APE:** Help! The hu-man's a-bout to es-cape!

**TROY:** Get your paws off me, you\_\_ dirt - y ape!

**APE:** (Gasp!) He can talk!

**ELDER APES:** He can talk, he can talk, he can talk, he can talk, he can talk, he can talk!

**TROY:** I can

**NURSE APE:** sing!

**ELDER APES:** Ooh! Help\_\_ me, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor



Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor

*mf*

G $\flat$



A $\flat$



B $\flat$ 5



N.C.

TROY:

SOLO:

Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Oh, Doc-tor Zai-us! (Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!) What's

DR. ZAIUS:

TROY:

DR. ZAIUS:

ELDER APES:

wrong with me? I think you're cra-zy! Want a sec-ond o-pin-ion! You're al-so la-zy! Doc-tor

B $\flat$ m



E $\flat$



Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor

G $\flat$



A $\flat$



B $\flat$ 5



N.C.

TROY:

SOLO:

Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Oh, Doc-tor Zai-us! (Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!) Can I

DR. ZAIUS:

TROY:

play the pi-an - o an - y - more? - Of course you can! Well I could-n't be - fore! -

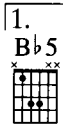
ELDER APES:



Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor

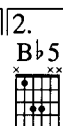


Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us! Oh, Doc-tor



N.C.

SOLO:



N.C.

ELDER APES:



Zai-us! (Doc-tor Zai-us, Doc-tor Zai-us!) Doc-tor Zai-us!

# CHIMPAN A TO CHIMPAN Z

Music by ALF CLAUSEN

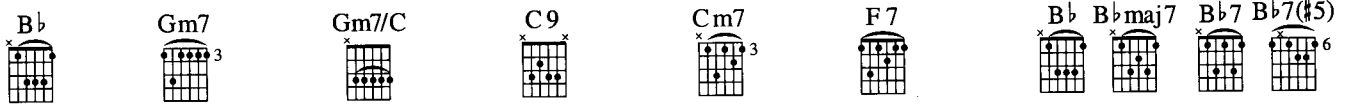
Lyrics by JACK BARTH

Easy swing ♩ = 132 (♩ = ♩<sup>3</sup>)



I hate

*f* *rit.*



ev - 'ry ape I see, from Chim - pan A to Chim - pan Z. No, you'll

*a tempo* *mp*



nev - er make a mon - key out of me. Oh my

*cresc.*

B $\flat$  Gm7 Gm7/C C9 Cm7 F7 B $\flat$  B $\flat$  maj7 B $\flat$ 7 B $\flat$ 7(#5)

God! I was wrong! It was Earth all a - long! You've

E $\flat$  E dim7 B $\flat$ /F A B $\flat$ /A $\flat$  Dm7/G G7 B9

BKGRD.:

fi - n'ly made a mon - key, (Yes, we've fi - n'ly made a mon - key,) yes, you've

C9 C9(b5) C9 G $\flat$ 9 F7 E/F $\sharp$  F7 F13(b9) B $\flat$  B/B $\flat$  C/B $\flat$  D $\flat$ /B $\flat$

fi - n'ly made a mon - key out of me. (fi - n'ly made a mon - key out of me.)

*cresc.*

Freely

D/B $\flat$  E $\flat$ /B $\flat$  G $\flat$ /B $\flat$  C $\flat$ /B $\flat$  B $\flat$

I love you, Doc-tor Zai-us!

*rit.*



# MINIMUM WAGE NANNY

Music by ALF CLAUSEN  
 Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

Moderately ♩ = 120

N.C.

LISA:



If you want to be our sit - ter, please be sweet and

*mp* *sim.*



BART:

nev - er bit - ter. Help us with math and book re - ports. Might I add:

*f*

Bb7(b5)



N.C.






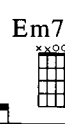



eat my shorts! *Bart!* *Just cuttin' through the treacle!* If Mag-gie's fuss - y, don't a - void her.

*mp*

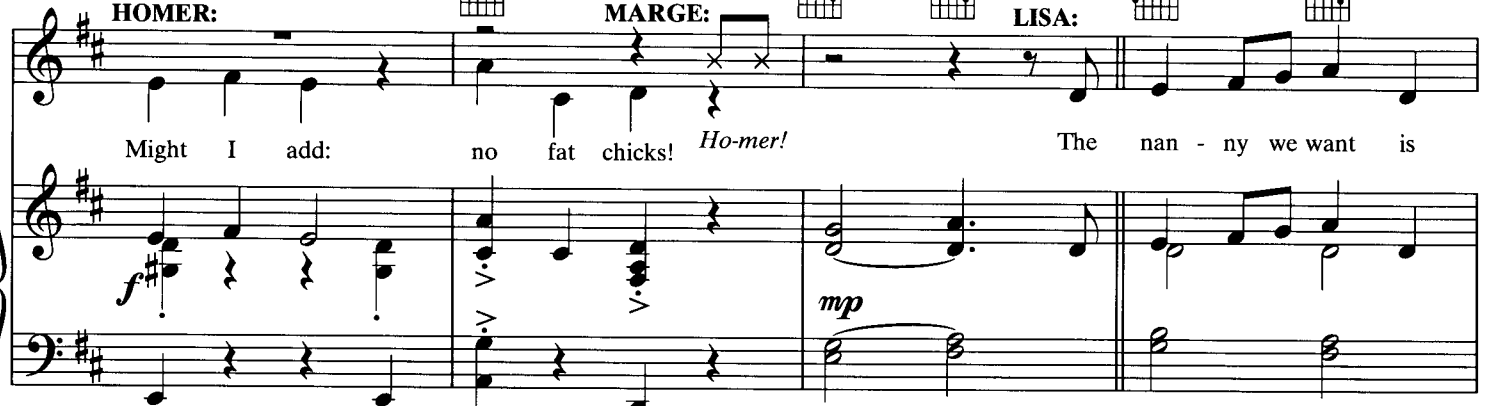
D  D/F#  G  D  G  D/F#  Em7  A7  D 

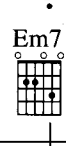




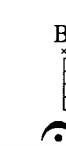
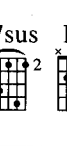

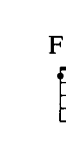
Let me get a - way with moi - der! Teach us songs and mag - ic tricks.



E7  A7  D  Em7(no5)  D/F#  G6  D/F# 

**HOMER:** Might I add: **MARGE:** no fat chicks! *Ho-mer!* **LISA:** The nan - ny we want is



Em7  D/F#  G6  D/F#  C7  B7sus  B7  Slower **Em7**  F dim7 

**HOMER:** kind - ly and sage. **LISA:** Hur - ry, nan - ny, And one who will work for min - i - mum wage.



D/F#  Bm  GRANDPA: N.C. **Em7**  A7  D  **BART AND LISA:**

things are grim. I'll do it! An - y - one but him!



# CUT EVERY CORNER

Music by ALF CLAUSEN  
 Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

Brightly ♩ = 112

N.C.

SHARY:

F/C

Fdim7/C



If there's a task that must be done, don't

Gm7/C

Cdim7

N.C.

G7/C

N.C.

G7

N.C.



turn your tail and run; don't pout, don't sob, just

C7

B7

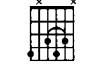
Gm7

Cdim7

C7

Am7

A<sup>b</sup>dim7



do a half - assed job. If you

Gm7



C9



F



cut ev - 'ry cor - ner, it is real - ly not so

*a tempo*  
*mf*

C7



bad. Ev - 'ry - bod - y does it,

F6



E7



F6



F



Fdim7



F



A<sup>b</sup>dim7



e - ven Mom and Dad. If

Gm7



C9



F



E7



E<sup>b</sup>7(b5)



D7



no - bod - y sees it, then no - bod - y gets mad.

G9



C7



G7/D



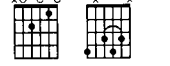
C7/E



F



Am7 A $\flat$  dim7



BART:

It's the A - mer - i - can way!

*cresc.*

Gm7



C9



F



*f*

C7



F6



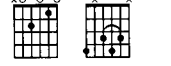
E7



F6



Am7 A $\flat$  dim7



Gm7



C9



F



E7



E $\flat$ 7(b5)



D7



G9



C7



G7/D



C7/E



F



SHARY:

The po -

*dim.*

3



lice - man on the beat needs some time to rest his feet.

*mf*



WIGGUM:



SHARY:

Fight - ing crime is not my cup of tea. And the



clerk who runs the store can charge a lit - tle more for

*rit.*

Tempo rubato



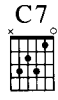
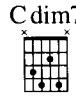
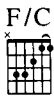
N.C.

APU:



N.C.

meat for meat and milk and milk from from

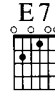
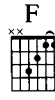
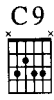


SHARY:

nine - teen eight - y - four.  
nine - teen eight - y - four.

If you

*rit.*



cut ev - 'ry cor - ner, you'll have more time for play.

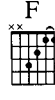
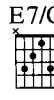
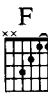
*a tempo*  
*mf*



LISA, BART, MARGE, HOMER:

It's the A - mer - i - can

*f* *cresc. poco a poco*



N.C.

way! \_\_\_\_\_

*ff*

# A BOOZEHOUND NAMED BARNEY

Music by ALF CLAUSEN  
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

**\* Slowly**  
N.C.

**SHARY:**

In front of a tav-ern,

*p*

(with pedal)

B $\flat$  maj7    Em7( $\flat$ 5)/A    A7    Dm    E7/G#    Am    C7sus    C7

flat on his face, a booze-hound named Bar-ney is plead-ing his case.

*rit.*

**Moderately** ♩ = 104

**BARNEY:** F    Dm7    Gm7

Buy me a beer, two bucks a glass.

*mf*

\*Originally recorded in E $\flat$  minor.



C7



F



C7



Come on, help me, I'm freez - ing my ass.

F



Dm7



Gm7



E7/G#



Buy me bran - dy, a snif - ter of wine.

*rit.*

Slower

F/A



Bb



C7sus



C7



F



Who am I kid - ding? I'll drink tur - pen - tine.

Tempo I

MOE:



Am/C



Bb maj7



Em7(b5)/A



A7



Move it, ya drunk, or I'll blast your rear end.

*mf*

**BARNEY:** I found two bucks! **MOE:** Then come in, my friend. **SHARY:** And

Chords: Dm, E7/G#, N.C., Am, C7sus, C7

*a tempo*

so, let us leave on this heart - warm - ing

Chords: F, Dm7, Gm7

*mp*

**BART:** scene. **HOMER:** Can I be a booze - hound? Not

Chords: E7/G#, F/A, Bb

*rit.*

*Slower*

till your fif - teen.

Chords: C7sus, C7, F

*rit. e dim.*

*p*

# HAPPY JUST THE WAY WE ARE

Music by ALF CLAUSEN  
Lyrics by AL JEAN and MICHAEL REISS

Brightly  $\text{♩} = 126$



HOMER:

A-round the house, I nev - er lift a fin - ger.

*f* *mf*



As a hus - band and fa - ther, I'm sub - par. I'd



rath - er drink a beer than win Fa - ther Of The Year. I'm

E $\flat$ /B $\flat$



B $\flat$ 7



E $\flat$



hap - py with things the way they are.

Lisa: I'm get - ting

B $\flat$ 7



E $\flat$



**BART:**

used to nev - er get - ting no - ticed.

I'm

B $\flat$ 7



E $\flat$



**MARGE:**

stuck here till I can steal a car.

The

D7



Gm



C7



**+LISA AND BART:**

house is still a mess, and I'm go - ing bald from stress, but we're  
but we're

*mp*

*cresc.*

F F#dim7 Gm7 C7 F7 B7 N.C.

hap - py hap - py just just the way we are. the way we are.

*mf*

B7 N.C. FLANDERS:

They're not

*mf*

E HOMER:

per - fect, but the Lord says "Love thy neigh - bor." Shut up,

C#m F#7 B7 SHARY:

Flan - ders! O - ke - ly, do - ke - ly, do. Don't

E E7 A A#dim7

think it's sour grapes, but you're all a bunch of apes. And

E/B A/B E/B A/B D/B Eb/B

so, I must be leaving

*cresc.*

E E7/D A/C# Am/C

you.

*mp* *cresc. poco a poco*

E/B D/B Eb/B E N.C.

*ff*

# YOU'RE CHECKIN' IN

Music by ALF CLAUSEN  
Lyrics by KENNETH C. KEELER

Bright waltz, in one ♩ = 72



JUROR/WOMAN:

He's

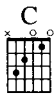


guilt - y of may - hem, ex - po - sure in - de - cent!



JUROR/MAN:

Freaked - out be - hav - ior, both chron - ic and re - cent!



JURORS/ALL:

JURORMAN:

Drink - ing and driv - ing, nar - cot - ics pos - ses - sion! And

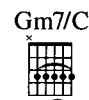


that's just page one of his ten - page con - fes - sion!



JUDGE:

I should put you a - way where you can't kill or maim us. But



this is L. A., and you're rich and fa - mous!

*rit.*



Spirited Broadway rock J = 160



MR. CLEARY:

STAFF AND PATIENTS:

I'm check-in' in! He's check-in' in!



MR. CLEARY:

STAFF AND PATIENTS:

MR. CLEARY:

I'm check-in' in! Check-in', check-in' in! No more pills or al - co - hol.



No more pot or Dem - er - ol. No more stink - in' fun



at all! I'm check-in' in!

Bb



F/Bb



Eb/Bb



Bb



B>/A



STAFF AND PATIENTS:

He's check-in' in! \_\_\_\_\_ He's check-in' in! \_\_\_\_\_

Musical score for Staff and Patients, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment in B-flat major. The piano part consists of chords and a bass line.

Gm



Dm



Gm



Dm



DOCTOR:

No more look-ing pale \_\_\_\_\_ and thin... Nomore bugs \_\_\_\_\_ be - neath your skin...

Musical score for Doctor, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of chords and a bass line.

Eb



F



Bb



MR. CLEARY:

STAFF AND PATIENTS:

Hey! That's just my as - pi - rin! \_\_\_\_\_ Check it out! \_\_\_\_\_

Musical score for Mr. Cleary and Staff and Patients, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of chords and a bass line.

Eb/F



F7sus



Eb/F



F9



Bb



F/Bb



\_\_\_\_\_ You're check - in' \_\_\_\_\_ in! \_\_\_\_\_

Musical score for You're Checkin' In, featuring a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The piano part consists of chords and a bass line.

E♭/B♭



B♭



A7sus



A7



**BART:**

*When I grow up, I wanna be in the Betty Ford Center!*

D



A/D



G/D



**MARGE:**

*Better start saving now, it's very expensive!*

D



D/C♯



Bm



F♯m



**LISA:**

*Shh! They're strapping down Liza Minnelli!*

Bm



F♯m



G



A



D/A



A7sus



A7



D





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