

GOOD MORNING BALTIMORE

Music by Marc Shaiman

Lyrics by Marc Shaiman and Scott Wittman

Arranged by Carol Matz

Medium rock

Verse:

F **F/A** **B♭**

mf 1. Oh, oh, oh, woke up to - day feel - ing the way I
2. Oh, oh, oh, look at my hair. What "do" can com - pare with
3. See additional lyrics

Dm/C **C** **F** **F/A**

4 al - ways do. Oh, oh, oh, hun - gry for some - thing that
mine to - day? Oh, oh, oh, I've got my hair - spray and

G/B **C#dim7** **Dm**

7 I can't eat. Then I hear that beat. That rhy - thm of town starts
ra - di - o. I'm read - y to go. The rats on the street all

B♭m/D♭ **F/C** **G/B**

10 call - ing me down. It's like a mes - sage from high a - bove,
dance 'round my feet. They seem to say, "Tra - cy, it's up to you."

I CAN HEAR THE BELLS

Music by Marc Shaiman
 Lyrics by Marc Shaiman and Scott Wittman
 Arranged by Carol Matz

Slowly and freely

1 1 3 2
 I can hear the bells. Well, don't 'cha hear 'em chime?

5 B \flat Dm G C sus C
 Can't 'cha feel my heart-beat keep-ing per-fect time? And all be-cause he

1 5 1 5

1. touched me. He looked at me and stared. Yes, he bumped me. My
 2. nudged me, love put me in a fix. Yes, it hit me just
 3., 4. See additional lyrics

9 Moderately Verse: F Dm
 1 5 3 3

heart was un-pre-pared when he tapped me and knocked me off my feet.
 like a ton of bricks. Yes, my heart burst. Now I know what life's a-bout.

12 B \flat F/A
 1 3 4

BIG, BLONDE AND BEAUTIFUL

(Reprise)

Music by Marc Shaiman

Lyrics by Scott Wittman and Marc Shaiman

Arranged by Carol Matz

Vamping blues (♩ = $\frac{3}{4}$ ♩)

System 1: C7, Ab7

f Those lips, — those eyes... — ...that food, — well, there ain't noth-in' like a spread to get ya

System 2: Am7, Gm7, C7, F, F#dim7, C/G, A7

in the mood. — Wil-bur, can't you feel the burn-ing flame of hot de-sire? — You're gon-na

System 3: D7, C/E, Fm6, D7/F#, G7, F/A, A#m6, G7/B, C7

need more than some selt-zer to put out this fire. I'm wail-ing, "Look out, — old —

System 4: C7(#9), Ab7, Am7, Ab7, Gm7, Gb7

Bal - ti - more!" *mp* I'm sell-ing some-thing you can't pur-chase at a ten-cent store. — Oh, Wil-bur,

COME SO FAR

(Got So Far to Go)

Music by Marc Shaiman

Lyrics by Scott Wittman and Marc Shaiman

Arranged by Carol Matz

Moderately fast

Verse:

F **Am**

mp

1. Hey, old friend, let's look back on the crazy clothes we wore.

2. See additional lyrics

4 **Dm**

Ain't it fun to look back, and to

7 **Bb** **C** **F**

see it's all been done before? All those nights to - geth -

10 **Am**

- er are a spe - cial mem - o - ry, and I