

Chicago, Here We Come

Lyrics

4M

CHICAGO

Chicago, Chicago, that toddlin' town.
Chicago, Chicago, I'll show you around. I love it!
Bet your bottom dollar you lose the blues in Chicago, Chicago.
The folks who visit all wanna settle down.

On State Street, that great street, I just wanna say.
They do things they don't do on Broadway.
Say,
You'll have the time, the time of your life.
Bring all your friends, your kids, and your wife
To Chicago, Chicago, my hometown!

Coda:
To Chicago, Chicago, my hometown!

UNDER THE SEA

Verse 1:

The seaweed is always greener in somebody else's lake.
You dream about going up there. But that is a big mistake.
Just look at the world around you, right here on the ocean floor.
Such wonderful things surround you. What more is you lookin' for?

Chorus 1:

Under the sea, under the sea.
Darlin' it's better down where it's wetter. Take it from me.
Up on the shore they work all day. Out in the sun they slave away.
While we devotin' full time to floatin' under the sea.

Verse 2:

Down here all the fish is happy, as off through the waves dey roll.
The fish on the land ain't happy. They sad 'cause they in the bowl.
But fish in the bowl is lucky, they in for a worsen fate.
One day when the boss get hungry, guess who gon' be on the plate.

Chorus 2:

Under the sea, under the sea.

Nobody beat us, fry us and eat us in fricassee.

We what the land folks loves to cook. Under the sea we off the hook.

We got no troubles, life is the bubbles under the sea.

Chorus 3:

Under the sea.

Since life is sweet here we got the beat here naturally.

Even the sturgeon and the ray, they get the urge 'n' start to play.

We got the spirit, you got to hear it, under the sea.

Bridge:

The newt play the flute. The carp play the harp.

The plaice play the bass. And they soundin' sharp.

The bass play the brass. The chub play the tub.

The fluke is the duke of soul.

The ray he can play. The lings on the strings.

The trout rockin' out. The blackfish she sings.

The smelt and the sprat they know where it's at.

And oh, that blowfish blow!

Chorus 4:

Under the sea. Under the sea.

When the sardine begin the beguine it's music to me.

What do they got, a lot of sand. We got a hot crustacean band.

Each little clam here know how to jam here under the sea.

Coda:

Each little slug here cuttin' a rug here under the sea.

Each little snail here know how to wail here.

That's why it's hotter under the water.

Yeah, we're in luck here down in the muck here under the sea!

STREET SONG (instrumental piece)

Recorder part

The image shows three staves of musical notation for a recorder part. Each staff contains a sequence of notes with corresponding letter labels below them. The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The letter labels are G and A. The first two staves end with a double bar line, while the third staff ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

SUPERCALIFRAGILISTICEXPIALIDOCIOUS

Introduction:

Um diddle diddle diddle, um diddle ay!

Um diddle diddle diddle, um diddle ay!

Verse 1:

Because I was afraid to speak when I was just a lad,
Me father gave me nose a tweak and told me I was bad.
But then one day I learned a word that saved me achin' nose,
The biggest word you ever heard and this is how it goes:

Chorus:

Oh! Su-per-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic-ex-pi-al-i-do-cious!
Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious,
If you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious.
Su-per-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic-ex-pi-al-i-do-cious!

Interlude:

Um diddle diddle diddle, um diddle ay!

Um diddle diddle diddle, um diddle ay!

Verse 2:

I traveled all around the world and everywhere I went,
I'd use my word and all would say, "There goes a clever gent!"
When dukes and maharajas pass the time of day with me,
I say me special word and then they ask me out to tea!

Chorus:

Oh! Su-per-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic-ex-pi-al-i-do-cious!
Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious,
If you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious.
Su-per-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic-ex-pi-al-i-do-cious!

Interlude:

Um diddle diddle diddle, um diddle ay!
Um diddle diddle diddle, um diddle ay!

Um diddle diddle diddle, um diddle ay!
Um diddle diddle diddle, um diddle ay!

Verse 3:

So when the cat has got your tongue, there's no need for dismay.
Just summon up this word and then you've got a lot to say.
But better use it carefully or it can change your life.
One night I said it to me girl and now me girl's me wife!

Chorus:

She's Su-per-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic-ex-pi-al-i-do-cious!
Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious,
If you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious.
Su-per-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic-ex-pi-al-i-do-cious!

Slower

Um diddle diddle diddle, um diddle ay!
Um diddle diddle diddle, um diddle ay!

Su-per-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic-ex-pi-al-i-do-cious!
Even though the sound of it is something quite atrocious,
If you say it loud enough, you'll always sound precocious.
Su-per-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic-ex-pi-al-i-do-cious!

Coda

Su-per-cal-i-frag-il-is-tic-ex-pi-al-i-do-cious!

I DON'T WANT TO LIVE ON THE MOON

Verse 1:

Well I'd like to visit the moon,
On a rocket ship high in the air.

Yes, I'd like to visit the moon,
But I don't think I'd like to live there.
Though I'd like to look down at the earth from above,
Soon I'd miss all the places and people I love,
So although I might like it for one afternoon,
I don't want to live on the moon.

Verse 2:

I'd like to travel under the sea,
I could meet all the fish everywhere.
Yes, I'd travel under the sea,
But I don't think I'd like to live there.
I might stay for a day there if I had my wish,
But there's not much to do when your friends are all fish,
And an oyster and clam aren't real family,
So I don't want to live in the sea.

Bridge:

I'd like to visit the jungle hear the lion roar,
Go back in time and meet a dinosaur.
There's so many strange places I'd like to be,
But none of them permanently.

Verse 3:

So if I should visit the moon,
Well I'll dance on a moonbeam and then,
I will make a wish on a star,
And I'll wish I was home once again.
Though I'd like to look down at the earth from above,
Soon I'd miss all the places and people I love,
So although I may go I'll be coming home soon,
'Cause I don't want to live on the moon.

Coda:

No I don't, ♪♪ want to live, ♪♪ on the moon.