

Leonard Bernstein

"Jet Song"

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Smooth Boppy Piano
Snapping Fingers
Riff: This turf is small but it's all we got, huh?
I wanna hold it like we always held it, with skin!
But if they say blades, I say blades but if they say
guns, I say guns. I say I want the Jets to be the
number one! To sail! To hold the sky!
Baby John: Rev us up!
Gee-Tar: Voom-va-voom!
Big Deal: Cha-chung!
Action: Wacko-jacko!
A-Rab: Digga-digga-dig-dum!
Riff: Now, protocolity calls for a war council
between us and the Sharks to set the whole thing up.
So I will personally give the bad news to Bernardo.
Against the Sharks, we need every man we got we
need
a lieutenant for the war council.
Action: That's me.
Riff: That's Tony.
Action: Who needs Tony?
Riff: We need Tony! He has a reputation bigger than
the whole west side.
Action: Tony don't belong no more.
Riff: Cut it, Action Tony and I started the Jets.
Action: What about the day we clobbered the
Emeralds?
Big Deal: Which we couldn't have done without Tony.
Baby John: He saved my ever-loving neck!
Riff: Yeah, Tony has come through for us and he
always will.
Riff: When you're a Jet, you're a Jet all the way
from your frst cigarette to your last dyin' day.
When you're a Jet, let 'em do what they can, you got
brothers around, you're a family man! You're never
alone, you're never disconnected! You're home with
your own when company's expected, you're well
protected! Then you are set with a capital J, which
you'll never forget till they cart you away. When
you're a Jet, you stay a Jet!
Riff: I know Tony like I know me and I guarantee you

can count him in.

Action: In, out, let's get crackin'.

A-Rab: Where you gonna find Bernardo?

Riff: He'll be at the dance at the gym tonight.

A-Rab: Yeah, but the gym's neutral territory.

Riff(innocently): A-Rab, I'm gonna make nice with him! I'm only gonna challenge him.

A-Rab: Great, Daddy-o!

Riff: So everybody dress up sweet and sharp and meet Tony and me at the dance at ten. And walk tall!

A-Rab: We always walk tall!

Baby John: We're Jets!

Action: The greatest!

Drums

Snowboy: When you're a Jet, you're the top cat in town, you're the gold medal kid with the heavyweight crown!

Diesel: When you're a Jet, you're the swingin'est thing. Little boy, you're a man, little man, you're a king!

Jets: The Jets are in gear, our cylinders are clickin'. The Sharks'll steer clear 'cause ev'ry Puerto Rican's a lousy chicken! Here com the Jets like a bat out of hell. Someone gets in our way, someone don't feel so well. Here come the Jets little world, step aside! Better go underground, better run, better hide. We're drawin' the line, so keep your noses hidden! We're hangin' a sign, says "Visitors Forbidden" and we ain't kiddin'! Here come the Jets, Yeah! An' we're gonna beat ev'ry last buggin' gang on the whole buggin' street! On the whole buggin' ever lovin' street!

Gee-Tar: Yeah!

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