

West Side Story

"Jet Song"

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RIFF: (Spoken) Against the Sharks we need every man we got.

ACTION: (Spoken) Tony don't belong any more.

RIFF: Cut it, Action boy. I and Tony started the Jets.

ACTION: Well, he acts like he don't wanna belong.

BABY JOHN: Who wouldn't wanna belong to the Jets!

ACTION: Tony ain't been with us for over a month.

SNOWBOY: What about the day we clobbered the Emeralds?

A-RAB: Which we couldn't have done without Tony.

BABY JOHN: He saved my ever-lovin' neck!

RIFF: Right! He's always come through for us and he will now.

(sings)

When you're a Jet,
You're a Jet all the way
From your first cigarette
To your last dyin' day.

When you're a Jet,
If the spit hits the fan,
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!

(spoken) I know Tony like I know me.
I guarantee you can count him in.

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

A-RAB: Where you gonna find Bernardo?

RIFF: At the dance tonight at the gym.

BIG DEAL: But the gym's neutral territory.
RIFF: (innocently) I'm gonna make nice there!
I'm only gonna challenge him.

A-RAB: Great, Daddy-O!

RIFF: So everybody dress up sweet and sharp.

ALL (sing)
Oh, when the Jets fall in at the cornball dance,
We'll be the sweetest dressin' gang in pants!
And when the chicks dig us in our Jet black ties,
They're gonna flip, gonna flop, gonna drop like flies!

RIFF: (Spoken) Hey. Cool. Easy. Sweet.
Meet Tony and me at ten. And walk tall!

A-RAB: We always walk tall!

BABY JOHN: We're Jets!

ACTION: The greatest!

ACTION and BABY JOHN (sing)
When you're a Jet,
You're the top cat in town,
You're the gold medal kid
With the heavyweight crown!

A-RAB, ACTION, BIG DEAL
When you're a Jet,
You're the swingin'est thing:
Little boy, you're a man;
Little man, you're a king!

ALL

The Jets are in gear,
Our cylinders are clickin'!
The Sharks'll steer clear
'Cause ev'ry Puerto Rican's a lousy chicken!

Here come 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! And we're gonna beat
Ev'ry last buggin' gang
On the whole buggin' street!
On the whole!
Ever!
Mother!
Lovin'!
Street!
Yeah!

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