

Stephen Sondheim

"Jet Song"

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RIFF

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!

ALL

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!

ACTION and BABY JOHN

When you're a Jet,
You're the top cat in town,
You're the gold-metal 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! An' we're gonna beat
Ev'ry last buggin' gang
On the whole buggin' street!
On the whole ever-mother-lovin' street

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