

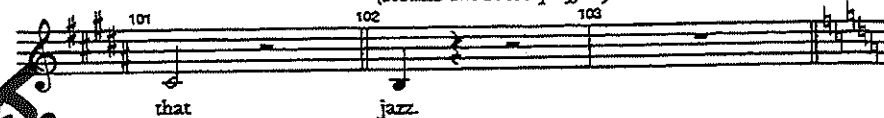


Oh, her moth - er's blood - 'd cur - die



If she'd hear her ba-by's queer for all

FRED: (to ROXIE) Come here!
(ROXIE and FRED playfully chase each other, then exit.)



that jazz

VELMA,
PART 1:



Come on, babe, Why don't we paint the town, And

PART 2:



Oh, you're gon - na see your She - ba



all that jazz? I'm gon - na



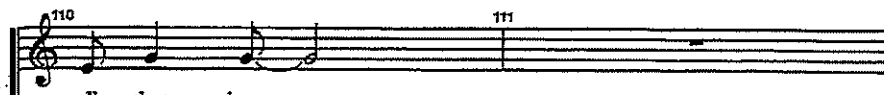
shim - my shake. And all that jazz



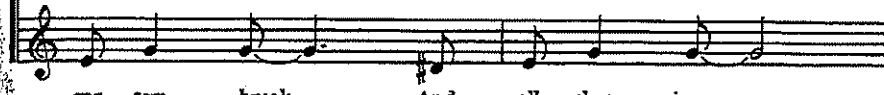
rouge my knees And roll my stock-ings down, And



Oh, she's gon - na shim - my till her



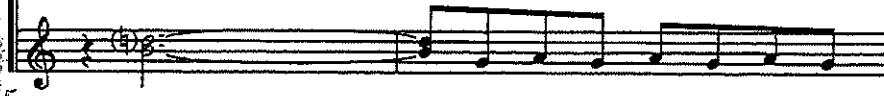
all that jazz



gar - ters break And all that jazz



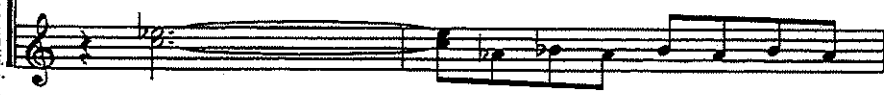
Start the car, I know a whoo - pee spot, Where the



Show her where to park her gir - die.



gin is cold But the pi - an - o's hot It's just a



Oh, her moth - er's blood - 'd cur - die

116
noi - sy hall — Where there's a night - ly brawl — And
117
If she'd hear — her ba - by's queer — for

118
all that
119
all that

VELMA,
ENSEMBLE: (ROXIE and
(à la hi-hat) FRED reenter.)

ROXIE: So,
that's final,
huh, Fred?

FRED: Yeah, I'm
afraid so, Roxie.

(Cue)
ROXIE:
Oh, Fred...

ENSEMBLE
WOMEN:
Oh, Fred...

120
Vamp
Tsss ts tss ts
(Fade on Cue)

ROXIE: Nobody
walks out on me.
(ROXIE shoots
him, pantomiming
a gun with an
extended finger.)

FRED:
Yeah?

FRED:
But,
sweetheart—

ROXIE:
Don't
"sweetheart"
me, you...
(ROXIE shoots
him again.)

FRED:
Roxie,
please—

(ROXIE
shoots
him
again.)

ENSEMBLE
MEMBER #6:
Whoopee!
ENSEMBLE
MEMBER #7:
Hotcha!
ENSEMBLE
MEMBER #8:
Jazz!
(FRED dies.)
ROXIE: Oh, I
gotta pee.
(ROXIE exits.)

121
Gunshots, Rim shots

Più mosso

122 VELMA: 124 125
No, I'm no one's wife, — but Oh, I

126 127 128 129 130
love my life — And all — that —

131 132 133 134
jazz! — That jazz!

END