

## THE JOKER

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Words and Music by STEVE MILLER  
EDDIE CURTIS and AHMET ERTEGUN

Moderately

1. Some peo-ple call me the space cow-boy. Yeah! \_ Some call me the gang-ster of love. \_  
2. (See additional lyrics)

Some peo-ple call me Mour-ice, \_ 'cause I speak of the Pom-pa-tus of love. \_

Peo-ple talk a-bout me ba-by; say I'm do-in' you wrong, do-in' you wrong. \_

But don't you wor-ry, ba-by. 'Cause I'm right here, right here, right here, right here at home. \_ 'Cause I'm a

pick-er, I'm a grin-ner, I'm a lov-er, and I'm a sin-ner. Play my mu-sic in the sun. \_ I'm a

jok-er, I'm a smok-er, I'm a mid-night tok-er. I sure don't want to hurt no one. \_

Additional Lyrics

2. You're the cutest thing that I ever did see;  
I really love your peaches, want to shake your tree.  
Lovey dovey, lovey dovey, lovey dovey all the time;  
Come on, baby, I'll show you a real good time.  
Chorus

## JUMP SHOUT BOOGIE

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Lyrics by BARRY MANILOW and BRUCE SUSSMAN  
Music by BARRY MANILOW

With a driving Boogie beat

Well, not too long a-go in nine-teen for-ty-four \_ when ev-'ry moth-er's son was go-in'  
had the kind of rhy-thm that would fill the hall, \_ the plink-in' and the plunk-in' drove 'em

off to war. \_ They had to lift their spir-its high \_ for Un-cle Sam, moth-er-hood and  
up the wall. \_ Then they would dance and drink their gin, \_ and when the fuzz buzzed,

ap-ple pie. \_ In-stead of spend-in' mon-ey that they did-n't have \_ in hot spots in the Bronx.  
they'd join in. \_ So ev-'ry-bod-y par-tied till the cows came home \_ 'cause that's what boo-gie's for.

they went to hear the kind of jazz \_ you hear in funk-y honk-y tonks.  
And ev-'ry night that dump would jump \_ and keep 'em com-in' back for more.