

# West Side Story, Gee, Officer Krupke

Gee, Officer Krupke!

Music: Leonard Bernstein/Lyrics: Stephen Sondheim

RIF:

Dear kindly Sergeant Krupke,  
You gotta understand,  
It's just our bringing up-ke  
That get us out of hand.  
Our mothers all are junkies,  
Our fathers all are drunks,  
Golly Moses, natcherly we're punks!

RIF and QUARTET:

Gee. Officer Krupke, we're very upset;  
We never had the love that every child oughta get  
We ain't no delinquents,  
We're misunderstood,  
Deep down inside us there is good!

RIF:

There is good!

ALL:

There is good, there is good,  
There is untapped good,  
Like inside, the worst of us is good.

SNOWBOY(imitating Krupke):

That's a touchin' good story!

RIF: Lemme tell it to the world!

SNOWBOY (&quot;Krupke&quot;):

Just tell it to the judge!

RIF (to &quot;Judge&quot;):

Dear kindly Judge, your Honor,  
My parents treat me rough,  
With all the marijuana,  
They won't give me a puff.  
They didn't wanna have me,  
But somehow I was had.  
Leapin' lizards, that's why I'm so bad!

DIESEL (&quot;Judge&quot;):

Right!

Officer Krupke, you're really a square;  
This boy don't need a judge, he needs an analyst's care!  
It's just his neurosis that oughta be curbed.  
He's psychologic'ly disturbed!

RIF:

I'm disturbed!

ALL:

We're disturbed. we're disturbed,  
We're the most disturbed,  
Like we're psychologic'ly disturbed.

DIESEL (&quot;Judge&quot;):

In the opinion of this court, this child is  
depraved on account  
he ain't had a normal home.

RIF: Hey, I'm depraved on account I'm deprived!

DIESEL (&quot;Judge&quot;): So take him to a headshrinker.  
You!

ACTION: Who me?

RIF (to &quot;Psychiatrist&quot;):  
My daddy beats my mommy,  
My mommy clobbers me.  
My grandpa is a Commie,  
My grandma pushes tea,  
My sister wears a mustache,  
My brother wears a dress,  
Goodness gracious, that's why I'm a mess!

ACTION (&quot;psychiatrist&quot;):  
Yes!  
Officer Krupke, he shouldn't be here!  
This boy don't need a couch, he needs a use for a carrear.  
Society's played him a terrible trick,  
&quot;Und&quot; sociologic'ly he's sick!

RIF:  
I am sick!

ALL:  
We are sick, we are sick,  
We are sick sick sick,  
Like we're sociologically sick!

ACTION (&quot;psychiatrist&quot;):  
In my opinion this child don't need to have  
his head shrunk at all.  
Juvenile delinquency is purely a social disease!

RIF: Hey, I got a social disease!

ACTION (&quot;psychiatrist&quot;):  
So take him to a social worker!  
Vich way? Zat vay!

RIF (to &quot;Social Worker&quot;):  
Dear kindly social worker.  
They tell me get a job,  
Like be a soda jerker,  
Which means like be a slob.  
It's not I'm anti-social,  
I'm only anti-work,  
Glory Osky, that's why I'm a jerk!

A-RAB (imitating female social worker):  
Eek!  
Officer Krupke, you've done it again.  
This boy don't need a job, he needs a year in the pen.  
It ain't just a question of misunderstood;  
Deep down inside him, he's no good!

RIF:  
I'm no good!

ALL:  
We're no good, we're no good,  
We're no earthly good,  
Like the best of us is no damn good!

DIESEL:  
The trouble is he's lazy!

A-RAB:  
The trouble is he drinks!

BABY JOHN:  
The trouble is he's crazy!

A-RAB:  
The trouble is he stinks!

BIG DEAL:  
The trouble is he's growing

ACTION:  
The trouble is he's grown!

ALL:  
Krupke. we got troubles of our own!  
Officer Krupke,  
We're down on our knees,

RIF:  
'Cause no one wants a fella with a social disease.

ALL:  
Gee, Officer Krupke,  
What are we to do?  
Gee, Officer Krupke,  
Krup you!