

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 ("Krupke"):

Just tell it to the judge!

RIF (to "Judge"):

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 ("Judge"):

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 ("Judge"):

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 ("Judge"): So take him to a headshrinker.
You!

ACTION: Who me?

RIF (to "Psychiatrist"):
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 ("psychiatrist"):
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,
"Und" 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 ("psychiatrist"):
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 ("psychiatrist"):
So take him to a social worker!
Vich way? Zat vay!

RIF (to "Social Worker"):
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!