

Leonard Bernstein, Jet Song (West Side Story)

Smooth Boppy Piano

Snapping Fingers

Riff: This turf is small but it's all we got, huh?

I wanna hold it like we always held it, with skin!

But if they say blades, I say blades but if they say guns, I say guns. I say I want the Jets to be the number one! To sail! To hold the sky!

Baby John: Rev us up!

Gee-Tar: Voom-va-voom!

Big Deal: Cha-chung!

Action: Wacko-jacko!

A-Rab: Digga-digga-dig-dum!

Riff: Now, protocolity calls for a war council between us and the Sharks to set the whole thing up.

So I will personally give the bad news to Bernardo.

Against the Sharks, we need every man we got we need a lieutenant for the war council.

Action: That's me.

Riff: That's Tony.

Action: Who needs Tony?

Riff: We need Tony! He has a reputation bigger than the whole west side.

Action: Tony don't belong no more.

Riff: Cut it, Action Tony and I started the Jets.

Action: What about the day we clobbered the Emeralds?

Big Deal: Which we couldn't have done without Tony.

Baby John: He saved my ever-loving neck!

Riff: Yeah, Tony has come through for us and he always will.

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, let 'em do what they can, 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!

Riff: I know Tony like I know me and I guarantee you can count him in.

Action: In, out, let's get crackin'.

A-Rab: Where you gonna find Bernardo?

Riff: He'll be at the dance at the gym tonight.

A-Rab: Yeah, but the gym's neutral territory.

Riff(innocently): A-Rab, I'm gonna make nice with him! I'm only gonna challenge him.

A-Rab: Great, Daddy-o!

Riff: So everybody dress up sweet and sharp and meet Tony and me at the dance at ten. And walk tall!

A-Rab: We always walk tall!

Baby John: We're Jets!

Action: The greatest!

Drums

Snowboy: When you're a Jet, you're the top cat in town, you're the gold medal kid with the heavyweight crown!

Diesel: When you're a Jet, you're the swingin'est thing. Little boy, you're a man, little man, you're a king!

Jets: The Jets are in gear, our cylinders are clickin'. The Sharks'll steer clear 'cause ev'ry Puerto Rican's a lousy chicken! Here com 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 buggin' ever lovin' street!
Gee-Tar: Yeah!