

Randy Stonehill, Jet Song

(Fingers Snapping)

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

Gee-Tar: Voom-va-voom!

Baby John: Rev us up!

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: Now, cut it, Action! Tony and I started the
Jets!

A-Rab: Remember the day we clobbered the Emeralds?
Which we couldn't have done without Tony.

Baby John: He saved my ever-lovin' neck!

Riff: Yeah, Tony's 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 if the spit hits the fan 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.

A-Rab: But the gym's neutral territory.

Riff(Innocently): 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 10:00. And walk tall!

A-Rab: We always walk tall!

Baby John: We're Jets!

Action: The greatest!

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 every
Puerto Rican's a lousy chicken!

Here come 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 every last buggin' gang on the
whole buggin' street! On the whole ever mother
lovin' street!
Yeah!