

# (The Legend of) MISS BALTIMORE CRABS

Lyrics by  
SCOTT WITTMAN  
and MARC SHAIMAN

Music by  
MARC SHAIMAN

Moderately fast cha-cha (♩ = 132)

Velma:

Front step cha - cha - cha, back step cha - cha - cha,

(percussion only)

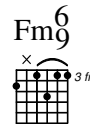
Tracy:

side step, front step, back and turn. Oh, my God, Penny, there's Link! I can't believe I'm really here auditioning.

Penny:

Velma:

I can't believe I'm really watching you audition. Front step cha - cha - cha, back step cha - cha - cha,



side step, front step, back and turn. Oh, Amber, look at this motley crew!

*tr.* *tr.*

Db7(#11) C7(b9) Fm6

(#9) (b9)

Amber:

*This town sure has gone downhill since I was crowned "Miss Baltimore Crabs." Oh, Mother, not more ancient history!*

Fm6 Fm6 Fm(maj7) Fm6 Db9(#11) Db9

Velma:

*Oh, my God, how times have changed! These girls must be blind or — com -*

Db9(#11) Cb/Db Db9 Gm7(b5) F#m7(b5) Gm7(b5) (b9)

*plete - ly de - ranged! But time seemed to halt when I was — "Miss Bal - ti - more*

Fm6 Db9 (b9) C7(#5)

Amber:

*Crabs." — Am - ber! That move is far too dirt - y. Moth - er, wake up from that dream of yours. This*

Fm6



Fm9



Fm6



Fm(maj7)



Fm6



Velma:

is - n't Nine - teen - thir - ty! You can laugh but life's a test. — Don't do

Db9(#11)



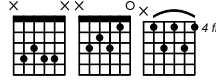
Db9



Db9(#11)



Db9 C7 Db7



(b9)



this, don't do that, re - mem - ber, *Moth - er knows best!* For the crown's in the vault from when

(b9)



C7(b9)



Fm9



Db7



Amber:

Velma:

I won - "Miss Bal - ti - more Crabs." — *These steps are per - fect am - mu - ni - tion. Let me*

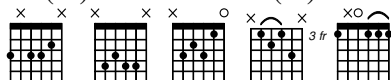
(b9)



(b9)



Gm7(b5) Db9 C7 C7(b5) Fm6



show you how your mom - my dear took out the com - pe - ti - tion.

Fm6



N.C.

Girls! Go get 'em! Boys, let's rhum-ba! One, two, three, four,

D $\flat$ m7(b5)



F7(b9)



B $\flat$ m7



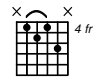
E $\flat$ 9sus



E $\flat$ 9



D $\flat$ 7(b5)



five, six, sev - en. Those poor run - ner - ups may still hold - some grudg - es. - They

Cm7



F9



( $\sharp$ 11)

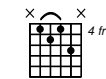


pad - ded - their cups, but I screwed - the judg - es. Those broads thought - they'd win if a

D $\flat$ 9



D $\flat$ 7(b5)



C7



Gm7(b5)/D $\flat$



C7



N.C.

plate they - would spin in - their dance. Not a chance!

Db6

Gm7

C7



3

Boys, put me down! Oh, good morn-ing, la - dies, let's see what you've got.

N.C.

Council Girls:

Velma:

Twist, twist, twist, twist, mashed po - ta - to mam - bo. Read - y? Be - gin. On my

Db7/C

C7

Db7/C

C7



Amber:

show, you'll nev - er find — a thrust - ing hip or bump and grind. What's that? A

Db7

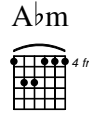
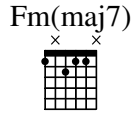
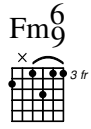
(#9)

(#9)

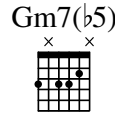
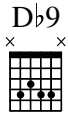


Velma:

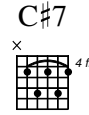
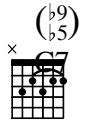
dance for fleas and ticks? You should have seen my bag of tricks! Oh, I



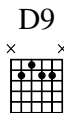
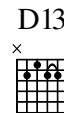
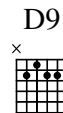
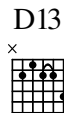
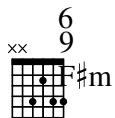
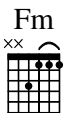
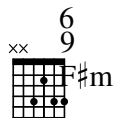
hit the stage, bat - ons a - blaze, while belt - ing — “A - i - da” — and pre -



par - ing — souf - flés. But that tri - ple — som - mer - sault was how



I clinched — Miss Bal - ti - more — Crabs.”



G#m7(b5)



(b9)



C#7(b9)



F#m(maj7)



F#m6



F#m(maj7)



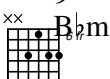
F#7(b9)



Bm<sup>6</sup><sub>9</sub>



6



Bm<sup>6</sup><sub>9</sub>



G13(#11)



G13



G13(#11)



G9



C#m7(b5)



F#7(#5)



F#7(b9)



Bm(maj7)



Bm6



Gm7(b5)/C



C7



Velma:

Tammy:

Pro - ceed.

Are you

Fm



Fm6



Fm(maj7)



Fm6



Db9(#11)



Db9



Tracy:

Amber:

scared? We're on live.

No I'm sure I can cope? -

Well, this show is - n't broad - cast in...

Bkgd. voc.: Ooh.

Db9(#11)



Council  
Girls:

Db9



Velma:

Gm7(b5)



F#m7(b5) Gm7(b5) Gm7(b5)/C



(b9)



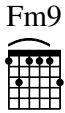
C7(b9)



Cin - e - ma - scope. I nev - er drank one choc - 'late malt. No des - serts for "Miss Bal - ti - more -

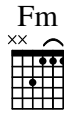


Fm6



Fm9

Amber:



Fm



Fm6

Crabs." This one will nev - er get a date in those  
Bkgd. voc.: Ooh.

Fm(maj7)



Fm6



Velma:

Db9(#11)



Db9



Db9(#11)



Db9



hand - me - down clothes. Kid, she'll nev - er get a date 'til dad - dy buys her a new nose. I would

Gm7(b5)



Gm7(b5)/C



Fm6



Bb7(b9)



say, "Oy ge - valt," if I was - n't - "Miss Bal - ti - more Crabs."



Db7(b9)



Fm6



Fm/C



Db/C



Fm6/C



Fm7/C



Amber:

Link:

Velma:

Do you dance like your dress Am - ber, there's no need to be cruel. Would you

Dbm7



Db7 Gbdim7/Db Abdim7/Db Db7(b9)



N.C.  
Tammy:

swim in an in - te - grat - ed pool? I sure would, I'm all for integration. It's the new frontier!

F#m/C#



F#m/C#



F#m6/C#



F#m7/C#



Velma:

*a tempo*

Not in Baltimore, it isn't First im - press - ions can be tough and, when I saw you, I knew it. If your  
And may I be frank?

C#7



D#dim7



Edim7



C#7



D7



Eb7



Ddim7



Adim7



Cm6



D7



size weren't e - nough, - your last an - swer just blew it. And

Gm



Gm6



Gm(maj7)



Gm6



Eb9(#11)



Eb9



Velma & Council Kids:

so, my dear, so short and stout, you'll nev - er be "in" so we're

Eb9(#11)



Am7(b5)



Ab/D



D7(b9)



Velma:

kick - ing you out! With your form and your face. Well, it is - n't your fault, you're just

Am7(b5)



C#dim7/D



Velma & Council Kids:

down with a case of "Miss Bal - ti - more



Velma:



Crabs."

Cm6



Gm6



Cm6

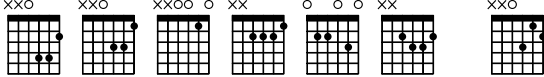


Tracy:

Penny:

*You may go. Um... thank you. I think they secretly liked you.*

B/D B $\flat$ /D C/D F+/E Em7 D+/E D7(#5)



N.C.

Little Inez:

Velma:

*Hello, ma'am, may I please audition? Of course not! But you may*

Gm6



Velma & Council Kids:

*bow and ex-alt, 'cause I am "Miss Bal - ti - more Crabs!"*

*Crabs! Crabs! Crabs!*