Randy Newman has emerged as one of the most important composers and songwriters in popular music. His rise from "cult idol" status to his current international recognition as a gifted performer and composer has been chronicled by all forms of media, as well as by fellow artists.

Commercially, Newman is best known as the writer of hit songs such as "Mama Told Me Not To Come," recorded by Three Dog Night, and "I Think It's Going To Rain Today," recorded by Judy Collins and Dave Van Ronk, among others. Over the last five years, Randy Newman songs have appeared on albums by interpreters as diverse as Art Garfunkel, Ringo Starr, Barbra Streisand, Etta James, Joe Cocker, Linda Ronstadt, Bonnie Raitt and Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee. Newman also received a great deal of attention for his work on the soundtrack of Mick Jagger's *Performance*, in which he conducted, sang and accompanied himself on piano on "Gone Dead Train."

Born in New Orleans, Newman moved to California with his family at an early age. At 6 he began playing piano. At 12 he dove headlong into music theory, a study which he later continued at U.C.L.A. Three of Newman's uncles, Alfred, Lionel and Emil, are much respected conductors and film score composers (in 1972, Newman premiered *Sail Away* at New York's Philharmonic Hall with Emil conducting; he debuted *Good Old Boys* at the Atlantic Philharmonic). From his deceptively simple piano accompaniments to his masterful use of full orchestra, Randy Newman's music is deeply entrenched in Americana. Strains of Stephen Foster, blues and country riffs, a sophisticated use of rhythm and rhyme that echoes the show tunes and classic pop balladry of Porter and Gershwin and Hart (Newman, in fact, began his career writing glossy Brill Building type pop tunes) underlie his work. Many of his songs deal with ordinary people in ordinary situations (he once said that what he really does is put short stories to music), but no writer in contemporary music has managed to carve out a personal niche in quite the way Randy Newman has. And none has been able to get to the core of a situation, establish a locale, character and mood (with a turn of phrase or touch of the truly bizarre), within the framework of a three minute song in quite the way Randy Newman can.

From his debut album, *Randy Newman*, down through *12 Songs*, *Randy Newman Live*, *Sail Away* and *Good Old Boys*, Newman's work has earned both critical acclaim and an ever growing, ever loyal audience. *Little Criminals* is no exception. From the title track ("It's about a junkie who wants to go with these guys on a robbery and they don't want him to go . . .") to "Sigmund Freud's Impersonation Of Albert Einstein In America" (written for the movie version of *Ragtime*), to "Short People" (". . . they don't deserve to live"), Newman has never been in better form — lyrically as well as musically. This folio contains more rock 'n' roll than in his previous efforts, which should be a pleasant surprise for long-time Newman fans.

Although he's appeared on *Midnight Special* and *Saturday Night Live*, Randy Newman's been making himself scarce these past few years. With a national tour set, that should change. Like *Little Criminals*, it's worth the wait.
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Short People

Medium Jazz Beat - with a \( \frac{3}{4} \) feeling

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

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little hands, little eyes, they walk around their big legs.

Great big fishes, they get little noses and tiny little teeth.

Platform shoes on their nasty little feet. Well, I don't want no short people.
don't want no short people round here.

Short people are just the same as you and I.

A fool such as I. All men are brothers until the day...
they die. It's a wonderful world.

stand so low. You got to pick 'em up just to say hello. They got

little ears that beep beep beep. They got little voices go

peep peep. They got grabby little fingers and dirty little minds;
they're gonna get you every time. Well, I don't want no short people, don't want no short people round here.

(Sing first time only)

Repeat and Fade
Short People

Short people got no reason
Short people got no reason
Short people got no reason
To live

They got little hands
Little eyes
They walk around
Tellin' great big lies
They got little noses
And tiny little teeth
They wear platform shoes
On their nasty little feet

Well, I don’t want no short people
Don’t want no short people
Don’t want no short people
‘Round here

Short people are just the same
As you and I
(A fool such as I)
All men are brothers
Until the day they die
(It’s a wonderful world)

Short people got nobody
Short people got nobody
Short people got nobody
To love

They got little baby legs
And they stand so low
You got to pick ‘em up
Just to say hello
They got little cars
That go beep, beep, beep
They got little voices
Goin’ peep, peep, peep
They got grubby little fingers
And dirty little minds
They’re gonna get you every time

Well, I don’t want no short people
Don’t want no short people
Don’t want no short people
‘Round here

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Baltimore

Medium Beat - with feeling

Beat up little seagull, on a marble stair,

tryin' to find the ocean, lookin' everywhere,

Hard times in the city, In a hard town by the sea,
ain't no-where to run to,  there ain't noth-in' here  for free.

Hooker on the cor ner, Get my sis - ter Sand y,  wait-in' for a train,

Drink ly-in' on the side walk,  Ray a big old wag on, to haul us all a way.
And they hide their faces,
Live out in the country,
and they hide their eyes,
where the mountain's high.

'Cause the city's dy'in',
Never com'in' back here
and they don't__ know why__
'til the day__ I die__

Oh, Bal·ti·more man, it's hard__ just__ to live.
Oh, Baltimore man, it's hard just to live, just to live...
Old Man On The Farm

Very Slowly - with much feeling

He's waiting for some rain to fall, he's waiting for the mail to come.

He's waiting for the dawn again, old man on the farm.

Milk the cow, slop the pig, sweeping out the chicken house.
Drinkin' whiskey in the barn.

Good night ladies.

Sorry if I stayed too long.

So long, it's been good to know you.

I love the way I sing that song.

So long, it's been good to know you.

I love the way I sing that song.
Baltimore

Beat-up little seagull
On a marble stair
Tryin' to find the ocean
Lookin' everywhere

Hard times in the city
In a hard town by the sea
Ain't nowhere to run to
There ain't nothin' here for free

Hooker on the corner
Waitin' for a train
Drunk lyin' on the sidewalk
Sleepin' in the rain

And they hide their faces
And they hide their eyes
'Cause the city's dyin'
And they don't know why

Oh, Baltimore
Man, it's hard just to live
Oh, Baltimore
Man, it's hard just to live

Get my sister Sandy
And my little brother Ray
Buy a big old wagon
To haul us all away

Live out in the country
Where the mountain's high
Never comin' back here
'Til the day I die

Oh, Baltimore
Man, it's hard just to live
Oh, Baltimore
Man, it's hard just to live
Just to live

Old Man On The Farm

He's waitin' for some rain to fall
He's waitin' for the mail to come
He's waitin' for the dawn again
Old man on the farm

Milk the cow, slop the pigs
Sweeping out the chicken house
Drinkin' whiskey in the barn

Goodnight ladies
Sorry if I stayed too long
So long it's been good to know you
I love the way I sing that song

So long it's been good to know you
I love the way I sing that song
Rider In The Rain

Medium Country Beat

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Got a gun in my holster, got a horse between my knees. And I'm goin' to Arizona, pardon me boys if you...
please.
I have been a desperado, raped and pillaged 'cross the plain.
Now I'm goin' to Arizona, just a rider in the rain. He's a
Am Am7 G
rid er in the rain, he's a rid er in the
rid er in the rain, he's a rid er in the
rid er in the rain, I'm a rid er in the

rain. And I'm goin' to Ar i zo na, he's a
rain. And I'm goin' to Ar i zo na, he's a
rain. And he's goin' to Ar i zo na, just a

G G (B bass) G7 Am
rid er in the rain. Used to work in un cle's
rid er in the rain. He's a rid er in the
rid er in the rain. son of the
Lou- is, feed store, while he was and my bride's in Ten- nes- see.
prair- ie, and a wind that sweeps the plain.
rain, he's a rider in the rain.
Now I'm, So I'm, And I'm

To Double Coda

To Coda

[1, C] [2, C] D.S. \( \frac{3}{4} \) al Coda

knee. He's a more. I'm a rain. I'm a
Double Coda

\begin{align*}
\text{C} & (G\text{-bass}) \\
\text{Am} & \\
\text{G} & \\
\text{C} & \text{rit.}
\end{align*}

Just a rider in the rain.

A Tempo

\begin{align*}
\text{N. C.}
\end{align*}

(speaking) Take it boys.

\begin{align*}
\text{Ooh.}
\end{align*}

Repeat and Fade

\begin{align*}
\text{C} & (G\text{-bass}) \\
\text{G} & \\
\text{G(A-bass)} & \\
\text{C} & \text{rit.}
\end{align*}

\begin{align*}
\text{Ooh.}
\end{align*}
Rider In The Rain

Got a gun in my holster
Got a horse between my knees
And I'm goin' to Arizona
Pardon me boys, if you please

I have been a desperado
Raped and pillaged 'cross the plain
So, I'm goin' to Arizona
Just a rider in the rain

He's a rider in the rain
He's a rider in the rain
And I'm goin' to Arizona
He's a rider in the rain

Oh, my mother's in St. Louis
And my bride's in Tennessee
So, I'm goin' to Arizona
With a banjo on my knee

He's a rider in the rain
He's a rider in the rain
And I'm goin' to Arizona
He's a rider in the rain

Used to work in Uncle's feed store
While he was fightin' in the war
Now, I'm goin' to Arizona
Ain't gonna work for him no more

I'm the son of the prairie
And the wind that sweeps the plain
So, I'm goin' to Arizona
Just a rider in the rain

I'm a rider in the rain
I'm a rider in the rain
And he's goin' to Arizona
Just a rider in the rain

He's a rider in the rain
He's a rider in the rain
And I'm goin' to Arizona
Just a rider in the rain

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Little Criminals

Medium Jazz Beat ($\frac{4}{4} = \frac{4}{4}$)

Words and Music by
RANDY NEWMAN

Got a gun from uncle Freddy.

What you wanna come back here for?

Thought you're with your station all

up-town friends.

Don't need none of your junkie business,

picked out.

Got a plan and now we're ready.

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you gon' na screw us up again.
Gon' na take that station out.
Get your black jack off my table.
Get your coat out of my rack.
You just leave us folks alone.

We don't need you 'round here, jerkoff.
We don't need no two-bit junkie.
Chuck, I want you off screwin' up our hap...
my back. 'Cause we've almost made it. We've home.

almost made it. We've almost made

it to the top.
We've al-

coda

top.

Repeat and Fade.
Little Criminals

What you wanna come back here for?  
Thought you’re with your uptown friends  
Don’t need none of your junkie business  
You gonna screw us up again

Get your blackjack off my table  
Get your coat out of my rack  
We don’t need you ‘round here, jerk-off  
Chuck, I want you off my back

‘Cause we’ve almost made it  
We’ve almost made it  
We’ve almost made it to the top

Got a gun from Uncle Freddy  
Got a station all picked out  
Got a plan and now we’re ready  
Gonna take that station out

So you go on ‘bout your bus’ness  
You just leave us folks alone  
We don’t need no two-bit junkie  
Screwin’ up our happy home

‘Cause we’ve almost made it  
We’ve almost made it  
We’ve almost made it to the top

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In Germany before the war
There was a man who owned a store
In nineteen hundred thirty-four
In Düsseldorf
And every night at five-o-nine
He’d cross the park down to the Rhine
He’d sit there by the shore

I’m looking at the river
But I’m thinking of the sea
Thinking of the sea
Thinking of the sea
I’m looking at the river
But I’m thinking of the sea

A little girl has lost her way
With hair of gold and eyes of gray
Reflected in his glasses
As he watches her
A little girl has lost her way
With hair of gold and eyes of gray

I’m looking at the river
But I’m thinking of the sea
Thinking of the sea
Thinking of the sea

We lie beneath the autumn sky
My little golden girl and I
And she lies very still
She lies very still

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In Germany Before The War

Slowly and Rubato - with much feeling

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

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sit there by the shore.

I'm looking at the river, but I'm

thinking of the sea.

I'm thinking of the sea.

I'm

looking at the river, but I'm thinking of the sea.

A little girl has lost her way, with hair of gold and eyes of gray, re-
fleeted in his glasses as he watches her.

Little girl has lost her way, with hair of gold and eyes of gray.

I'm looking at the river, but I'm thinking of the sea,

thinking of the sea, thinking of the sea.
We lie beneath the Autumn sky, my little golden girl and I, and she lies very still.
Texas Girl
At The Funeral Of Her Father

Very Slowly, with much feeling

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

Here I am lost in the wind, 'round in circles,
sailing. Like a ship that never comes in, stand-in' by my

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We've got the blues, we've got it bad.
We'll sing a sad song for a good man,
Sing a sad song for me.

Sing a sad song for the sailor,
A thousand miles from the sea.

Here I am, alone on the plain.
Sun's goin' down, it's startin' to rain.
Pa-pa we'll go sailin'...
there's no one else a-round
to keep you company,
'cause no one else will ever love you
the way I do.

Remember, baby
you can always count on me,
I'll be here
to comfort you and see you through.

I'll be home.
I'll be home.
Texas Girl  
At The Funeral  
Of Her Father

Here I am lost in the wind
'Round in circles sailing
Like a ship that never comes in
Standin' by myself

Sing a sad song for a good man
Sing a sad song for me
Sing a sad song for the sailor
A thousand miles from the sea

Here I am alone on the plain
Sun's going down
It's starting to rain
Papa, we'll go sailing

I'll Be Home

I'll be home
I'll be home

When your nights are troubled
And you're all alone
When you're feeling down
And need some sympathy
And there's no one else around
To keep you company
Remember, baby
You can always count on me

I'll be home
I'll be home
I'll be home
I'll be home
I'll be home

Wherever you may wander
Wherever you may roam
You come back
And I'll be waiting here for you
'Cause no one else will ever love you
The way I do
I'll be here to comfort you
And see you through

I'll be home
I'll be home
I'll be home
Sigmund Freud's Impersonation
Of Albert Einstein In America

Medium Slow Beat

The world of science is my game.

and Albert Einstein is my name.

I was born in Germany,

and I'm happy to be here in the land of the brave and the free.

Yes, I'm
happy to be here in the land of the brave and the free.

In the year of nineteen,

merely tryin' to survive.

took my nap-sack in my hand.
caught a train for Switzer-land.
merica.
God shed his grace on thee.

You have whipped the Filipino,
now you rule the western

Ameri-cans dream of gypsies I have found,
and gypsy knives and gypsy thighs that pound, and pound, and pound...
African appendages that almost reach the ground.

Little boys playin' base-ball in the rain.

You're the best dream man has ever dreamed. And may all your

Christmases be white.
Sigmund Freud's Impersonation Of Albert Einstein
In America

The world of science is my game
And Albert Einstein is my name
I was born in Germany
And I'm happy to be
Here in the land of the brave and the free

In the year of nineteen five
Merely trying to survive
Took my knapsack in my hand
Caught a train for Switzerland

America, America
God shed his grace on thee
You have whipped the Filipino
Now you rule the western sea

Americans dream of gypsies, I have found
And gypsy knives and gypsy thighs
That pound and pound and pound and pound
And African appendages that almost reach the ground
Little boys playing baseball in the rain

America, America
Step out into the light
You're the best dream man has ever dreamed
And may all your Christmases be white
Jolly Coppers On Parade

They're comin' down the street
They're comin' right down the middle
Look how they keep the beat
Why they're as blue as the ocean
How the sun shines down
How their feet hardly touch the ground
Jolly coppers on parade

Here come the black-and-whites
Here come the motorcycles
Listen to those engines roar
Now they're doin' tricks for the children
Oh, they look so nice
Looks like angels
Have come down from Paradise
Jolly coppers on parade

Oh, mama
That's the life for me
When I'm grown
That's what I'm gonna be

They're comin' down the street
They're comin' right down the middle
Look how they keep the beat
'Comin' to the heart of the city
Oh, it's all so nice
Looks like angels
Have come down from Paradise
Jolly coppers on parade
Jolly Coppers On Parade

Medium Rock Beat - with feeling

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

1. They're com-in' down the street,
   right down the middle,
   Look how they keep the beat,

2. Here come the black and whites,
   motorcycles,
   Listen to those engines roar,

3. They're com-in' down the street,
   right down the middle.

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why they're as blue as the ocean,
now they're doin' tricks for the children,
comin' to the heart of the city.

how the sun shines down,
how their feet hardly touch the ground,
how the sun looks like angels have come down from paradise.

so nice, so nice.
looks like angels have come down from paradise.
looks like angels have come down from paradise.

Jolly coppers on parade.
Jolly coppers on parade.
Jolly coppers on parade.
Oh,

ma-ma that's the life for me.

When I'm ______ grown, that's what I want to be.
Coda

Jolly coppers on parade.

Repeat and Fade
You Can’t Fool The Fat Man

Medium Jazz Beat - with a lilt

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

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He was spit-tin' on the side-walk, squint-in' in to the sun,
greet-in' all the people.

smil-in' at ev-ry-one. I said, "Hey listen,

fat man, I just can't get a break, "
Must I pay my whole life long for just one mistake?

My brother's in the armed forces.

my sister is in jail.

Won't you give me fifty dollars so I can pay her bail?" He said.
"You can't fool the fat man.
No, you can't fool me.
You're just a two bit grifter,
that's all you'll ever be."
You Can’t Fool The Fat Man

Sittin’ with the fat man
Tryin’ to get a loan
Talkin’ about the horses
And the women that we’ve known

He was spittin’ on the sidewalk
Squintin’ into the sun
Greetin’ all the people
Smilin’ at everyone

I said “Hey listen, fat man
I just can’t get a break
Must I pay my whole life long
For just one mistake?”

“My brother’s in the armed forces
My sister is in jail
Won’t you give me fifty dollars
So I can pay her bail?”

He said “You can’t fool the fat man
No, you can’t fool me
You’re just a two-bit grifter
And that’s all you’ll ever be”

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Kathleen (Catholicism Made Easier)

There is a courtyard here in Chicago
Down by the river where no one goes
We could be married there in the courtyard
By this old Spanish priest that no one knows
And he'll say
"Nel blu, dipinto
Dipinto di blu
Felice de stare
Di stare lassù"
That means you love him
And he loves you
"Piu bel ci sono
Ci sel tu"

Kathleen, Kathleen, Kathleen
The best one in the world
Kathleen, Kathleen, Kathleen
I've always been crazy about Irish girls
I've always been crazy about Irish girls

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
Hey, hey, hey, hey
Come what may
Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey
I'm gonna take you away, away

Kathleen, Kathleen, Kathleen
I've searched through all the world
I dream of you, Kathleen
I've always been crazy about Irish girls
I've always been crazy about Irish girls

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Kathleen (Catholicism Made Easier)

Medium Slow Beat

Words and Music by RANDY NEWMAN

There is a court-yard here in Chi-ca-go,

down by the river where no one goes. We could be mar-ried

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there in the court-yard, by this old Spanish priest that no one knows. He'll say

"nel blu dipinto, dipinto di blu," Felice de stare, di

stare lasso," That means you love him, and he loves you.

"Piu bel ci sono, ei sel tu," Kathleen, Kathleen, Kathleen
The best one__ in the world.
I've searched thru__ all the world.
I dream__

Kath-leen,__
of you__
Kath-leen__
I've al-ways been cra-zy 'bout I__

rish girls. __
I've al-ways been cra-zy 'bout I__
rish girls__

Hey, hey__, hey__, hey, hey__, hey__,
Hey, hey__, hey__,

Gm7 | Am7 | Am7 (D bass) | Gm7 | Dm7 | Gm7 | Am7 | Am7 (D bass)
--- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | --- | ---
come what may,
Hey, hey, hey, hey,

I'm gonna take you away, away,
Kathleen

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey,

Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey,
Short People
Little Criminals
In Germany Before The War
Jolly Coppers On Parade
Texas Girl At The Funeral Of Her Father
Baltimore
Old Man On The Farm
Sigmund Freud's Impersonation Of Albert Einstein In America
You Can't Fool The Fat Man
Kathleen (Catholicism Made Easier)
Rider In The Rain
I'll Be Home