

START

P-V

"The Ballad of Sara Berry" / 8

P.179 35MM

Bal. 53 54 55

Ju-lie had a hold on the lead. \_\_\_\_\_

Soon Sa-ra's sa-ni-ty was

Chor. Poor, poor Ju-lie! Check Sa-ra. Choose Sa-ra.

Poor, poor Ju-lie! Check Sa-ra. Choose Sa-ra.

*mp*  
G#m

/C# /B /A#

Bal. 56 57 58

hung by a thread. Her B. F. F's pro-claimed her so-cial-ly dead.

Chor. Vote, Vote Sa-ra Ber-ry. Check Sa-ra. Choose Sa-ra. Vote, Vote Sa-ra Ber-ry.

Vote for Sa-ra Ber-ry. Check Sa-ra. Choose Sa-ra. Vote for Sa-ra Ber-ry.

B5 C#5 G#m B5 G#dim/D

Bal. 59 60 61

Till then at last her boy-friend text-ed and said, "I'm ta-king Ju-lie to the se - nior Prom."

Chor. Check Sa - ra. Choose Sa - ra. Vote, vote.

Check Sa - ra. Choose Sa - ra. Vote, vote.

C#m D#5

Bal. 62 63 64

"Sa-ra," her Fa-ther said. "Why be so calm? There's

Chor. Love, love Ju - lie!

Love, love Ju - lie!

/C# /D# E F#

Bal. 65 66 67 *f*

just no fu-ture for a Prin-cess at Prom. — You taste the sil-ver, Sa-ra!

Chor. *f*

You taste the sil-ver, Sa-ra!

You taste the sil-ver, Sa-ra!

G#m *f* E Banging F#

Bal. 68 69 70

You taste the crown, — You thirst for blood from the ro-ses in hand. — Woah! —

Chor. —

You taste the crown, — You thirst for blood from the ro-ses in hand. — Woah! —

You taste the crown, — You thirst for blood from the ro-ses in hand. — Woah! —

G#m B E F# G#m B

Bal. 71 72 73

You spoil for sash and scep-ter, mu-sic to dance, As they crown — you Queen of High School — Land...

Chor. 8

You spoil for sash and scep-ter, mu-sic to dance, As they crown — you Queen of High School — Land...

You spoil for sash and scep-ter, mu-sic to dance, As they crown — you Queen of High School — Land...

E F# G#m B E F#

Bal. 74 75 76

Oh, Down on your

Chor. 8

Oh, Down on your

Oh, Down on your

G#m E F# G#m B

Bat. 77 78 79  
 knees be - fore the Queen. Oh,

Chor. 77 78 79  
 knees be - fore the Queen. Oh,

knees be - fore the Queen. Oh,

E F# G#m B E F#

Bat. 80 81 82  
 Down on your knees be - fore the Queen.

Chor. 80 81 82  
 Down on your knees be - fore the Queen.

Down on your knees be - fore the Queen.

G#m B E F# G#m G#dim/D

END