Australian music

Scores

Stage 5
Bluey score

Fangirls - Justice (clean version)

Adapted for educational purposes by and with permission of Yve Blake for Curriculum Secondary Learners, Educational Standards Directorate of the NSW Department of Education 2020.

© NSW Department of Education, Dec-20
Hymn-like ($= 60$)

I do not believe we are born evil. Whoever did this is in pain and I'm sorry someone tore a hole in your heart. If I could meet you, I would hold you, so you could feel love. I would kiss each of your eyelids.

Before slowly removing each of them with toe-nail clippers. Now can you see what you're doing to us?

You stole my husband and now you're gonna pay the price for it, you.
Fierce, Swung (\( \text{\textit{f}} = 120 \))

All:

Tease us and hate us, but don't underestimate us, because we're in love. And I found Mum's perox-ide! We're

Shouted

Naz:

Coming to get what's ours, it's as simple as that. We want JUS-TICE! HAR-RY! And... your knee caps. [crunch]

Brianna:

It's been the darkest week of my en-ti-ty. Life, every second he's gone I feel a part of me die. We need to

Naz:

find who-ever has him, need to go to their place. We need to de-mand that they hand us our hus-band or we'll re-ar-range their... love. Hey!

D

Naz: And I found a chainsaw!

Tease us and hate us, but don't underestimate us, because we're in love. We're
Our hearts are literally broken, you guys. The only thing I can do to stay sane right now is imagine what I’d do to the psycho that did this. Before taking him to the police, I’d take him to my basement. And I know exactly, What. I’d Say.

Rosa: coming to get what’s ours, it’s as simple as that. We want JUS- TICE!  And your knee caps. [crunch]

Tal: Pre-pubes-cent pun - i- sher co - min’ to have some fun wi - cha. Wan-na see e - ven your fin - ger - nails sweat - ing, re - store your phone to fac - tor - y set - tings.

Here’s Har - ny’s ly - rics, you have an ho - ur to learn them. For ev’ry word I’ll put a nail in your ster - num!

Cam: Hold up Hold up Hold up. Ladies, I appreciate the enthusiasm. But can we talk about the real problem here? The entire world is literally laughing at our grief. You wanna know why the media isn’t covering the search for Harry anymore? It’s because they’re too busy DRAGGING us for being in love.

A little slower, straight ($=} 96$)

Cam: They think we’re just
play pre-teens with a propensity for panic, predictably predisposed to particularly manic attacks of hysteria, crazy behaviour. These little girls think this boy is their savior. All:

low me to stress, we're not insane or depressed. We're just in pain and expressing it, what's to gain from suppressing it? Why should we hide our feelings, because they annoy you? Oh, because it isn't what the boys do?!

Brianna:

Wait let me get this straight: if my brother loves a footballer that's normal, natural. Yelling at the telly, no, that's not weird at all. It's...
fine if Dad cries cause some guy didn't catch a ball but if I cry over Harry I'm a freak? WHAT? They
tell us that we're crazy, our hormones are to blame. They can't make us stay quiet so they just say we're insane. They
try to teach us that we female creatures should be fluf-ly little peach-es, apologetic and speech-less. And
ev'ry billboard preaches the lesson that we are less than, so we waste time fussing over features wondering what will impress men. No
day on this earth is promised to you so with the brief time you have here what you gun-na do? Re-duce me for what makes me feel good?
Tell me what it is that I should—n’t or should be do-ing with my time? Be hold—ing in my heart? Be sing—ing in my room when school is real—ly HARD? Oh tell

Faster, Swung (j = 120)

me more a—bout my trash—y taste, my life’s all mine so yours is yours to waste ohhh snap!

All:

oh, ohhh snap!

Tease us tease us tease us tease us, hate us hate us hate us hate us, don’t un—der es ti mate us. Cause

Justice justice justice justice justice justice justice justice justice

I’ve done is done and there’s no where to run Like

we’re in love and we want

Justice justice justice justice justice justice justice justice justice
And we want, and we also want
J ustice, justice, knee-caps, knee-caps, knee-caps, knee-caps
Click, click, click, click, click. Tease us and hate us, but don't
Click, click, click, click, click. Tease us and hate us, but don't
Underestimate us, cause we're in love. And I'm thirsty for blood! We're
Underestimate us, cause we're in love. We're
We want what's ours, it's as simple as that. We want what's ours, oh and your knee-caps as well.
Fangirls – Justice (Original version)

The musical, songs and score addressed throughout this resource are suggestions only and implies no endorsement by the New South Wales Department of Education, of any writer, composer, or publisher. Suitability of repertoire intended to be staged or studied at a school for a public audience or syllabus implementation should be considered, and respectful of the local community’s values and beliefs. This resource contains language and themes which may be confronting to students. Teachers should seek approval from their principal to determine the suitability of this resource and gain parental permission before delivery.

Teachers should note and complete the Audio Visual Materials in schools advice (DOCX 78.85KB) and the Controversial resource information and permission note (DOCX 73.05KB) before commencing the study of a controversial resource.

Hymn-like ($= 60$)

I do not believe we are born evil. Whoever did this is in pain and I'm sorry someone tore a hole in your heart. If I could meet you, I would hold you, so you could feel love. I would kiss each of your eyelids, before slowly removing each of them with toenail clippers. Now can you see what you're doing to us?

You stole my husband and now you're gonna pay the price for it, you.
All: Tease us and hate us, but don’t underestimate us, cause we’re in love.

All: And I found Mum’s per-ox-ide! We’re coming to get what’s ours, it’s as simple as that. We want JUSTICE! HARDY! And your knee caps. [crunch]

Brianna: It’s been the darkest week of my en-ti-ty life. Ev-’ry se-cond he’s gone I feel a part of me die. We need to find who-ever has him, need to go to their place. We need to de-mand that they hand us our hus-band or we’ll re-ar-range their face.

Rosa: Hey!

Naz: And I found a chainsaw!

All: Tease us and hate us, but don’t underestimate us, cause we’re in love.
Tal: Our hearts are literally broken, you guys. The only thing I can do to stay sane right now is imagine what I’d do to the dickhat that did this. Before taking him to the police, I’d take him to my basement. And I know exactly. What. I’d say.

(repeat only if necessary)

Rosa: coming to get what’s ours, it’s as simple as that. We want JUS-TICE! HAR-RY! And your knee caps. [crunch]

Tal: Pre-pubes-cent pun-i- sher co-min’ to have some fun wi-cha. Wan-na see e-ven your fin-ger-nails sweating, re-store your phone to fac-tor-y set-tings.

Here’s Har-ry’s ly-rics, you have an ho-ur to learn them. For ev-ry wrong word I’ll put a nail in your ster-num!

Cam: Hold up Hold up Hold up. Ladies, I appreciate the enthusiasm. But can we talk about the real shit-uation here? The entire world is literally laughing at our grief. You wanna know why the media isn’t covering the search for Harry anymore? It’s because they’re too busy DRAGGING us for being in love.

A little slower, straight (\( J = 96 \))

Cam: They think we’re just
pim-pl-y pre-teens with a pro-pen-si-ty for pa-nic, pre-dic-tab-ly pre-di-posed to par-tic-u-lar-ly ma-nic at-tacks

of hy-stei-ra, bat-shit be-hav-iour. These lit-tle girls think this boy is their sa-vior. Al-

low me to stress, we're not in-sane or de-pressed. We're just in pain and ex-pres-sing it, what's to gain from sup-pres-sing it? Why

should we hide our feel-ings, be-cause they an-noy you? Oh, be-cause it is n't what the boys do?!

Wait let me get this straight: if my bro-ther loves a foot-bal-ler that's nor-mal, na-tural. Yel-ling at the tel-ly, no. that's not weird at all. It's
fine if Dad cries cause some guy didn't catch a ball but if I cry over Harry I'm a freak? What? All:

group of passionate women, they must be crazy bitches. Wait, isn't that the excuse that they used to burn the witches? They

try to teach us that female creatures should be fluf-ly little peach-es, apologetic and speech-less. And

ev'-ly bill-board preaches the les-son that we are less than, so we waste time fuss-sing o-ver fea-tures won-dering what will im-press men. No

day on this earth is pro-mised to you so with the brief time you have here what you gun-na do? Ri-di-cule me_ for what makes me feel good?
Tell me what is that I should-n’t or should be doing with my time? Be holding in my heart? Be sing-ing in my room when school is real-ly HARD? Oh tell
me more a-bout my shit-ty taste, my life’s all mine so yours is yours to waste ohhh snap!

All:
r

Tease us tease us tease us, hate us hate us hate us hate us, don’t under es-ti-mate us. Cause  

Justice Justice Justice Justice Justice Justice Justice Justice

I’ve done is done and there’s no where to run Like

we’re in love and we want

Justice Justice Justice Justice Justice Justice Justice Justice
it or not, what choice have I got? It's kill
and we want, and we al-so want
Jus-tice jus-tice knee-caps knee-caps knee-caps knee-caps

him or get caught.

click click click click click click us and hate us, but don't
click click click click click click us and hate us, but don't

Naz:

un-der-es-ti-mate us, cause we're in love. And I'm thir- sty for BLOOD! We're

un-der-es-ti-mate us, cause we're in love. We're
coming to get what's ours, it's as simple as that. We want
coming to get what's ours, it's as simple as that. We want

JUS-TICE! RES-PECT!
JUS-TICE! A NOOSE ON YOUR NECK!

wan-na make a diff'rence to some-thing grea-ter than our-selves.
wan-na make a diff'rence to some-thing grea-ter than our-selves.

We want what's ours, oh
We want what's ours, oh and your knee-caps as well.