

***Oklahoma!:* Lyrics to Key Songs**

“People Will Say We’re in Love”

Laurey:

Why do they think up stories that link my
name with yours?

Curly:

Why do the neighbors gossip all day behind
their doors?

Laurey:

I have a way to prove what they say is quite
untrue;
Here is the gist, a practical list of “don’ts” for
you:

Don’t throw bouquets at me,
Don’t please my folks too much,
Don’t laugh at my jokes too much—
People will say we’re in love!

Don’t sigh and gaze at me
Your sighs are so like mine,
Your eyes mustn’t glow like mine—
People will say we’re in love!

Don’t start collecting things—
Give me my rose and my glove.
Sweetheart, they’re suspecting things—
People will say we’re in love!

Curly:

Some people claim that you are to blame as
much as I—
Why do you take the trouble to bake my
fav’rite pie?
Grantin’ your wish, I carved our initials on
that tree . . .
Jist keep a slice of all the advice you give, so
free!

Don't praise my charm too much,
Don't look so vain with me,
Don't stand in the rain with me,
People will say we're in love!

Don't take my arm too much,
Don't keep your hand in mine,
Your hand feels so grand in mine,
People will say we're in love!
Don't dance all night with me,
'Till the stars fade from above.
They'll see it's all right with me ,
People will say we're in love.

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“Kansas City”

Will: I got to Kansas City on a Frid'y
By Sattidy I l'arned a thing or two.
Cause up to then I didn't have an idy
Of what the modern world was comin' to!
I counted twenty gas-buggies going by theirsel's
almost ev'ry time I tuck a walk.
Nen I put my ear to a Bell Telephone
And a strange woman started in to talk!

Aunt Eller: What next?

Boys: Yeah what?

Will: What next?

Ev'rything's up to date in Kansas City.
They've gone about as fur as they c'n go!
They went and built a skyscraper seven stories high—
About as high as a buildin' orca grow!
Ev'rythin's like a dream in Kansas City.
It's better than a magic-lantern show!
Y'c'n turn the radiator on whenever you want some heat.
With ev'ry kind o' comfort—ev'ry house is all complete.
You c'n walk to privies in the rain an' never wet yer feet!
They've gone about as fur as they c'n go!

All: Yes, sir!

They've gone about as fur as they c'n go!

Will:

Everything's up to date in Kansas City.
They've gone about as fur as they c'n go!
They got a big theayter they call a burleeque.
For fifty cents you c'n see a dandy show.
One of the gals was fat and pink and pretty,
As round above as she was round below.
I could swear that she was padded from her shoulders to her heel,
But later in the second act, when she began to peel
She proved that ev'rythin' she had was absolutely real!
She went about as fur as she could go!

All:

Yes sir!

She went about as fur as she could go!

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“I Cain’t Say No”

Ado Annie:

It ain’t so much a question of not knowin’
whut to do,
I knowed what’s right and wrong since I been
ten.

I heard a lot of stories—and I reckon they
are true—

About how girls’re put upon by men.

I know I mustn’t fall into the pit,
But when I’m with a feller—I fergit!

I’m jist a girl who cain’t say no,
I’m in a turrible fix.

I always say, come on, le’s go—

Jist when I orta say nix!

When a person tries to kiss a girl

I know she orta give his face a smack.

But as soon as someone kisses me

I somehow sorta wanta kiss him back!

I’m jist a fool when lights are low.

I cain’t be prissy and quaint—

I ain’t the type thet c’n faint—

How c’n I be whut I ain’t?

I cain’t say no!

Whut you goin’ to do when a feller gits flirty

And starts to talk purty?

Whut you goin’ to do?

S’posin’ ‘at he says ‘at yer lips’re like
cherries,

Er roses, er berries?

Whut you goin’ to do?

S’posin’ ‘at he says ‘at you’re sweeter’n
cream

And he’s gotta have cream er die?

Whut you goin’ to do when he talks thet
way?

Spit in his eye?

I’m just a girl who cain’t say no,

Cain’t seem to say it at all.

I hate to disserpoint a beau

When he is payin’ a call.

Fer a while I ack refined and cool,

A-settin’ on the velveteen settee—

Nen I think of thet ol’ golden rule,

And do fer him whut he would do fer me!”

I cain’t resist a Romeo
In a sombrero and chaps.
Soon as I sit on their laps
Somethin’ inside of me snaps
I Cain’t say no!

I’m jist a girl who cain’t say no,
Kissin’s my favorite food.

With er without the mistletoe

I’m in a holiday mood!

Other girls are coy and hard to catch

But other girls ain’t havin’ any fun!

Every time I lose a wrestlin’ match

I have funny feelin’ that I won!

Though I c’n feel the undertow,

I never make a complaint

Till it’s too late for restraint,

Then when I want to I cain’t.

I cain’t say no!

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“Oklahoma!”

Aunt Eller:

They couldn't pick a better time to start in
life!

Ike:

It ain't too early and it ain't too late.

Curley:

Startin' as a farmer with a brand-new wife—

Laurey:

Soon be livin' in a bread-new state!

All:

Brand-new state
Gonna treat you great!

Fred:

Gonna give you barley,
Carrots and pertaters—

Cord Elam:

Pasture for the cattle—

Carnes:

Spinach and termayters!

Aunt Eller:

Flowers on the prairie where the June bugs
zoom—

Ike:

Plen'y of air and plen'y of room—

Fred:

Plen'y of room to swing a rope!

Aunt Eller:

Plen'y of heart and plen'y of hope

Curly:

Oklahoma,
Where the wind comes sweepin' down the
plain,
And the wavin' wheat
Can sure smell sweet
When the wind comes right behind the rain.

Oklahoma,
Every night my honey lamb and I
Sit alone and talk
And watch a hawk
Makin' lazy circles in the sky.

We know we belong to the land,
And the land we belong to is grand!
And when we say:
Ee-ee-ow! A-yip-i-o-ee-ay!
We're only sayin',
“Your're doing fine, Oklahoma!
Oklahoma! O.K.!”