

11. Donna Reed is DOA

Lorraine Montez / Tim Huling

ACT I, SCENE 9
 MOM: "Oh, hon -- Gotta go. Donna Reed's on. Love you!"
 VAMP under CAROL: "Gonna tell you a little story.
 It goes something like this. You wan't me to be that 50's
 wife, but momma that's not the way it is, you see."

♩=104, energetic, mid-60's pop

G

C C# D Bb A

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, starting with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the right hand, featuring eighth-note patterns and chords. The bass line is in the left hand, consisting of a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The dynamic marking is *mf*. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

5 **CAROL** G F F# G G C C#

I'm a wo-man of the six - ties and I know my mind Don-na Reed is D - O - A 'cause

8 D C Bb B C Bb B

it's a diff-erent time Ro-sie may have star-ted things - but the for-ties are his - to - ry ___

11 C C# D A

Now it's time to have our day ___ the mod-ern wo-man is on her way

13 G F F# G

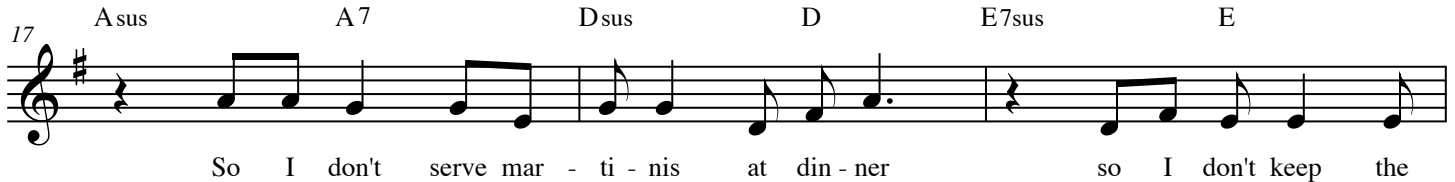
I'm a wo-man of the six - ties and I burned my bra

15 G C C# D

I can be both smart and cute it ain't a - gainst the law

Pseudo Chorale

17 Asus A7 Dsus D E7sus E



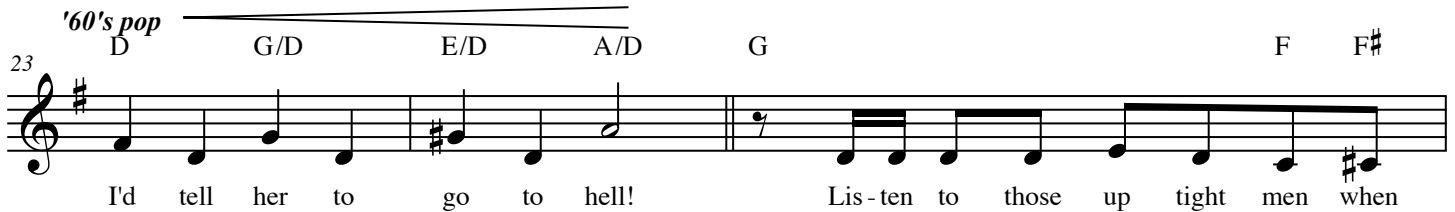
So I don't serve mar - ti - nis at din - ner so I don't keep the

20 F#sus F# G min Csus C



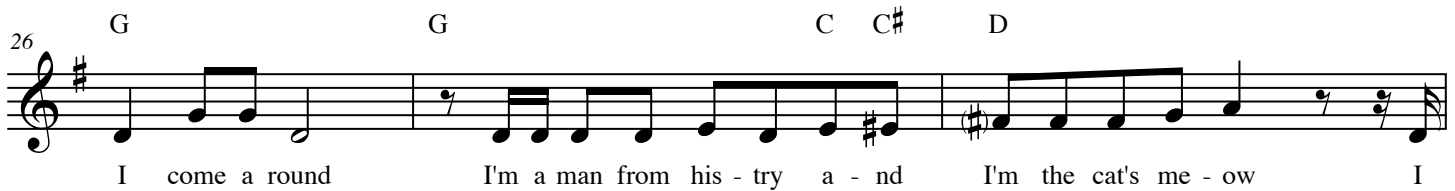
house up that we - ll If Don - na Reed was her right now

23 '60's pop D G/D E/D A/D G F F#



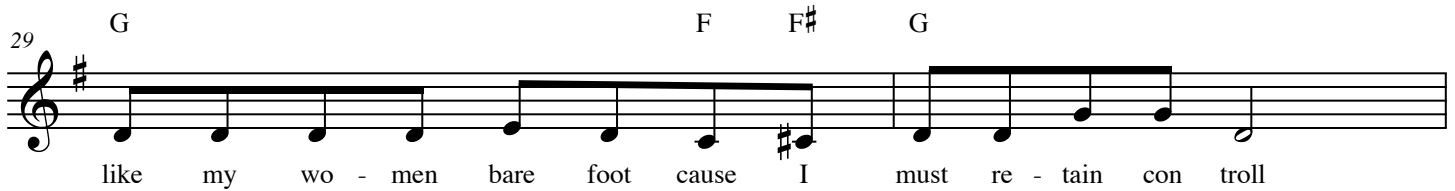
I'd tell her to go to hell! Lis - ten to those up tight men when

26 G G C C# D



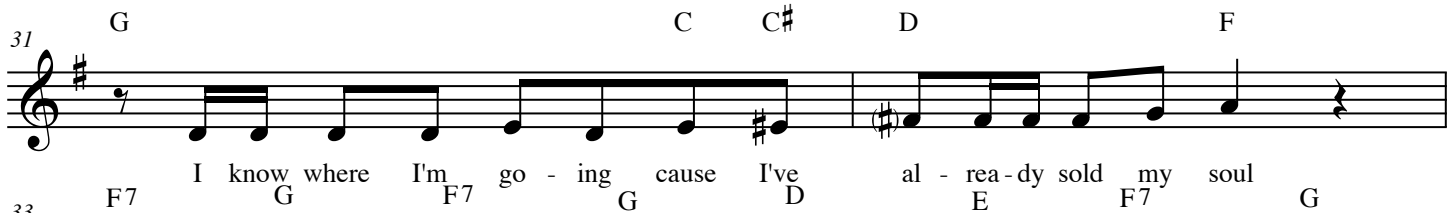
I come a round I'm a man from his - try a - nd I'm the cat's me - ow I

29 G F F# G



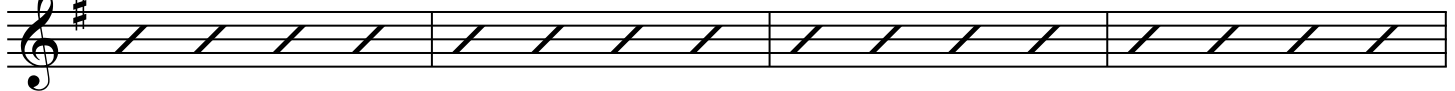
like my wo - men bare foot cause I must re - tain con troll

31 G C C# D F

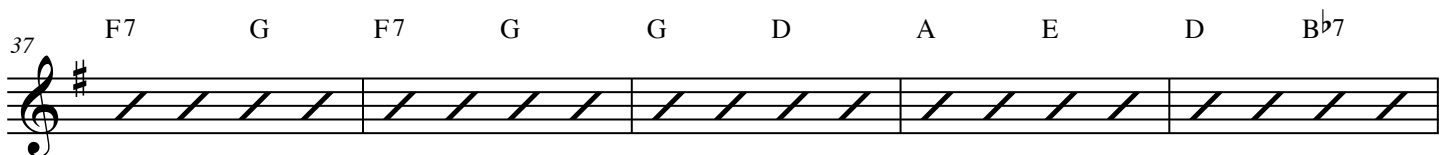


I know where I'm go - ing cause I've al - rea - dy sold my soul

33 F7 G F7 G G D A E D Bb7



37 F7 G F7 G G D A E D Bb7


Spoken

So what if my hair isn't styled
 So what if my dress isn't pressed
 If that blonde bitch were here right now
 I'd tell her You're just a chicken head!

You can't tell me how to do this, do that
 You can't tell me his feelings are my fault
 You can't tell mesex isn't pleasin'
 Or that blame is upon me when I see no rhyme or reason

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42 A sus A7 D sus D E sus E

So much for si - lence and gra - ce so much for the

45 F# sus F# G min C sus C

man of the ho - use If Don - na Reed was her to - day

'60's pop

48 D G/D E/D A/D G F F#

I'd punch her in her per - fect lit - tle mouth! stop try - in to tell me how to

51 G G C C# D F

run my life I have a brain you know and I can cope with strife

54 G F F# G F F#

Just like the rise of the suf - fra - gettes we're roar - ing loud as the fe - male sex

56 G C C# D G

get use to it babe cause we're here to stay cause Don - na Reed is D O A!