

JUST AROUND THE CORNER

[Rev. 1/31/12]

Music and Lyrics by
ANDREW LIPPA

MORTICIA: Well, I'm not going to end up like your mother.

GOMEZ: My mother? I thought she was your mother. No, seriously.

MORTICIA: You lied to me, I can't live with that.

GOMEZ: Here, cara. I feel the urge to take you in my arms.

MORTICIA: Not. Today.

GOMEZ: But cara -

MORTICIA: Out!" (He turns to leave.)

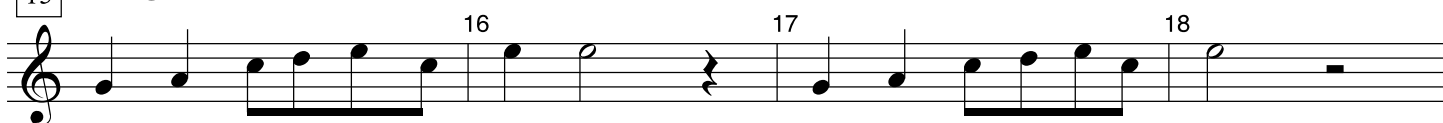
[MUSIC]

MORTICIA:
vocal 8vb

Simple 1 2 **3** **Vamp** (vocal last x)

My daught-er's get-ting mar-ried, I
can't be-lieve it's true. She does-n't ask her mo-ther be-fore she says "I do"? And
how a-bout my hus-band? In-con-stant, na-ive! This
eve-ning's get-ting se-ri-ous, these O-hi-o-ans won't leave. But
I can't let these lat-est troub-les rob me of my bliss, for
when I'm scared of true dis-as-ter I re-mem-ber this...

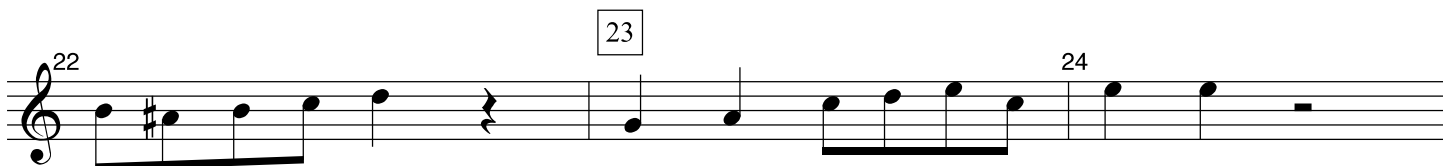
15 Swing 8ths



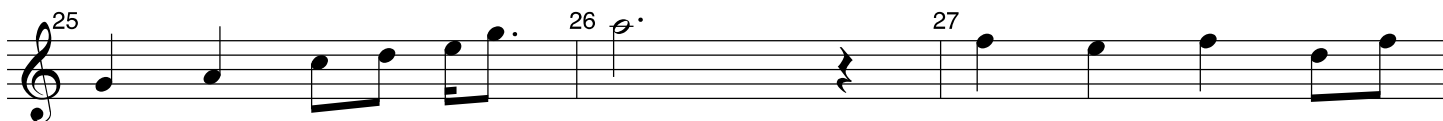
Death is just a-round the cor - ner, wait - ing pa-tient-ly to strike.



One un - planned e - lec - tro - cu - tion, that's the kind of end



I can comp-re-hend. When I'm feel-ing un - in - spi - red,



or I need a lit-tle spree. I'm re - born know-ing

MORTICIA: Coroner. Get it?
Death is just around the coroner?



death is just a-round the cor-ner com - ing af - ter me.

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Vamp (*vocal last x*)

Death is just a-round the cor - ner, wait - ing high up - on the



hill. Some-one bur-ied in an av'-lanche? That's the kind of gig