

BILLIE JEAN

Written and Composed by
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Moderately bright

F#m G#m/F# F#m7 G#m/F# 4fr. F#m G#m/F#

mf

F#m7 G#m/F# 4fr. F#m G#m/F# F#m7 G#m/F# 4fr.

She was more like a beau - ty queen from a mov - ie scene.
For for - ty days and for for - ty nights, law was on her side.

F#m G#m/F# F#m7 G#m/F# 4fr.

I said don't mind, but what do you mean I am the one
But who can stand when she's in de - mand, her schemes and plans,

1970

1971

1972

1979

1980

1981

1983

1984

Bm7

F#m

G#m/F#

who will dance_ on the floor_ in the round?_
 'cause we danced_ on the floor_ in the round._

F#m7

G#m/F#

Bm7

She said I_ am the one_ who will dance_ on the floor_
 So take my_ strong ad - vice:_ just re - mem - ber to al

F#m

G#m/F#

F#m7

G#m/F#

F#m

G#m/F#

twice.

She told me her name
 She told my ba - by

F#m7

G#m/F#

F#m

G#m/F#

lie Jean as she caused a scene.
 till three, and she looked at me,

Then ev - 'ry head turned
 then showed a pho - to.

F#m7 4fr. G#m/F# Bm7

— that dreamed of be - ing the one — who will dance — on the floor — in the round —
 by cried. His eyes were like mine. — Can we dance — on the floor — in the round? —

F#m G#m/F# F#m7 4fr. G#m/F# D

Peo - ple al - ways told — me, be
 Peo - ple al - ways told — me, be

F#m D

care - ful of what you do. And don't go a - round break - in' young girls' hearts. —
 care - ful of what you do. And don't go a - round break - in' young girls' hearts. —

F#m D F#m

And Moth - er al - ways told me, be care - ful of who you love. And be
 But you came and stood right by me, just a smell of sweet — per - fume. This

D C#7 4fr. F#m G#m/F#

care-ful of what you do__ 'cause the lie be - comes the truth. Hey... } Bil - lie Jean_ is
 hap-pened much__ too soon... She called me to__ her room. Hey... }

F#m7 4fr. G#m/F# F#m G#m/F# F#m7 4fr. G#m/F# Bm7

not my lov - er. She's just a girl_who claims that I_ am the one, — but the

F#m G#m/F# F#m7 4fr. G#m/F# Bm7

kid_ is not my son. — She says I_ am the one, — but the

F#m G#m/F# 1. F#m7 4fr. G#m/F# 2. F#m7 4fr. G#m/F# D. S. ff and fade

kid_ is not my son. —