

## LEADER OF THE PACK

Words and Music by  
GEORGE MORTON, JEFF BARRY  
and ELLIE GREENWICH

*(Spoken ad lib.)*

*Is she really going out with him? There she is, let's ask her. Betty, is that Jimmy's ring you're wearing? Uh Hm.*

*(ad lib.) mp*

*Gee, it must be great riding with him. Is he picking you up after school today? Un Un. By the way, where'd you meet him?*

*Moderately with a beat*

*I met him at the can - dy store, — He turned a - round and smiled at me, you*

*Spoken*

*get the pic-ture? Yes, we see. That's when I fell for The Lead-er Of The Pack.*

My folks were al-ways put - ting him down. \_\_\_\_\_  
 One day my dad said find some - one new. \_\_\_\_\_  
 I felt so help-less, what could I do? \_\_\_\_\_

They said he came from the wrong side of town. \_\_\_\_\_  
 I had to tell my Jim - my we're through. \_\_\_\_\_  
 Re - mem - b'ring all the things we'd been through. \_\_\_\_\_

*To Coda* ⊕

They told me he was bad, \_\_\_\_\_ But I know he was sad, \_\_\_\_\_  
 He stood there and asked me why, \_\_\_\_\_ But all I could do was cry, \_\_\_\_\_

That's why I fell for The Lead-er Of The Pack.  
 I'm sor-ry I hurt you, The Lead-er Of The Pack.



(Spoken ad lib.)

He sort of smiled and kissed me goodbye, But the tears were beginning to show as he drove away

*mp (ad lib.)*

on that rainy night. I begged him to go slow, but whether he heard, I'll never know.

*D.S. al Coda* ⊕

⊕ CODA

In school they all stop and stare, — I can't hide the tears, but I don't care. —

I'll nev-er for-get — him, The Lead-er Of The Pack.