WHAT'LL IT BE?
from Crazy Ex-Girlfriend Season 1

Music & Lyrics by
RACHEL BLOOM & ADAM SCHLESINGER
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Verse 1:
Tempo, Easy \( \downarrow = 60 \)

five fifty-three on Thanksgiving, not one customer's walked through the door.

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But I'm still here sling-in' drinks for a living, I've never played piano before.

Verse 2:
I know this town like the back of my hand, but I'm...
not such a fan of the back of my hand, 'cause if you

look real close at those little hairs and veins, you're like:

"Hands are sort of gross." It's hard to explain.
The point is - hey, West Covina,

why won't you let me break free? Am I doomed to stay here pouring my

high school friends' beers for the rest of eternity?
Hey, West Covina, you know just where to find me. I'll never go far, so pull up to the bar.

Hey, West Covina, what'll it be?
Verse 3:

C

Em7

Gm7

five-fifty-five, I'm still singin'. The big Turk-ey Day game's let-tin'

C

F

C

But now one's comin' here, who am I kid-din'? Hey, you
sun-burned MILFs, give me a shout. Ev-'ry-one's go-in' home 'cause it's

time to give thanks. Thanks for the chain stores and out-lets and banks.

Thanks for this town three short hours from the beach, where all of your dreams can stay
Hey, West Covina, you're not listening, so what's the use?

Is my purpose in life to slice limes with a knife, or to...
serve Deb a vodka and cranberry juice?

Hey, West Covina, look what you're doing to me.

Can't you see, West Covina, you're killing me, West Covina. Last
call, West Covina, what'll it be?