BACK TO BLACK

PLUS 19 TOP HITS

Twenty hits from today's hottest female acts from Amy Winehouse to Adele! Including 'Back To Black', 'Make You Feel My Love', 'Mercy' & many more...
Arranged for piano, voice and guitar.

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I got Aretha in the mornin'

high on my headphones and walking to school. I got the
blues_ in spring-time 'cause I know that I'll never
have the right shoes._ Mam-ma, she'd no- tice but
she's al- ways cry-ing._ I got no-one to con-fide in._ A-
-re-tha, no-bod-y but you. And mam-ma, she'd no-tice but
She's always fighting something in her mind.

And it sounds like breaking glass. I tell a

reatha in the mornin'. High on my headphones and

walk ing to school. I got the blues.
I'm gonna wear shoes in spring-time 'cause I know that I'll never have the right shoes. You got the words, baby, you.

I'm gonna wear shoes in spring-time 'cause I know that I'll never have the right shoes. You got the words, baby, you.

I'm gonna wear shoes in spring-time 'cause I know that I'll never have the right shoes. You got the words, baby, you.
Bbmaj7

A - re - tha I don’t wan-na go to school...

'Cause they

F5sus4

just don’t un-der-stand me and I think the place... is cruel.

Bbmaj7

“Child,... sing out... raise... your voice...”

Bb

Stand up on your own,... go out there and strike out... I tell A -
Cmaj7  Am7  Fmaj7  Dm7

-re-tha__ in the morn-in'. High on my head-phones and

G9sus4  Cmaj7  G9sus4  Em9b5

walk-ing to school. I got the blues

A7  Dm7  G9sus4

in spring-time 'cause I know that I'll nev-er have the right

Fmaj7  Freely  Fm6  C

shoes. But I got the words.
Back To Black
Words & Music by Amy Winehouse & Mark Ronson

\( \text{j = 130 Swung quavers} \)

\( \text{Dm}\)\text{Gm}\n
\( \text{Bb}\)\text{A}\n
\( \text{Dm}\)\text{Gm}\n
1. He left no time to regret,
   kept his dick wet,
   with his same old safe bet.

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Dm          Gm
and my head-- high, and my tears--

Bb          A
-- dry, get on with-- out my-- guy. You--

Dm          Gm
went back to what you-- knew, so far--

Bb          A
re-- moved from all that we went-- through. And
I tread a troubled track, my odds are stacked, I'll go back to black.

We only said goodbye with words, I died a hundred times, you go back to her, and I go back to... I go back to

Optional string part

Tambourine

Drums
2. I love you much, it's not enough, you love blow and I love puff. And life is like a pipe, and I'm a tiny penny rolling up the walls inside.
Dm

We only said good-bye with words, I died a hundred times,

To Coda on repeat φ

Bb

you go back to her, and I go back to...

NC.

Straight quavers
Dm

Black... Bb

Black... F

Black...

Drums

A
Bulletproof
Words & Music by Elly Jackson & Ben Langmaid

Original key B♭ minor

\[ J = 124 \]

1. Been there, done that, messed a-round; I'm hav-ing fun, don't put me down. I'll
2. I won't let you turn a-round and tell me now. I'm much too proud to
never let you sweep me off my feet.
walk away from something when it's dead.

I won't let you in again.
The messages I've tried to send, my
Do, do, do your dirty words come out to play when you are hurt?
There's

information's just not going in.
certain things that should be left unsaid.

Burning bridges shore to shore,
I break away from something more;
I'm

Tick, tick, tick on the watch, and
life's too short for me to stop; oh,
Bb

not turned on to love... until it's cheap.
Ba-by, your time... is running out.

I'm hav-ing fun... don't... put me down... I'll
I won't let you turn around... and tell... me now... I'm... much too proud... All

Bb

never let... you sweep me off... my... feet.
...you do... is fill me up... with

Dm

This... time, ba-by, I'll
This time, I'll be bulletproof.

D.S. al Fine

This...
Cry Me Out
Words & Music by Pixie Lott, Mads Hauge, Phil Thornalley & Colin Campsie

1. I got your e-mails. You just don't get females, now, do you?
2. When I found out how you messed me about I was broken...

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What's in your heart is not on your head anywhere.
then I believed you. Now, I don't need you no more.

Mate, you're too late and you weren't worth the wait, now, were you? pic on your phone proves you weren't alone. She was with you, yeah. It's now,

out of my hands since you blew your last chance when you played I couldn't care 'bout who, what or where we're through. You'll have to

cry me out. You'll have to cry me out.
Dmaj7

D/E

E

tears that'll fall mean nothing at all. It's time to get over yourself._ Baby, you

Amaj7

F#m

ain't all that. May-be there's no way back._

Dmaj7

D/E

E

You can keep talk-ing but, ba-by, I'm walk-ing a-way.

Dmaj7

C#m7

Dmaj7

C#m7

Gonna have to cry me out. Gonna have to cry me out. Boy, there ain't no doubt: gonna have to cry me out.
Won't hurt a little bit, boy, better get used to it.
You can keep talking but, baby, I'm walking away.
Ooh...

You'll have to
Amaj7

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Amaj7</th>
<th>F#m</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>cry me out. You'll have to cry me out. The</td>
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Dmaj7

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<td></td>
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</tbody>
</table>

Repeat and fade
Dog Days Are Over

Words & Music by Florence Welch & Isabella Summers

\[ J = 150 \]

\[ G \]

\[ \text{Am} \quad \text{Em} \]

1. Happiness hit her like a train on a track.

\[ \text{Am} \quad \text{Em} \]

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Coming towards her, stuck still, no turning back.

(3.) every bubble, she sank with her drink and

She hid around corners and she hid under beds and

killed it with kisses and from it she fled.

With the kitchen sink.
The dog days are over, the dog days are done.

The horses are coming, so you'd better run.

Run fast for your mother, run fast for your father, run for your children, for your sisters and brothers.
 Lease all your loving, your loving behind, you can't carry it with you if you want to survive. The dog days are over, the dog days are done. Can you hear the horses? 'Cause "To Coda Φ" here they come! And
I never want ever

Am

Em

1. except anything from you

what was left after that too.

Oh...

G

Happiness

Struck from a great height

like a

Am

bullet in the head

some one who should know better than
Dog days are over, the dog days are done...

Can you hear the horses? 'Cause here they come.

Run

Drums only
Coda

Em

G/F

come. The dog days are over, the

dog days are done. The horses are

1.

Am

G

G/F

coming so you better run. The you better

2.

Am

Am

C

G

run.
Daniel
Words & Music by Natasha Khan

Original key G♯ minor

\( \text{Tempo} = 135 \)

Music notation follows the sheet.

1. Daniel, when I first saw you

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I knew that you had a flame in your heart.
And under wild blue skies, marble mo-
vie skies, I found a home in your eyes. We'd
never be apart.
N.C.

2. And when the fires came, the smell of cinders and rain
   (3.) good-bye bed, with my arms around your neck,

C7sus4(omit3)       F         Gm        Bb7sus2       F
   perfumed almost ev-ry-thing. We laughed and laughed and laughed.
   in-to our love the tears crept, to kiss in the eye of the
And in the golden blue storm.
And as my house spun 'round,
car you took me to the dark'est
my dreams pulled me to the ground, forever to search

place you knew and set fire to my heart.
for the flame, for home again, for home again

When I run in the dark,
Daniel, into a place

that’s lost,

Daniel, under a

sheet of rain in my heart,

Cm7 F7 Gm B9sus2 Fadd9 Ebmaj9

To Coda ♩

Daniel, I dream of home.
Foolin’
Words & Music by Dionne Bromfield & Francis Eg White

\[ \text{N.C.} \]
\[ \text{Emaj}^7 \]
\[ \text{E}^6 \]

\[ \text{Drums} \]
\[ \text{cont. sim.} \]
\[ \text{F}^#/\text{A}^\# \]
\[ \text{Am} \]

1. Work-in’ out the man
so you’ll always see,

2. You already know
he don’t desire you.

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out him know-in' you're check-in' him out. Talks of people here, so
think he's always made it clear. And when I'm stand-in' there be-

in-discreet, hop-in' they gon' put it about. You really like him
inside you, you can't believe he's lookin' at me. Though you know he doesn't
don't you? You really want him don't you? Oh,
like ya. You don't want me to have him either.

I'm not muggin' myself off. I'm not showin' my hand.
like you do.  I'm not shoot-ing my-self down.  I'm

watch-in', just watch-in', yeah.  I'm not fool-in' my-self.

now.  You're the best teach-er that I ev-er knew.

I'm not shoot-ing my-self down.  I'm watch-in', just
learn' in' from you.

down. Give it up. don't

stand in my way. It's e - nough for all your mis - takes.

You real - ly like him don't you? You real - ly like him
B♭thick

F♯m7

don't you? I'm not mugg-ing my self off

G♯m7thick

C♯m7

F♯m7

I'm not show-in' my hand like you do I'm not shoot-ing my self

G♯m7thick

C♯m7

D.S. al Coda

down I'm watch-in' just watch-in' yeah

Coda G♯m7

N.C.

learn-in' from you
"Foundations"

Words & Music by Kate Nash & Paul Epworth

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C F C F
long with it then drop it and hu - mil - i - ate me in front of our

C F G F
friends.

2. Then

C F C F
I'll use that voice that you find an - noy-ing and say some-thing like Spoken: “Yeah, intelligent input, darling.

3. You've said, “I must eat so man-y lem - ons, ’cause I am so bit - ter.”

Why don’t you just have another beer, then?”

Spoken: I said, “I’d rather be with your friends, mate, ’cause they are much fitter.”

Then you’ll
call me a bitch, and ev'ry one we're with will be embarrassed, and I won't give a...
Yes, it was childish and you got aggressive, and I must admit that I was a bit scared,

but it gives me thrills to wind you up.

fingertips are holding on to the cracks in our foundations, and I

know that I should let go, but I can't.

And
ev'ry time we fight... I know it's not right, ev'ry time that you're upset and I smile...

I know I should forget, but I can't.

Your face is pasty, 'cause you've gone and got so wasted, what a surprise. Don't want to look at your face, 'cause it's making me sick.
You've gone and got sick on my trainers. I only got these yesterday, oh my gosh, Spoken: I cannot be bothered with this.

I'll leave you there till the morning, and I purposely won't turn the heating on, and dear_

_D.S. al Coda_

---

God, I hope I'm not stuck with this one.
And ev'ry time we fight I know it's not right, ev'ry time that you're upset and I smile, I know I should forget, but I can't.

And ev'ry time we fight I know it's not right, ev'ry time that you're
1. When the rain is blowing in your face, and the whole world is on...
2. When the evening shadows and the stars appear, and there is no one there to dry...
E♭

your case,

your tears,

I could of - fer you a warm em - brace,

I could hold you for a mil- lion years,

to make you feel my love,

to make you feel my love,

C7

E♭/F

B♭

I know you have-n't made your mind up yet,

The storms are rag - ing on the roll - ing sea,

but I would nev - er do you wrong

and on the high-way of re-gret

Gb

G♭aug

E♭/G

I've known it from the mo-ment that we met,

the winds of change are blow-ing wild and free;

B♭

E♭

B♭
(2° Cm7)
C7

no doubt in my mind where you belong,
you ain't seen nothing like me yet.

(2° Eb)
Bb

3. I'd go hungry, I'd go black and blue,
4. I could make you happy, make your dreams come true,

A♭

I'd go crawling down the avenue,
Know there's nothing that I wouldn't do.
Go to the ends of the earth for you,

Eb

nothing that I would n't do.

Eb/F

would n't do to make you feel my love.

To Coda B♭
D.S. al Coda

Coda

to make you feel my love...
I love you, but I got to stay true.

My morals got me on my knees, I'm begging you, please, stop playing games.
but you've got to understand that I need a man who can take my hand.

Yes I do! I don't know what this is but you've got me good.
_just like you knew_ you would._

I don't know what you do but you do it well._ I'm under your spell._

You've got me begging you for._

mercy. Why won't you release me?
You got me begging you for mercy.

Why won't you release me? I said release me.

1. 2. Now you think that I
N.C.

I’m begging you for mercy, just why won’t you release me?

I’m begging you for mercy.

You got me begging,

you got me begging,

you got me begging.

1. Mercy.
   Why won’t you release me?
   (2.) mercy.
   I’m begging you for mercy.
I'm begging you for mercy. Why won't you release me?
You've got me begging you for mercy. Why won't you release me?

1. Yeah. 2. I'm begging you for...
Break it down!

You got me begging, begging you for mercy. You got me begging down on my knees. I said,
New York
Words & Music by Paloma Faith & Jodi Marr

Original key G♯ minor

\[ \text{Original key G}^\sharp \text{ minor} \]

\( \text{\( j = 97 \) (swung \( j \)'s)} \)

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Am} & \quad \text{Em/G} & \quad \text{D/F}\# & \quad \text{Dm/F} & \quad \text{Am} & \quad \text{Em/G} & \quad \text{D/F}\# \\
& & & & & & \\
& & & & & & \\
& & & & & & \\
& & & & & & \\
& & & & & & \\
& & & & & & \\
\end{align*}
\]

1. The

days were long and the nights so cold, the pages turned and the tale un-folds, he'd left me for another land.

(2.) wolves they howled for my lost soul, I fell down a deep black hole, he'd left me for another land.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{2\textsuperscript{nd} only Am} & \quad \text{Em/G} & \quad \text{D/F}\# & \quad \text{Dm/F} \quad \text{(Both times)} & \quad \text{Am} & \quad \text{Em/G} \\
& & & & & & \\
& & & & & & \\
& & & & & & \\
& & & & & & \\
& & & & & & \\
\end{align*}
\]

2\textsuperscript{nd} only

(Both times)

dy.
She stood so tall and she nev-er slept, there was not one mo-ment he could re-gret, he'd dy.

She poured the drinks and she poured the pow-er, dia-mond girl who could talk for hours, he'd
left me for another lady, yeah.
left me for another lady, mmm.
Now I am
hand one day and told me he was leaving,
and I was pleading
on my own, he told me he was leaving
and I was pleading
I I I I I I I I I had to let him go.

Her name was New York, New York, and she
took his heart away, oh my. Her name was New York, New York, she had

poisoned his sweet mind. Mmm.

1.

2. The

2.

The greatest times, I
Dm7       Am       G

don’t want to hear it. Your new laugh-ter lines, I don’t wan-na hear it. The

F       Dm7       Am

new-found friends she in-tro-duced you to, I don’t wan-na know them I just

G       F       F#m7b5

wan-na be with you. Please don’t make me go to New York,
New York,
she took your heart away

oh my. Her name was New York,

poisoned your sweet mind.

Her name was New York,
She took your heart away, oh my. Her name was New York. New York. She poisoned your sweet mind.

She poisoned your sweet mind.
Pack Up
Words & Music by Tim Woodcock, Matthew Prime, Felix Powell, Eliza Caird & George Asaf

Original key B major
\[ J = 136 \]

1. I get tired and upset and I'm trying to care a little less. When I

(2.) top-ic. May-be I should drop it. It's a touch-y
I only get depressed. I was taught to dodge those issues, I was told... Don't worry 'cause no doubt, there's always something to cry about...

So if your business is running out...

And when you're stuck in an angry crowd, it's not my business to talk about. They don't think what they say before they open their mouths... You gotta... Pack up your troubles in your...
old kit bag and bury them beneath the sea. I don't care what the people may say, what the people may say about me. Pack up your troubles, get your old grin back. Don't worry 'bout the cavalry. I don't care what the whisperers say 'cause they
whisper too loud for me. 2. Hot

Tweet tweet. Tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet...

Tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet...

Tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet...

D.S. al Coda

Tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet tweet.
Coda

Dm

whisper too loud for me...

Vocal ad lib.

C

Db6

C6
Price Tag

Words & Music by Lukasz Gottwald, Claude Kelly, Bobby Ray Simmons & Jessica Cornish

\[ \text{F} \]

O. K., coconut man.

\[ \text{Dm} \]

moon-heads, and pea.

\[ \text{F} \]

You ready?

1. Seems like everybody's got a price,
2. We need to take it back in time,

I wonder how they sleep at
when music made us all u-
night. When the sale comes first, and the truth comes second, just stop for a minute and

- nite. And it wasn’t low blows and video hoes, am I the only one getting

smile. Why is everybody so serious? Acting so damn mysterious.
tired? Why is everybody so obsessed? Money can’t buy us

- ter - i - ous, got shades on your eyes and your heels so high that you can’t even have a good
hap - pi - ness. Can we all slow down and enjoy right now? Guarantee we’ll be feeling al

time. Ev’rybody look to their left, ev’rybody look to their

76
right. Can you feel that? Yeah, we’re paying with love to-night... It’s not about the

money, money, money. We don’t need your money, money, money. We just wanna make the

world dance, forget about the price tag. Ain’t about the

(Uh.) cha-ching, cha-ching. Ain’t about the (Yeah.) bling, bling. Wanna make the
world dance, forget about the price tag...
O.K. price tag... Yeah, yeah. Well, keep the

price tag and take the cash back, just give me six strings and a half stack. And you can,

can keep the cars leave me the garage and all I, yes all I need are keys and guitars. And guess what,

in thirty seconds I'm leaving to Mars. Yeah, we leaping across these un-de-feat-a-ble odds. It's like
this man, you can't put a price on the life. We do this for the love so we fight and sac-ri-fice ev'-ry night. So we ain't gon stumble and fall nev-er, nah. Wait-

-ing to see this in the sign of de-feat, uh-uhh. So we gon' keep ev'-ry one mov- ing their feet. So bring
back the beat and then ev'ry one sing. It's not a-bout the

mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey... We don't need your mon-ey, mon-ey, mon-ey... We just wan-na make the

world dance, for-get a-bout the price tag... Ain't a-bout the

(Uh...) cha-ching... cha-ching. Ain't a-bout the (Yeah...) b-bling... b-bling. Wan-na make the
world
dance,
forget about the price
tag.___ It's not about the

2.
price
tag.___ Ah, ah,

ah, ah, yeah, yeah, oh.

Forget about the price tag, yeah.

Ah.
Paper Planes
Words & Music by Mick Jones, Joe Strummer, Paul Simonon, Topper Headon, Thomas Pentz & Mathangi Arulpragasam

fly like paper, get high like planes, if you catch me at the border I got visas in my name. If you
2. Pirate skulls and bones, sticks and stones and weed and bombs.
come around here, I make 'em all day, I get one down in a second if you wait. I run-ning when we hit 'em, lethal poison through their sys-tem.

fly like paper, get high like planes, if you catch me at the bord-er I got vis-sas in my name. If you pi-rate skulls and bones, sticks and stones and weed and bombs.

come around here, I make 'em all day, I get one down in a second if you wait. I run-ning when we hit 'em, lethal poison through their sys-tem.

Some-times I think sit-ting on trains, ev-ry stop I get to, I'm clock-ing that game. No one on the cor-ner has swag-ger like us, hit me on my burn-er pre-paid wire-less. We
Everyone's a winner, we're making our fame.
Bo-nafide hustler making my name.
Pack and deliver like U.P.S. trucks, already going hell just pumping that gas.

Sometimes I think sitting on trains.
Ev'ry stop I get to I'm clocking that game.
No one on the corner has swagger like us.
Hit me on my burner prepaid wireless.

Everyone's a winner, we're making our fame.
Bo-nafide hustler making my name.
Pack and deliver like U.P.S. trucks, already going hell just pumping that gas.

All I wanna do is... and a...
and take your money.
All I wanna do is, and a... and take your money.

All I wanna do is... and a... and take your money.

All I wanna do is, and a... and take your money.

(Spoken) M.I.A. Third world democracy.  Yeah, I got more
records than the K. G. B. So, uh, no funny business.

Some, some, some I, some I murder. Some I, some I let go.

Some, some, some I, some I murder. Some I, some I let go.

All I wanna do is... and a... and take your money.
G

All I wanna do is, and a... and take your money.

D

All I wanna do is... and a... and take your money.

G

All I wanna do is, and a... and take your money.

N.C.

Finger clicks
Right To Be Wrong

Words & Music by Desmond Child, Joss Stone & Betty Wright

\[ \text{D} \quad \text{Bm7} \quad \text{A} \]

\[ \text{Gadd9} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{Bm7} \]

I've got a right to be wrong,
my mistakes will make me strong.
I'm stepping out into the great unknown,

I'm feeling wings though I've never flown.  
Got a mind of my own,  
I'm flesh and blood. 

to the bone, I'm not made of stone.  
Got a right to be
A\add9
wrong,... so just leave me a- lone.

D Dsus\(^4\) D
Got a right to be wrong... I've been held down too.

G D Bm
long... I've got to break free... so I can finally breathe... Got a right to be wrong.

A Gadd9 D
... got to sing my own song... I might be sing-ing out of key... but it sure feels good to
Bm    A          Gaddo
To Coda  N.C.

me.   Got a right    to be    wrong.    so just leave me a-lone...

A                     G

You're en-tit-led to your. o-pi-nion, but it's re-al-ly my de-ci-sion, I

D                     Bm

can't turn back, I'm on a mis-sion, if you care don't you dare blur my vi-sion. But

A                        G

let me be all that I can be, don't smo-ther me with ne-ga-ti-vi-ty,
what-ev-er's out there wait-ing for me, I'm gon-na face it will-ing-ly.

Got a right to be

so just leave me a lone.

mm,
Remedy
Words & Music by Nadir Khayat & Victoria Hesketh

\[ J = 128 \]
\[ F \#m \]

1. I can see you stalking like a predator,
   I've been here before.

2. Spin me faster like a kaleidoscope,
   All I've got's the floor.

---

Tempation calls like Adam to the apple but
Yeah, you can try but I've found the antidote,

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I will not be caught. 'Cause I can read those
mu - sic is the cure. So you can try to
vel - vet eyes and all I see is lies.} No more
pa - ra - lyze but I know best this time.
poison killing my e - mo - tion. I will not be fro - zen. Danc - ing is my
re - medy, re - medy. Oh, stop, stop pray - ing 'cause I'm not, not play - ing. I'm not
frozen. Dancing is my remedy, remedy. Oh, move while you're watching me,
dance with the enemy. I've got a remedy. Oh, ah-oh, ah-oh. Move while you're watching me,
dance with the enemy. Here is my remedy. Oh, ah-oh, ah-oh.

I. N.C.
Da da da da da da da da
Da da da da da da da da
Da da da da da da da da

Da da da da da da da da
Da da da da da da da da

Da da da da da da da da
And when the music fades away

I know I'll be O. K. Contagious ryth
Move while you’re watching me, dance with the enemy.

I’ve got a remedy. Oh, ah-oh, ah-oh. Move while you’re watching me,

dance with the enemy. Here is my remedy. Oh, ah-oh, ah-oh.
Smile
Words & Music by Lily Allen, Iyiola Babalola, Darren Lewis & Jackie Mittoo

1. When you first left me, I was wanting more, but you were kissing that girl next door; what'd you do that for?

2. Ever you see me, you say that you want me back, and I tell you it don't mean jack; no, it don't mean jack.

When you first left me, I didn't know what to say.
I'd never been on my own that way;
mental health; I was quite unwell.

I was so lost back then, but, with a little help from my friends,
I found the light in the tunnel at the end.
Now you're calling me up on the phone, so you can have a little whine and a moan;

it's only because you're feeling alone.

At first, when I see you cry, it makes me

smile, yeah, it makes me smile.
At worst, I feel bad for a while, but then I just smile; I go ahead and smile.

1. smile. La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

2. Fmaj7

La la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Gm7

Gm7

Fmaj7 Fmaj7
At first, when I see you cry, it makes me smile.

Yeah, it makes me smile.

At worst, I feel bad for a while, but then I just smile.

I go ahead and smile.
F#m

found a girl and you’re married now...

D

yes-ter-day was the time of our lives...

A

We were

C#m/G#

I heard that your dreams came true. Guess she

born and raised in a summer haze. Bound

F#m

gave you things. I didn’t give to you.

D

by the sur-prize of our glory days.

F#m

I only

A

C#m/G#

Old friend, why are you so shy?

Ain’t like

105
you to hold back, or hide from the light.

hate to turn up out of the blue un-invited but I couldn’t stay away. I couldn’t fight it. I had

hoped you’d see my face and that you’d be re-mind-ed that for me it isn’t over.
Never mind, I'll find someone like you. I wish nothing but the best for you two. Don't forget me, I beg. I'll remember you said sometimes it lasts and loves but sometimes it hurts instead. Sometimes it
A | E | F#m | D

lasts and loves but sometimes it hurts... instead.

F#m | D

- stead.

E/B | F#m/C#

Nothing compares, no worries or cares, regrets and mistakes, they are memories made.

D5 | E/B | A/C#

Who would have known how bitter-sweet this would
taste?

Nev-er mind. I’ll find someone like you. I wish nothing but the best for you. Don’t forget me, I beg. I’ll re-

mem-ber you said sometimes it lasts and loves but sometimes it hurts in stead.

[D.S. al Coda]
Starry Eyed
Words & Music by Ellie Goulding & Jonny Lattimer

Oh, oh, starry eyed. Oh, oh,

Star-ah-ah-ah. Oh, oh, starry eyed, starry eyed,

Starry eyed. Hit, hit, hit, hit, hit me with lightning.
1. Handle bars that I let go, let go for anyone.
2. So we burst into colours, colours and carousels.

Take me in and I'll throw out my heart.
Fall head first like paper planes and play-

—and get a new one.
—ground games.

Next thing, we're touching. You

look at me, it's like you hit me with lightning. Ah, ah...
Oh, ev'rybody's starry eyed, and ev'rybody
glows. Oh, ev'rybody's starry eyed, and my body goes...

Whoa, oh, oh, ah, ah. Whoa, oh, oh, ah, ah.

Whoa, oh, oh.
Whoa, oh, oh, whoa-ah-ah-ah, oh, oh, oh, oh.

Next thing, we’re touching.
Next thing, we’re touching.

Next thing, we’re touching.
Next thing, we’re touching.

we’re touching.
Next thing, we’re touching.
Next thing, we're touching.  Next thing, we're touching.

Next thing, we're touching.  Hit me with lightning.

Oh, ev'rybody's starry eyed.  and ev'rybody

glows.  Oh, ev'rybody's starry eyed,  and my body goes...
N.C.

Oh, ev'ry-body's starry eyed, and ev'ry-body

glows. Oh, ev'ry-body's starry eyed, and my body goes.

Whoa, oh, oh, ah, ah. Whoa, oh, oh, ah, ah.

(vocal ad lib.)

Whoa, oh, oh.

Ah, hoo...
Stronger Than Me
Words & Music by Amy Winehouse & Salaam Remi

\[ J = 91 \]
N.C.

Improvised vocal and guitar intro
Drums

Gm \[ \text{Gm} \]
A7\(^{b13}\) \[ \text{A7}\(^{b13}\) \]
Dm \[ \text{Dm} \]

1. You should be strong-er than me,
2. You should be strong-er than me,
(3.) "The res-pect I made you earn,

Gm \[ \text{Gm} \]
A7\(^{b13}\) \[ \text{A7}\(^{b13}\) \]
Dm \[ \text{Dm} \]
D7\(^{sus2}\) \[ \text{D7}\(^{sus2}\) \]
Dm\(^{7}\) \[ \text{Dm}\(^{7}\) \]

you been here se-ven years long-er than me.
but in stead you're long-er than fro-zen tur-key.
thought you had so man-y les-sons to learn.” I said

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Don't you know? You're s'posed to be the man, not
Why'd you always put me in control?
"You don't know what love is get a grip."

pale in comparison to who you think I am. You always wanna
All I need is for my man to live up to his role.
Sounds as if you're reading from some other tired script.
I'm not gonna

I don't care.
I'm okay.
I just wanna

comfort you when I'm there.

comfort you every day.
rip your body over mine,

But that's
But that's please
what I need you to do, stroke my hair.
what I need you to do, Are you gay?
tell me why you think that's a crime.

I've forgotten all of young love's joy,
feel like a lady, but you my lady boy.

You should be stronger than me,
you should be stronger than
you should be stronger than me,

you should be stronger than me.

Ad lib. trumpet solo

[1, 3.

2.]

Drums
Twenty fabulous hit songs arranged for piano, voice and guitar.

Aretha
Rumer
Back To Black
Amy Winehouse
Bulletproof
Duotone
Cry Me Out
Joni Mitchell
Daniel
Phil Collins
Dog Days Are Over
Simone
Foolin'
Paul Simon
Foundations
T.Rex
Make You Feel My Love
Adele
Mercy
New York
Price Tag
Remedy
Right To Be Wrong
Price Tag
Remedy
Right To Be Wrong
Smile
Someone Like You
Starry Eyed
Stronger Than Me

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Aretha Rumer
Back To Black Amy Winehouse
Bulletproof La Roux
Cry Me Out Pixie Lott
Daniel Bat For Lashes
Dog Days Are Over Florence + The Machine
Foolin’ Dionne Bromfield
Foundations Kate Nash
Make You Feel My Love Adele
Mercy Duffy
New York Paloma Faith
Pack Up Eliza Doolittle
Paper Planes M.I.A.
Price Tag Jessie J feat. B.o.B.
Remedy Little Boots
Right To Be Wrong Joss Stone
Smile Lily Allen
Someone Like You Adele
Starry Eyed Ellie Goulding
Stronger Than Me Amy Winehouse