 HOW DO YOU DO
Words and Music by Natasha Bedingfield, Andrew Frampton, Stephen Kipner and Wayne Wilkins

Shuffle \( \frac{\text{d}}{=\text{106}} \)

\[
\text{Am} \quad F \quad G \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{Am} \quad F
\]

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

Oh oh oh

\[
\text{Am} \quad F \quad G \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{Am} \quad F
\]

oh. yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. If it's weird for girls to give guys

\[
\text{G} \quad \text{Em7} \quad \text{Am} \quad \\ \\
\text{F} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Em7}
\]

flow- ers, then may- be that's a rea- son to. You're not
climbing up my ivory tower, so I'm comin' down for you. Yeah...

yeah... yeah, yeah. Is it wrong to write our names in love hearts in the
dust that's on the car you drive? Droppin' hints can only get you

so far, when you don't know that I'm alive. Is it
wrong to be the instigator? (Is it wrong, is it wrong?) Is it bad to be the move maker?

No! Guess I've gotta be the first to say a, to say a, to say a,

how do you do? If you won't say it, I will. How do you do?

I'm really pleased to meet you. How do you do? Gotta say it how I
feel it, say it or I will. Mm, mm. When you're

hanging at the point of stalemate, it's not the time to bite your

tongue. So at the risk of lookin' really stupid, I'm

gonna take the plunge. Is it wrong to be the instigator?
No, is it bad to be the mover maker?
No, no, I guess I've

gotta be the first to say, to say, to say, to say...
How do you do?

If you won't say it, I will. How do you do?
I'm really pleased to

meet you. How do you do?
Gotta say it how I feel it, say it, or I
Am F G Em Am F
will Mm, mm. say it or I will. (Say it or I will).

G Em Am F G Em
It's not good enough, just to sit around, drinking tea. Touching

Am F G Em Am F
only on weather, exchanging pleasantries. I've been too reserved too circum-

G Em Am F G Em
spect, sick of crossing wires, now I wanna connect, connect.
How do you do?
If you won't say it, I will
How do you do?

I'm really pleased to meet you
How do you do?
Gotta say it how I

(Say it how I feel it.)
Say it, or I will
Oh
(Say it, or I will)

Mm
Say it, or I will
Gotta say it how I
I wanna have your babies

Feel it, say it, or I will. Say it, or I will.

How do you do? If you won't say it, I will. How do you do?

I'm really pleased to meet you. How do you do?

Gotta say it how I feel it, say it, or I will.
I WANNA HAVE YOUR BABIES

Words and Music by Natasha Bedingfield, Andrew Frampton, Stephen Kipner and Wayne Wilkins

R n B  \( \text{♩} = 104 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{C} & \quad \text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am} & \quad \text{G} & \quad \text{C} & \quad \text{Em7} \\
\text{Uh... yeah.} & \quad \text{Mm, mm mn mn mm mm mm.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Am} & \quad \text{G} & \quad \text{C} & \quad \text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am} & \quad \text{G} \\
1. \text{What happens in Vegas stays in Vegas, but what if it don't? What happens in}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{C} & \quad \text{Em7} & \quad \text{Am} & \quad \text{G} & \quad \text{C} & \quad \text{Em} \\
\text{my head stays in my head, but sometimes it won't. What if you knew what I was thinking?}
\end{align*}
\]

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EMI Music Publishing Ltd, London WC2H 0QY and
In-Genius Songs Ltd. London W1E 2XA
Would it make you, like, wohhhl?
I don't wanna risk putting my foot in it, so I keep my mouth closed. All you hear is...
Mmm mmm m m m m m, gonna but- ton my lip so the truth don't slip. Mmm, mmm m m m m m, got-ta beep out what I really wanna shout. Woops, did I say it out loud, did you
I wanna have your babies, get serious like

I wanna have your babies, I see them springing up like daisies.

Yeah, yeah yeah yeah. 2. Some of my feelings keep escaping, so I make it a joke. Nono.
I keep on fakin',
so my heart don't get broke.
I'm in a
big, big, big, big ocean,
in a tiny little boat.
I'll only
put the idea out there if I know it's gonna float.
All you hear is
'Cuz in my head there's a slot machine, and I'm
bet-ting you're the one... in my hopes and dreams. La, la, la, la, la.
La, la, la, la, la, la, la.

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
Trust me, it would scare you... if you knew what was going on in my brain. Trust me, it would scare you... that I've picked out the church, all the schools, all the names. If you knew it was all about... you... every
wish, every candle, every coin in a fountain, trust me, it would scare you... that's why I go...

Mmm, mmm m m m m...

Mmm, mmm, yeah... Oh. Mmm, mmm m m m m. gonna button my lip so the truth don't slip.

Mmm, mmm m m m m. gotta beep out what I really wanna shout. Woops, did I say it out loud did you
find out I wanna have your babies, get serious like crazy. I wanna have your babies, I see them springing up like daisies. babies, I see them springing up like daisies. Mmm, mmm m m m m... (Spoken ad lib.)

Mmm, mmm... m m m m... Repeat ad lib. to fade
SOULMATE

Words and Music by Natasha Bedingfield, Mads Hauge and David Tench

Original key E♭ minor

Ballad \( \frac{4}{4} = 84 \)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>1. In - com - pa - ti - ble,</th>
<th>it don't mat - ter though,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>'cause some-one's bound ...</td>
<td>to hear ... my cry ...</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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EMI Music Publishing Ltd, London WC2H 0QY,
BMG Music Publishing Ltd, London SW6 1AH and Copyright Control
Am

Speak out if you do,

Bsus\n
you're not easy to find.

Em\n
Is it possible,

Cmaj7

2. Here we are again.

Em\n
Mister Loveable

Em\n
circles never end,

Em\n
is already in my life?

Em\n
how do I find the perfect fit?

Cmaj7

There's e
Right in front of me, or maybe you're in disguise,

Who doesn't long for someone to hold, who knows how to love you, without being told.

Somebody tell me why I'm on my own, if there's a soulmate for everyone.
Oh, yeah, yeah.

If there's a soul mate for everyone.

Most relationships seem so transitory. They're all good but not the permanent one...
Who doesn't long for someone to hold, who knows how to love

you without being told, somebody tell me why I'm on my own

soulmate for everyone, if there's a soulmate for everyone.
WHO KNOWS
Words and Music by Natasha Bedingfield and Michael Elizondo

Funky \( \frac{d}{d} = 108 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Gm} & \\
5 & N.C. \\
9 & \text{N.C.} \\
13 & \text{N.C.}
\end{align*}
\]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Gm} & \\
9 & \text{N.C.} \\
13 & \text{N.C.}
\end{align*}
\]

I'm in like with you, not in love with you quite yet.

My heart's beginning to slightly overrule my head. Oh no.
_oh no_, my self control, it won't hold up for very long. Oh no._

_oh no_, you touch my soul, I can't help falling too fast for you. Can you

hold on a bit, stop before we go, 'coz I might need a moment, and I

wouldn't wanna spoil it. Who knows if I am ready or not.
only time will tell Who knows if we are ready to make

this something who knows?

Mm. yeah.

2. Maybe this is love,

but I haven’t fallen in quite yet. Oh no,
some-thing_ Who knows?
Who knows?

Can you hold on a bit, stop be-fore we go_ 'coz I

might need a mo-ment, and I would- n't want to spoil it. Who knows_ if I am_
ready or not,
only time will tell
Who knows

if we are
ready to make
this

something
Who knows
if I am
ready or not

only time will tell
Who knows
if we are
ready to make this something who knows? Who knows, maybe, may be not, who knows? May be, may be not, who knows? Uh, oh... yeah. Oh, maybe I will, maybe I won't. Who knows?
SAY IT AGAIN

Words and Music by Natasha Bedingfield, Adam Levine and Michael Elizondo

Lazy Pop \( \frac{1}{4} = 92 \)

\( \text{Cm} \)

\( \text{Ab} \)

\( \text{Eb} \)

1. No need to translate
2. Not enough lovers

'coz my eyes give me away
in life to go around,

even though my lips don't say.
but there's you and there's me if we don't shut it out.

Should be so easy,
It's not hard to let go.

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EMI Music Publishing Ltd, London WC2H 0QY,
but my head gets in the way
enough to let me in.
All the things that I wanna tell you.
If it's meant to be it can only be good.

You're the most perfect yet,
most definitely that I've met, and I

I wonder if you know that's how I feel about you.
I hope that you feel the same way too.

I hope you know 'coz I have so much love for you.
_do with it what you will._
And I have nothing more.

to prove,
say to me what you will.
Say, say it again.

1.
A7
Can you take it.

2.
A7
If I give, can you receive?
Oh, I'm reaching out

giving everything.

I give you my heart, give you my soul,

I give it all.

I have so much love for you.
do with it what you will. And I have nothing more.

to prove, say to me what you will. Say, say it again.
PIRATE BONES
Words and Music by Natasha Bedingfield, Andrew Frampton, Stephen Kipner and Wayne Wilkins

Medium R & B  \( \text{\textit{}} \) 88

1. What if I squeeze myself into any shape, and I still don’t fit?

What if I bend myself so much that I break, and I can’t mend it?

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What if I burn so bright that the fire goes out
and I can't stay lit, what's the point in it?
I could get good at crying crocodile tears,
just to get along.
I could carry on telling you what you wanna hear,
till my voice is gone.
But if I finally get to the place that I think is
home, and I don't belong, what's the point in it, where's the benefit, when I'm

It's not worth having if it's too much to hold, it can dig so deep that you're left with a hole.

Thirsty in the desert with a bag full of gold... Don't
wanna end up like pirate bones, what I thought was precious, just a pile o' stones.

might have the treasure but I'd be lying alone, just a pile of pirate bones.

Uh, yeah, uh. If I forfeit my soul, it ain't worth having.

Uh, yeah, uh. If it's somethin' I stole, it ain't worth having.
2. What if I stake every thing I am on a dream, and it's counterfeit?

If I reach the end, that justifies the means, could I live with it? And if it's true that having too much of any good thing can only make me sick, what's the point in it, where's the benefit, when I'm gaining all, but I'm losing it?

It's not
2. Bm
Em

Pirate bones.

If I

Bm7
Am
Em

forfeit my soul, it ain't worth havin'. Uh, yeah, uh. If it's

Am

some-thin' I stole, it ain't worth hav-ing. It's not worth that much to me,

Bm7

Em/G

D

if los-in' out is what it means. To swim in shal-low vic-tor-y
is empty, empty. It's just not worth the price.

it's only a fool's paradise, if it's drainin' every drop of life, till I'm dry, like pirate bones.

It's not worth having if it's too much to hold, you can
dig so deep that you're left with a hole. Thirsty in a desert with a bag full of gold.
Don't wanna end up like pirate bones, what I thought was precious, just a pile of stones. I might have the treasure but I'd be lying alone.
just a pile of pirate bones.
Forfeit my soul, it ain't worth havin'. If it's something I stole, it ain't worth havin'.

Pirate bones, thought was precious, just a pile of stones. Mm, mm.

Pirate bones.
BACKYARD

Words and Music by Natasha Bedingfield and Greg Kurstin

Ballad  \( \text{\textit{d}} = 72 \)

1. It's been too long, don't think I've seen you smile

---

at me for quite a while. And we're too busy doing things, we have

---

n't noticed what's missing. Where's the fun we used to have? My child---
-ish ways and your sarcasm, silly jokes and fairy tales, where did we leave them? Lost in the backyard. Uh...

Your lasso, my tiara, my wand, your plastic bazooka, why can't we be how we were in the backyard?
Your cowboy hat, my tutu. You hide and seek, I catch you.

Why can't we be how we were in the backyard,
in the backyard?

2. Simple days of hand in hand, and drawing our names in the sand.

Somehow life just complicates, our bu-
Amaj9

ried treasure it just waits. Lost in the

Amaj7 Gm7

back yard. Uh. In the back yard in the back-

Amaj7 Gsus4 C# Emaj7 Amaj9 Bsus2

yard. Huh, huh huh. oo.

C# Emaj7 Amaj9 Bsus2 C# Emaj7

Huh, huh huh. Oo. oo. oo. Lost you in the
backyard

Lost in the backyard. You can still

meet me in the garden, you and I, and hide be-

hind the roses bed, you and I, you and I. Lost in the back-

yard, again. Your lasso, my tiara,
my wand, your plastic bazooka, why can't we be how we were

in the backyard?

Your cowboy hat, my tutu.

You hide and seek, I catch you. Why can't we be how we were

in the backyard, in the backyard?
TRICKY ANGEL
Words and Music by Natasha Bedingfield, Stephen Kipner and Wayne Wilkins

Medium R n B  \( \frac{J}{=} \ 104 \)

Yeah, yeah, oh, oh. I like to think. I know how to look out for myself. I got ways and means to filter wrong guys out.

When the BS meter is slamming into the
red— I just walk away— coz I'm not interested— no, uh. And then I

13

met a boy who didn't hit on me. I did not suspect reverse psycho-

16

gy— You knew if you'd knocked I wouldn't have let you in— how'd you

19

get the code to my security system? I think some tricky angel just
knocked me on the head. Made me look at you different,

made me see some sense. Tricky angel got me falling

without my consent. And I'm so glad he did 'coz I didn't know

you were Heaven-sent. Uh, uh. I was
writing you off, making a huge mistake, his

intervention rescued us from fate. I don't know how, but somehow you got me down,

you just broke into me and ignored that it wasn't allowed. Someone's being

sneaky, sneaky, 'cos I'm so hard to please. I was so picky, picky, so Cupid
ticked the boxes for me. I think some tricky angel just

knocked me on the head. Made me look at you different,

made me see some sense. Tricky angel got me falling without my consent. And

I'm so glad he did 'coz I didn't know you were Heaven sent.
Under the radar, you slipped into my heart. You gave me a taste for what I didn't know that I wanted. When I wasn't looking, you did what I least expected, tip-toed in while I was sleeping, and I'm wide awake now. I think some tricky angel just
knocked me on the head. Made me look at you different, made me see some sense. Trick-y

angel got me fallin' without my consent. And

I'm so glad he did 'coz I didn't know you were Heaven sent. I

think some tricky angel just knocked me on the head.
Made me look at you different,
made me see some sense.
Tricky

angel got me fallin' without my consent.

I'm so glad he did coz I didn't know you were Heaven sent.
Tricky

angel got me falling and I'm so glad he did.
WHEN YOU KNOW YOU KNOW

Words and Music by Natasha Bedingfield, Danielle Brisebois,
Wayne Rodrigues, Larry Blackmon, Zelda Black

Bmaj7

F7sus4

You taught me a lesson about love today.

Bmaj7

F7sus4

Uh...uh, yeah. Mmm.

Bmaj7

F7sus4

I. Love is not a castle in the clouds, 'coz when there's a storm it'll all come...
crash - in' down.  I'd rath-er find it like a pen-ny on the ground— 'coz that's

some-thin' I can keep, and car-ry a-round. Truth is not a feath-er blow-in' round in the

wind. It's that jump in your heart, goose-bumps on your skin. Just

pinch me if it's real-ly hap-pen-ing 'coz I'm more a-wake than I've ev-er been, and you're the one
from my dream. You're out of my mind and into my heart. You're more than a feeling.

more than I could have thought. I can't deny, I can't say love never comes. All I know is when you know, you know. And I just know that love has come.

in the form of you.
now I'd point to you, as hard-core evidence. You're proof that you don't have to understand. You can still fall into the right hands.

You're the one in my dreams. You're out of my mind and into my heart. You're more than a feeling. more than I could have thought. I can't deny, I can't say
love never comes. All I know is when you know, you know._

I was a doubter, a typical, 'won't believe 'til I see'.

Oh, so grounded to think that someone like you couldn't

Out of my mind and into my heart. You're more than a feeling, more than I could have thought.
I can't deny, I can't say love never comes. All I know is when you know, you know...

Out of my mind and into my heart. You're more than a feelin',

more than I could have thought. I can't deny, can't say love never comes. All I know is when you know, you know... And I just know...
I THINK THEY’RE THINKING

Words and Music by Natasha Bedingfield and Greg Kurstin

Hate those times when the mirror’s not my friend.

Everything I see in it offends.

Talkin’ back at me I swear it says

All the things I think they’re thinkin’ all the things I think they’re thinkin’ a-

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-bout me.

On rainy days, when there's absolutely nothin' to do, but stay inside, bite my nails and chew... I'm all the things, I'd rather not think about think-in', all the things I think they're think-in'.
(NO MORE) WHAT IF$$

Words and Music by Natasha Bedingfield, Andrew Frampton,
Stephen Kipner and Jeffers Jihan

Medium R & B  J = 98

Dm  Gm  Dm  A7

Let's go.

C-mon. C-mon. 1. All the could bees buzz in' round, my mind a thousand tiny clouds.

Dm  Gm

and now I can - not see the sun.

Dm  A7  Dm

All the wor - ries on my list.

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second guess in' what I see. There is you... and there is me... No what ifs.

Not cross'in' fingers, knock'in' wood; 'coz worryin' about it could... spoil the moment when it's good... No more what ifs, could bes, one days, if...
N.C.

2. The intro's loop ing on and on,

---

don't really get to feel the song when it's only playing in my head.

---

If I don't listen with my heart, trust my instincts from the start,

---

then I'm as dumb, as dumb can get... So I'm not
jinx - ing. I'm not jinx - ing what could be: sec - ond guess - in' what I see.

There is you and there is me. No what ifs.

Not cross - in' fing - ers, knock - in' wood: 'coz worry - in' a - bout it could...

spoil the mo - ment when it's good. No more what ifs, could be, one days, if
on - lys.

Looked in my eyes, made my heart skip. Knew I would - n't
take no from there, on - ly right that we would start this. I'm not really sure what we would call it, but let's not give it
names, would - n't care, you're mine re - gard - less, I'm all in. Ba - by in the crib, look at how we live,
hap - pi - ly for ev - er af - ter that's just what it is. And I know I should - n't do that, I'm on - ly caus - in' stress.
know I should just let it flow, I know that's for the best. And trust, I'm tryin' y'all, tryin' to stop my brain from

makin' up a future that could cause me pain, so I'm a get my head out the fantasy, all we got is

now, ain't it good, I ain't gonna let it bother me.

It's not

over, till it's over. Because today is trouble enough.
leave tomorrow 'til tomorrow... 'til tomorrow... I'm not jinxing what could be; second guessin' what I see.

There is you and there is me. No what ifs. Not crossin' fingers, knockin' wood;

coz worrying about it could spoil the moment when it's good.
No more what ifs, could be, one days, if only.
No more what ifs, could be, one days, if only.

What if I've lost you with all these what ifs?
NOT GIVIN' UP

Words and Music by Natasha Bedingfield, Stephen Kipner and Nate Hills

Electro-Pop \( \frac{d}{d} = 132 \)

Fm

D\(^{b}\)maj\(^{7}\)

C

N.C. \( \frac{3}{2} \)

Mm.

Rub-bing salt in my

wounds like it don't hurt, like it don't hurt me...

Your sweet bit-ter love-songs, that se-duce me with a
Is there anything else you need help with?
when I'm so in love with you?

Oh yeah yeah. Oh oh oh, I don't know what we argue about,

oh oh oh when all we do is scream and shout. I still believe in our love right now, and it's gonna work somehow. You and me we got common ground. I'm not givin' up, no.
2. Are you look-in' for a way out—are you look-in' for an exit door?

It seems like all the fuss you're makin' is a sign

that you're not quite sure. Well, I don't recommend you do, 'coz

what we got's too good to lose, an' I can tell you know it too—or is it just aggra-
-va-tion? You're pick-in' on me. You're rub-bing salt in my wounds.

How can I stay mad with you,

when I'm so in love with you?

Oh yeah yeah. Oh oh oh, I don't know what we argue about,
oh, oh, oh, when all we do is scream and shout. I still believe in our love right now, and it's gonna work out somehow. You and me, we got common ground, I'm not giving up, no.

Maybe just a kind word now and then could turn it around and make us a happy end. But if this is it, and the moment is gone, well then I...
_guess I must-a just got it wrong._ As wise as it sounds, it just does-

- n't make sense, and as long as it takes I'm gonna keep on try - in'. Oh_

_Coz I'm not giv-in' up on us._ No, no.

D.S al Coda

I'm not giv-in' up, no.

Coda

No way.
I'm not giv- in' up, no.

No way. I'm not giv- in' up, no.
STILL HERE

Words and Music by Diane Warren

Ballad  \( \text{\textit{d}} = 54 \)

\begin{align*}
\text{Am} & \quad \text{F} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{F} \\
\text{Am} & \quad \text{F} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{F} \\
1. \text{You looked at me and saw what I never could see.} & \\
\text{Am} & \quad \text{F} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{F} \\
You made me be more than I thought I could ever be. & \quad \text{And when I}
\end{align*}
needed a friend, you were always there to lift me up, to make me strong.

You're not gone, you're still here.

with me all the time. You're still here.

when I close my eyes, I still see you, I still feel you, and we'll
neve r be_a par t  neve r be_a par t  neve r be_a par t  neve r be_a par t
You're still here, You're still here, You're still here, You're still here in my heart
still here in my heart, still here in my heart, still here in my heart, still here in my heart

in my heart, in my heart, in my heart, in my heart

2. Be-cause of you I knew how it felt to be-

loved, loved, loved, loved

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, You made me feel beau ti ful, 'coz

you be lieved I was, you be lieved I was, you be lieved I was, you be lieved I was
And I will nev er for get, how you And I will nev er for get, how you And I will nev er for get, how you And I will nev er for get, how you
touched my life, you made me feel like I belong.

You'll live on, you're in my life. You'll be part of me.

I'll just think of you and you'll still be, ah, you'll still be here.
still here. You're with me all the time. You'll still be here. Oh, still here. When I close my eyes.

I still see you, I still feel you, and we'll never be apart. You're still here in my heart.
I still see you, I still feel you...
and we'll never be a part...

You're still here in my heart...
in my heart...
in my heart...

In my heart, yeah.
SMELL THE ROSES

Words and Music by Natasha Bedingfield, Andrew Frampton,
Stephen Kipner and Wayne Wilkins

Medium Pop \( \text{d} = 65 \)

\[ \text{A}\text{maj}^7 \quad \text{E}\text{maj}^7 \quad \text{A}\text{maj}^7 \quad \text{Gm}^7 \]

Do do, do do, do do. Do do, do do, do do, do do.

\[ \text{A}\text{maj}^7 \quad \text{E}\text{maj}^7 \quad \text{A}\text{maj}^7 \quad \text{Gm}^7 \]

Do do, do do, do do. Do do, do do, do do, do do.

\[ \text{A}\text{maj}^7 \quad \text{E}\text{maj}^7 \quad \text{A}\text{maj}^7 \quad \text{Gm}^7 \]

1. I've been liv'lin' in a room with-out win-dows,... a-way from the sun, no...
oxygen

I couldn't tell if it was day or night.

Away from the sun,
growin' nowhere fast.
Rushin' along on the pavement,
don't even look at the people's faces,
going places.

When an old man said, stop,
you nearly stepped on a flower growing through the cracks, and you
24
did - n't e - ven no - tice.  
Wake - up, smell the ros - es.

27
Life is hap - ping and you don't know - it.  
Wake up,

30
Take a mo - ment.  
Grab it in - your hands... and own - it.

33
Do do, do do, do do.  
Do do, do do, do do.
2. I **re-a-lise** our love is like that flower. Been neglect ing the thing most.

precious to me. You've been talking but I haven't been listening.

Static in the noise been drowning you out. I so want to be in the future,

that I keep tripping over my own shoe laces in these human races, and I'm
brought back to now and the volume goes down. There's peace in his words as

loud as a shout, sayin', wake up— smell the roses.

Life is happening and you don't know it. Wake up,

take a moment. Grab it in your hands and own it.
Like your birthday
I forgot,
I was with you,

but I was not... really there...
Snap your fingers, that's your life,

not gonna let it pass me by, no. When an old man said, stop, you

nearly stepped... on a flower
growing through the cracks and you didn't even notice.
Wake up, smell the roses. Life is happening and you don't know it.

Wake up, take a moment. Grab it in your hands and own it.

Do do, do do, do do. Do do, do do, do do, do do.

Do do, do do, do do. Do do, do do, do do, do do.
LOVED BY YOU

Words and Music by Natasha Bedingfield

Tenderly \( \text{\textit{BPM}} = 118 \)

\( \text{Em} \quad \text{Gmaj7/B} \quad \text{Cadd9} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{Gmaj7/B} \quad \text{Cadd9} \)

\( \text{G} \)

Do I look different?

Wouldn't be surprised if I did.

\( \text{Dm}^\flat \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Dm}^\flat \)

\( \text{Coz it isn't that often} \)

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G
that someone affects me quite like this. And there's only one to blame that I've

Cm
been all rearranged, but if it's show'in' on my face that's because...

G
Somebody loves me more than I thought was possible.

D/F#
Somebody's changed me, and it's you that's responsible. Gave me your heart, don't need
any more evidence that I'm loved.

Somebody gets me, and it's not just coincidence. Somebody's for me, and it makes all the difference. You gave me your heart, don't need any more evidence.

To Coda
Mm.  
'Coz I'm changed _ for the better.
I'm changed _ for good.
I'm changed _

for the better.  I am changed _ for good.

The world's lookin' sunny _
'cause that's what you do for me.

Coda

I'm loved by you.

Ah, mm.
LAY DOWN

Words and Music by Natasha Bedingfield and David Tench

Slow Rock  \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{b}} = 92 \)

\( Cm^6 \)

1. Speechless, but the answer's in my mouth.
2. Cracking, my defences breaking down.

Breathless, the emotion's seeping out beyond my control.

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You spoke to my silence, why so cold?

You won't take no answer.

You ask for peace. I give you war. While you let go, I hold too tightly.

I take my aim, you hit the floor. I'm not ready to lay down my arms.

I didn't know I was
miss-in', not till you lost, and I, won. You

made me realise my incompleteness alone. can no longer live by candle light, when you

show me the sun. Oh.

You ask for peace, I give you war. While you let go, I
hold too tightly. I take my aim, you hit the floor. I'm not

ready to lay down my arms.

While you let go, I hold on tightly. Oh... I take my aim... you

hit the floor. I'm not ready to lay down my arms.