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HARLEM'S NOCTURNE

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS

Freely, expressively

Original key: G# minor. This edition has been transposed down one half-step to be more playable.
Moderately, steadily

Gm

Yeah.

Gm

Yeah.

Spoken: Come in for a minute.

Welcome back
It's just me and you in this room right now.

There's so many things that are on my mind.

Song: Uh, yeah.

Spoken: Sometimes that's hard to say.

That's why I take all I've got.
that's why I take all I have,

and I put it into this,

put it right here in my diary.

Sung: Can you feel it?

Uh, uh.

Spoken: Take this journey with me.
Moderately slow

Weren't you the one that said that you don't want me anymore.
And when you came home you'd always have some sorry excuse.
and how you need your space
and explainin' to me, like I'm just some kind of a fool.

And how I cried, and tried and tried to make you stay with me.
I sacrificed the things I wanted to do things for you.

But still you said that love was gone and that I had to leave.
But when it's time to do for me, you never come through.

(Now)

talkin' 'bout a family
I wanna be a part of me.

(Now)
Dm

down.) Now who’s cryin’, desirin’ to come back to me?

C  Dm
(What goes around comes around; what goes up must come

Dm

down.) Now who’s cryin’, desirin’ to come back?

N.C.

I remember when I was sit-in’ home a-lone, waitin’ for you ’til three o’clock in the morn.
I remember when I was sit-ting home a-lone, wait-in' for you 'til three o'-clock in the morn.

Night after night, know-in' some-thing go-in' on. Wasn't home be-fore I be-go-in', go-in' gone.

Lord knows, it wasn't eas-y, be-ieve me. Nev-er thought you'd be the one that would de-ceive me

and never do what you sup-posed to do. No need to hose me, fool, 'cause I'm o-ver you... 'Cause
(What goes a-round comes a-round; what goes up must come down.)

Now who's cryin', de-sire-1 to come back to me?

(1, 2.) (What goes a-round comes a-round; what goes up must come down.)

Got- tu stop try'n' to come back to me.
down.) Now who's cryin', desirin' to come back to me?
HEARTBURN

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS,
ERIKA ROSE, WALTER WORTH MILLSAP,
CANDICE NELSON and TIMOTHY Z. MOSLEY

Moderately fast

Come on... (Uh, oh, oh.) Tem-po. (Uh, oh, oh.) A. Keys, (Uh, oh,

oh.) let's go. (Uh, oh, oh.) Let me. (Uh, oh,

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oh.) Let me, let me, let me tell you some thin’ (tell you

how I feel when he comes a-round, I get to

feel in’ ill. It’s a ach’v feel in’ in-

side my chest. It’s like I’m go-in’ in to car-di-

...
Call the fire department (Heartburn.)

It's out of control (Heartburn.)

You got me

trip-pin', slip-pin', get-tin' beside myself. I tried some

medication, but don't nothin' help. So I said.
"Doctor, doctor, tell me, will I die?" And he said,

"Count to five, Alicia, and I'll see if you be all right. Let's go.

D.S. al Coda

One, Two, Three, Four. (A-

Taste so good, I can't resist. (Whoa, whoa,)

Coda
Get-tin' harder to digest. (Whoa, whoa.) (Can't)
take no more. Got ta shake it off. (Whoa.) Now break it down and take it to the ground— with me now. Ev'ry-bod-y say,

Oh, Oh— (Uh, oh, oh.) Oh— (Uh, oh, oh.) Whoa— (Uh, eh, Lead vocal ad lib.)
(Shake it, shake it, shake it off.)

Go 'head, girl...

Ooh...
man, you'd have no other woman; you'd be weak as a lamb.

If you had the strength to walk out my door,

my love would overrule my sense, and I'd call you back for more.

If I was your woman, if I was your
and you were my man.

She tears you down, darlin'.

sings nothing at all, but I'll pick you up, darlin'.

when she lets you go, 'cause you're like a diamond.
Em7
but she treats you like glass,
you beg her to love you.

Am7

but me you won't ask. If I were your woman, if I were your

Am9/5

woman, if I were your woman here's what I'd

G/C

do: Whispered: (What would you do?) I'd never, never, no, no, stop loving
G

you.

G

Yeah.

Em7

C#dim7

Life is so crazy, and love is unkind.

G/D

Em7

Because she was first, darlin', will she hang on your mind?
If I were your

(If I were your woman.)

(If I were your woman.)

(If I were your woman.)
YOU DON'T KNOW MY NAME

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS, KANYE OMARI WEST, HAROLD SPENCER LILLY, J.R. BAILEY, MEL KENT and KEN WILLIAMS

Moderately

Moderately

Ba - by, ba - by, ba - by, from the day I saw you...
Ba - by, ba - by, ba - by, I see us on our first dance.

I real - ly, real - ly want to catch your eye.
you do - in' ev - ry - thing to make me smile.

There's some - thing spe - cial 'bout you...
And when we had our first kiss, I must real - ly like you...

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'cause not a lot of guys are worth my time.
and ooh, it set my soul on fire.

Ooh, baby, baby, baby, it's gettin' kind of crazy.
Ooh, baby, baby, baby, I can't wait for the first time.

'cause you are takin' over my mind.
My imagination's runnin' wild, and it feels like.

Amaj9

(You don't know my

oooh...
Bm9

name.)

I swear, it feels like.

Ama8

ooh.

(You don't know my

Bm9

('Round and 'round and 'round we go. Will you ever know?)

Ama9

Will you ever know?)

Spoken: I'm sayin,
("Round and round and round we go..."

(Will you ever know?)

Will you ever know it?

No, no, no, no.

No, no, no.

Will you ever know it?

Spoken: (See additional lyrics)
(See additional lyrics)

Sung: And it feels... like,

(ooh.)

(You don't know my
Additional Lyrics:

Well, I'm gonna have to just go ahead and call this boy.
Hello? Can I speak to, to Michael?
Oh, hey, how you doing?
Uh, I feel kind of silly doing this, but, uh, this is the waxress from the coffee house on thirty-ninth and Lennox.
You know, the one with the braids? Yeah.
Well, I see you on Wednesdays all the time.
You come in every Wednesday on your lunch break, I think, and you always order the special, with the hot chocolate.
My manager be trippin' and stuff, talkin' about, we gotta use water, but I always use some milk and cream for you 'cause I think you're kind of sweet (laughs).

Anyway, you always got on some fly blue suit and your cufflinks are shining all bright.
So, what you do? Oh, word? Yeah, that's interesting.
Look, man, I mean, I don't wanna waste your time, but I know girls don't usually do this, but I was wondering if maybe we could get together outside the restaurant one day?
You know, 'cause I do look a little different outside my work clothes, and,
I mean, we could just go across the street to the park, right here, Wait, hold up. My cell phone's breaking up.
Hold up. Can you hear me now?
Yeah, so what day did you say?
Oh yeah, Thursday's perfect, man.
Some people live for the prom ises
for the young.

You know.
Some people live for the power.

Yeah.

Some people live just to play the game.

Some people lose them.

Some people lose me the

Hand

Think that the invisible things demand

On a silver platter,

World
Cmaj7

want it all, but I don't want nothin' at all

Bm7

if it ain't you, baby, if I ain't got

Am7

you, baby. Some people want diamond rings;

Cmaj7

some just want everything, but everything means

Bm7

Bbm7
Am7

noth-in' if I ain't got you.

Gmaj7

D.S. al Coda

yeah you you you Some people

Coda Gmaj7

you yeah

Cmaj7

Bm7

If I ain't got you with me,
Am7  Gmaj7

ba-by _

Said, noth-in' in this

Gmaj7  B7  Bb7

whole wide world don't mean a thing _
if I ain't got you with me.

Am7  Gmaj7

ba-by _

Freely

Sut...
DIARY

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS
and KERRY BROTHERS, JR.

Moderately

Am

En7

Dm7

Am

En7

F

Am

En7

Dm7

En7

Fm

Am

En7

Dm7

Am

En7

Dm7

* Lay your head on my pillow
I feel such a connection.

Original key: C minor. This edition has been transposed up one half-step to be more playable.  
*1st time: Lead vocal sung one octave lower than written.
secrets.

Just think of me as the pa-

ges in your diary.

to Coda

Spoken: "Only we know what is talked about.

(You know what?)"
Am  
Em7  
Dm7  
Am

I won't tell... (I won't tell)... I won't tell...

Em7  
F  
Am

(l won't tell) I won't tell (I won't tell)

Em7  
Am

crets, your se -crets. Break it down.

Em7  
Dm7  
Am

Em7  
F
DRAGON DAYS

Words and Music by
ALICIA KEYS

Moderately slow

NC.

Like a damsel in distress, I'm stressing you.

My
cas-tle be-came a dun - geon, 'cause I'm long - in' for you. (Long-in' for you, babe.)

Feelin' strong for you. You're my knight in shin-in' armor. See your

face in a sil-ver moon... oh, no, o-ver the la-goo, and it feels like

dra-gon's eyes... (And the fire's hot.) Like the des-ert needs wa-

...
(Tock, tick.) dragon days... (And the fire's hot.) Like the desert needs water. (I need you a lot.)

Dragon days... I need to be saved...

I'm missing you. (And the days drag)
(Bbm) on and on, don't you wanna play?

Ebm7 D-R-A-G-O-N days got me


Bbm
on and on...

Lead vocal ad lib. to end

Play 4 times

Repeat ad lib. and fade
WAKE UP

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS
and KERRY BROTHERS, JR.

Moderately slow, expressively

Steadily

You used to be my closest ally

in this cold cold world

Did this cold cold world

of deception and lies

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We would defend and protect one another.
Now all I battle is your ego and your pride.

Bm7
Em7

now I can't tell if we're enemies
It's tick-ki' like a time bomb ready to ignite.
Or lovers, hurtin' me to fight. So

F#m7
Em7
F#m7
Em7

who's gonna rescue us from ourselves?
When we gonna

Dmaj7
Gmaj7
Dmaj7
Gmaj7

wake up, baby?
It's time for lovin'.
When we gonna
Wake up, my baby, before it's too late? Oh,

Baby, where did we go wrong, baby?

Fmaj7

Before it's too late? When gonna wake up, baby? It's

Dmaj7

Time for lovin'. When gonna wake up, my baby, be-
For it's too late?
When the smoke clears - what will be

left for us but tears and pain?
Why must we argue over the same things, just to

make up and go back again?
It's never too late. Livin' too long, can't get it

right when no one thinks they're wrong.
Gotta get out of bed and take a look at what's
wake up? (Wake up.) When we gon-na take a look and see (Wake up.) what's

go-in' on, (Wake up.) what's go-in' on? (Wake up.) Seems we're wast-

in' so mu-h time, (Wake up.) and we're 'bout to

lose it all. (Wake up.) Oh, ba-by, ba-by, ba-by. (Wake up.) said I
En7

need you, ba - by.

Oh, I need my ba - by house.

Bring my ba -

En7

by back to me.

(Wake up.)

En7

(Wake up.)

En7

(Wake up.)

(Bm7)

(Wake up.)

(Bm7)

(Wake up.)
SO SIMPLE

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS, HAROLD LILLY JR., ANDRE HARRIS and VIDAL DAVIS

Moderately

F#m7

It would be,

C#m7

it would be, it would be so simple.

Bm7

What it is ain't

F#m7

what it was.

Bm9

What should it be when it hows.

Bm7

What should it be when it hows.
Cm7

Ben7/C♯

F♯m7

comes to you? And how it seems not be.

comes to you and I find myself not be.

Ben9

B♭m9

There's been a change in my self...

just to a void.

Cm7

Ben7/C♯

F♯m7

when it comes to me and all this confrontation with me.

all this confrontation with me.

Ben9

add 3

baby, me.

baby, me.

Oh, may be we can try an-

Oh, may be we can try an-

Oh, may be we can try any-

Ben9

add 3

baby, me.

baby, me.

Oh, may be we can try any-

Oh, may be we can try any-

Oh, may be we can try any-
(Meet you a-gain.)

(C#m7)

(C-cause I would love you a-gain.)

(Bbm7/C)

(Hold you a-gain.)

(Bbm7)

(Need you a-gain.)

(Bbm9)

(It would be, it would be.)
could it be, could it be so sim - ple? Now it's hard - ly sim -
ple. it's just sim - ply could it be, could it be so sim -
ple? Don't you know that it would be, don't you know that it would be.

Don't you know that it would be, it would be.
(Meet you a - gain.) (Meet you a - gain.)
It would be, it would be so simple.

('Cause I would love you again.)

(Need you again.)

(Hold you again.)

It would be, it would be, could it be, could it be so sim-
Yeah, we got the up rap, do it like this, don't stop.
Spoken: Yeah, we gotta go now.

That was right on.

Optional Ending

Repeat and fade
WHEN YOU REALLY LOVE SOMEONE

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS
and KERRY BROTHERS, JR.

Moderately

Em

I'm a woman,.

real

man.

Am7

and

Lord

and

Lord

BmC

knows it's

hard.

knows it's

hard.

I need a

real

man

to give me

Some-times you

just

need

a

Em

what I need

woman's

touch.

Sweet at - ten - tion,

Sweet af - fection,
take you higher (when the world got you feelin' low).

(He's giving you his last, 'cause he's thinkin' of you first,
She's giving you her best, even when you're at your worst.

giving comfort when he's thinkin' that you're hurt,
giving comfort when she's thinkin' that you're hurt.

That's what's done when you really love someone (I'm
tell-in' y'all.) I'm tell-in' y'all. 'Cause you're a tell-in' y'all. Whoo...

whooo.. whooo.. Whoo.. whooo.. whooo.. whooo.. whooo..

Bm7

Whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop 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Sometimes you wanna argue, some

whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoop whoo

Some times you wanna argue, some
sometimes you wanna fight, sometimes it's gonna feel like it'll never be right, but

some-thin' so strong... if you're hold-in' on... it don't make sense... but it

make a good song... 'Cause a man just ain't a man... if he ain't man-enough

love you when you're right... love you when you're wrong... love you when you're weak...
FEELING U, FEELING ME
(Interlude)

Moderately

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS

Am9          F6/9         Dm9

En7          Am9          F6/9         Dm9

En7          E7/9         Am9          F6/9         Dm9

Original key: G# minor. This edition has been transposed up one half-step to be more playable.

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Do you.

Ooh, you. Two hour long conversation.

...tions on the phone, can't get you out of my mind.

Baby, are you feelin' me feelin' you?
SLOW DOWN

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS, L. GREEN and ENKA ROSE

Moderately slow

Bm7

Em7

Ooh, ba-bby, there's some-thing that I've got ta tell-

you.

Pain that you should know what's on-

er.

My... me... shi-la ob-lon-ga-ta... is e-lee-

Lead vocal written one octave higher than sung.

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Em7

but before we go too

far I cross

Em

Am

one line you gotta really make sure that I'm sure

Em7

Bm7

Slow down, babe, let's take

our time.

Slow down, babe, if
See, I know what is best, 'cause I've been here before, gave my self to someone for all the wrong reasons.

But this time around, I don't wanna do that again, I just wanna...
Bbm7

[Music notation]

make this the way that I've dreamed of. So baby, you've got to

Bbm7

now down, babe, (I'm feeling you.) (you're feeling me, too,

Em7

slow down, but before we make this move, no, it's really too soon.

Em7

slow down, baby, if you don't mind.

Bbm7

Slow down, babe, (Slow down, baby, you've got to slow down, baby.)

Bbm7

Slew down, babe, for we make this move.
Slow down, baby, slow down.

'vecause before we make this move, I think it's really too soon.

Yeah.) Whispered: Slow down. You've got to slow down. You've got to slow down.

Baby, slow down. You've got to slow down. You've got to slow down.

Vocal 1st time only

Optional Ending

Repeat and Fade

Slow down. You've got to slow down.
SAMSONITE MAN

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS and ERIKA ROSE

Slowly in 2

Am7  Fmaj9
I don't want to do

C  Am7  Fmaj9
this over and over

F  C  Am7
He's a man so full of style
Maybe he is just a roll

Original key: G minor. This edition has been transposed up one half-step to be more playable.

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and grace, any woman be impressed.

Takes a smile and paints it on your face,

search in for a place to call his own.

You wonder if he even cares.

promises things so special.

So many years of heartache and pain.
seems to come right from a song.
is all you seem to know him for.

Am7

Soon as you begin to feel secure, yeah,
Is x you or is it he to blame

G

you turn around and be is gone.
when ever he walks out your door?

F

(Pack-in' his bags, got ta go, got ta go, pack-in' his bags, got ta go.) He's a Samson-ite

E7
(2.) Where you always runnin’ to?

Away from me?

If the wind blows you in my direction, you come through so rendezvous, for...
get a-bout your good in-tent-ions; you leave me lone-ly and con-fused. Mis-ter

Sam-son-ite, pack your bag. And that is my sug-ges-tion. From

here on out, you will be leav-in' at my dis-cre-tion, yeah.
Doo, doo doo, doo da da da. Said I know the game, baby.

Am7

and it'll never be the same. No, no, no, no, no.

no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.

'cause now I've got him.

(Pack-in' his bags, got-ta go, got-ta go, pack-in' his bags, got-ta go.)
(Pack-in' his bags, got-to go, got-to go, pack-in' his bags, got-to go.) He's a Sun-som-

(Man, Why don't you just go,)

yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, whoa, whoa, yeah,
Am7

Yeah.

You can’t hurt me no more, baby.

Abmaj7  Gm7  Fmaj7

You can’t touch me.

Am7

You can’t hurt me no more, baby.

Abmaj7  Gm7  Fmaj7

Got ta go, got ta go.
(Spoken): Pack your bag.

Pack it up. You got to go. Hit the road, Jack.

(1.) You ain't got to go home, but you got to get the hell out of here.
(2., 3., 4., . . . ) Lead vocal ad lib (Spoken)

Optioned Ending

Repeat and Fade
N O B O D Y  N O T  R E A L L Y

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS
and TANEISHA SMITH

Moderately

Am9

Em7

Dm7

C#m7

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Who really cares?

Who really cares when I
Em7

as more than just a hopeless cause?

Fmaj7

May be the world is not my block, my

Em9

stoop, my life, my dreams, my

Dm7

A/B Bb9

an - y thing... an - y thing
Who wants to help?

Mama, but she's so tired?

Papa? But you're not here. All alone

_in a big empty space_ with (no body, not really).

(88b) .

(88b) .

Am9

Fm9

Cm7