EYES LIKE YOURS  
(Ojos Asi)

Words by SHAKIRA  
and GLORIA M. ESTEFAN  
Music by SHAKIRA,  
JAVIER GARZA and PABLO FLORE

Freely

Moderately, with a beat

N.C.

Original key: C major. This edition has been transposed down one half-step to be more playable.
Oh, you know I have seen a sky without sun, a man with no name.
Oh, you know I have seen a woman of means in rags and begging for pleasure.
saints captive in chains, a song with no name.
crossed a river of salt just after I rode.

for lack of imagination.
a ship that’s sunk in the desert.

(Ya he, ya he, ya la he.) And I have seen, darker than ebony...
(Ya he, ya he, ya la he.) And now it seems that I with -

out your eyes could nev - er be. My one de - sire, all I as - pire -

is in your eyes for - ev - er to live. Trave-led all o - ver the sev - en o - ceans;

there is noth-ing that I would - n't give. Came from Bah - rain, got to Bei - rut
looking for someone comparing to you. Tear ing down windows and doors, and

I could not find eyes like yours. Rab-boo-sa-mai fi-kar-ra-jaii.


Ar-jou-ka lab-bi lab-bi ni-dai. Came from Bah-rain, got to Bei-rut
looking for someone comparing to you.  Tear ing down windows and doors, and

I could not find eyes like yours. Uh huh, uh huh.
Ya he, ya he! Rabous sa mai fi kar rajai.
Fi a in ai ha aral ha ya ti. A zia ka min ha za I ka aou n:

Ar jou ka lab bi lab bi ni dai. Came from Bah rai n, got to Be ir u:

look ing for some one com par ing to you Tear ing down win dows and doors and

I could not find eyes like yours. My one de si re, all I aspire
is in your eyes forever to live. Traveled all over the seven oceans:

there is nothing that I wouldn't give. Came from Bahrain, got to Beirut

looking for someone comparing to you. Tearing down windows and doors, and

I could not find eyes like yours. Ooh.
Moderately

Tell me lies, slap me on the face. Just improvise,

God resigned from hearing my old story every night.

Do something really clever that'll make me hate your name for ev-

I'm paying hell for glory. I'm embarrassed, but I'm much more sor-

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You might swear
All this pain

you'd never touch a lady. Well, let me say you're not too far from maybe.
be-gins to feel like pleas-ure. With my tears, you'd make a sea a de-sert.

Every day you find new ways to hurt me.
Salt my wounds, and I'll keep say-ing, "Thank you."

But I can't help it if I'm just a fool, always hav-
- ing my heart set on you. Till the time you start chang - ing the rules.

I'll keep chas - ing the soles of your shoes. Ahh,

fool.

Guitar solo
But I can't help—

_Solo ends_

__it if I'm just a fool, always having my heart set on you.__

Till the time you start changing the rules, I'll keep chasing—

__the soles of your shoes._

Ahh,
Moderately fast Tango

Moderately fast Tango

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**Fast Rock**

1. It's not her fault that she's so irresistible.
2. Next to her cheap silicon I look minimal.

1. Nunca pensé que doliere al amor así.
2. Se que olvidarte no es así a to sense.

3. but all the damage she's
4. That's why in front of your
5. cuando se enterra en el
6. Te me clava en el

lla.
caused isn’t fixable.
eyes I’m invisible.
me-dio de un no y un sí.
cuer-po co-mo un cu-chi-llo.

Ev’ry twenty seconds you repeat her name,
But you gotta know small things all so count.
Es un di-a e-llay o-tro di-a yo.
Pe-ro to-do lo que en-tra ha de sa-lir.

when it comes to me,
bet-ter put your feet
ñas de jan-do sin
los que es-tán ten-drán

you don’t
on the
cor-a
que par-
care
if I'm a-live or
dead,

ground
and see what it's a-
bout,

zón
So ob-
jec-tion, I don't wan-

ná
tir
Ay te a-
vi-so y te a-nun-
cio que

em-pe-zan-do por
mi.

be the ex-
cep-
tion
to get a bit of your at-
ten-
tion. I

hoy
renun-
cio
a tus ne-
go-
cios su-
cios. Ya

love you
for free and

sa-
bes que es-
toy de

I'm not your moth-
...er,

va-
cu-
na-
da

but you don't

a prue-
ba

e-
ven both-
er. Ob-
jec-
tion,

de pa-
ta-
das. Por ti me que-
dé co-
mo Mo-
na Lis-
a,
No way, no, no, no, no, no.
I wish there was a chance for you and me.

No sé cómo se puede ya vivir.
I wish you couldn’t find a place to be.

A way from here.
A querien do a sí.
thet-ic and sar-don-ic. It’s sa-dis-tic and psy-chot-ic. Tan-go is
té-ti-co, neu-ró-tí-co, sa-tí-rí-co y si-có-tí-co. Tú
not for three, was nev-er meant to be. But you can
no lo ves el tan-go, no es de a tres. Ahi voy plane-
try it, re-hearse it, or train like a horse, but don’t you
be the exception to get a bit of your attention. I renuncio tus negocios sucios. Por

love you for free and I'm not your mother, but you don’t time que é como Mona Lisa, sin llanto y

even bother. Objection, I’m tired of this triangle, sin risa. Teviso que estoy de ti vacunada,

got dizzy dancing tango. I’m falling apart in your que no importa nada. Que el cielo y tu madre cui-
No way, I've got to get away.

Get away.

Get away.

Get away.

Uh, huh, huh, huh, uh, huh, uh, huh, uh, huh, uh, huh.
huh, huh, huh, huh.
Uh, huh, huh,

Uh, uh. Ay que el cielo tu madre cul-

hands again. Get away.

Me voy, oh, oh, oh. Ay, que el

Me voy será mejor así.
POEM TO A HORSE

Words by SHAKIRA
Music by SHAKIRA and LUIS F. OCHOA

Bm D G D Bm D

G F#7

Bm D G F#7

Bm D

You’re too far to bring you close.
I’d rather eat my soup with a fork.

Bm D G F#7

and too high to see below;
or drive a cab in New York;
just hang in’ on your daily.

G D

Bm D

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I know you never needed anyone
So what's the point of wasting all my words,

but the rolling papers for your grass
How can you give what you don't have?

You keep on aiming for the top
You keep on aiming for the top
cresc.

and quit before you sweat a drop
Feed your empty brain
with your hydroponic pot. You start out playing with yourself.
with your hydroponic pot. I'll bet you'll find someone like you.

You get more fun within your shell.
'cause there's a foot for every shoe, and

Nice to meet you, but I gotta go my way. I wish you luck, but I've other things to do. I'll leave again.
cresc.

'cause I've been waiting in vain. But you're so in
love with yourself. If I say my heart is sore,

sounds like a cheap metaphor, so I won't re-

peat it no more.

peat it no more. Ow!
'cause I've been waiting in vain.

If I say my heart is sore, sounds like a cheap metaphor.
I'll leave again.

'cause I've been waiting in vain. But you're so in love with yourself.

If I say my heart is sore.

Sounds like a cheap metaphor, so I won't repeat it no more.

molto rit.
QUE ME QUEDES TÚ

Moderately

Words by SHAKIRA
Music by SHAKIRA and LUIS F. OCHOA

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Que se arruinen los canales de noticias,
con lo mucho que odio,
Que desaparezcan todos los vecinos,
y se coman las sopes de mi inocencia.

la televisión.
Que se vuelvan anticuadas las sonrisas,
Que se vayan uno a uno los amigos,
y se extingan todas las puestas de sol,
Que se supri-
y acribillen mi pedazo de conciencia,
Que se consuman las doctrinas y deberes,
man las palas en los labios.
Que se terminen las películas de acción.
Que contaminen todo el agua del planeta.

Que se destruyan en el mundo,
O que renuncien los filántropos y sabios,

y que se escriba hoy una última canción.

Pero que me quedes el último poeta.
tú, me quede tu abrazo, y el beso que inventas cada día,
ay que me quede aquí después del ocaso. Para siempre tu
meancilia. Porque yo, yo, sí,
sí, que dependo de ti. Si me
- ay que me queda aquí después del ocaso. Para siempre tu

__me-lan-co-li-a. Por que yo, yo, sí,

sí, que dependo de tú. Si me

que-das tú, me queda la vida.

molt° rit. e dim.
READY FOR THE GOOD TIMES

Words by SHAKIRA
Music by SHAKIRA and LESTER A. MENDEZ

Moderate Dance tempo

I don’t wanna clear the cobwebs from my head.
I don’t wanna look at fashion magazines.
I believe in love, don't make me feel ashamed.

Other people live, frozen by the fear to fail.

I used to sing the saddest songs, and in the

'Cause every day there's a war to fight, and if I

mean-time reaches used to climb my door, falling back down

win or lose, never mind, as long as you're my shelter.
to the floor. I used to read survival guides when my
every night. I used to cry against a wall, but now I've

world was full of seven-legged cats, but here I am with
got a shoulder that I can lean on. Swear to me you

eight more lives. I'm ready for the good times, I'm ready for the good times,
won't be gone. I'm ready for the good times, I'm ready for the good times,

ready to get it on. I'm ready for the good times, I'm_
ready for the good times, now that I'm not alone, whoa.

Oh, oh, oh, oh. Oh, oh, oh, oh. Oh, oh, oh, oh, you know it.

Oh, oh, oh, oh. Oh, oh, oh, oh, you better not ignore it.

Ah, ah, ah, ah. Ah, ah, ah, ah. Ah, ah, ah, ah.
Ah, ah, ah, ah. **Guitar Solo**

Solo ends 'Cause every day there's a war to fight, and if I win or lose, never mind, as long as
you're my shelter every night. I used to cry against a wall, but now I've

__ got a shoulder that I can lean on__ Swear to me you won't be gone. I'm

ready for the good times, I'm ready for the good times, ready to get it on.

I'm ready for the good times, I'm ready for the good times,
now that I'm not alone, whoa.
Oh, oh, oh, oh.

Oh, oh, oh, oh, you know it.
Oh, oh, oh, oh, you better not

ignore it.
RULES

Words by SHAKIRA
Music by SHAKIRA and LESTER A. MENDEZ

Moderately fast Rock

Bb

f
(Drums)

Bb

F

Bb

F

Cm

You have to swear___you’ve got love___to love___me,___

I should see___a doctor,___
say, 'cause these are rules for us.
while before I change the rules.
Use your eyes

only to look at me.
Use your mouth only to kiss my lips.

We are branches of the same old tree.

You can laugh only if you laugh with me.
You can only cry for me. Don't forget

that you're condemned to me. Oh, can't you see

you always were,

you'll always be?
You used to say,
you always were,
you always
were?

aah, aah, aah.

So use your eyes
only to look at me. Use your mouth only to kiss my lips.

We are branches of the same old tree.

You can laugh only if you laugh with me.

You can cry only if you cry for me. Don't forget
TE DEJO MADRID

Words by SHAKIRA
Music by SHAKIRA, TIM MITCHELL
and GEORGE NOREIGA

Moderate Rock

N.C.

G

Si, ya es hora de esconder
del mundo el dolor

Em

Si, ya es hora de limpiar
las manchas de

Original key: B major. This edition has been transposed up one half-step to be more playable.
mu-y, mu-y lejos.

Ay me voy otra vez ahí te dejó Madrid.

Tus rutinas de piel y tus ganas de huir. Yo no quiero cobardes que me hagan sufrir. Mejor digo adiós a tu boca de anís.

N.C.
So I find a reason to shave my legs each single morning.

So I count on some-one Fri-day nights to take me danc-ing and then to church on Sun-days.
To plant more dreams
and some-day think of kids,
or

may-be just to save a little mon-ey.
You're the one I need.

The

way back home is always long
but if you're close to me I'm hold-ing on.

You're the one I need

My real life has just begun 'cause there's
nothing like your smile made of sun. In a world full of strangers, you're the one I know.

So I learn to cook and finally lose my kitchen phobia. So I've got the arms to cuddle in when there's a ghost or a muse.
that brings insomnia. To buy more things and

write more happy songs. It always takes a little help from someone.

You're the one I need. The way back home is always long, but

if you're close to me I'm holding on. You're the one I need.
My real life has just begun 'cause there's nothing like your smile made of sun.

You're the one I need. The way back home is always long, but
if you're close to me I'm holding on. You're the one I need. My

real life has just begun 'cause there's nothing like your smile made of sun.

(cresc.)

(You're the one I need, you're the one I need.)

With you my real life has just begun.
(You're the one I need, You're the one I need.)

Nothing like your smile made of sun.

Nothing like your love, nothing like your love.

Ah,

Nothing like your love.
Moderately slow

You're a song... written by the hands of God...
'Cause of you... I forgot the smart ways to lie.

Don't get me wrong... 'cause this might sound to you a bit odd.
Because of you... I'm running out of reasons to cry.

where all my thoughts go hiding.
Right under your clothes is

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where I'll find them. Underneath your clothes there's an endless story.

There's the man I chose. There's my territory and all the things I deserve for being such a good girl, honey.

Unto Coda
almost don’t believe it._ As ev’ry voice is hang-in’ from the silence,

lights are hang-in’ from the ceiling._ Like a lady tied to her manners, I’m
tied up to this feeling.
Underneath your clothes...

Underneath your clothes, ooh.
There's the man I chose.

There's my territory and all the things I deserve for being such a good girl, for being such a good girl.
WHENEVER, WHEREVER
(Suerte)

SUERTE
Words by SHAKIRA
Music by SHAKIRA and TIM MITCHELL

WHENEVER, WHEREVER
Words by SHAKIRA and GLORIA M. ESTEFAN
Music by SHAKIRA and TIM MITCHELL

Moderately fast

Lucky you were born that far away, so___
Lucky that my lips not only mumble___
Suerte que en el Sur hayas nacido___
Suerte que es tener labios sinceros___

we could both make fun of distance. Lucky that I love a foreign land for___
y they spill kisses like a fountain. Lucky that my breasts are small and humble___
Y que burlamos las distancias Suerte que es haber conocido___
Para besarte con más ganas Suerte que mis pechos sean pequeños___

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the lucky fact of your existence. Baby, I would climb the Andes, solely
so you don't confuse them with mountains. Lucky I have strong legs like my mother,

Y por ti amo tierras extrañas Yo puedo escalar Andes Solos,
Y no los confundas con montañas Suer te que heré dé las piernas firmes


to count the freckles on your body. Never could imagine there were only
to run for cover when I need it, and these two eyes that, for no other,

Por ir a contar tus lunas Conigo celebro sufrir todas
Para correr si un hecho falta y estos dos ojos que me dicen


ten million ways to love somebody. Le doh lo le le le
that when you leave will cry like rivers.

Mis alegrías y mis males
Que han de llorar cuándo te vas


le doh lo le le le
Can't you see
le ro lo le le le
At your feet,

Sa bes que
Es -
I'm at your feet. toy a tus pies
When ever, wher ever

we're meant to be to get her. I'll be there and you'll be near,
Que ro vi vir la vi da Y lo que me queda de vi da

and that's the deal, my dear. There o ver, here un der,
Que ro vi vir con ti go Con ti go mi vi da

you'll never have to wonder. We can always play by ear,
Que ro vi vir la vi da Y lo que me queda de vi da
but that's the deal, my dear.

Quiero vivir contigo

N.C.

Le doh lo le lo le

Think out loud,

sabes que

Es toy a tus pies
There's nothing left to fear
if you really feel the way
I feel.

There-o-ver, here-un-der, you've got me head o-ver heels.
Ya sa-bes mi vi-da, es-toy ha-s-ta el cu-e-lo por ti Y

si sien-tes al-go a-si, quie-ro que te que-des jun-to a

C#m  A  F#m  B  Cdim

C#m  A/C#  C#m/F#  B

N.C.