

# HURT

CHRISTINA AGUILERA  
Arr. by PIANOTRANScriBER

The first system of piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays a steady eighth-note pattern in the treble clef, while the left hand provides a simple bass line in the bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

The second system of piano accompaniment continues the eighth-note pattern in the right hand and the bass line in the left hand. The musical notation is consistent with the first system.

The third system of piano accompaniment includes the vocal line in the upper staff. The lyrics are: "Seems like it was \_\_\_ yes - ter-day \_\_\_ when I saw your face, \_\_\_ You told me how \_\_\_ proud \_\_\_". The piano accompaniment continues below.

The fourth system of piano accompaniment includes the vocal line in the upper staff. The lyrics are: "\_\_\_ you were \_\_\_ but I walked a - way, \_\_\_ If on-ly I \_\_\_ knew \_\_\_ what I know to - day, \_\_\_". The piano accompaniment continues below.

ooh, \_\_\_\_\_ ooh. \_\_\_\_\_

I would hold you in \_\_\_\_\_ my arms, \_\_\_\_\_ I would  
tell me I \_\_\_\_\_ was wrong, \_\_\_\_\_ Would you

take the pain \_\_\_\_\_ a-way, \_\_\_\_\_ Thank you for all you've done, \_\_\_\_\_ For - give all your \_\_\_\_\_ mistakes, \_\_\_\_\_ There's  
help me un - derstand, \_\_\_\_\_ Are you look - ing down up - on \_\_\_\_\_ me, Are you proud of who \_\_\_\_\_ I am, \_\_\_\_\_ There's

nothing I wouldn't do \_\_\_\_\_ to hear your voice \_\_\_\_\_ a - gain, \_\_\_\_\_ Some - times I want to call \_\_\_\_\_ you, But I  
nothing I wouldn't do \_\_\_\_\_ to have just one \_\_\_\_\_ more chance, \_\_\_\_\_ To look in-to \_\_\_\_\_ your eyes, \_\_\_\_\_ And

know you \_\_\_\_\_ won't be there. \_\_\_\_\_ Woah, \_\_\_\_\_ I'm sor - ry for \_\_\_\_\_ blam - ing \_\_\_\_\_ you,  
see you look - ing back. \_\_\_\_\_

oh, — for ev' - ry - thing — I just could-n't do, — And I've hurt — my -

self — by hurt - ing — you. Some days I feel — broke — in-side — but I won't ad-mit, —

Sometimes I just — want — to hide — 'cause it's you I miss, — And it's so hard to say — good-bye

— when it comes to this. Ooh, — ah, ah, oh, Would you

*D.S. al Coda*

self, \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, \_\_\_\_\_ If I had just one \_\_\_\_\_ more day \_\_\_\_\_ I would

3 3 3 3 3 3  
tell you how much that I've missed you since you've been a- way. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, \_\_\_\_\_ it's dan - ger - ous \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ and so out of line \_\_\_\_\_ to try and turn back \_\_\_\_\_

time. \_\_\_\_\_ I'm sor - ry for \_\_\_\_\_ blam - ing \_\_\_\_\_ you

for ev' - ry - thing \_\_\_\_\_ I just could-n't do, \_\_\_\_\_ And I've hurt \_\_\_\_\_ my -

- - self. \_\_\_\_\_

by hurt - - - - ing \_\_\_\_\_ you.