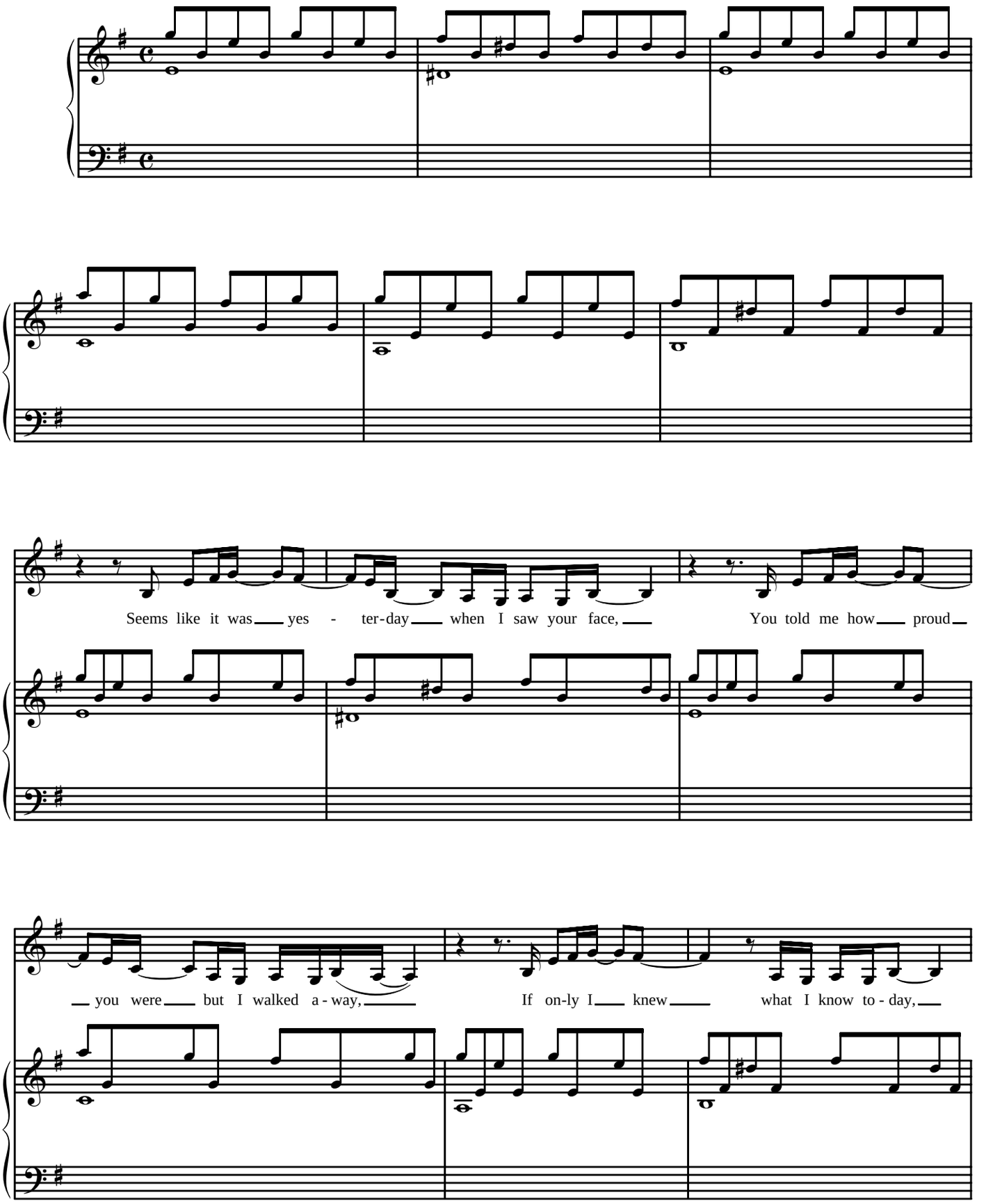
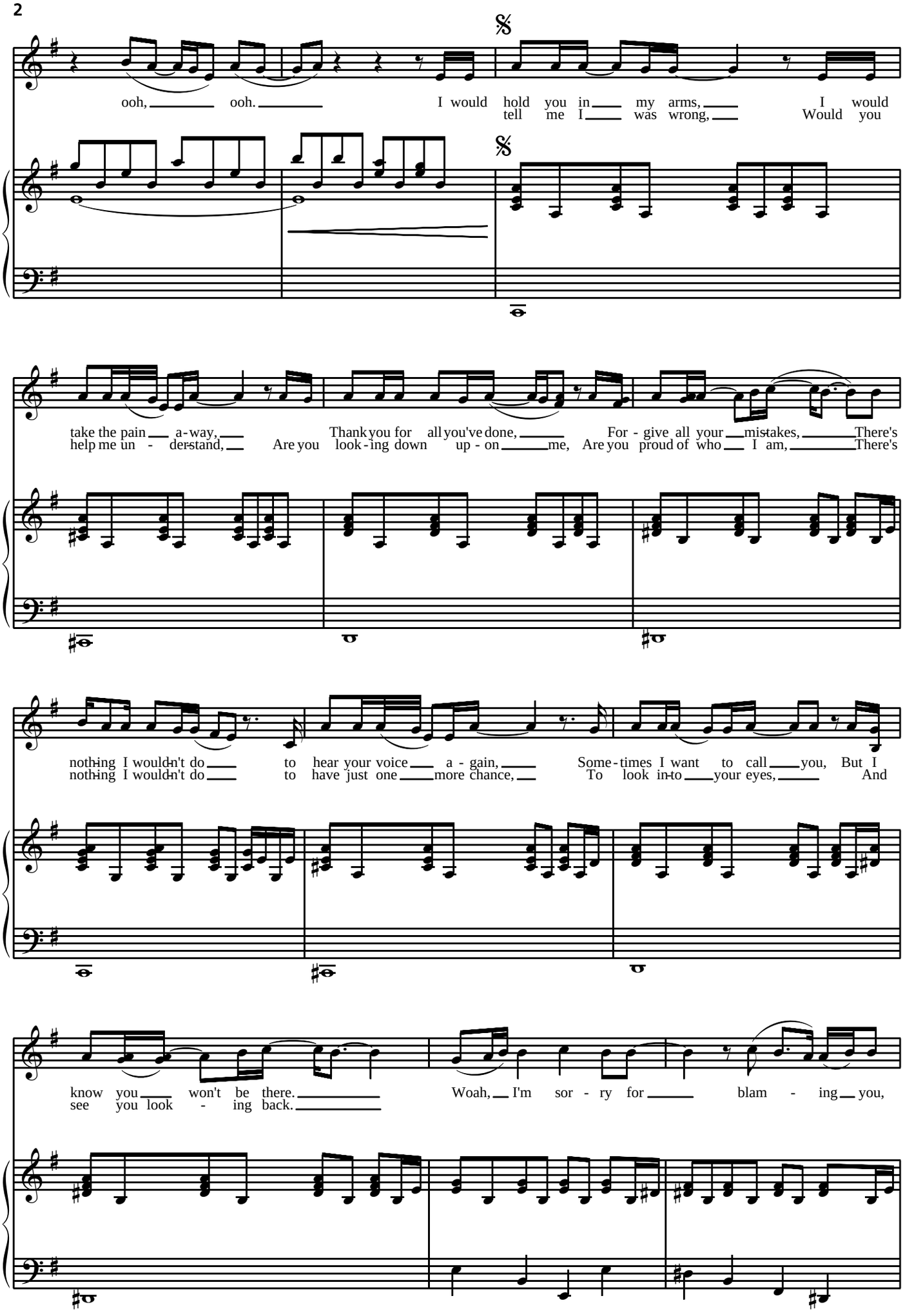
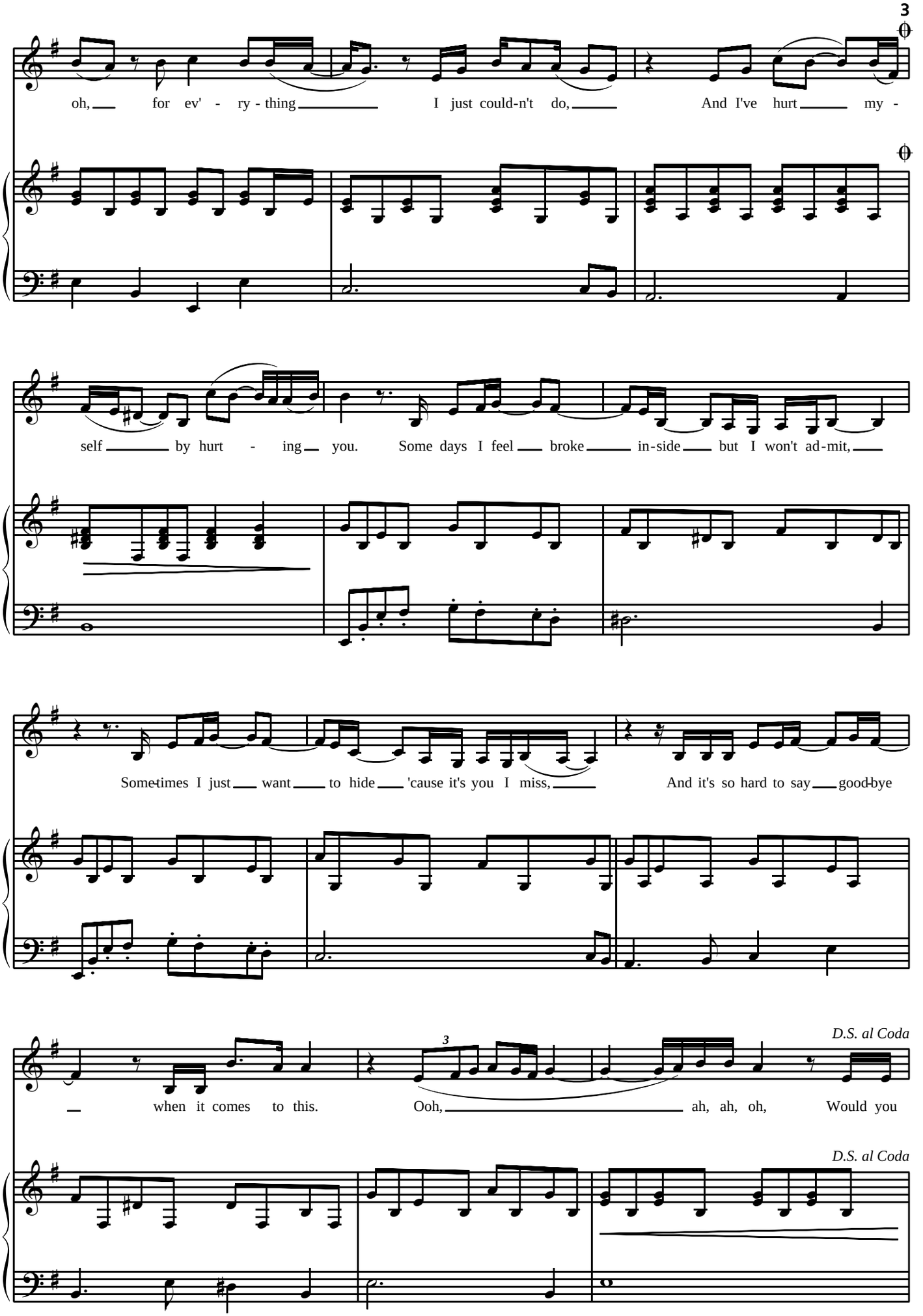
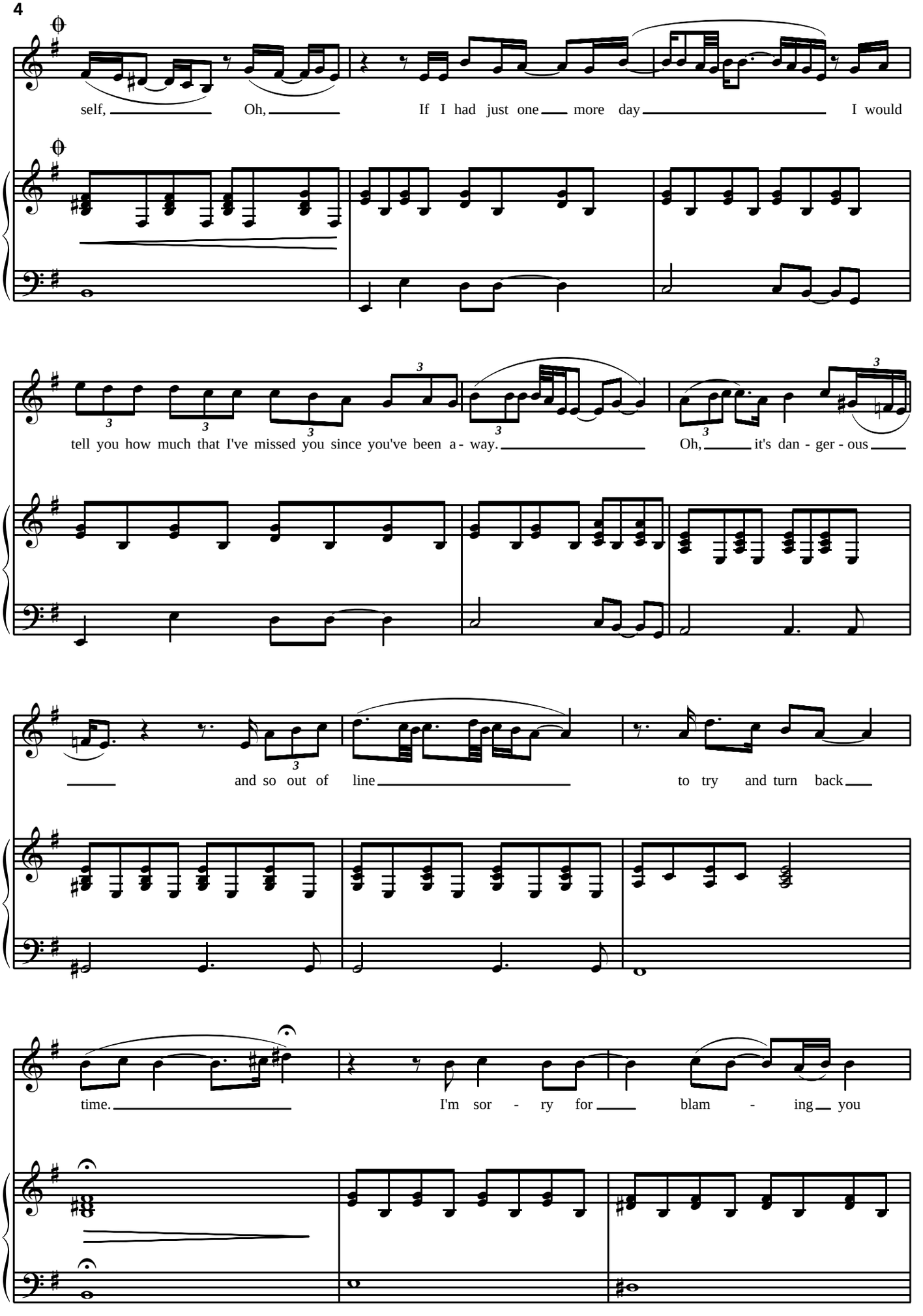
HURT

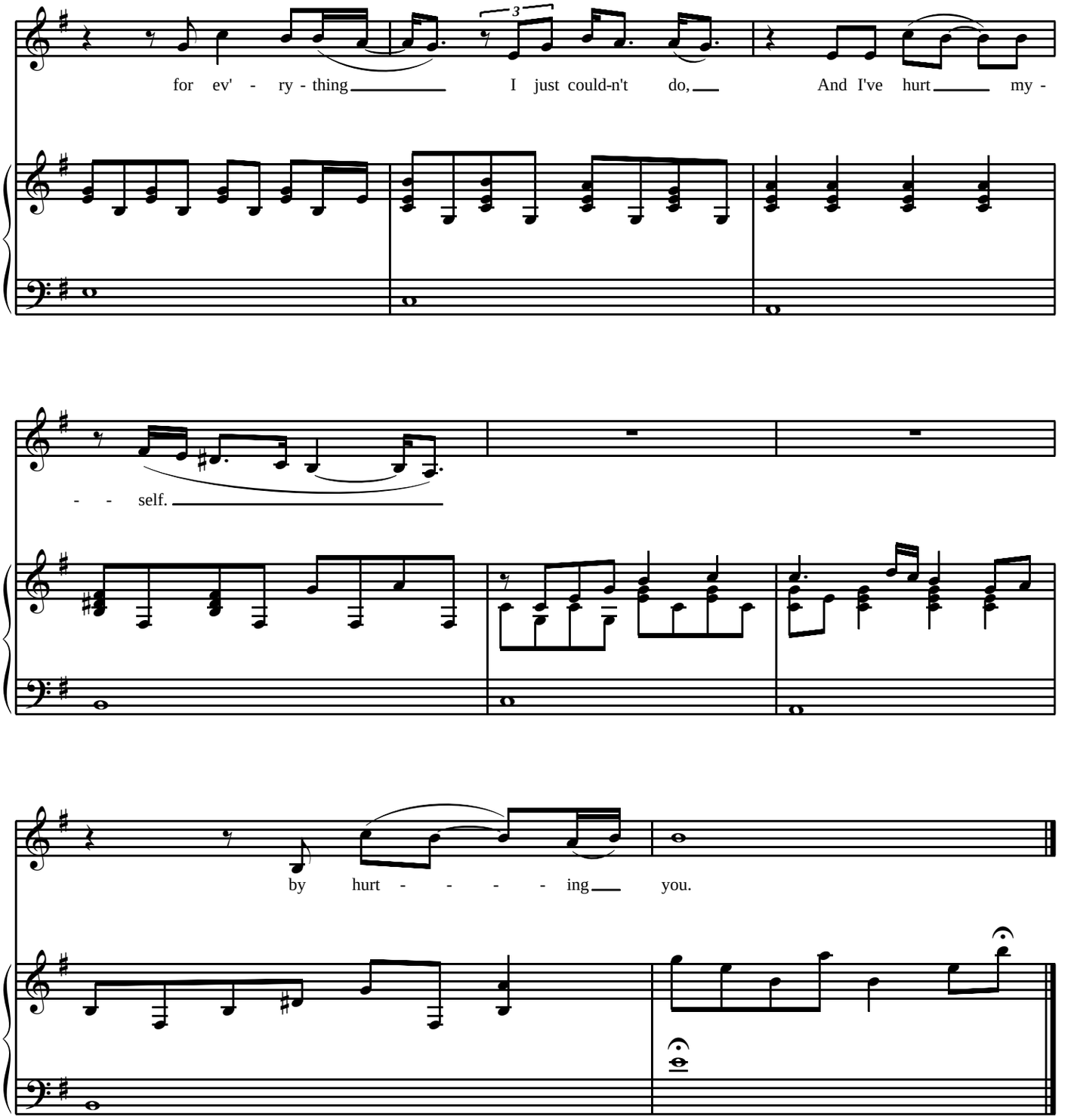
CHRISTINA AGUILERA
Arr. by PIANOTRANSCRIBER




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 mis-takes, There's
help me un-der-stand, Are you look-ing down up-on me, Are you proud of who I am, There's
noth-ing I would-n't do to hear your voice a-gain, Some-times I want to call you, But I
noth-ing I would-n'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,
Some-times 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
3
D.S. al Coda
D.S. al Coda


self, Oh, If I had just one more day I would
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.