OVER 30 FANTASTIC SONGS FROM THE BIGGEST DIVAS OF POP

SONGS FROM KELLY CLARKSON, MADONNA, SUGABABES, GIRLS ALOUD AND MANY MORE.

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DIVAS OF POP

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BABY BOY
Words and Music by Sean Henriques, Beyoncé Knowles, Scott Storch, Robert Waller, Shawn Carter and Ini Kamoze

Moderately \( \frac{J}{\text{C5}} = 92 \)

(Rap intro, feat. Sean Paul - See additional lyrics)

Chorus:

Baby boy, you stay on my mind, fulfill my fantasies.


Verse 1:

1. Ahh, oh, my baby's fly baby, oh. Yes, no,
hurt me so good, ba-by, oh. I’m so wrapped up in your love, let me go.

Let me breathe, stay out of my fan-tas-ies.

Rap (featuring Sean Paul):

1.2. See additional lyrics down.
Chorus:

Baby boy, you stay on my mind, fulfill my fantasies.

I think about you all the time, I see you in my dreams.

Baby boy, not a day goes by without my fantasies.

To Coda

I think about you all the time, I see you in my dreams.
Verse 2:

2. Picture us dancin' real close in a dark, dark corner of a basement party.

Every time I close my eyes, it's like everyone left but you and me. In our

own little world, the music is the sun, the dance floor becomes the sea.

Feels like true paradise to me.
Chorus:

Baby boy, you stay on my mind, fulfill my fantasies.

I think about you all the time, I see you in my dreams.

Baby boy, not a day goes by without my fantasies.

I think about you all the time, I see you in my dreams.
Chorus:

Baby boy, you stay on my mind. Baby boy, you are so damn fine.

Baby boy, won't you be mine. Baby boy, let's consider laying down. Baby boy, you stay on my mind. Baby boy, you are so damn fine.

D.S. % al Coda

Baby boy, won't you be mine. Baby boy, let's consider laying
Rap Intro (Sean Paul):
Certified quality.
A dat da girl dem need and dem not stop cry without apology.
Buck dem da right way, dat my policy.
Sean Paul alongside Beyoncé.
Now hear what da man say.
Dutty Ya, Dutty Ya, Dutty Ya
Beyoncé, sing it now, ya.
(To Verse 1:)

Rap Verse 1 (Sean Paul):
Ya ready gimme da ting dat ya ready get ya live.
And tell me all about da tings that you will fantasize.
I know you dig da way me step da way me make my stride.
Follow your feelings, baby girl, because they cannot be denied.
Come check me in-a night and make we get it amplified.
Me have da ting to run da ship cause I’m go slip and I’m go slide.
And in the words of love I got ta get it certified.
But I give you da toughest longest kinda ride, girl.
(To Chorus:)

Rap Verse 2 (Sean Paul):
Top top, girl
Me and you together is a wrap, dat girl.
Driving around da town in your drop top, girl.
You no stop shock, girl.
Little more da Dutty, we’ll rock dat world.
Top top, girl.
Me and you together is a wrap, dat girl.
Driving around da town in your drop top, girl.
You no stop shock, girl.
Little more da Dutty, we’ll rock dat world.
(To Chorus:)
BEHIND THESE HAZEL EYES
Words and Music by Kelly Clarkson, Lukasz Gottwald and Martin Sandberg

Original key F#m

Gm F Eb Bb F Gm F Eb Bb F

Uh_ oh oh_ oh_ uh_ oh oh oh_

\[\text{Gm}\]

7 D C G C D G C D G C

1. Seems like just yester-day__ 
   you were a part of me__ 
   I used to stand so tall, __

\[\text{Bb}\]

7 D C G C D G C D G C

used to be so strong. 
Your arms around me tight__ 
ev’ry-thing it felt so right, __
un-break-a-ble, like noth-ing could go wrong. Now I can’t breathe, no,

I can’t sleep, I’m bare-ly hang-ing on. Here I am once a-gain, I’m
torn in-to pie-ces, can’t de-ny it, can’t pre-tend, just thought you were the one, Broken up,

deep in-side, but you won’t get to see the tears I cry be-
I'm eye on, op-en-ed up and let you in,

you made me feel all right, for once in my life. Now all that's left of me,

is what I pretend to be: so to-get-her but so bro-ken up, in-side. 'Cos

I can't breathe, no I can't sleep, I'm bare-ly hang-ing on.
Here I am once again I'm torn into pieces, can't deny

it, can't pretend just thought you were the one Broken up deep inside

you won't get to see the tears I cry behind these hazel eyes

Swallow me then spit me out For hating you I blame myself
Seeing you, it kills me now, no I don't cry on the outside anymore, anymore.

Here I am once again, I'm torn into pieces, can't deny it, can't pretend just thought you were the one. Broken up deep inside but
you won't get to see the tears I cry behind these hazel eyes. Here I am._

_once again_ I'm torn into pieces, can't deny it, can't pretend just

thought you were the one. Broken up deep inside but you won't get to see the tears I

cry behind these hazel eyes._
you fall on your knees, and the geek at your feet says you're neat and the beat gets closer you want to freeze but you're weak in too deep and the beat and the beat gets closer closer, closer, closer, closer, closer, closer, closer, closer, closer... We
give it up give it up and then they take it away.
A girl's got to be before all the time
zip it up, heavy stuff and get her head in the shade, baby, if we...
You can't mistake my biology (the way that we talk, the way that we talk, it's there in our thoughts). The magic number's in front of me, (the way that we talk, the way that we walk, so easily caught). You can't mistake my biology. (the way that we talk, the way that we walk, it's there in our thoughts).
We're gonna cause a controversy, (the way that we talk, the way that we walk, so easily caught). Why don't you fool me, feed me, say you need me, without wicked games, come on and hold me, hug me, say you love me, and not my dirty brain. Why don't you and not my dirty brain.
We're gonna cause a controversy, (the way that we talk, the way that we walk,
so easily caught).
BRING ME TO LIFE
Words and Music by Ben Moody, Amy Lee and David Hodges

Moderately \( \text{j} = 96 \)

\( \text{Em} \)  
\( \text{Am/E} \)

(with pedal)

How can you see into my eyes like open doors

leading you down into my core where I've become so numb?

% Verse:
\( \text{Em} \)  
\( \text{Am/E} \)

1. Without a soul, I know what I'm without, my spirit sleep-

2. Now that I

3. See additional lyrics

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Am/E

[1.

N.C. To Next Strain 1]
Call my name and save me from the dark...

(Wake me up.) Bid my blood to run before I come undone.

(Save me.) Save me from the nothing I've become.

nothing I've become. Bring me to
(I've been living a lie,)
(There's nothing inside.)

Bring me to life.

Bridge:
Frozen inside without your touch, without your love, darling. On-

D.S. ¶ al Coda
Verse 3:
All this time I can’t believe I couldn’t see.
Kept in the dark, but you were there in front of me.
I’ve been sleeping a thousand years, it seems.
Got to open my eyes to everything.
Without a thought, without a voice, without a soul.
Don’t let me die here.
There must be something more.
Bring me to life.
(To Chorus:)
can't get you out of my head; boy, your loving is all I think about. I just can't get you out of my head; boy, it's more than I dare to think about.

think about. Ev'ry night, there's a dark secret in me. Don't leave me just to be
Coda

set me free.

Stay forever and ever and ever and ever and ever.

Repeat ad lib. to fade

La la la la la la la la la. La la la la la la la la.
COME CLEAN
Words and Music by John Shanks and Kara Dio Guardi

Moderately fast \( J = 120 \)

Verse:

1. Let's go back, shedding
   the beginning or...
   Back to when the
   Try'n' to find a
earth, the sun, the stars all aligned.
pigment of truth beneath my skin.

'Cause perfect didn't feel so
different, And goin' out is better than all.

Try'n' to fit a square into a circle was no life.
Feel the wind...
G#m7 Emaj7 B Fsus G#m7 Emaj7
Let the rain fall. Let the rain fall.

B Fsus E2
I'm coming clean. Let the rain_ 

Chorus:
G#m7 Emaj9 B Fsus
Coming clean. Let the rain_ fall down and wake my dreams. Let it wash_

(Bkgd voc.)

G#m7 Emaj9 B C#7 G#m7 Emaj9
 away my san-i-ty. 'Cause I wanna feel the thunder, I wan-
B F\#
G\#m7 Emaj9 B C\#4

na scream... Let the rain... fall down.
I'm com... ing clean...

C#9 G\#m7

fall down.

E2
G\#m7

Let's go back.

E2

back to the begin... ning.
COMPLICATED
Words and Music by Lauren Christy, David Alspach, Graham Edwards and Avril Lavigne

Gr. tuned down 1 whole step:
⑥ = D ③ = F
⑥ = G ② = A
⑥ = C ③ = D

Moderately slow rock  ᴵ = 80

Guitar → E₉ m
          Cmaj7
          G       D
          Dm      Bmaj7
          F       C

Piano → Dm
          Bmaj7
          F       C
          F       C

Verse:
G

1. Chill out, what cha yelling for?
2. You come o- ver, un- an- nounced,
3. (Inst. solo ad lib....)

Lay back, it's all been done before.
dressed up like you're some thing else.
And if you could only let it be, you will see...
Where you are ain't where it's at. You see, you're making me...end solo)

I like you the way you are
laugh out when you strike your pose.
Chill out, what cha yelling for?

when we're driving in your car
Take off all your prep - py clothes.
Lay back, it's all been done be - fore.

and you're talking to me one on one.
You know you're not fool - ing any one.
And if you could only let it be...

But you be - come...
become...
some-body else 'round ev'-ry-one else. You're watch-ing your back like you can't re-lax. You're try'n' to be cool, you look like a fool to me. 

Chorus: Em7

why'd you have to go and make things so com-pli-cated? See, the way you're act-ing like you're some-body else gets me frus-trat-ed. Life's like this, you,
you fall, and you crawl, and you break, and you take, what you get, and you turn it into
honesty. Promise me I'm never gonna find ya fake it. No, no,

no. — it. No, no.

— it. No, no.
CAN'T FIGHT THE MOONLIGHT
Words and Music by Diane Warren

Moderately slow  \( j = 98 \)

Verse:

Bm7  Bm7  Em7  A
1. Under a lover's sky, gonna be with you, and no

G  Bm7  Em7
2. There's no escape from love. Once the gentle breeze weaves

one's gonna be around. If you think that you won't fall, we'll just wait
its spell upon your heart, no matter what you think, it won't be

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un-til,
too long
'til you're in my arms
'til the sun goes down
Underneath the star-light,
there's a magical feeling so right.

Chorus:
It will take you in to-night,
Feel it steal your heart to-night,
you can try to resist, try to hide.

---

from my kiss, but you know, but you know that you can't fight the moon-light. Deep.
in the dark, you'll surrender your heart. Don't you know,

don't you know that you can't fight the moonlight, no, you can't fight it.

It's gonna get to your heart, it.

No matter what you do the night is gonna get to you.
Bridge:

Bm7

Em7

A

Can't fight it.

Don't try it, you're never gonna win, cuz.

underneath the stars.

Fm7

light, starlight, there's a magical feeling so right.

Ab

Ab5

It will steal your heart tonight. You can try...
Chorus:

to resist, try to hide from my kiss, but you know, but you know, that you
can't fight the moonlight. Deep in the dark, you'll surrender your heart. Don't you know,
don't you know, that you can't fight the moonlight, no, you can't fight

1. G#7
2. G#7

it. You can try it. It's gonna get to your heart.
FALLIN’

Words and Music by Alicia Augello-Cook

Freely

I keep on fall - in’ in____ (Vocal ad lib.) and

Moderate Blues tempo

out of love with - a you. Some - times I

love you some - times you make me blue. Some - times I feel

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Em  Bm7  Em  Bm7

good. At times I feel used. Loving you

Em  Bm7  Em  Bm7

dar - ling makes me so con - fused. I keep on

Em  Bm7  Em  Bm7

call - in' in and out of love with a you. I

Em  Bm7  Em  Bm7

nev - er loved some - one the way that I love a - you. Oh, oh.
I've never felt this way.
How do you give me so much pleasure and cause me so much pain? Yeah, yeah. Just when I think I'm taking more than would a fool, I start
fallin' back in love with you I keep on fallin' in and out of love with you.

never loved someone the way that I love you. Oh baby.

I, I, I, I'm fallin'
Em | Bm7
love with a you. I never loved someone the way that

Em | Bm7
I love a you. I'm fall in' in and out of

Em | Bm7
love with a you. I never loved someone the way that

Em | Bm7
I love a you. I'm fall in' in and out of
love with a - you. I nev - er loved some - one the way that

I love a - you. What?
GENIE IN A BOTTLE

Words and Music by Steve Kipner, David Frank and Pamela Sheyne

Moderately slow \( \text{\textbar} = 84 \)

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- tu - ry of lone - ly nights, wait - ing for some - one to re - lease
  dance and then we're good to go. Wait - ing for some - one who needs

  me.

You're lick - in' your lips and blow - ing kiss - es my way, but that
  me.
  Hormones rac - ing at the speed of light, but that

  don't mean I'm gon - na give it a - way, ba - by, ba - by, ba - by.
  don't mean it's got to be to - night, ba - by, ba - by, ba - by.
my body's saying, "Let's go!" Oh,

but my heart is saying, "No."
If you want to be with me, baby, there's a price to pay. I'm a genie in a bot-
title, you gotta rub me the right way. If you want to be with me, I can make your wish come true. (You gotta make a big impression, I gotta like what you do. I’m a genie in a bottle, baby, you gotta rub me the right way, honey. I’m a genie in a bottle, baby,
1. Come, come, come on and let me out.
2. The come, come, come on and let me out.

I'm a genie in a bottle, baby, you gotta rub me the right way, honey.

CODA

If you want to be with me, baby, there's a price to
I'm a genie in a bottle, you gotta rub me the right way. If you want to be with me, I can make your wish come true. Just come and set me free, baby, and I'll be with you... I'm a genie in a bottle, baby, come, come, come on and let me out.
GROOVEJET (IF THIS AIN'T LOVE)

Words and Music by Vincent Montana Jr, Ron Walker, Cristiano Spiller, Sophie Ellis-Bextor and Robert Davis

1. Holding you closer, it’s time that I told you, everything’s going to be fine.
(2.) Shame comes tomorrow, we beg, steal or borrow to make all we can in the sun.

Know that you mean it and try to believe it, take me one step at a time.
While we are moving the music is soothing, troubles we thought had begun.

If this ain't love...
(Why does it feel, ah.) (Why does it feel, ah.) (Why does it feel, ah.)

Why does it feel so good?

If this ain't love. (Why does it feel, ah.)

(Why does it feel, ah.) (Why does it feel, ah.) Why does it feel so good?
(Why does it feel, ah.) Why does it feel so good?

If this ain't love.

(Why does it feel, ah.) (Why does it feel, ah.) (Why does it feel, ah.)

(Why does it feel, ah.) (Why does it feel, ah.) (Why does it feel, ah.)

Why does it feel so good?

If this ain't love.
Why does it feel so good?

Repeat to fade
HERE WITH ME
Lyrics by Dido Armstrong
Music by Dido Armstrong, Paul Statham and Pascal Gabriel

1. I didn't hear you leave,
   I wonder how am I still here.

2. I don't wanna call my friends,
   And I don't wanna move a thing,
   And I can't leave this bed,
it might change
risk for - get - ing all
my____ me-mo-ry.)


Oh, I am what I am,
I'll do____ what I want. But

I____ can't hide.
And I____ won't go,
I____ won't_

sleep,
I can't breathe-
un - til you're rest - ing here with me. And I____
won't leave, and I can't hide, I can not be until you're resting here with me.

be until you're resting here. And I won't go, and I won't sleep, and I can't breathe until you're
resting here with me. And I won't leave, and I can't hide,
I cannot be until you're resting here with me.

Dmaj7
Bm

Asus4
A

To Coda Ø

Em7
F5m

D.Ø. al Coda

Oh, I

Coda
Ev’ry little thing that you say or do, I’m hung up.
I’m hung up on you.
Wait-in’ for your call, baby, night and day, I’m fed up,
I’m tired of waitin’ on you.

To Coda

1. Time goes by so slowly for those who wait,
no time to hesitate.
Those who run seem to
have all the fun, I'm caught up, I don't know what to do.

Time goes by so slowly. Time goes by so slowly.

I don't know what to do.

D.S. al Coda

Ev'ry little thing that you say or do, I'm hung up, I'm hung up.

Coda
up on you. Wait-in' for your call baby night and day, I'm fed up,

I'm tired of wait-in' on you. 2. Ring, ring, ring goes the telephone, the lights are on but there's no one home. Tick, tick, tock, it's a quarter to two, and I'm done, I'm hanging up on you.
I can't keep on waiting for you.

I know that you're still hesitating.

Don't cry for me, 'cos I'm finding my way.

you'll wake up one day but it'll be too late...
Every little thing that you say or do, I'm hung up. I'm hung up on you.

Waitin' for your call baby night and day, I'm fed up.

I'm tired of waitin' on you.

repeat to fade
I'M LIKE A BIRD

Words and Music by Nelly Furtado

1. You're beautiful, and that's for sure, you'll never ever fade.

2. Faith in me brings me to tears even after all these years.

You're lovely but it's not for sure that
And it pains me so much to tell that
I won't ever trade.

And tho' my love is rare,

Yeah, and tho' my love is true,

I'm like a bird, I'll only fly away.

I don't know where my soul is,

I don't know where my home is.

(And baby all I need for you to...
I'm know is:) I'll on-ly fly a-way... I don't know where my soul is, I don't know where my home is. (All I need for you to know is:)

(And ba-by all I need for you to know is:)
It's not that I wanna say good-bye,

it's just that ev'-ry time you try to tell me, me, that you love me, oh, oh,
each and ev'-ry sin-gle day, I know I'm gon-na have to e-ven-tu-al-ly give you a-

way, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. And tho' my love is rare, rare, rare,

and tho' my love is true, yeah, I'm just

scared, yeah, yeah, and tho' we may fall through-woo-woo-woo-woo-woo-woo-woo-woo-woo,
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. I'm like a bird,

I don't know where my soul is,

(And baby all I need for you to know is:)

I'm like a bird, I'll only fly away

I don't know where my soul is,

I don't know where my home is.
home is. (And baby all I need for you to know is:)
I'm like a bird, I'll only fly a-

way I don't know where my soul is, I don't know where my

home is. (And baby all I need for you to know is:)
I'm like a bird, I'll only fly a-

way I don't know where my soul is, I don't know where my home is. (And baby all I need for you to

Repeat to fade
INNOCENT EYES
Words and Music by Vince Pizzinca and Delta Goodrem

\( J = 96 \) (\( \text{\frac{3}{4}} \))

1. Do you remember when you were seven, and the

2. Do you remember when you were fifteen, and the

only thing that you wanted to do was show your mom that you could play the piano?

Kids at school called you a fool 'cause you took the chance to dream?

Ten years have passed and the one thing that will last is that

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same old song that we played along
same old song that we played along

I miss those days, I miss those ways when

I got lost in fantasies, in a cartoon land of mysteries, in a place you won’t grow old, in a place you won’t feel cold And I’ll sing
To Coda

faith in innocent eyes

Under my feelings, under my skin under the thoughts, or within

Learning the subtext of the mind. See creation, how we're defined

D. § al Coda


(Da-dada-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da-da) For the little girl inside, who won't just hide. Don't let me see mistakes and lies, let me keep my faith in innocent eyes...
OVER THE RAINBOW

Words by E.Y. Harburg
Music by Harold Arlen

Capo 1st fret

1. Some - - - where over the rain - bow -
2. Some - - - where over the rain - bow -
   (3rd Instrumental)

way skies up high,
are blue,
in the land dreams

that I heard of once,
that you dared to dream
once in a lull

-- labry.

-- come true.

Some

day I'll wish upon a star
and wake up where the
clouds are far behind me.

Where troubles melt like lemon drops away above the chimney tops, that's

To Coda

where you'll find me.
a tempo

Some - - - where _ ov - er_ the rain - bow_

- skies _ are _ blue, _ and_

- the _ dreams _ that you dared_ to_
dream really do come true

happy little blue birds fly above the rainbow,

why, oh why can't I?
I'm lying here on the floor where you left me. I haven't moved from the spot where you left me. This think I took too much. I'm crying here, what have you must be a bad trip. All of the other pills, they were dif - done? I thought it would be fun. may be I should get some help. I can't stay on your life - f'rent,
support, there’s a shortage in the switch. I can’t stay on your morphine, ‘cause it’s making me itch.

I said I tried to call the nurse again, but she’s being a little bitch.

I think I’ll get out of here, where I can run just as fast as I can.

to the middle of nowhere, to the middle of my frustrated fears. And I
swear, you're just like a pill. 'Stead of mak-ing me bet-ter, you keep mak-ing me ill.

you keep mak-ing me ill. Run just as fast as I can to the mid-dle of no-where,

to the mid-dle of my frus-trat-ed fears. And I swear, you're just like a pill.

'Stead of mak-ing me bet-ter, you keep mak-ing me ill, you keep mak-ing me ill.
run just as fast as I can____ to the middle of nowhere,____

____ to the middle of my frustrated fears.____ And I

swear, you're just like a pill.____ 'Stead of making me better, you keep making me ill,____

Repeat and Fade

Optional Ending

you keep making me____ you keep making me ill.
NO MORE DRAMA
Words and Music by Terry Lewis, James Harris, Barry De Vorzon and Perry Botkin Jr

Moderate groove
F#(add2) F#m F#m(add2) F#m E(add2) E

Spoken: I'm so tired.

Tired of all this drama.
You go your way,

F#(add2) F#m F#(add2) F#m F#(add2) F#m

I'll go mine.

I need to be free.

Sung: Ooh.

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Spoken: I'm so tired.  
Tired, tired of all this drama.

Broken heart again... another lesson learned...

Better know your friends... or else you will get burned.  
Gotta count on me...
'cause I can guarantee that I'll be fine.  No more pain.  No more pain.  No more pain.  No more drama, (No more drama in my life.)  No one's gonna make me hurt again.
Why'd I play the fool, go through ups and downs, knowing all the time you wouldn't be around?

But maybe I like the stress, 'cause I was young and restless. But that was long ago.

I don't wanna cry no more.
E(add2)  E  E(add2)  E  D(add2)  D

No drama,

D(add2)  D  F#(add2)  F#m  I  F#(add2)  F#m

no more in my life.

F#(add2)  F#m  E/G#

Gonna speak my mind, okay. Ooh, it feels so good when you

Dmaj7  E/G#  G#m7  C#7

let go of all the drama in your life. Now you're free...
Dmaj7

__from all the pain.__

F♯m

__Free from all the game__

Dmaj7

__from all the stress.__

Amaj7

__so bide your happiness.__

G♯m7

C♯7

F♯(add2)

F♯m

F♯(add2)

F♯m

E(add2)

E

I don't know, __only God knows where the story ends for me.__

But a

E(add2)

E

D(add2)

D

I know where the story begins.__

It's up to us to choose.
Whether we win or lose, And I choose to win.

No more pain.
No more tears. No more game.
No more fears. No drama.

ma, no more in my life.
No more
No more
No more

A
C#7
F#m
E/G#
A
C#7
C#7#9

drama.
No more drama.
No more drama.
No more drama.

F#m
E/G#
A
C#7
C#7#9
F#m
E/G#
Dmaj7

No more drama.
No more drama.

F#m
E/G#
A
C#7
F#m
E/G#
A
C#7
C#7#9

No more drama.
No more drama.

Dmaj7
No more drama. No more drama.
No more drama. Oh no. Oh no,
no more, no more, no more drama. No more drama in my, in my
F#m(add2)  F#m  F#m(add2)  F#m  E(add2)  E

life.

Spoken: I'm so tired.

E(add2)  E  D(add2)  D  D(add2)  D  F#m(add2)  F#m

so tired... Go ahead, let go... the drama... well, well.

So tired of all this drama

Repeat and Fade

F#m(add2)  F#m  F#m(add2)  F#m  F#m(add2)  F#m  E(add2)  E

E(add2)  E  D(add9)  D  D(add9)  D  F#m(add2)  F#m  F#m(add2)  F#m

Optional Ending
PUSH THE BUTTON
Words and Music by Dallas Austin, Keisha Buchanan, Mutya Buena and Heidi Range

1. Busy throwing hints
   that he keeps missing,
   don’t have to think about it

2. Wanna kiss and everything around it
   but he’s too distant

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wanna feel his body I can't resist it. I know my hidden looks can be deceiving but how obvious should a girl be? I was taken by the early conversation piece, and I really like the way that he respected me. I've been waiting patiently for him to come and get it, I
wonder if he knows that he can say it and I'm with it? I knew I had my mind made up from
the very beginning catch this opportunity so you and me could feel it. 'Cos
if you're ready for me boy you better push the button let
me know before I get the wrong idea and go you're gonna
miss the freak that I control. 2. I'm busy showing him what

he's been missing. I'm kind of showing off for his full attention, my

sexy ass has got him in the new dimension, I'm ready to do something to relieve this mission.

After waiting patiently for him to come and get it, he came on through and asked me if I wanted to get with him, I
knew I had my mind made up from the very beginning, won't miss this opportunity so you and me could feel it. "Cos

if you're ready for me boy— you better push the button let me know before I

get the wrong idea and go— you're gonna miss the freak that I control.

After waiting patiently for him to come and get it, he came on through and asked me if I wanted to get with him, I knew I had my mind made up from the very beginning won't miss this opportunity so you and me could feel it. Cos if you're ready for me boy you better push the button let me know before I get the wrong idea and go you're gonna miss the freak that I control.

Repeat and fade
REDNECK WOMAN

Words and Music by John Rich and Gretchen Wilson

G5*

N.C.

1. Well, I ain't

Verse:

G

2. See additional lyrics

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I can't swing that sweet champagne. I'd rather drink beer all night in a tavern, or in a honky-tonk, or on a four-wheel-drive tailgate.

I've got posters on my wall of Skynyrd, Kid and Strait. Some people look down on me, but I don't give a rip.

I
stand bare-footed in my own front yard with a baby on my hip. 'Cause I'm a

red-neck woman, I ain't no high-class broad. I'm just a

product of my raising. I say, "Hey, y'all," and "Yee haw!" And I

keep my Christmas lights on on my front porch all year long. And
I know all the words to every {Charlie Daniels
Tan-yay Ot' Bo-ce-phus} song. So
here's to all my sisters out there, keepin' it country.

To Coda Θ C
Let me get a big "Hell yeah!" from the red-neck girls like
me. Hell yeah! (Hell yeah!)
Verse 2:
Victoria’s Secret,
Well, their stuff’s real nice.
Oh, but I can buy the same damn thing
On a Wal-Mart shelf, half price
And still look sexy,
Just as sexy as those models on TV.
No, I don’t need no designer tag
To make my man want me.
You might think I’m trashy,
A little too hard-core,
But in my neck of the woods,
I’m just the girl next door.
(To Chorus:)

RIGHT TO BE WRONG

Words and Music by Desmond Child, Betty Wright and Joss Stone

\[ J = 70 \] Gentle ballad

\[ D \]

\[ Bm7 \]

\[ Asus2 \]

\[ G \]

I've got a right  to be

\[ A \]

\[ Gadd9 \]

wrong, my mistakes will

make me strong.

I'm stepping out into the

great unknown,

I'm feeling wings though I've ne-

ver flown.

Got a mind of my

own,

I'm flesh and blood.
to the bone, I'm not made of stone
Got a right to be

wrong, so just leave me a lone...

Got ta right to be wrong, I've been held down too long...
I've got to break free, so I can finally breathe.

Got a right to be wrong, gotta sing my own song.

I might be singin' outta key, but it sure feels good to

me.

Got a right to be wrong.
so just leave me alone

You're entitled to your opinion, but it's really my decision. I can't turn back I'm on a mission, if you care, don't you dare blur my vision.

Let me be all that I can be, don't smother me with negativity.
Whatever's out there waiting for me, I'm gonna face it willingly.

Oh! Got a right to be so just leave.

me alone

Whatever's out there waiting for me, I'm gonna face it willingly!

Oh! Got a right to be so just leave.

me alone
SICK AND TIRED

Words and Music by Dallas Austin, Glen Ballard and Anastacia Newkirk

My love is on the line,

my love is on the line.

My love is on the line, my love is on the line.

My love is on the line,

la la a bib bot a wah de la de. De la la a bib bot a wah de la de.)

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A little late for all the things you didn't say, I'm not sad for you.
No warning of such a sad song of broken hearts...

But I'm sad for all the time I had to waste.
My dreams of fairy tales and fantasies.

'cause I learned the truth.
were torn apart.

Your heart is in a place I no longer wanna be.
I lost my peace of mind somewhere along the way.
I knew there'd come a day I'd set you free 'cause I'm sick and tired of
al-ways be-ing sick and tir-
ed (De la li a bib bot a wah de la de. De la li a bib bot a wah de la de.)
Your love isn't fair, you live in a world where you didn't lis-
ten and you didn't care So I'm float ing, I'm float ing on air_
To Coda

(La li a bib bot a wah de la de. De

I'm on air

la li a bib bot a wah de la de. De la li a bib bot a wah de la de.)

My love is on the line, my love is on the line. My love is on the line,

my love is on the line.
(La li a bib bot a wah de la de. De la li a bib bot a wah de la de.) My love is on the line,

D.\%al Coda  Coda

Your love isn’t fair, you live in a world where you didn’t listen and you didn’t care. So I’m floating, I’m floating on air I’m floating, I’m floating on air.
SUNRISE

Words and Music by Lee Alexander and Norah Jones

\[ J = 75 \]

\[
\text{Sun-}
\]

\[
\text{Sun-rise, sun-rise looks like morn-ing in your eyes, but the clocks held nine fifteen for}
\]

\[
\text{hours. Sun-rise, sun-rise, could-n't tempt us if it tried, 'cos the}
\]
afternoon's already come and gone. And I said "Ooo,"

oooo, to you. Surprise, surprise, couldn't

find it in your eyes, but I'm sure it's written all over my face. Sur-
will throw its cover down, mmm on me again,

oo and if I'm right, it's the only way...
bring me back... "Ooo... ooo..."

"Ooo... ooo..."

"Ooo... ooo... to you..."

"Ooo... ooo... to you..."
SITTING DOWN HERE

Words and Music by Lene Marlin Pedersen

\[ \text{\textbf{D}} \quad \text{\textbf{A}} \quad \text{\textbf{Em}} \]

I'm sitting down here... but hey, you can't see me... (see me, see me, see me.)

(Acoustic guitar)

1. Your
(2.) trying to avoid you, just don't wanna hear your voice, when you

hiding from a distance, I have got to pay the price. Defending all against it, I
call me up so often I don't really have a choice. You're talking like you know me and

really don't know why, you're obsessed with all my secrets, you
wanna be my friend, but that's really too late now, I won't

always make me cry. You seem to wanna hurt me, no matter what I do, I'm
try it once again. You may think that I'm a loser, that I don't really care, may

(with pedal)
D A/C# Bm A
telling just a couple, but somehow it gets to you. But I've
think that it's forgotten, but you should be aware. 'Cause I've

G A Bm G
learned to get revenge and I swear you'll experience that some day. I'm
learned to get revenge and I swear you'll experience that some day.

D A A Em
sitting down here but hey, you can't see me, kind of invisible, you don't
no pedal

G A D A
sense my stay. Not really hiding, not like a shadow just
Em | Bm7 | A | 1. D
---|---|---|---
Thought I would join you for one day. I'm sitting down here but hey,

A | G | 2., 3.
sitting down here but hey, you can't see me, kind of invisible, you don't

Em | A | Bm7 | A
sense my stay. Not really hiding, not like a shadow, but

D | A |
Em to Coda Em7fr Bm7 A F#5 D F#5 A F#5
sure I wan-na join you for one day. (Acoustic guitar)

Em G A D A Em

Dol al Coda

G A 3fr 5fr

3. You

CODA

Bm7 A D 3fr 5fr

...day... I'm sitting down here but hey,

A Em G A 3fr 5fr

...you can't see me, kind of invisible, you don't sense my stay.
Not really hiding, not like a shadow, just thought I would join you for one day. I'm sitting down here but hey, you can't see me, kind of invisible, you don't sense my stay. Not really hiding, not like a shadow, but sure I wanna join you for one day. I'm
I get high____ on a buzz,____ then a rush____ when I'm plugged in____ you____
me a pulse,____ feel a wave____ of new love through me____

I connect____ when I'm flush,____ you get love____
I'm dressed____ in white noise,____ you know just____
when told what to do
what I want so please.

1, 2. Wonderful electric,
3° Instrumental

wonderful electric,

To Coda Ø

wonderful electric,
I'm in love, I'm in love with a strict machine.

I'm in love, I'm in love, I'm in love.

with a strict machine.

When you send...
I'm in love.

with a strict machine.

Repeat to fade
SUPERSTAR

Words and Music by Mich Hansen, Joseph Belmaati and Mikkel Sigvardt

\( \text{\( J = 102 \)} \)

\[ \text{N.C.}(E^\flat) \]

5

\[ \text{D^\flat} \]

9

\[ E^\flat m \]

People always talk about (ey oh, ey oh, ey oh,) all the things they're all about.

Baby take a look around, (ey oh, ey oh, ey oh,) everybody's getting down.

12

\[ \text{D^\flat} \]

(ey oh, ey oh, ey oh,) Write it on a piece of paper,

(ey oh, ey oh, ey oh,) Deal with all the problems later,

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got a feeling I'll see you later
Bad boys on their best behaviour

There's something

'bout this...
'bout you...

let's keep it moving
and if it's good let's just get something

cooking
'cause I really wanna rock with you

I'm

feeling some connection to the things you do
(You do you do.) I don't know

N.C.
what it is that makes me feel like this, I don't know who you are, but you must
be some kind of superstar, 'cause you got all eyes on you no matter
where you are. (You just make me wanna play.) I like the way you're moving.
(ey oh, ey oh, ey oh.) I just get into the groove and then. (you just make me wanna play.)
If you just put pen to paper, (ey oh, ey oh, ey oh.) Got that feeling I'll see you later.

(ey oh, ey oh, ey oh.) Make your move, can we get a little closer?

You rock it just like you're supposed to. Hey,

D.S. al Coda
(ad lib. vocal)

boy I ain't got nothing more to say 'cause you just make me wanna
(you just make me wanna

I don't know what it is

that makes me

feel like this,

I don't know who you are,

but you must be some kind of

superstar,

'cause you got all eyes on you no matter where you are.

I don't know (You just make me wanna play.)
SWEET DREAMS MY L.A. EX

Words and Music by Cathy Dennis, Pontus Winnberg, Christian Karlsson and Henrik Jonback

\[ J = 128 \]

1. Hey, hang your red gloves up, 'cause there's nothing left to prove.

2. We've had it on full sting, 'til the light comes back to you.

now now

Hey, hang your red gloves up baby.

Hey, is it all it seems, is it.
no one cares but you
all you dreamed and more?

What planet are you from? Ac-cuse me of things that I

never done. Listen to you carry-ing on,

cheating another love song.
If I were in your shoes, I'd whisper before I shout.
Can't you stop playing that record again? Find somebody else to talk about.
If I were in your shoes, I'd worry of the ef-
- fects...
You've had your say but now it's my turn,
sweet dreams my _ L. A. ex _

Does it make you feel a man, pointing the finger because you can?

I'll spell it loud and clear: Baby that tongue's not welcome a round here.
If I were in your shoes, I'd whisper before I shout.

Can't you stop playing that record again? Find
somebody else to talk about

If I were in your shoes, I'd worry of the effects.
You've had your say, but now it's my turn.

sweet dreams my L.A. ex.
THESE WORDS

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

$$d = 100$$

These words are my own. Yeah

1. Threw some chords together, the combination D E F

(Verse 2 see block lyrics)

It's who I am, it's what I do, and I was gonna lay it down for you.
I try to focus my attention, but I feel so A.D.D.

I need some help, some inspiration, but it's not coming easily.

Try'n to find the magic, try'n to write a classic, don't you know? Don't you know?

Don't you know? Waste bin full of paper, clever rhymes—see you later.
These words are my own, from my heart flow, I love you, I love you, I love you, I love you. There's no other way to better say I love you, love you.

These words are my own, from my heart flow, I
love you, I love you, I love you, I love you... There's no other

— way to bet — ter... say I love you, love you.

I'm getting off my stage, the curtains pull away.

— hyperbole to hide behind... My naked soul exposed.
Woah, woah, woah, woah, woah

Try'n to find the magic, try'n to write a classic,

waste bin full of paper, clever rhymes... see you later.

These words are my own, they're from my heart.
Verse 2:
Read some Byron, Shelley and Keats
Recited it over a hip-hop beat.
I'm having trouble saying what I mean
With dead poets and drum machines
You know I had some studio time booked
But I couldn't find a killer hook
Now you're gonna raise the bar right up
Nothing I write is ever good enough.
TOXIC

Words and Music by Cathy Dennis, Pontus Winnberg, Christian Karlsson and Henrik Jonback

Fast  \( j = 144 \)

Cm

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Verse:} \\
1. \text{Ba- by, can’t you see } \text{I’m call - in’? } \text{A guy like you} \\
2. \text{There’s no es - cape.} \text{I can’t wait.} \text{I need a hit.} \\
3. \text{It’s get - ting late} \text{to give you up.} \text{I took a sip} \\
\text{should wear a warn - in’.} \text{It’s dan - ger - ous.} \text{I’m fall - in’} \\
\text{Ba - by, give me it.} \text{You’re dan - ger - ous.} \text{I’m lov - in’ it.} \\
\text{from the dev - il’s cup.} \text{Slow - ly,} \text{it’s tak - ing o - ver me.}
\end{array}
\]
Pre-chorus:

1. Too high, can't come down. Losin' my head, spinnin' 'round and 'round.
2. Too high, can't come down. It's in the air and it's all around.

Do you feel me now? Can you feel it now?
Chorus:
Cm
Oh, the taste of your lips, I'm on a ride.

D7
You're toxic. I'm slippin' under.
Cm
Oh, the taste of a poison paradise.

Ab
I'm addicted to you. Don't you know that you're toxic?

G7(#9)

And I love what you do. Don't you
know that you're toxic?

1.

Don't you know that you're toxic?

2.

N.C.
Oh, the taste of your lips, I'm on a ride. You're toxic.

I'm slippin' under. Oh, the taste of a poison paradise. I'm ad-
dicted to you. Don't you know that you're toxic?

know that you're toxic? In- tox- i- cate me now, with your lov- in' now.

I think I'm ready now. I think I'm ready now. In- tox- i- cate me now, with your lov- in' now.
WHOLE AGAIN
Words and Music by Andrew McCluskey, Stewart Kershaw, Bill Padley and Jeremy Godfrey

1. If you see me walking down the street, staring at the sky,
and dragging my two feet, you just pass me by. It still makes me
cry, but you can make me whole again.

2. If you see me with another man, laughing and joking, doing what I can.

3. Time is laying heavy on my heart, seems I've got too much of it since we've been apart.

I won't put you down, 'cos I want you around, and you can make me whole again.

My friends make me smile, if only for a while; you can make me whole again.

Looking back on when we first met, I cannot es-
-cape_ and I can - not for - get. Ba - by you're the one, you_ still turn me
on, and you can make me whole_ a - gain._

Spoken: So now I'll have to wait, but baby if you change your mind don't be too late, 'cos I just can't go on,
it's already been too long, but you can make me whole again.
Looking back on when we first met, I cannot escape and I cannot forget.

Baby you're the one you still turn me on, and you can make me whole again.

Huh, woh. Oh baby you're the one, you still turn me on, you can make me whole again.
1. Who made up all the rules?
   We follow them like fools.

2. And it's ironic too,
   Believe them to be true,

Tend to do and then it is that way.

Don't care to think them through.

I'm sorry, so sorry, I'm sorry it's like this.
I'm sorry, so sorry, I'm sorry
we do this.
Who are they? Where are they? How can they possibly know all this?
Do you see what I see? Why do we live like this? Is it because it's true that ignorance is bliss? Who are they?
Where are they?
How do they know all this?

I'm sorry, so sorry.
I'm sorry it's like this.
We do this.
OVER 30 SONGS FROM THE GREATEST DIVAS OF POP, ARRANGED FOR PIANO AND VOICE WITH GUITAR CHORD BOXES.

BABY BOY  BEYONCE
BEHIND THESE HAZEL EYES  KELLY CLARKSON
BIOLOGY  GIRLS ALOUD
BRING ME TO LIFE  EVANESCENCE
CAN'T FIGHT THE MOONLIGHT  LEANN RIMES
CAN'T GET YOU OUT OF MY HEAD  MIKE MINOGUE
COME CLEAN  HILARY DUFF
COMPLICATED  AVril LAVIGNE
FALLIN'  AUDRA KEYS
GENIE IN A BOTTLE  CHRISTINA AGUILERA
GROOVEJET (IF THIS AIN'T LOVE)  SPILLER
HERE WITH ME  DIOO
HUNG UP  MADONNA
I'M LIKE A BIRD  NELLY FRITZADO
INNOCENT EYES  DELTA GOODREM
JUST LIKE A PILL  PINK
NO MORE DRAMA  MARY J. BLIGE
OVER THE RAINBOW  EVA CASSIDY
PUSH THE BUTTON  SUGAR Babes
REDNECK WOMAN  GRETCHEN WILSON
RIGHT TO BE WRONG  JESS STONE
SICK AND TIRED  ANASTACIA
SITTING DOWN HERE  LENE MARLIN
STRONG MACHINE  GOLDFRAPP
SUNRISE  NORAH JONES
SUPERSTAR  JAMELLA
SWEET DREAMS MY L.A. EX  RACHEL STEVENS
THESE WORDS  NATASHA BEDINGFIELD
THEM  JEM
TOXIC  BRITNEY SPEARS
WHOLE AGAIN  ATOMIC KITTEN