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

\[ \text{Verse 1} \]

These words are my own.

Yeah.

Threw some chords together,

the combination D E F

(Verse 2 see block lyrics)

\[ \text{Verse 2} \]

It's who I am, it's what I do,

and I was great at it before for you.

\[ \text{Chorus} \]

These words are my own.

Yeah.

Threw some chords together,

the combination D E F

\[ \text{Bridge} \]

It's who I am, it's what I do,

and I was great at it before for you.

\[ \text{Chorus} \]

These words are my own.

Yeah.

Threw some chords together,

the combination D E F

\[ \text{Outro} \]

These words are my own.

Yeah.

Threw some chords together,

the combination D E F
I try to focus my attention, but I feel so ADD.

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 better say I love you, love you.

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

— hyperbole to hide behind. My naked soul exposed.
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've gone and raised the bar right up
Nothing I write is ever good enough.
I'm not wait-in' a-round for a man to save me,
be on some-bo-dy's arm to look good,
I'm not wait-in' a-round for a man to save me,
be on some-bo-dy's arm to look good,
I'm not wait-in' a-round for a man to save me,
be on some-bo-dy's arm to look good,
I'm not wait-in' a-round for a man to save me,
be on some-bo-dy's arm to look good,
I'm not wait-in' a-round for a man to save me,
be on some-bo-dy's arm to look good,
Dm    B♭ D    Dm    Dsus²

don't need to be any one's baby, no I
not gonna get hooked up just 'cause you say I should, I'm gonna

Dm    B♭ D    Dm    Dsus²

don't need another half to make me whole.
wait so I'm sorry if you misunderstood

[M. 3" only]

Dm    Dsus²    Dm    Dsus²
Make your move if you want, doesn't mean I will or won't I'm

Dm    Dsus²    Dm    N.C.
free to make my mind up, you either got it or you don't.
This is my current single status, my declaration of independence.

To Coda

There's no way I'm trading places, right now a star's in the ascendant. I'm single oh, that's how I wanna be. I'm single oh,

1. That's how I wanna be.

Don't need to
Single oh,
that's how I wanna be. I'm single oh.

Ev-ry-thing in its right time,
ev-ry-thing in its right place.

I know I'll settle down one day,
but till then I like it this way.

D.§.al Coda

It's my way, hey, I like it this way, hey.
This is my current single status, my declaration of independence.

There's no way I'm trading places, right now a star's in the ascendant. I'm single oh, that's how I wanna be. I'm Oh, oh.

Play 4 times

Oh, oh.

Play 3 times

Oh, oh, oh.
town, me and my girls go-in' out. Counting down
to detonation, ten to zero, mushroom cloud.
Little angel, I've been too good, ditch the halo
-lo for a while. Dressed to kill, I'll be caus
-ing mass dis-trac-tion so shield your eyes. (I'm all steamed up)

and I'm ready to blow. (The pressure mounts) Meter red over load. (to get release).

I gotta explode, explode.

I'm a bomb, can you hear me tick? Beware if you
turn me on there is no safety switch. I'm a bomb, use only steady hands. To mess with me you must be a brave man. I'm a bomb, I'm a bomb yeah. Bomb, bomb, bomb, I'm a bomb.
bomb, bomb, bomb.

Bass so loud,
I can't hear you,
can't defuse me now I'm wired.

Do not disturb while I'm dancing,
watch me set this house on fire.

I'm a bomb,
can you
hear me tick? Beware if you turn me on there is no safety switch.
I'm a bomb, use only steadily hands. To mess with me you must be a brave man.
Club crescendo getting loud,
run for cover run for cover...
underground underground...
What you doin' what you doin'...

showing me no fear showing me no fear?
You must be crazy hanging round here. (I'm

Ω Coda

a brave man. I'm a bomb, bomb...

I'm a bomb, bomb.

Repeat to fade

I'm a bomb, I'm a bomb.
Unwritten

Words and Music by Danile Brisebois, Wayne Rodrigues and Natasha Bedingfield

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but I can't live that way.

before you, open up the dirty window, let the sun illuminate the words that you could not find.

Reaching for something in the distance, so close you can almost taste it, release your inhibitions. Feel the rain on your skin, no one else can feel it for you, only you can let it in.
No-one else, no-one else can speak the words on your lips. Drench yourself in words unsung, live your life with arms wide open. Today is where your book begins, the rest is still written.

Feel the rain on your skin, no-one else can feel it for you, only you can let it in.
No-one else, no-one else can speak the words on your lips. Drench yourself in words unspoken, live your life with arms wide open. Today is where your book begins, the rest is still unwritten.

Starting at the blank page before you, open up the dirty window, let the sun illuminate...
nate the words that you could not find. Reaching for something in the distance, so close you can almost:

D.S.al Coda

taste it, release your inhibitions.
Feel the rain on your

Coda

ten.
The rest is still unwritten.

Repeat ti:
The rest is still un:
Oh,

yeah.

My skin is like a map of where my heart has been, and

I can't hide the marks but it's not a negative thing. So I'll let down my
guard, drop my defences down by my clothes.
I'm learning to

fall with no safety net to cushion the blow. I bruise

easily so be gentle when you handle me. There's a

mark you leave like a love heart carved on a tree. I bruise
easily, can't scratch the surface without moving me. Underneath I


Anyone who can touch you can hurt you or heal you.

Anyone who can reach you can love you or leave you. So be gentle.
So be gentle...

So be gentle.

Woah...

D.\$ al Coda

\( Coda \)

I bruise

cas-i-ly...

I bruise

cas-i-ly... so be gen-tle when you han-dle me... There's a mark you leave like a love heart carve:
on a tree. I bruise easily, can't scratch the surface without moving me. Underneath I bruise easily.

Yeah I bruise easily. Mmm_ yeah oh. I bruise easily.

Verse 2:
I found your fingerprints on a glass of wine
Do you know you’re leaving them all over this heart of mine too?
But if I never take this leap of faith I'll never know
So I’m learning to fall with no safety net to cushion the blow.
If You're Gonna Jump

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

\[ J = 110 \]

\[ C^\flat, D^\flat, C^\flat, G^\flat, C^\flat, D^\flat \]

\[ C^\flat, G^\flat, C^\flat, D^\flat, C^\flat, G^\flat \]

I got a short attention span,

\[ C^\flat, D^\flat, C^\flat, G^\flat, C^\flat, D^\flat \]

can't sit around couch potato land

I wanna do all

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kinds of stuff, talking about it's not enough, oh.

I wanna go to the extreme,
I like my food with chili in,
I wanna stretch my

limousine.
It's hurting.
I wanna take it way off road,
I wanna stare fear in the face,

I'm not supposed to go.
I wanna take it all the way.
Life is music, play it louder. If you're gonna louder...

If you're gonna jump then jump far, fly like a sky-diver...

If you're gonna be a singer, then you'd better be a rock star.

If you're gonna be a driver, then you'd better drive a race car.
'Cause I'm looking for a guard dog, not buy-ing a chi-hua-hua.

not buy-ing a chi-hua-hua. If you're gonn-a jump then jump far,

skip the um and ah. I you wanna hit the high notes.

then you gotta be a di-va. If you're gonn-a play a gui-tar,
To Coda Θ

 gotta play it till you blister
 'Cause I'm looking for a guard dog,

 not buying a chi-hua-hua
 Not buy'n a chi-hua-hua

 Oh, oh, yeah. No half

 baked apples for my tea
 It's hot or cold no in be -
-tween. If you're gon-na jump.

If you're gon-na jump.

D.S. al Coda

If you're gon-na

Coda

'Cause I'm look-ing for a guard dog, not buy-ing a chi-hua-hua.
"Silent Movie"

Words and Music by Guy Chambers and Natalie Beaugeard

\[ j = 90 \]

Ebm

Gbm

A bm

Ebm

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

We're in a picture black and white, you

Ev'rybody's speaking but you

took the light out of my life when you

don't know what they're saying, you're just guessing

gave in... We're... In-

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playing out our different roles, we should be wanting the same goals,

interpreting emotion through a window that is broken, we're just testing

forgiving. Oh, why can't we communicate when the main

featuring is just beginning. In this silent mov-

ie there's no talking, you're just an actor. So
break into my story, take it over, paint me with colour.

2, 3.

over, paint me with colour. Step into the movie, you can be

my leading man, break into the silence so your heart can understand.

Step into the movie, we can walk along the sand, let me stand beside you, put your life
Don't you know you love me like you never loved yourself
(Step into the movie, you can be my leading man,

Don't you know you love me like you never loved yourself
break into the silence so your heart can understand.

Don't you know you love me like you never loved yourself
Step into the movie, we can walk along the sand.

D.S. al Coda

Don't you know you love me like you never loved yourself
let me stand beside you, put your life into my hands.)
Coda

In this silent movie there's no talk-
(Step into the movie, you can be my leading man,

- ing, you're just an act-
break into the silence so your heart can un-

- break in-to my stor-
break into the silence so your heart can understand.

- So break in-to my stor-
Step into the movie, we can walk.

- y, take it over,
along the sand,
let me stand beside you, put your life

- our,
in-to my hands.
Drop Me In The Middle

Words and Music by Danielle Brisebois, Wayne Rodrigues, Natasha Bedingfield and Rufus Johnson

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then add some heart. They fence us in to break us down, but still the place can't shut us out. The it's getting warm. Too many channels, nothing on to turn it off, it just takes one.

Not 2nd time

walls are thin but still they're strong. We're broken but we beat as one.

(Who) Coming from the streets of London, what I'm saying happens everywhere.

(Boi!) Just try'n to do something different something different something different.
(Ho!) People standing on the side just watching like they're scared or they just don't care.
(So) if you're standing on the side just watching get up, get over here.

N.C.

(Oh!) But I wanna be where it's happening, where it's happening.
(Oh!) 'Cause you gotta be where it's happening, where it's happening.

Drop me in the middle so I can make a ripple effect upon the ocean, I'll be

the moon that turns the tide. Drop me in the middle so I can make a ripple, a dom
- i-no ef-fect fall-ing through the sands of time. Do do do do,


Rap: (see block lyric)

rap is my on-ly way out, gon-na die my hair green and join No Doubt. Drop me in the mid-dle so I_
(Rap)
Bizarre, the big kid that raps
A thousand kids with shower caps, how d'ya like that?
People hear D12, they start runnin'
'Cause we've been partyin' from Detroit to London.
Autographs and hugs, wherever you want it,
Matter of fact, you can rub on my big stomach.
Born in the ghetto, raised in the ghetto,
I need a medal for getting the hell out the ghetto.
'Cause all I do is rap and eat steaks,
I wish the world were a better place.
'Cause when you're up they try to take you down,
Mess your day up, turn your smile into a frown.
If you ain't worried, then I ain't either,
Come on Bush, make Bizarre the leader.
'Cause rap is my only way out,
I'm gonna die my hair green and join No Doubt.
1. I think the lady did protest too much, she wouldn't take the flower from my hand.
2. I didn't mean to interrupt your stride, but a rose was all I had to give.

(Verse 3 see block lyric)

She only saw the shadow of my circumstance, sometimes beauty isn't recognised when perception can't describe what makes a man. It contrasts with what you feel inside. Who's to say the darkened cloud must lead to rain? Who's to say the problems should just go away?
Who's to point a finger at what's not understood? Because:

We're all mad in our own way, colours paint the grey away.

Diff'rent people all the same, each reveals a meaning.

We're all mad in our own way, fill the sky with diff'rent shades.
Read the story on each page, each reveals the meaning. Oh, each reveals the meaning.

We're all mad in our own way, colours paint the grey away.

Different people all the same, each reveals a meaning. We're all mad in our own way.
fill the sky with different shades
Read the story on each page, each reveals the meaning.

Oh each reveals the meaning.

Oh ay ay ay ay...

Bm

F7 sus4

F7

Bm

Bm

F7
We're all mad, in our own way, colors paint the grey away. Different people all the same,

each reveals a meaning. We're all mad, in our own way, fill the sky with different shades.

Read the story on each page, each reveals the meaning.

Verse 3:
Sometimes I think I over-analyse
As if I can control the time and place
Life isn't something you try on for size
You can't love without the give and take.
Frogs & Princes

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

\[ J = 112 \]

\[ \begin{array}{cccccccc}
    & Cm7 & Amaj7 & Gm7 & Cm7 & Amaj7 & Gm7 & Cm7 & Amaj7 & Gm7 \\
\end{array} \]

The in and out of dat-ing's got me all con-fused.

\[ \begin{array}{cccccccc}
    & Cm7 & Amaj7 & Gm7 & Cm7 & Amaj7 & Gm7 & Cm7 & Amaj7 & Gm7 \\
\end{array} \]

bui-l't up ex-pec-ta-tion end' up feel-ing used. Seems ev-'r-

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-body's into fast food, everybody's into quick,

want someone to take the time, fine dine me not rush it. Oh,

Now it's nearly seven thirty I'm slippin' on a dress,
pull up to our premiere red carpet good.

keep my fingers crossed you're not like all the rest.
check my coat, get my chair like I hoped you would.

So You're
when you come to pick me up come right to my door, don't
fun-ny and your flirt-in's really work-ing for me, but

stay in your car and beep beep the horn. May-be I'm a hope-less ro-man-
where it goes from here, bet-ter wait and see._

-tic, you'll pick the sounds for the back-ground to our drive in-to town._
tic, you'll pick the view that we kiss to, make me go ooh ooh. Well

Ba-by don't be one of the traf-fic, had too ma-ny nigh-t:
may-be it'll all turn out tra-gic, and you'll push for more.
back at my front door, more than I'm ready for. Tell me

how many frogs do I have to kiss before I find my prince? Before I find my prince.

All you girls that are going through this, tell 'em how it is, tell 'em how it is,

1.

2, 3.

We is. Tell me
how many frogs do I have to kiss before I find my prince? Before I find my prince.
All you girls that are going through this, tell 'em how it is,

To Coda ★

is,
tell 'em how it is,
(Rap): You gotta

tip the waiter, that's how it works, you can't skip the starter go straight to dessert. You got...
“pop” the cork before you taste the wine, not make a mad dash for the finish line.

Up in a row 'cos the dating game is (woah!) We get hooked up but the real shame is

D.S. al Coda

too much connection followed by rejection s’gon-na hurt a girl till she learns her lesson. Tell me

Θ Coda

Repeat to fade
Wild Horses

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

Very expressively \( \frac{1}{4} = c.65 \)

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Am}^\text{(6sus6)} & &\text{Fsus}^2 & &\text{Am} & &\text{G/A} & &\text{F} & &\text{Fsus}^2 \\
\end{align*}
\]

With pedal

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Am} & &\text{Fsus}^2 & &\text{F} & &\text{C} & &\text{G/B} \\
\end{align*}
\]

I feel these four walls closing in, face up against the glass, I'm lookin' out, mmm

(Verse 2 see block lyrics)

\[
\begin{align*}
&\text{Am} & &\text{Fsus}^2 & &\text{F} & &\text{C} & &\text{G/B} \\
\end{align*}
\]

"Is this my life?" I'm wonderin', it happened so fast, how do I turn this thing a -

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round? Is this the bed I chose to make? There's green-er past-ures I'm think-in' a-bout, mmm.

Wide o-pen spaces far a-way.

All I want is the wind in my hair, to face the fear but not feel scared.

Wild horses, I want to be like you. Throw-ing caution to the wind, I'll
run free too... Wish I could reck- less -ly love like I'm long-ing to. I wan-

to Coda

Yeah, oh.

I wan-

run too... Oh... reck-less-ly a - ban - don-in-

Yeah, yeah. (oh).
_my-self be-fore you._
I wan-na o- pen up my heart,
tell him how I feel
Oh_

run with the wild hor-es,
run with the wild hor-es.
Oh_

Yeah, yeah, oh, oh, I wan-na run with the wild hor-ses.
Oh_

Verse 2:
I see the girl I wanna be
Riding bareback care-free along the shore
If only that someone was me
Jumping headfirst, headlong, without a thought
To act and damn the consequence
How I wish it could be that easy
But fear surrounds me like a fence
I wanna break free.

All I want is...
Size Matters

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

\[ \text{\textit{F}} \]

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Uh da dow, uh da dow, uh da da da da da da da dow. Uh da dow, uh da dow, uh da da da da da da da dow. I've been siz-in' you up and stuff, watch-ing you live life large e-nough for the both of us to big up the love.} \\
\text{Got the mea-sure of the man in you, it's more than th-}
\end{align*}
\]

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sum of the parts, it's true what they say, you gotta big up the love.
I was

check-in' nice things you do, standing in the Starbucks queue, you buy coffee for a

stranger who's down on their luck. Random acts

of kindness flow, compassion from a hand I'd like to hold. It does it for me.
and I can't get enough.

Don't confuse me when I say, please don't take this the wrong way. You can lead a heart to love, but you can't make it fall.

I'm tired of loving small. 'Cause size matters, size matters, but...
not how you think, oh. I'm talkin' 'bout your heart and what you do with it. The

more seeds you plant the more flow-ers will grow, so big up the love

1.

till it over-flows. Most blokes too shallow to swim, only in-

-tres-ted in one thing. It's all so mean-ing-less 'cause puddles dry
up. A view of the world so small, it limits the size of the

dream and you achieving it. And with your arms, I see my life how it should be.
(A new panorama) (around me)

till it overflows. Big up the love. Big up the love till it overflows.

To Coda
up. 'Cause size matters. Big it up, big it up. Big it up, big it up.

Big it up, big it up. Oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh oh.

You can lead a heart to love but you can't make it fall. I'm tired of loving
small.

D.S. al Coda

Coda
It's the little things you do

that show me how big you are.
Big up the love till it overflows.
Peace Of Me

Words and Music, Natasha Bedingfield, Pat Leonard and Kara DioGuardi

\[ J = 89 \]

\[ \frac{4}{4} \]

With pedal

Standing still but still moving, lying down but not resting. Breathing air, suffocating,
Restless ways for a living, fitting in 'cause I was driven. Saying yes when I meant no,

All the while I'm debating. Life was never what I thought, never what I
Holding on, should have let go. I was scattered all around, left shattered on the

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wanted it to be. Had a plan, couldn't follow,

had a dream, it was hollow. Everywhere felt like nowhere, everything was so boring.

Life was never what I wanted, never what I

All I wanted was a little bit of hope, couldn't find it.

thought until you came and turned it all around.

You showed me something that I never knew I owned, you put a light to it.
Oh, you've found the peace of me, it was missing, it was broken, you put
soul into it. Oh, you've found the whole of me, I was empty, now I'm better, (all my pieces) back together.
Yeah, yeah, yeah...

1.

emp-ty, now I'm bet-ter, (all my pie-ces) back to-ge-ther. Yeah, yeah, yeah...

2.

Ah, oh, oh, yeah... yeah.
What a life, al-ways try'n', what a life, live with-out you. Don't leave me I don't want
And it's cold and I'm blind, and I would and it feels good. What a waste of my mind

[Verse 1]
fall a-part, I won't leave you. ev'-ry-time, all the time.

[Chorus]
Oh yeah yeah yeah. Oh yeah woah oh oh.

[Verse 2]
you've found the whole of me, it was miss-ing, it was bro-ken,
you put it back to-ge- ther. Oh___ you’ve found the whole___ of me... Ha ha...

yeah yeah oh oh.___

emp-ty now I’m bet-ter 'cause you pieced me back to-ge- ther.___

__