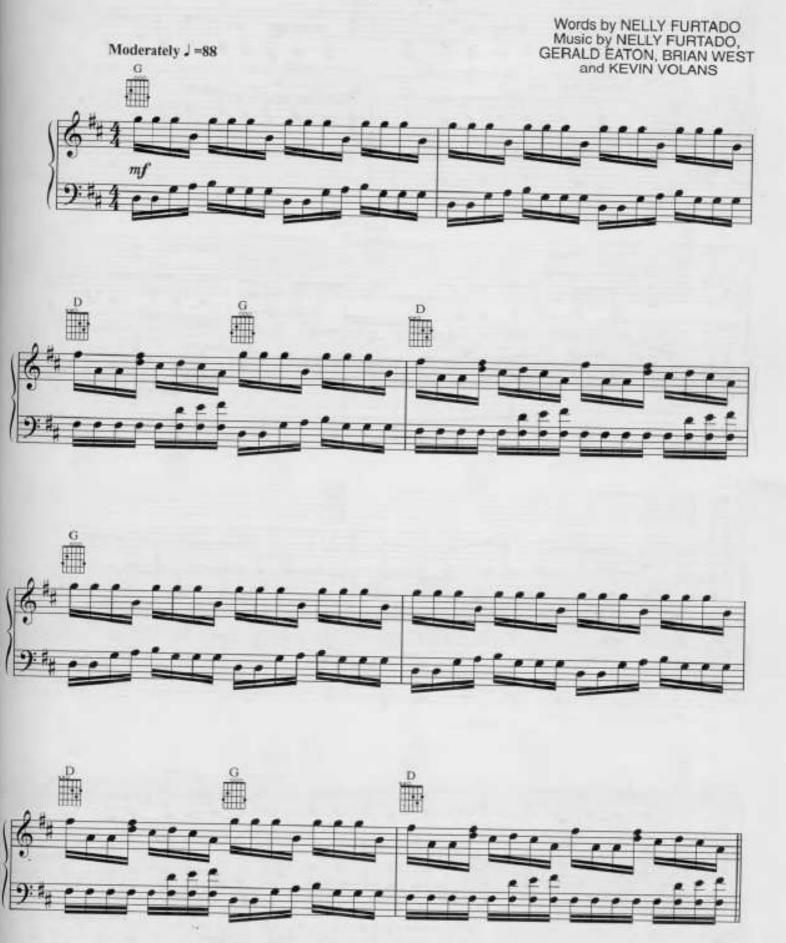
HEY, MAN!



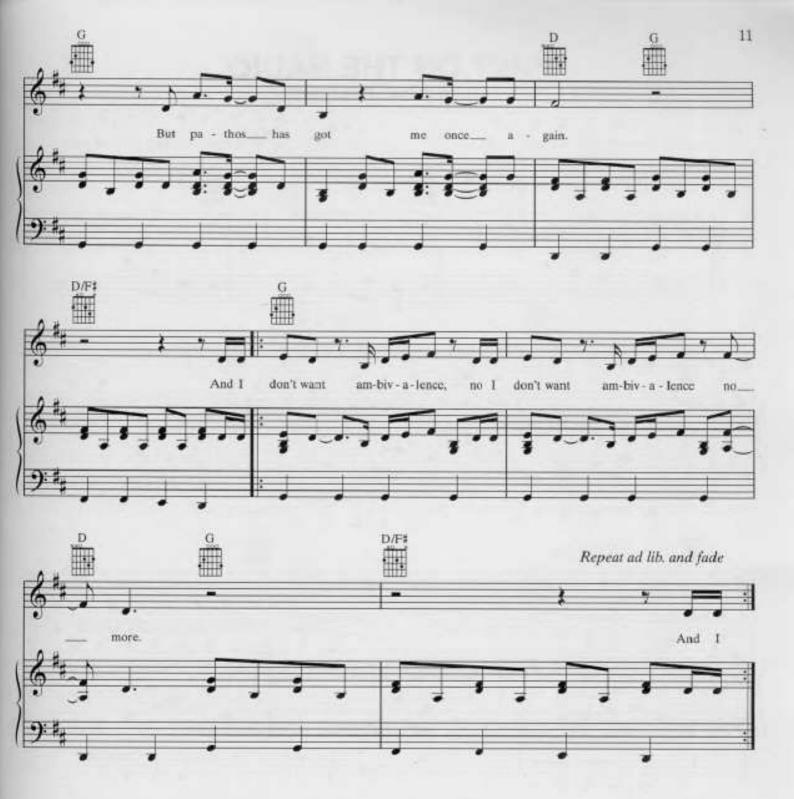


Hay, Manl + 5 + 2 05798









Verse 2:

Hey, man, we look at each other with ample eyes.
Why not some time to discover what's behind your eyes?
I've got so many questions that I want to ask you.
I am so tired of mirrors. Pour me a glass of your wine.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

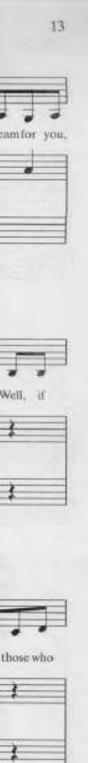
I've got a bunch of government checks at my door.
Each morning, I try to send them back but they only send more.
I look at myself in the mirror, am I vital today?
Hey, man, I let my conscience get in the way.
(To Chorus:)

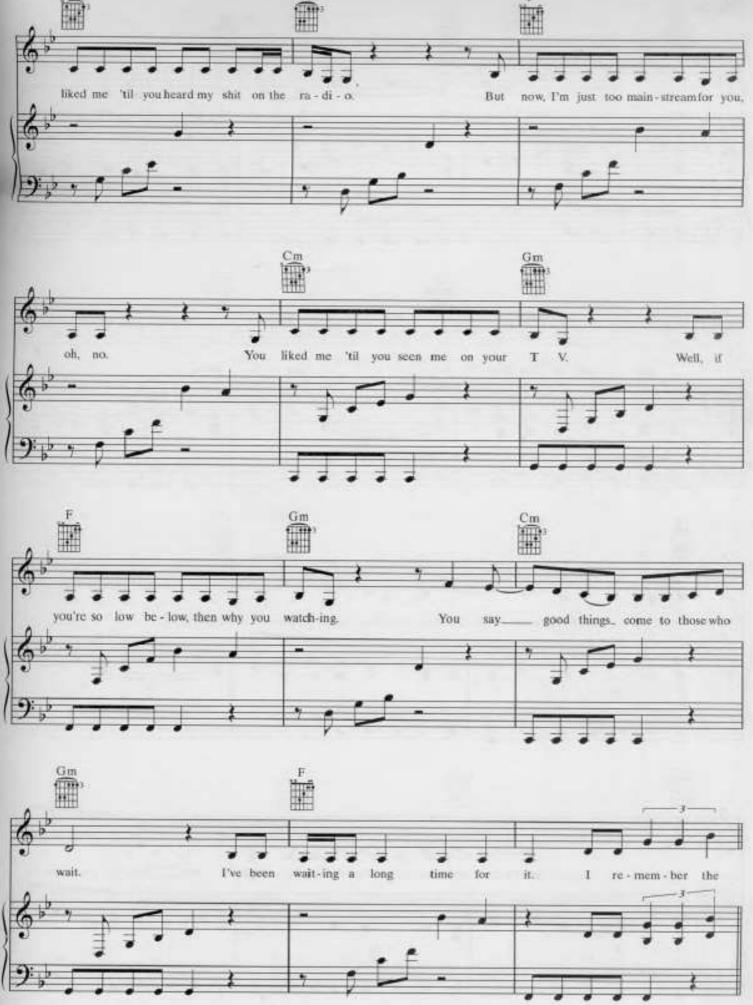
SHIT ON THE RADIO

(Remember The Days)

Words and Music by NELLY FURTADO







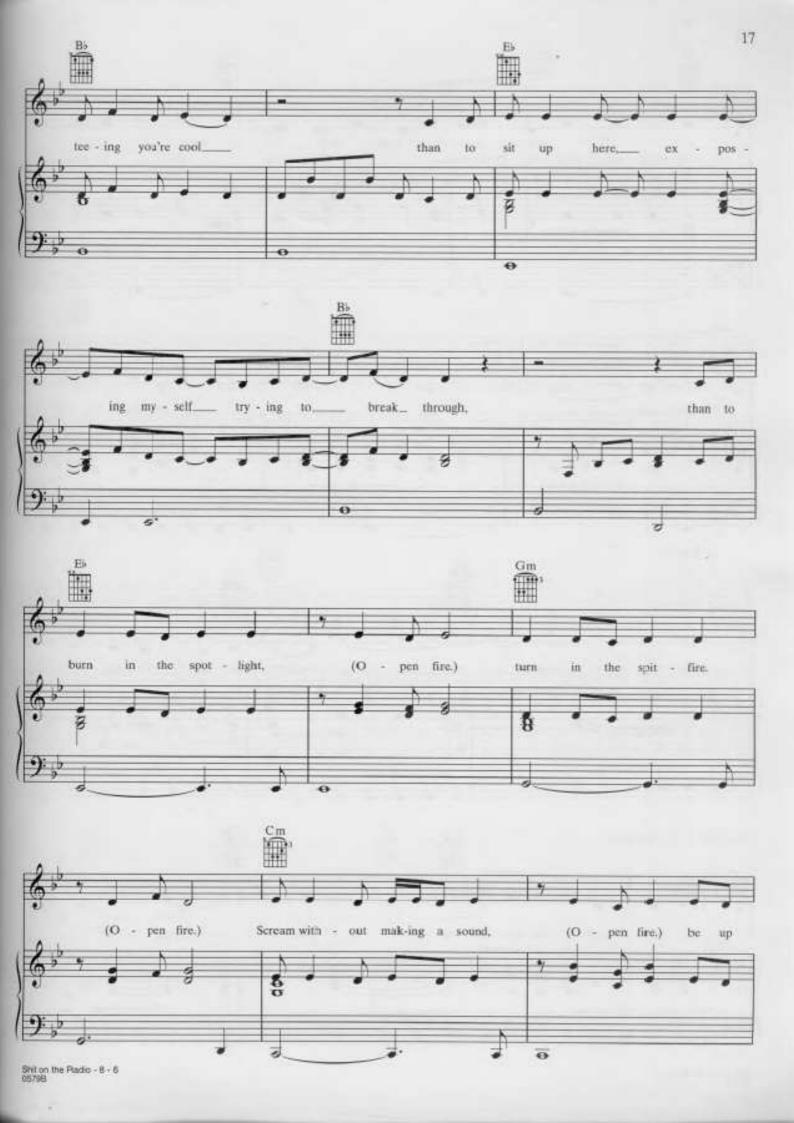






Shit on the Fladio - 8 - 4 05798







Shit on the Radio - 8 - 7 05798





BABY GIRL

Words by NELLY FURTADO
Music by NELLY FURTADO, GERALD EATON
and BRIAN WEST

Moderately slow J = 82





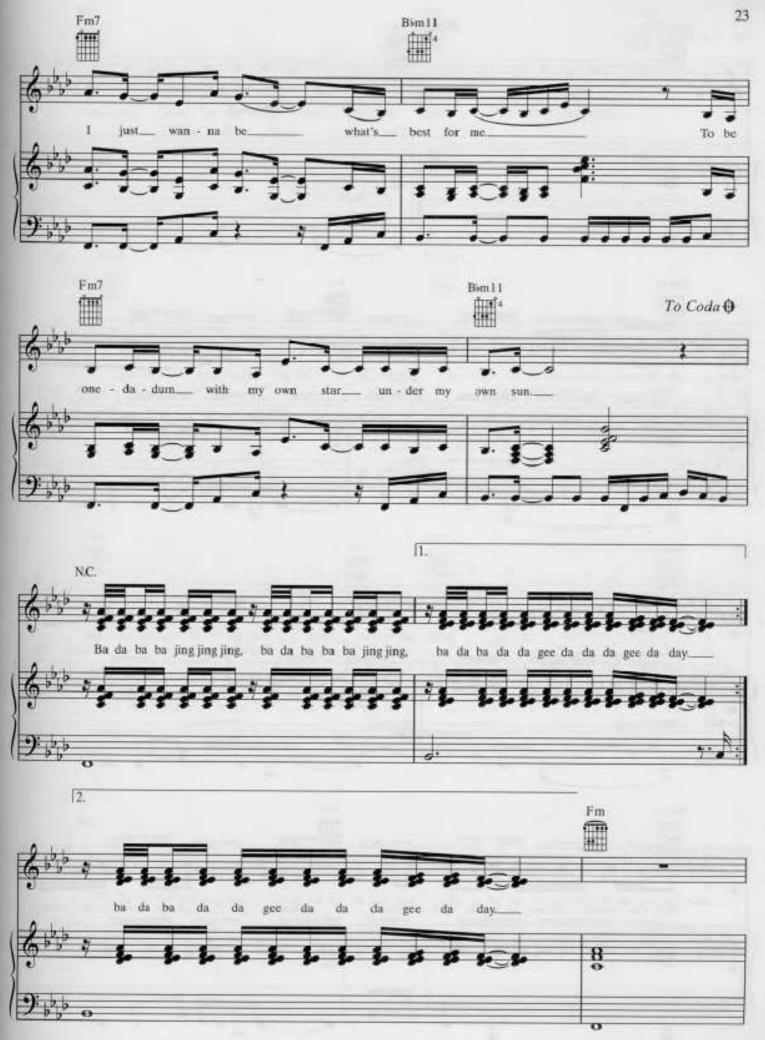


Baby Girl - 6 - 1 05798



Baby Girl - 6 + 2 0579B

Baby Girl - 5 - 3 0579B







LEGEND



*Original recording in G# minor.

Legend - 6 - 1 05798



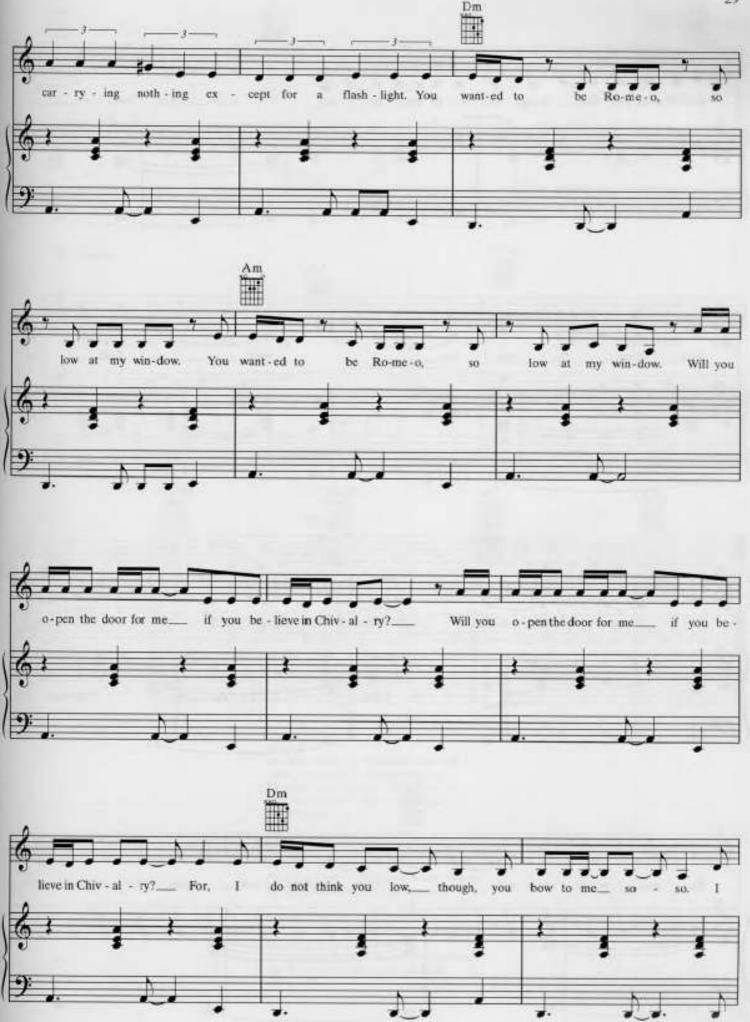


Legend - 6 - 2 0579B



Legend - 6 - 3 05798





Legend - 6 - 4 05798







Verse 2:

He makes me feel, he makes me feel Like you used to, like you used to. He makes me feel, he makes me feel Like you used to, like you used to. (To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

He wants to be, he wants to be With everything under the sun. And she wants to burn, she wants to burn Hot like that sun, hot like that sun.

Chorus 3:

Just like a legend who rises and then falls, I cannot be his only one. And like a callous, cold, callous woman. She'll never see what she did done. (To Coda)

I'M LIKE A BIRD





I'm Like a Bird - 5 - 2 0579B







7m Like a Bird - 5 - 5 05798

TURN OFF THE LIGHT

Words and Music by NELLY FURTADO







Turn Off the Light - 6 - 3 05798







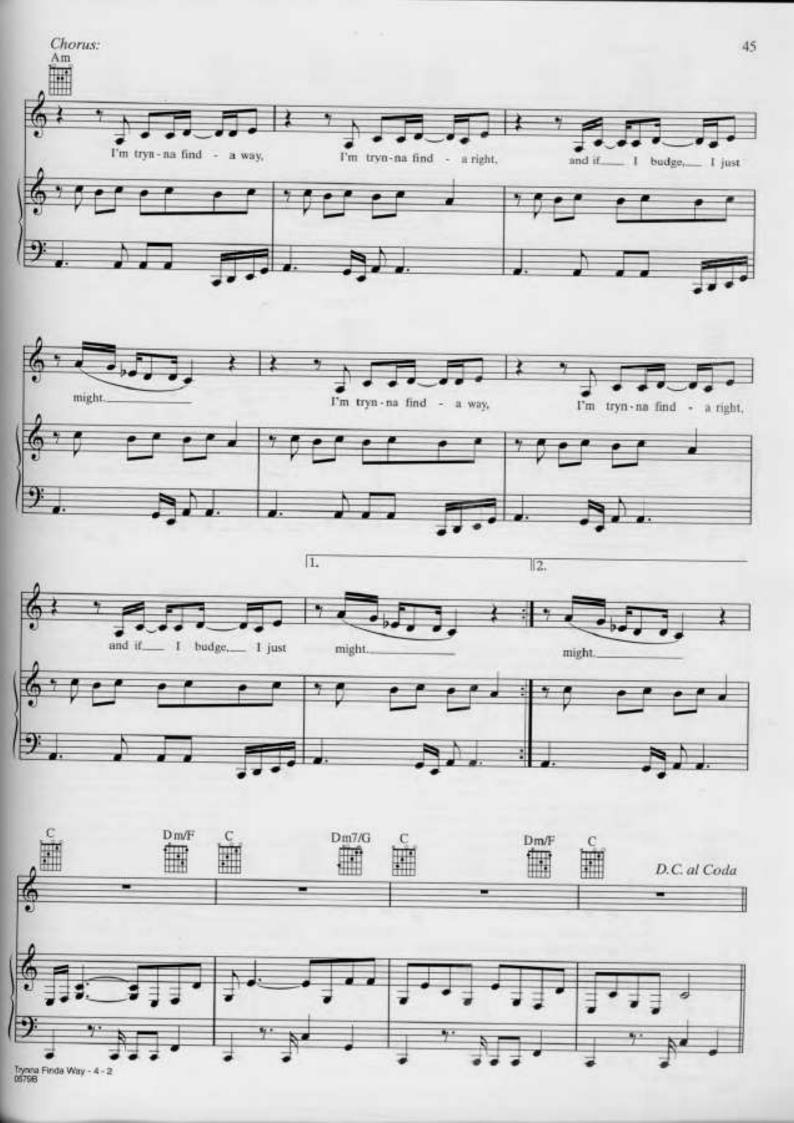
Turn Off the Light • 6 • 5 05798



TRYNNA FINDA WAY

Words by NELLY FURTADO
Music by NELLY FURTADO, GERALD EATON
and BRIAN WEST









PARTY

Words by NELLY FURTADO Music by NELLY FURTADO, GERALD EATON and BRIAN WEST



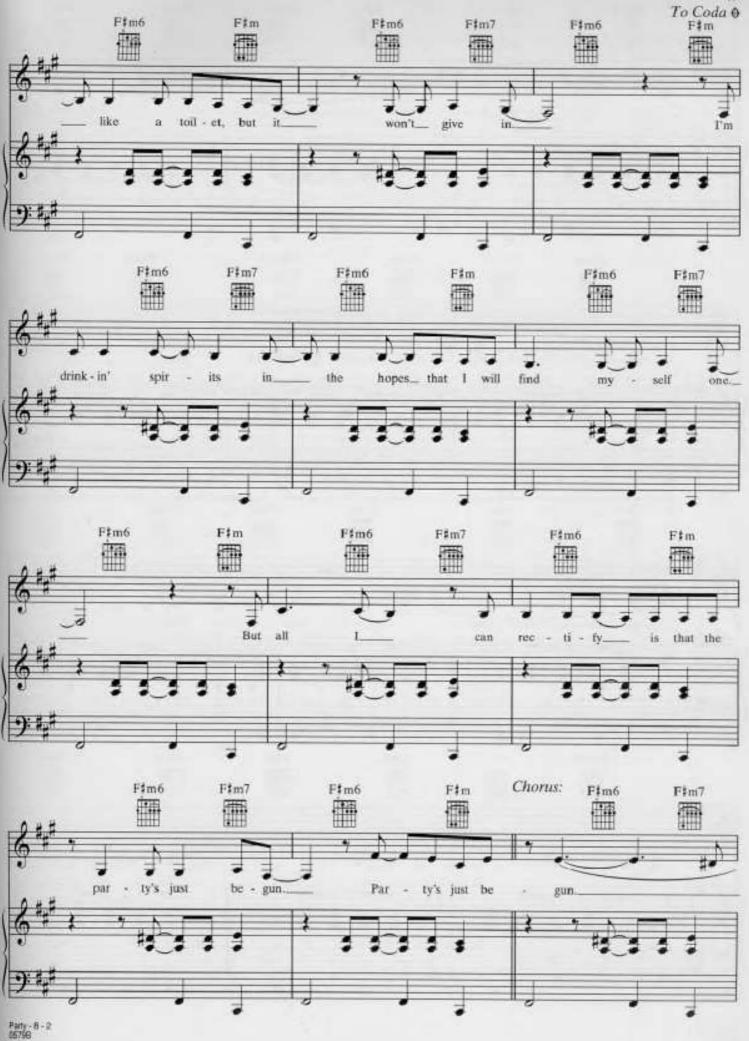




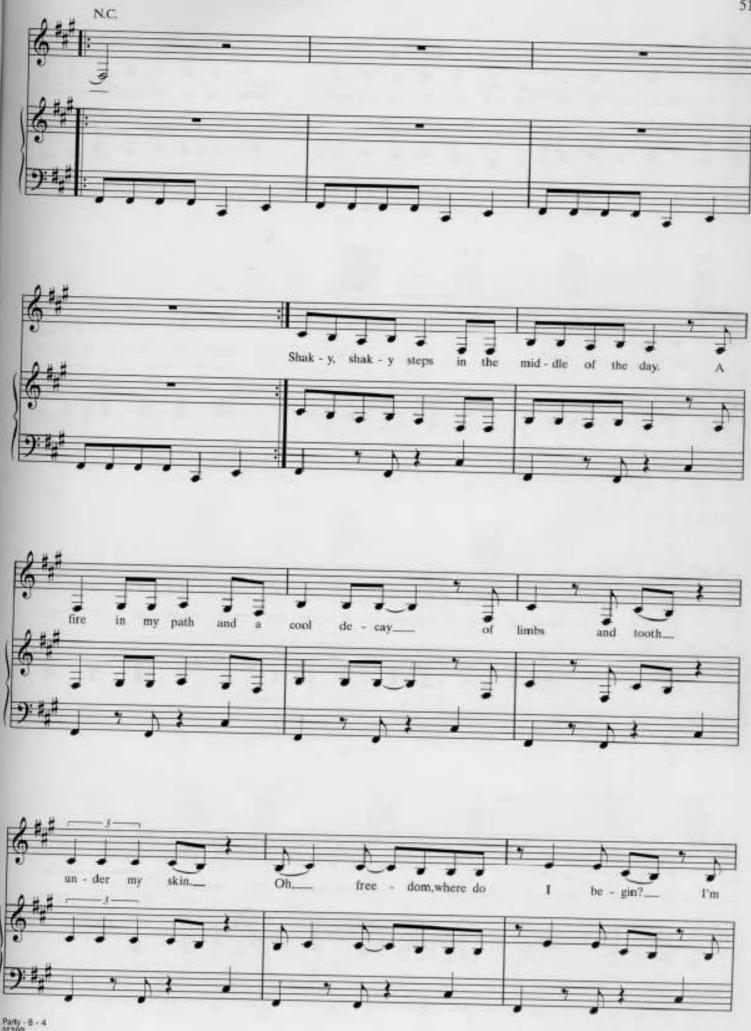
Party - 8 - 1 05798

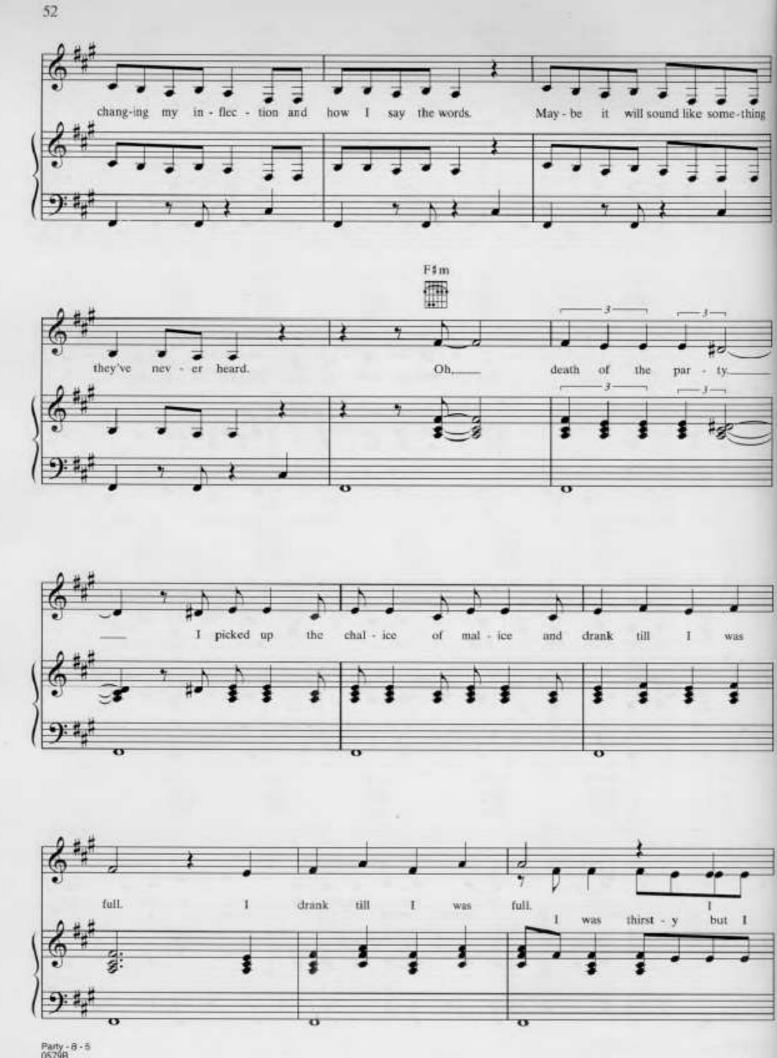
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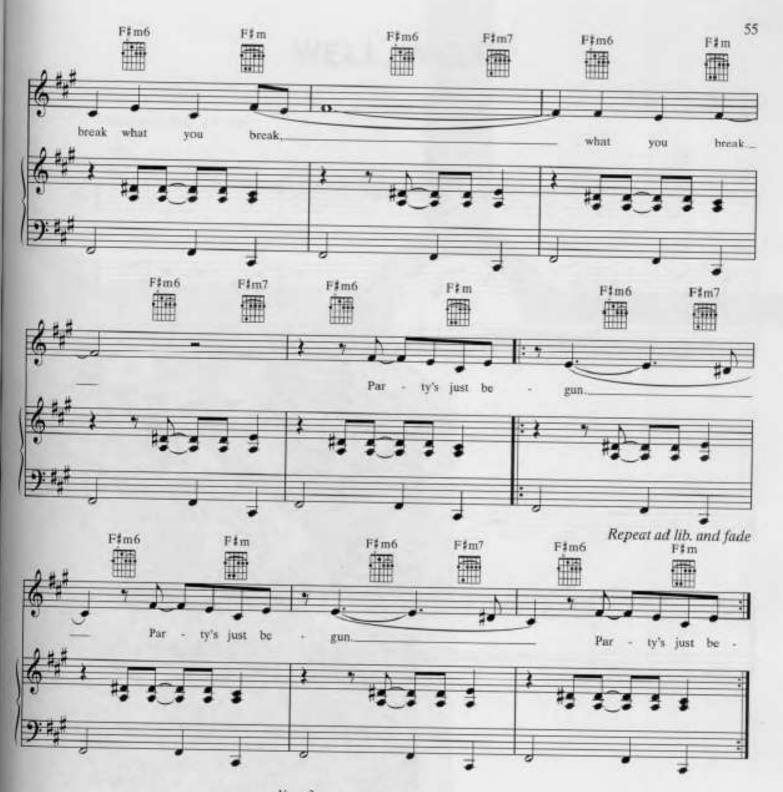








Party + 8 - 7 05798



Verse 2:
I feel like falling asleep and never waking up.
It's not that my glass is empty but I need another cup.
When all of the doors around me just shut one by one.
I feel like falling asleep but the party's just begun.
(To Chorus:)

Verse 3: There's a fever in my bones that I know so well. I keep my head low, low low to avoid the swell. But,... (To Coda)

WELL, WELL

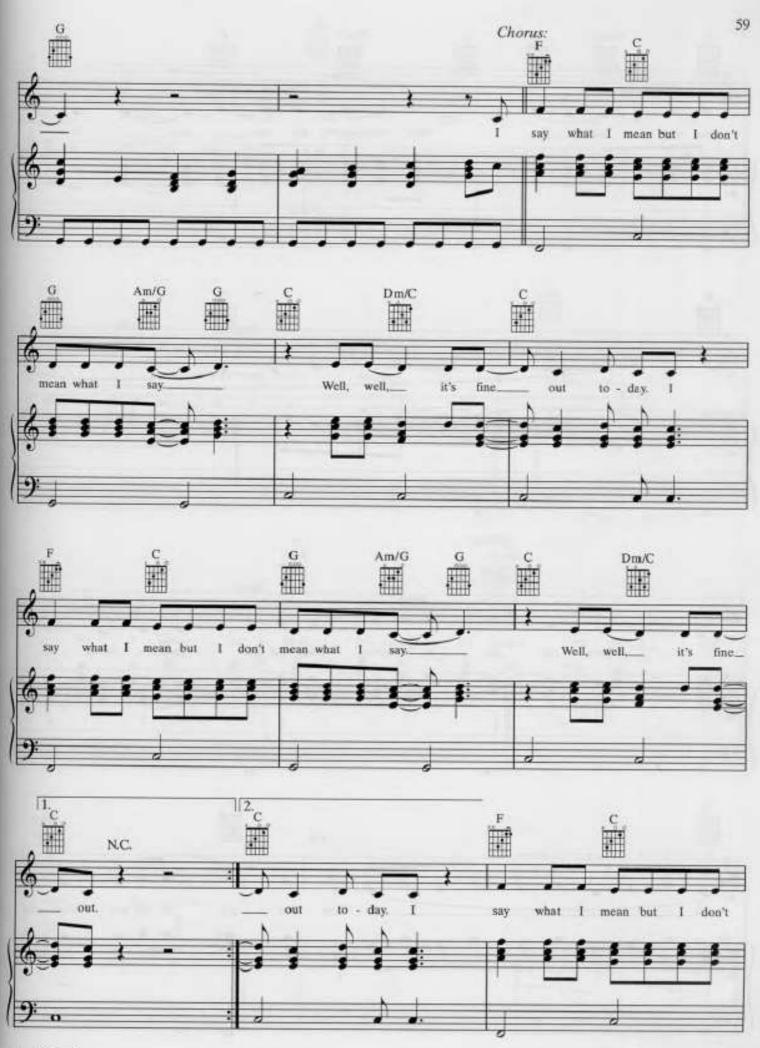






Well, Well - 7 - 1 05798

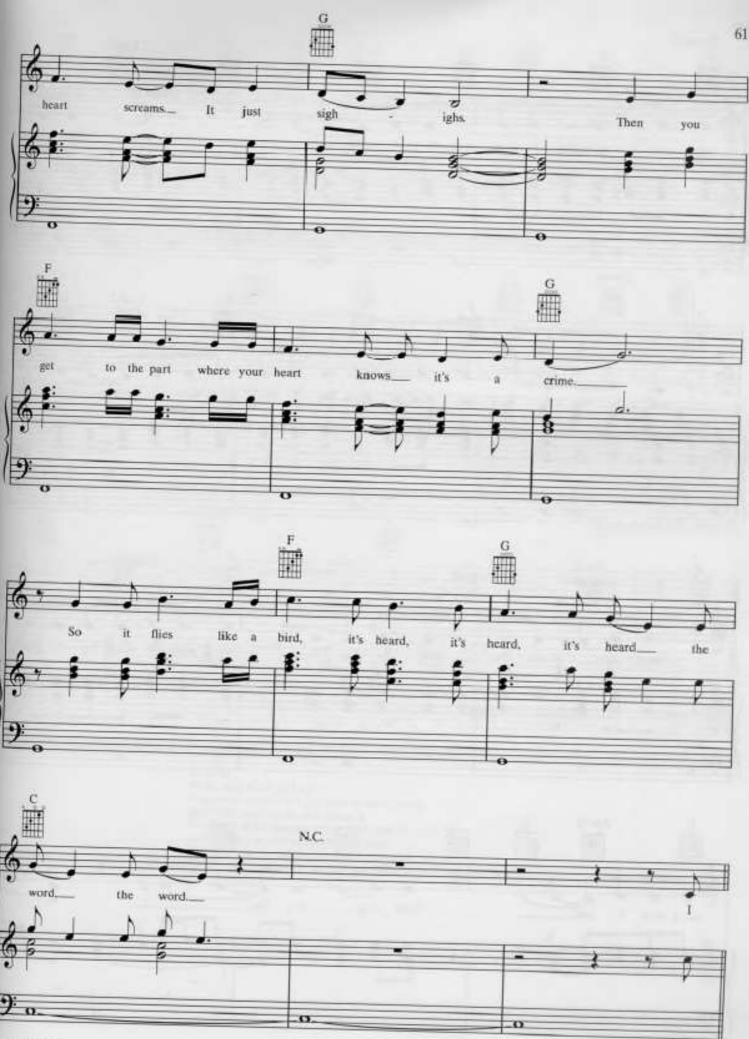




Well, Well - 7 - 3 05798



Well, Well - 7 - 4 05798







Verse 2:
Well, well, what do I say?
Eve never seen a bad day look quite this way.
And well, well, what do I do
When all of my thoughts run right back to you?
Looks like I meant to speak with logic,
But hon', the carnal always gets in the way.
Well, well, this fire was more funner than proper grammar anyway.
(To Chorus:)

MY LOVE GROWS DEEPER

(PART 1)

Words by NELLY FURTADO
Music by NELLY FURTADO, GERALD EATON
and BRIAN WEST







My Love Grows Deoper (Part 1) - 7 - 1 95798



My Love Grows Deeper (Part 1) - 7 - 2 0579B



My Love Grows Deeper (Part 1) - 7 - 3 05798



My Love Grows Deeper (Part 1) - 7 - 4 0579B





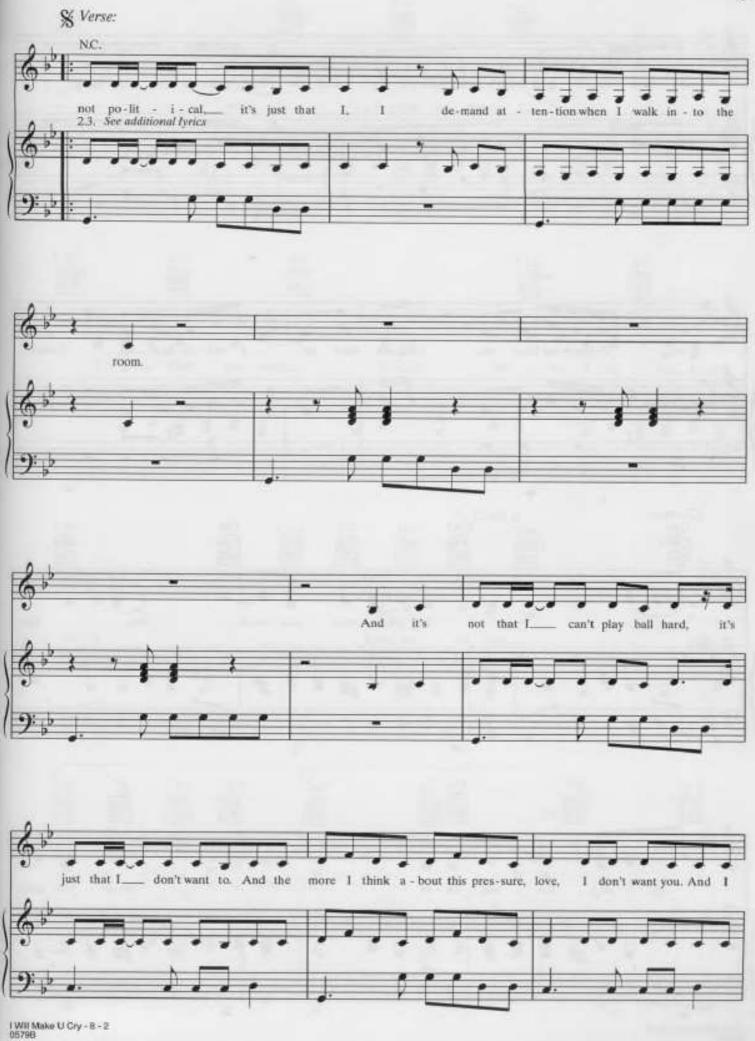
My Love Grows Deeper (Part 1) - 7 - 8



Verse 2:
My love grows deeper everyday but takes a little piece of me.
My love grows deeper everyday what takes a little piece of me.
My love grows deeper everyday, deep into the sea,
But takes a little piece of me, a little piece of me.
Oh, why can't I be green as the grass beneath my feet,
As fresh as the dew hits the ground in the morning?
And not yellow, like bumble bees, please take me off my knees,
I don't want to be red forever.
(To Chorus:)

I WILL MAKE U CRY



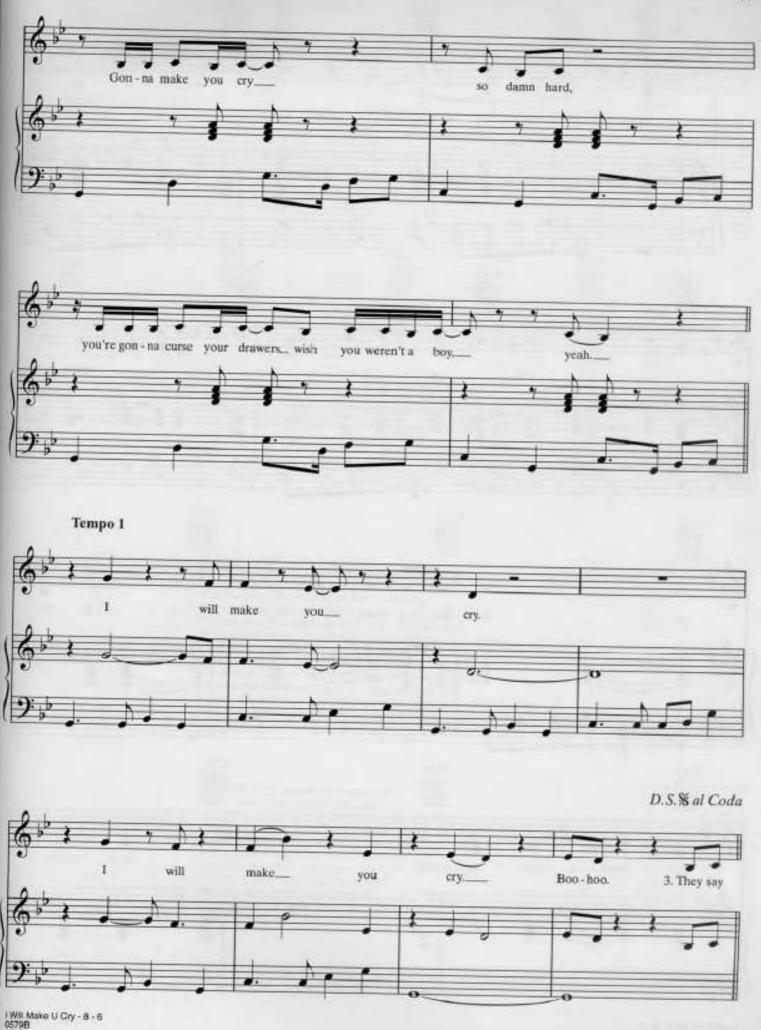


















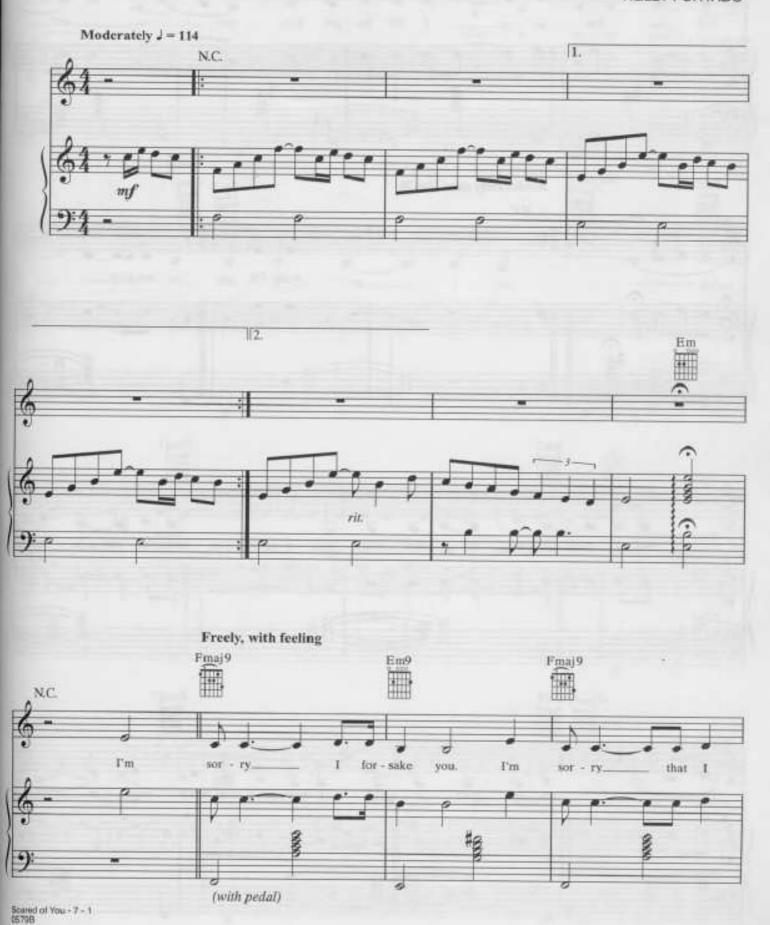
So I'll prefer to run this road rough around the edges. Good for something but too good to give it to you. You run your own course at your own pace But I just got impatient. See I wanted to explore. Forsake you, forsook you, abate you, dissipate you. So turn fate around, I believed that I was free of you-(not). I still believe in those days on benches at sunset And the waves in July-or was it March? We weathered weathers and storms, real and imagined. Such fragile tenderness, you are truly blessed. I stress this as I blow you this kiss, as I blow it in the wind, mmwa! (To Chorus:)

Verse 3:

They say time is made of memories. Well, I remembered and I'm tired. This is not political, it's just I remember the fire. Babe, you left me with my head held high. And I feigned to be more than I was, didn't I? I thought I could do without sugar love, But this chocolate has turned into sweet bubblegum. Candy is sweet but honey is sweeter. It tastes like the real thing but Candy is much, much cheaper. (To Chorus:)

SCARED OF YOU

Words and Music by NELLY FURTADO





Scared of You - 7 - 2 0579B

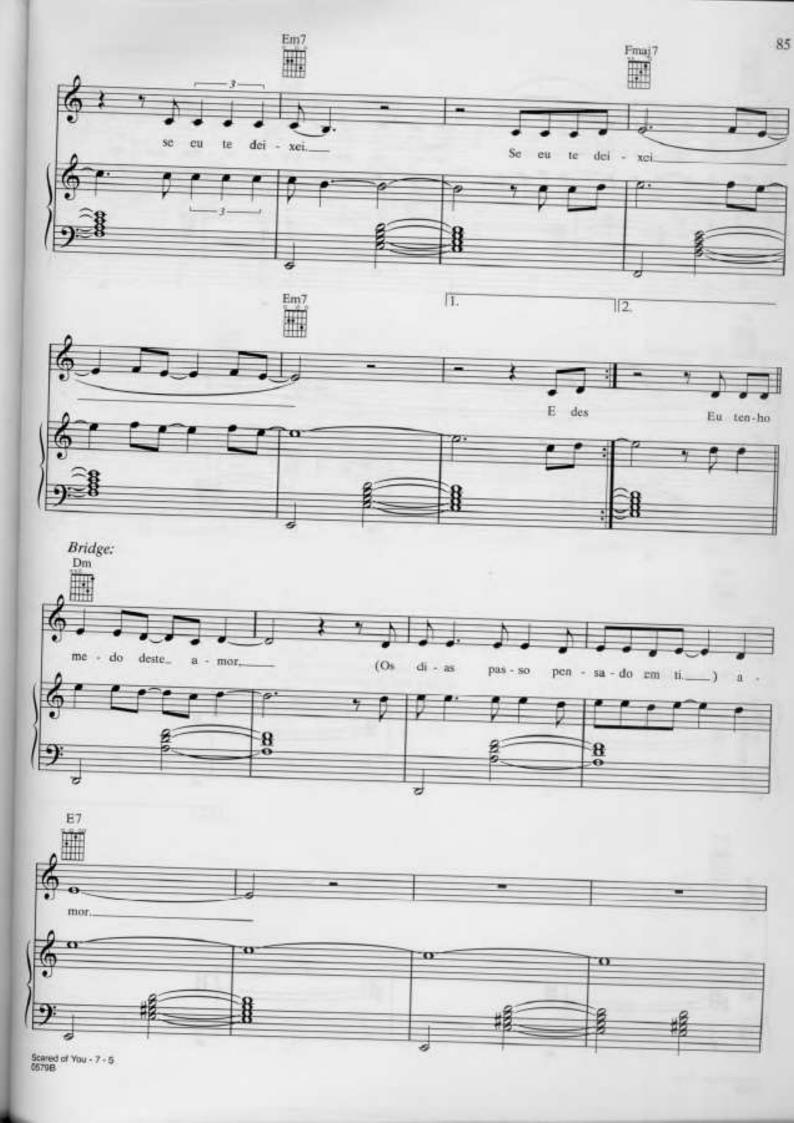




Scared of You + 7 - 3 05799



Scared of You - 7 - 4







Verse 3:
E desculpa-me por me sentir bem com tua dor.
Sabes que eu te adoro.
Mais sei que tua estrela e maior.
Do que a minha, do que a minha.
E por isso,
(To Bridge:)