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KARMA

Words and Music by KERRY BROTHERS, JR., ALICIA KEYS and TANEISHA SMITH

Moderately slow

Dm

Weren't you the one that said that you don't want me any more,

And when you came home you'd always have some sorry excuse,
and how you need your space, and give the key back to your door?

And how I cried and tried and tried to make you stay with me.

I sacrificed the things I wanted to do things for you.

But still you said that love was gone and that I had to leave.

But when it’s time to do for me, you never come through.

Both times: (Now

Dm

{ talkin’ bout a family, }
{ wanna be a part of me. }
(Now
you)
{ say - in' I com- plete your dream. }
{ have so much to say to me. }
(Now ______

A/D
Dm

you)

{ say - in' I'm your ev - 'ry - thing. }
{ wan-na make time for me. }
You're con - What you

A/D
Dm

fus - ing me, what you say to me. Do - t play with me, don't play with me. 'Cause,}

Dm

C

Dm

C

(What goes a-round comes a-round; what goes up must come
Now who's cryin', desirin' to come back to me?

(What goes around comes around; what goes up must come down.)

Now who's cryin', desirin' to come back?

I remember when I was sittin' home alone, waitin' for you 'til three o'clock in the morn.
I remember when I was sit-in home a-lone, wait-in' for you 'til three o'clock in the morn,

night after night, know-in' some-thin' go-in' on. Wasn't home before I be go-in', go-in', gone.

Lord knows, it wasn't easy, believe me. Never thought you'd be the one that would deceive me

and never do what you supposed to do. No need to lose me, fool, 'cause I'm over you. 'Cause
(What goes around comes around; what goes up must come down.)

Now who's cryin', desirin' to come back to me?

It's called karma, baby, and it goes around.

(1, 2)(What goes around comes around; what goes up must come down.)

Gotta stop tryin' to come back to me.
HEARTBURN

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS, ERIKA ROSE, WALTER WORTH MILLSAP, CANDICE NELSON and TIMOTHY Z. MOSLEY

Moderately fast

F♯m7

(Uh, oh, oh.) (Uh, oh, oh.) (Uh, oh, oh.) Come on. (Uh, oh, oh.) Tempo. (Uh, oh, oh.) A. Keys. (Uh, oh, oh.) let's go. (Uh, oh, oh.) Let me. (Uh, oh, oh.)

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F#m7

oh.) Let me, let me, let me tell you some-thin’ (tell you

how I feel): when he comes a-round, I get to

feel-in’ ill. It’s a ach-ey feel-in’ in-

side my chest. It’s like I’m go-in’ in to car-di-
Ac       arrest.          (A-dren-a-line rush-in' in my bod-y.)

On my pow-er I just can't fight it. (Doesn't matter how I keep on try-in'.)

I can't de-ny, I've got this (Heart-burn.)

Burn-in' in my soul. (Heart-burn.)
"Doctor, doctor, tell me, will I die?" And he said,

"Count to five, Alicia," and I'm gon' be all right. Let's go.

D.S. al Coda

One, Two, Three, Four. (A-

F#m7

Taste so good, I can't resist. (Whoa, whoa.)
Bm7

Get-tin' harder to digest. (Whoa, whoa.) (Can't take no more.) Gotta shake it off. (Whoa.) Now break it down and take it to the ground with me now. Everybody say,

F#m7

Oh. Oh. (Uh, oh, oh.) Oh. (Uh, oh, oh.) Whoa. (Uh, oh, oh.)

Lead vocal ad lib.
Oh._ (Uh, oh, oh.) Don't you know, I've got this (Heartburn.)

Burnin' in my soul.

Call the fire department. (Heartburn.) It's out of con-
(Heartburn.)  
(Spoken): What you tryin' to do?  
(Sung): (Heartburn.)

Burnin' in my soul.  
Call the fire department.

(Heartburn.)  
It's out of control.  
(Heartburn.)

(Shake it, shake it, shake it off.) Go 'head, girl.
Moderately slow

You could buy me diamonds,
you could buy me fairly,
I'll give you all my pearls,
take me on a cruise around the world.
(Ba-

goods;
treat you like a real woman should.
(Ba-
Baby, you know I'm worth it.) Dinner lit by candles, run my bubble bath, make love tenderly to last and last. (Bath, bluff, I'll hold you down when shit gets rough. (Bath, bluff,)

Baby, you know I'm worth it.) Wanna please, wanna keep, wanna treat your woman. She walks the mile makes you smile, all the while being right. true. Not just dough, but a show that you know she is worth your

Don't take for granted the passions that she has for
You will lose if you choose to refuse to put her first.

She will, if she can, find a man who knows her worth.

'Cause a real man knows a real woman when he sees her,

and a real woman knows a real man.
ain't 'fraid to please her. And a real woman knows a real man always

comes first, and a real man just can't deny

a woman's worth. Mm hm mm hm, mm hm mm hm,

mm hm mm hm, mm. If you treat me
a woman's worth. No need to read between the lines spelled out for you. Just hear this song, 'cause you can't go wrong when you value a woman's, woman's, woman's, woman's worth. 'Cause a real man knows a real woman when he sees her, and a real
Am7

man knows a real man... ain't 'fraid... to please... her. And a real

Em7

woman knows a real man... always comes... first, and a real

Am7

man just can't deny a woman's worth. 'Cause a real

Bm7

a woman's worth. Mm hm mm hm,
UNBREAKABLE

Moderate groove

Clap your hands _ e-v-e-r-y-b-o-d-y._ Clap your hands,_ come on.

Clap your hands _ e-v-e-r-y-b-o-d-y._ Clap your hands _ e-v-e-r-y-b-o-d-y._

Clap your hands _ e-v-e-r-y-b-o-d-y._ Clap your hands _ e-v-e-r-y-b-o-d-y._

Clap your hands _ e-v-e-r-y-b-o-d-y_, come on._
We could fight like Ike and Tinto.

or give back like Bill and Camille.

Be rich like Oprah and Stedman or instead...

struggle like Flo' and James Evans. 'Cause
She ain't no different from you and she ain't no different from me. So
we got to live out our dreams like the people on TV. We got to
stay tuned 'cause there's more to see, unbreakable.

Through the technical difficulties, unbreakable.
We might have to take a break, but y'all know we'll be back next week. I'm singin'

this love is unbreakable.

Clap your hands, everybody.

See we could act out like Will and Jada
or like Kimora and Russell making paper, oh yeah.

All in the family like the Jacksons, like the Jacksons.

And have enough kids to make a band like Joe and Catherine, yeah.

We're livin' on dreams. We're livin' on
were livin' on dreams.

We're livin' on dreams.

D.S.S. al Coda II
Yeah, we got to

Sing it one more time now.

Y'all know we'll be breakin' up, but we might just be back next week.

This love is unbreakable.

No thing, no money, no sin, no
I'm talkin' 'bout nothin'.

Un-break-a-ble, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, un-break-a-ble.

We just might be break-in' up, but y'all know we'll be back next week. I'm sing-in'

this love is un-break-a-ble.
HOW COME YOU DON'T CALL ME

Words and Music by PRINCE

Moderately fast

D  Bb6  G  G/A

(Vocal ad lib.)

I keep your picture beside my bed.

all right.

all right.

* Recorded a half step lower.
And I still remember every little thing that you said,
all right.
Always thought that maybe, baby, our love was right, but guess it was
wrong.
All wrong.
Always thought you'd be by my side, papa, baby, but now you're gone.

All I wanna know, baby, if what we had was good, they say.

how come you don't call me, umm anymore.
D\n
-b-y?

Ahh, an-y-more.

D\n
Bb6\n
G\n
G/A\n
G\n
Som-times it feels__like__

I'm__gon-na__die

Bm\n
E7\n
if you don't call me, pa-pa.

Ooh, you got to try it. Won't get
down on my knees. Won't beg you please, please, please, please, please, please.

Won't you call me sometime, papa?

(Ad lib. speaking)
Call me, call me.
(Vocal ad lib. on repeats)

Say, call me.

All I wanna know, baby,

if what we had was good, they say, how come you don't
All I wanna know, baby, if what we had was good, they say,

how come you don't call me? Oh, I want you to call me.

How come you don't call me?
I know that you want me. I know that you need me.
How come you don't call me? Babe, baby,

how come you don't wanna call me anymore?
IF I WERE YOUR WOMAN

Moderate Ballad, with a beat

Words and Music by CLAY McMURRAY, PAMELA SAWYER and GLORIA JONES

G Cm/G G Cm/G Cm/G Cm6/G

Em C#dim

If I were your wom-an and you were my man,

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you'd have no other woman,
you'd be weak as a lamb.

If you had the strength
to walk out that door,

my love would overrule my sense
and I'd call you back for more. If I were your

woman, if I were your woman,
and you were my
She tears you down, dar-lin',
says you're nothing at all.
Life is so cra-z-y,
and love is un-kind.

But I'll pick you up, dar-lin',
when she lets you fall.
Because she came first, dar-lin',
will she hang on your mind?

You're like a dia- mond,
but she treats you like glass.
You're a part of me,
and you don't e- ven know it.
Yet you beg her to love you, but I'm not asking. If I were your woman, if I were your woman, here's what I'd do: I'd never, no, stop loving you.
too afraid to show it. If I were your woman, if I were your
woman, if I were your woman, here's what I'd

I'd never, no, no, no, stop loving...
If I were your

can

If I were your

can

Repeat ad lib. and Fade
IF I AIN'T GOT YOU

Words and Music by
ALICIA KEYS

Moderately slow, in one

Cmaj7

Bm7

Am7

Gmaj7

Am7

Bm7

Cmaj7

Gmaj7

Am7

Bm7

Cmaj7

Bm7

Bbm7

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Some people live for the
Some people search for a

fortune,
the promises

live just for the fame.
You know,

for ever young.
Some people live for the power.

Yeah. Some people need a dozen roses.

And that's the only way to prove you love them.

Some hand me the game. Some people think the world on a silver platter, and
fine
what
good
with
be

And I've been there before, but

that life's a bore, so full of the

for me? Some people
want it all, but I don't want nothin' at all

if it ain't you, baby, if I ain't got you, baby. Some people want diamond rings;

some just want everything, but everything means
noth - in' if I ain't got you.

yeah. you, you, you. Some peo - ple

you, yeah.

If I ain't got you with me,
Am7    Gmaj7

baby._

Said, noth-in’ in this

Cmaj7    Bm7    Bbm7

whole wide world don’t mean a thing__ if I ain’t got you with me,

Am7    Gmaj7

baby._

Freely
EVERY LITTLE BIT HURTS

Words and Music by ED COBB

Moderate Gospel

C

C/G

E VERY LITTLE BIT HURTS

C

G/B

E VERY NIGHT I CRY. E VERY NIGHT I SIGH. E VERY NIGHT I WONDER WHY YOU
F/G C/G G
treat me cold yet you won't let me go.

Every little hurt counts.

F/G C/G C
Say you're comin' home yet you never phone. Leave me all alone. My love is

F/G C/G G
strong for you. I'd do wrong for you.

I can't
F7

C/B

si+

C

F7

57

come this lone - li - ness you give me.

yeah._

F/A  C/G  F7

I can’t go on _ giv - in’ my life a -

way.

C  G/B  F/A  C/G  Am  N.C.

Come back to me.____

Am  N.C.  Am  N.C.

Dar - ling, you’ll see

I can give you ev - ry - thing that you wanted be -
D  
G  
F/G  C/G  G

fore  
if you will stay  
with  

F/G  C/G  G  C  F/C

me.  
Oh.  
yeah.  
ev'ry little bit hurts.  

to Coda

C  F/C  C  G/B

Ev'ry little bit hurts.  
To you I'm a toy and you're the boy

F/A  C/G  F/G  C/G  G  F/G  C/G  G

who gets to say when I should play.  
Yet you hurt me, desert me.
Sal yeah. Yeah. Say, yeah, yeah, yeah. Say,

C7/E F7

C7/E F7

C7/E F7

C7/E F7

C7/E

Say, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.

Whoa, every little bit

Lead vocal ad lib.

hurts. Ooh, every little bit hurts.

Ooh, every little bit hurts.

Ooh, every little bit
Every night I cry. Every night I sigh....

End lead vocal ad lib.

Every night I wonder why you treat me cold. Oh, you
treat me so cold. Oh.

Don't you know every little bit hurts me

baby, ooh.
STREETS OF NEW YORK
(City Life)

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS,
TAENISHA GREENIDGE, CHRIS MARTIN,
ERIC BARRIER, NASIR JONES and WILLIAM GRIFFIN

Moderate Swing

Play 7 times

It's like a jungle
out here,
homes

So much struggle my peo
In my dream still
Feels like I’m
go in’
against Father Time...
Always feels like a race against Father Time.
Revolution has to start, don’t waste no time.

Only crime fills the brain.
Sleeps the

First
here.
ple.

Second

my rest
the brain.

Third
cons go in’
in of death.

Fourth

G#m7
Fm7

in the streets of New York.

N.C.

Uuh, uuh, uuh, uuh, New York, New York, New York.

New York, New York City. Where we at, where we at huh?

New York, New York, New York, New York, New York City.

Oh, oh, oh, New York, New York, New York.

New York, New York City. Come on, come on, we just...
Liv - in' in the cit -
y. Liv - in' in

the cit -
y. New York.

New York Cit - y.
Livin' in the city.

Play 3 times

Livin' in the city.

the city,

G#7 G#7 G#7

yeah,

yeah.

G#7 G#7 G#7
WILD HORSES

Moderately slow, with feeling

Words and Music by MICK JAGGER
and KEITH RICHARDS

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The things you wanted,

I bought them for you.

Graceless lady,
you know who I am.
Am7
Em
D/F#

You know I can't let you

G
D

slide through my hands.

Am7
C
G
F
E

Wild horses couldn't drag me away,

Am7
C

yeah. Wild, wild horses

Am7
C
couldn't drag me away.

Female: Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. I watched you

suffer a dull aching pain.

Now you decided to show me the same.
No sweeping

exits or off-stage lines

make me feel bitter

or treat you unkind, baby.
Wild horses couldn't drag me away.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.
yeah. Male: I know I dreamed you

a sin and a lie. oh

I have my freedom

but I don’t have much time.
Female: Faith has been broken.
Tears have been cried.

Let's do some living

before we die.

Both: Wild horses
we will ride them some - day.

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. oh yeah.

yeah.

Vocal ad lib.

rit.
DIARY

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS
and KERRY BROTHERS, JR.

Moderately

Am          Em7          Dm7

Em7 F Am

Em7 Dm7

Em7

Am

Em7 Dm7

Em7 Fm7

Em7

Am

Em7 Dm7

* Lay your head on my pillow
  I feel such a connection

Original key: G♭ minor. This edition has been transposed up one half-step to be more playable.

*1st time: Lead vocal sung one octave lower than written.

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Am  Em7  F  Am
low._  Here you even when

Em7  Dm7  Am
Can be yourself.
you're far away.

Am  Em7  Dm7  Am
* No one has to know what you are feeling.
Ooh, baby, if there's anything that you fear,

Em7  F  Am
no one call four eight nine, forty six oh eight, but me and you.

*Both times: Lead vocal sung at written pitch.
I won't tell

your secrets.

Your secrets are safe with me.

I will keep your
secrets.

Just think of me as the pages in your diary,

To Coda

Sung: Only we know what is talked about,

Spoken: (You know what?)
Em7  Dm7  Am
ba - by,  boy. I don't know

Am  Em7  Dm7  Am
how you can be driv - ing me so cra - zy,  boy.

Em7  F  Am  Em7  Dm7
Ba - by, when you’re in town, why don’t you come a - round,  boy?

Am  Em7  F  Am
I’ll be the loy - al - ty you need; you can
trust me, boy. Oh,

CODA

Ev'-ry-bod-y say, whoa. (Whoa.) Let me hear you say,

Am

Ev'-ry-bod-y say, whoa. (Whoa.) Ev'-ry-bod-y say, whoa.

Am

I'm sing-in', whoa. (Whoa.) Let me hear you sing.
I won't tell. (I won't tell.) I won't tell.
(I won't tell.) I won't tell (I won't your secrets, your secrets, your secrets. Break it down.)
YOU DON'T KNOW MY NAME

Moderately

Bm7

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bm7</th>
<th>C#7</th>
</tr>
</thead>
</table>

Ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, from the day I saw you
ba-by, ba-by, ba-by, I see us on a first date.

I really, really wanted to catch your eye
You're doing every thing to make me smile.

Bm7

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Bm7</th>
<th>C#7</th>
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</table>

There's somethin' special 'bout you
And when we had our first kiss, it happened on a Thursday.

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS,
KANYE OMARI WEST, HAROLD SPENCER LILLY,
J.R. BAILEY and MEL KENT

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'cause not a lot of guys are worth my time.

And ooh, it set my soul on fire.

Ooh, baby, baby, baby,
Ooh, baby, baby, baby,
it's gettin' kind of crazy
I can't wait for the first time.

'cause you are takin' over my mind
My imagination's runnin' wild.

And it feels like
It feels like

Ooh, you don't know my
Spoken: It's funny, he don't even know what he's doin' to me.

Oh, I been feelin' all crazy inside. I'm feelin' like......

do-in' a thing I've nev-er done for an-y-one's at-ten-tion. Take

no- tice of what's in front of you 'cause did I men-tion you're bout to miss a good thing?
And you’ll nev-er know how good it feels to have all of my af-fec-tion. And you’ll

nev-er get a chance to ex-pe-rience my lov-in’ cause my lov-in’ feels like

you don’t know my _

Round and ’round and ’round we go. Will you ev-er know?
Amaj7

Ooh,

Em7

— you don’t know my name. 'Round and 'round and 'round we go.

C#7

Will you ever know? Will you ever

Amaj7

know it? No, no, no, no,
No, no, no. Will you ever know it? (Ooh.)

Spoken: (See Spoken Lyrics)

Ooh. (Ooh.)

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I might have to just go ahead and call this boy.
Hello, can I speak to, to, Michael? Oh, hey, how you doin’?
Uh, I feel kinda silly doin’ this but um, this is the waitress from the coffee house on 39th and Lenox.
You know, the one with the braids. Yeah, well I see you on Wednesdays all the time.
You come in every Wednesday on your lunch break, I think, and you always order the special with the hot chocolate.
My manager be trippin’ and stuff talkin’ bout we gotta use water but I always use some milk and cream for you ‘cause,
I think you’re kinda sweet.
Anyway, you always got on some fly, blue suit, mmm.
Your cuff links are shinin’ all bright. So what you do?
Oh, word. Yeah that’s interesting.
Look man, I mean I don’t wanna waste your time but I know girls don’t usually do this.
But I was wonderin’ if maybe we could get together outside the restaurant one day?
You know, ‘cause I do look a lot different outside my work clothes.
I mean, we could just go across the street to the park right here.
Wait, hold up, my - my cell phone breakin’ up.
Can you hear me now? Yeah, so what day did you say?
Oh, Thursday’s perfect.
STOLEN MOMENTS

Words and Music by ALICIA KEYS, KERRY BROTHERS, JR., PAUL GREEN and MELVIN RAGIN

Moderately

Em9

Rememberin' the days...

Dm9

when our love began.

Em9

Thinkin' of a million ways to escape and be with

* Recorded a half step lower

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But reality wasn’t just you and I. It was long drawn out days and lonely nights.

Dreamin’ bout you, I keep dreamin’ bout you and I’m dreamin’ bout when you would
say, "Let me take you, take you, take you to an-
other place where noth-in' ev-er seems to mat-
ter."

It's just you and me.

We can take flight like a thief in the night, stolen mo-
ments with
you, ooh."

But

des - ti - ny
did - n't have such a sim - ple plan.

I was just a girl and you a young man.

How could age de - f"
Can this

s o m e - t h i n' s o d i - v i n e?

e v e n b e r e a l o r j u s t e x i s t i n m y m i n d?
Dreamin' bout you, I keep dreamin' bout you and I'm dreamin' and waitin' for the day when no one and nothing else takes up our time. Finally you're only mine each and every day and I walk with you right by my
But instead we have to hide, sneak around and lie just to spend time alone. If loving you's a crime I'd rather do the time and leave the world behind.

Let me

Ad lib, piano solo
Let's get away. Let's get away.

We can get away. We can get away.
FALLIN'

Words and Music by
ALICIA KEYS

Freely N.C.

I keep on fall - in' in (Vocal ad lib.)

Moderate Blues tempo

out of love with - a you.

Sometimes I

love you some - times you make me blue.

Sometimes I feel

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good.

At times I feel used.

Loving you

darling makes me so confused.

I keep on

falling in and out of love with you.

I

never loved someone the way that I love you.

Oh, oh,
I never felt this a
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
fall in' back in love with you I keep on
fall in' in and out of love with a you I
never loved someone the way that I love a you Oh baby
I, I, I I'm fall in'
I, I, I, I'm falling in.

Fall, fall, fall.
Em  Bm7  Em  Bm7
love with a you. I never loved some one the way that

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

Em  Bm7  Em  Bm7
love with a you. I never loved some one the way that

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

I love a - you. What?