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HOW DO YOU DO

Lyrics by SHAKIRA
Music by SHAKIRA, LAUREN CHRISTY, SCOTT SPOCK and GRAHAM EDWARDS

Chant-like, but not slow

 Forgiveness
C#m
Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those
ES/B

G#5
C#m

who have trespassed against us.

Give us this day our daily bread.

NC.

daily bread, daily bread.

cresc.
Rock Shuffle (\( \text{\textfrac{3}{4}} \))

E   B   F#m   A

Cel - lo et in ter - ra fiat vol - un - tas tu - a.

mf

E   B   A

Glo - ri - a Spi - ri - tui Sanc - to.

C#m   B

What lan - guage do you speak, if you speak at all?
Hey, do you feel our pain and walk in our shoes?

mp

A   B

Are you some kind of freak who lives to raise the ones who
Have you ever felt starved or is your bel - ly al - ways
Hey, would you tell me why the cat fights the dog?
Hey, does that make you proud or does it bring you shame?
And if our fates have all been wrapped around your finger,
and if you wrote the script, then why the trouble-makers?
How do you do? How does it feel to be so high? And are you happy? Do you ever cry?

You've made mistakes, well, that's okay 'cause we all have, but if I forgive yours, will you forgive mine?
mine?
For-give us our tres-pass-es as we for-give those

who have tres-passed a- gainst us.
Give us this day our dai-ly bread,

dai-ly bread. For-give us our tres-pass-es as we for-give those

who have tres-passed a- gainst us.
Give us this day our dai-ly bread,
Thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, amen!

How do you do? How does it feel to be so high? And are you happy? Do you ever cry?
You've made mistakes, well, that's okay 'cause we all have, but if I forgive yours, will you forgive mine?

yours, will you forgive mine?
ILLEGAL

Lyrics by SHAKIRA
Music by SHAKIRA
and LESTER MENDEZ

Moderate Ballad

Who would've thought that you could hurt me
I tried so hard to be attentive
the way you've done

to all you want-

it, so deliberate, so decided.

Since you have been gone,

What did I do wrong?

I bite my nails for days and hours
Better wondering for days and hours.

It's
Em
question my own questions on and on.
clear it isn't here where you belong.
So

F#m7
Bm
F#m7
Bm
tell me now,
tell me now,
why you're so

An
y-how,
an y-how,
I wish you both

G
far away
all the best
I hope you get

A
when I'm still
so close.

D
F#m
You don't even know the meaning of the words "I'm sorry."
You said you would love...
me un-till you die, and as far as I know you're still alive, baby.

You don't even know the meaning of the words "I'm sorry."

start-ing to be-lieve it should be il-legal to de-ceive a wom-an's heart.
Open heart, open heart.

It should be illegal to deceive a woman's heart.

Open heart, open heart.

It should be illegal to deceive a woman's heart.
HIPS DON'T LIE

Lyrics by SHAKIRA and WYCLEF JEAN
Music by SHAKIRA, WYCLEF JEAN, JERRY DUPLESSIS, LATAVIA PARKER, OMAR ALFANNO and LUIS DIAZ

Moderate Latin dance groove

Bm
G
A
F#m

G
A
Bm

Male:

Bm
G
A
F#m

never really knew that she could dance like this. She makes a wanna speak Spanish.

G
A
Bm

Como se llama si, bonita, si, mi casa, su casa.

*Recorded a half step lower.
Female: Oh ba - by, when you talk like that you make a wom-an go mad...

G A F#m
So be wise, si, and keep on, si, read-ing the signs of my bod - y.

G A Bm
I’m on to-night. You know my hips don’t lie (and I’m start-in’ to feel it’s right.

G A F#m
I’m start-in’ to feel you, boy.

G A Bm
All the at-trac-tion, the at-ten-tion. Don’t you see, ba - by?This is per-fec-tion.

G A Bm
Come on let’s go real slow. Don’t you see, babe?A - si es per-fec-to.
Male: Hey girl, I can see your body movin' and it's drivin' me crazy.

And I didn't have the slightest idea until I saw you dancin'.

N.C.

And when you walk up on the dance floor no-body cannot ignore the way you move your body, girl.

Bm

D.S. al Coda

And ev'ry-thing's so un-exp-ect-ed, the way you right and left it. So you can keep on shakin' it...
Babe, I know I'm on tonight. My hips don't lie and I'm startin' to feel it's right.

All the attraction, the attention. Don't you see, baby? This is perfection.

Oh boy, I can see your body movin'. Half animal, half man.

I don't, don't really know what I'm doin' but you seem to have a plan.
My will and self restraint have come to fail now, fail now.

See I'm doing what I can but I can't so you know that's a bit too hard to explain.

Male: Baila en la calle de noche. Baila en la calle de día.

Both: Baila en la calle de noche. Baila en la calle de día.
Male: Never really knew that she could dance like this. She makes a man wanna speak Spanish.

Como se llama si, bonita, si, mi casa, su casa.

Female: Oh baby, when you talk like that you know you got me hypnotized.

So be wise, si, and keep on, si, readin' the signs of my body.
Male: Señorita feel the conga. Let me see you move like you come from Colombia.

Female: Mira en Barranquilla se baila así.

say, Male: En Barranquilla se baila así.
Rap: (See additional lyrics)

Play 4 times

Female: I'm on tonight. My

hips don't lie and I'm start-in' to feel you, boy. Come on let's go, real slow.

Baby, like this is perfecto. Oh, you know I'm on tonight. My
Rap: Yeah, she’s so sexy. Every man’s fantasy.
A refugee like me back with the Fugees from a third world country.
I go back like when ’Pac carried crates for humpty hump.
We leave the whole club jeezy. Why the CIA wanna watch the Colombians and Haitians?
I ain’t guilty. It’s a musical transaction.
Oh bope zo boat. No more do we snatch rope.
Refugees run the seas ’cause we own our own boats.
Why do all my friends now
They believe you now have
want to be your lovers? Your family got bigger when they thought you were rich.
everything you wanted, and once you have become a star you've got no right to bitch.

And now like maniacs, they scratch your back even when it doesn't
But someday when you fail, they'll put you on sale and buy you by the inch.

I want to figure it all, I want to figure it all out,
But you're the real deal, and real is your middle name...
I want to save you from...
You know, sometimes I feel...

save you from all... that's vain, save...
we got ta earn ev'ry breath we take, ba-

you from the things... that cause us pain...
Never mind... the rules we break...

'Cause it's an

animal city, it's a cannibal world...
so be obedient, don't argue, some are

ready to bite... you. It's an animal city, it's a cannibal world... so be o-
With you I feel safe. There's nothing to fear from us, away from the fangs.

the fangs of the world. I may be a coward but you are brave, and nothing seems so dangerous.
'Cause it's an
Can-ni-bal world.
Can-ni-bal world.
So be o-be-dient, don't ar-gue, some are read-y to bite you, my love.
DON'T BOTHER

Lyrics by SHAKIRA
Music by SHAKIRA,
GRAHAM EDWARDS, SCOTT SPOCK
and LAUREN CHRISTY

Moderate Rock
N.C.

She's got the kind of look that defies gravity.

She's the greatest cook

and she's fat free, fat free, fat free, fat free.
She's been to private school
sure she doesn't know
and she speaks perfect
like

She's got her perfect friends.
I beat her at that one good.

Oh, isn't she cool?
Don't you think so?

She's
practic-es Tui Chi. She'd nev-er lose her nerve.
al-most six feet tall. She must think I'm a flea.

She's more than you de-serve. She's just far
I'm really a cat you see and it's not my

be-tter than me, hey, hey. bet-
last life at all, hey, hey. So don't

both-er, I won't die of de-
cep tion. I
Promise you won't ever see me cry.
Don't feel sorry.
And don't bother, I'll be fine.

But she's waiting.
The ring you gave to her.

To Coda

Will lose its shine,
so don't bother, be unkind.
Ahh, love hurt a certain boy.

I'm

both er, be un kind.

D, Am
(Spoken:) For you I’d give up all I own and move to a communist country.

If you came with me, of course. And I’d file my nails so that they don’t hurt you.
Lose those pounds. Learn about football if it made you stay.

But you won’t. But you won’t.

So don’t bother, I’ll be fine.

I’ll be fine. I’ll be fine. I’ll be fine.
Promise you won't ever see me cry.

Don't

- er see me cry.

Cm
THE DAY AND THE TIME

Lyrics by SHAKIRA and PEDRO AZNAR
Music by SHAKIRA, GUSTAVO CERATI
and LUIS FERNANDO OCHOA

Moderately fast

Gmaj7

Who’s to

Bm

D

A/C#

say that we always have t’agree? I think we

Em7

Bm

D

both can take this one mistake like some kind of amnesty

* Recorded a half step lower.
I wanna believe that we may still have a chance.
We took a leap in the dark, and I can see now that shadows have turned to light.

To Coda
The heartbeat of the sun is racing mine

and listen how...

This is the day and the time.
DREAMS FOR PLANS

Lyrics by SHAKIRA
Music by SHAKIRA
and BRENDA BUCKLEY

Wistfully, with a Trip-Hop beat

D
Bm

Once up on a time... you and I... when we were green and eas-

Fm
G

y... fresh as limes and happy as... a Sunday sky...

D
Bm

there was nothing we could sell or buy... 'cause all we really need-

* Recorded a half step lower.
was our bare feet and a pair of wings to fly.

What do you think, darling?

Have we lived too much too fast?
And have you, darling,
Em  wish - ing the_ time had - n’t_ passed?

Can_ you_ tell me how it used_ to be?_ Have we missed_

F#m  our chance?_ Have _we changed our hopes for fears and our dreams

G

Em Asus A D  for plans? Can_ you tell me how it used_ to be__ when we real-
I remember all the times before when we could spend our living staring at the ceiling lying on the floor.
Our vocabulary wasn't broad, I spoke so little English, and the word stress would sound like something odd.

What is your guess, darling?

Have I lived too much too fast? So if you,
if you ever come and find me crying,

now you know, now you know why.

Can you tell me how I used to be? Have I missed

my chance? Have I changed my hopes for fears and my dreams
Bm    N.C.    Bm    D    G    D/C
I'd like to be the kind of dream you'd never share,
I'd like to be the first white hair upon your head,

Bm    D    G    D/C    Bm    D
to be your boss, and to be your maid,
to be your cherry pie, your daily bread.

Bm    D/C    Bm    D    G    D/C    Bm7
your shaving cream, your razor blade,
make your bed if I can know the things you thought and never said.

A    Em
I'd like to be the only thing on earth that makes you cry,
I'd like to be the owner of the zipper on your jeans
that makes you happy. Soon you will see that no one else but me can
that makes you happy. I’d like to be the beginning, the end, and
take you this high, and soon you’ll make your last name mine.
the in between and be your slave and be your queen.
makin’ an offer that no one could ever refuse.

play the adamant. Don’t be so arrogant.
Can’t you see I’ve fall-
A7
D
F#m
Em
A

-even for ya. Hey you, I'm mak-in' an of-fer that

F#m
D
Em
F#7#5
Bm
G

no one would dare to re-fuse. Don't play the ad-mant. Don't

D
A
C

To Coda F#5

be so ar-ro-gant. Let me in, let me be your muse to night.

Bm
D5
G5
C#5
F#5
Bm
D5

To-night.
G5  C#5  F#5  Bm  D5  G  N.C.

To-night.  To-night.  to-ni-ai-ight!  Ow!
To-night!

Oh!
To-night.

Oh!

To-ni-a-ai-aight.

Oh! Oh!

Let me in, let me be your muse, be your muse to-night.
YOUR EMBRACE

Lyrics by SHAKIRA
Music by SHAKIRA
and TIM MITCHELL

Freely

C  Am  Em

Tell me what's the use of a twenty-four-inch waist

F  C  Am

you don't touch me? Tell me what's the use again of being on T-V

every day if you don't watch me? This house is full of emp-

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tiness. My closet's full of dresses that I'll never wear. My

life is full of people, but you're my only friend, my best friend. Hope it isn't too late

to say I love you. Hope it isn't too late to say that with-

out you this place looks like London, it rains every day. Don't you
know it, babe, I'm only half a body without your embrace.

Let me tell you what, my heart is an unfurnished room.

Any suggestions? Don't have to tell you more...
than that 'cause no one knows me like you do

out exception. This house is full of emptiness.

closet's full of dresses that I'll never wear.

life is full of people, but you're my only friend, my best friend.
Hope it isn't too late to say I love you. Hope it isn't too late

...to say that without you this place looks like London, it rains every day...

Don't you know it, babe, I'm only half a body

...without your embrace.
Am/G  F  Fm

without your embrace.

G  Am

Am/G#  Am/G  Fm6

C+  C  C+  C  C6  C
COSTUME MAKES THE CLOWN

Lyrics by SHAKIRA
Music by SHAKIRA
and BRENDA BUCKLEY

Moderately slow Pop-Rock

Cm7

Ab

Cm7

Ab7

C5

Told you I felt lucky with my humble breasts.
Promises I made to you went down the sink.

Ab5

C5

Well, I don’t.
Said that I was sure the world was gonna change.
Really hope I haven’t hurt your self-esteem.

Ab5

C5

Well, I’m not.
Swore I didn’t give a damn ’bout what they say.
I’m not a virgin, but I’m not the whore you think.

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but I do. Promised that I'd never ever lie to you.
And I don't always smell like strawberries and cream.

So look at how I'm taking the make-

-up off my face before I forget my own features.

'Cause I'm not here to let you down,
but the costume makes the clown.

That's just life's anatomy. Don't be so hard, don't be so hard.

On it. It's your turn now (whisper) to cheat on me.
SOMETHING

Lyrics by SHAKIRA
Music by SHAKIRA
and LUIS FERNANDO OCHOA

Moderately fast

G

Quand tu, quand tu me prends dans tes bras, quand je regarde dans tes yeux, je vois qu'un Dieu existe. C'est pas dur d'y croire.

*Recorded a half step lower.*
Before I met you I wasn’t terribly lucky,
I love the temperature and smell of your body, the

every Prince charming lost the charm after twelve.
shape of your lips and the size of your nose.

But then you came and made the past look so funny,
I love that every thing you say is so funny, plus

put my old sadness to sleep on a shelf.
you’re the best kisser that I’ve ever known.
Em  C  Em  C
If this was meant to be, don't condemn me to be free.
You've seen the way I am without make up, without clothes.

Em  Dsus  C
And even if we never marry,
And you accept me like nobody,

Em  Dsus  C  D
I will always love you, baby,
I will always love you, baby,
childishly,

Am  C  G  D
'Cause something; you've got something I
can't resist. Things are what they will be. When I look into your eyes, they say to me that God still exists. And there's something, you've got something I can't resist.

Things are what they will be. When I look into your eyes, they say to me
that God still exists.
You make me believe.

You make me believe.
Instrumental
Quand tu, quand tu me prends dans tes bras, quand je regarde dans tes yeux, je vois qu'un Dieu exister. C'est pas dur d'y croire.
And there's some-

I be-

There's
something, I believe.

There's something,

I believe, I believe.

You make me believe.

Am6

Am C G D

Repeat and Fade
TIMOR

Lyrics and Music by SHAKIRA

Moderately slow

Disco beat, a little faster

Keep on go-in' on and on and on and on.

* Recorded a half step higher.
Is it go-in' on and on and on and on and on and on?

Said it once, we'll say it twice, we're going to save you tonight.

Safety, safety. It's alright, it's alright 'cause the system never fails.

The good guys are in power, and the bad...
guys are in jail. It's all right, it's all right just as long as we can vote.

We live in democracy, and that's what we promote. Isn't it? Isn't it? Ooh.

Isn't it? Isn't it? Ooh.
It's all right, it's all right if the
They don't

news says half the truth.
so we won't really know it just by

of eternal youth.
It's all right. It's all right.
For our

planet splits in three.
'cause I'll keep selling records and you've

As long as we don't know, we'd do it
D

Am

got your M - T - V, They just to pay their bills, If we forget a-bout 'em, don't worry.

Em

D5

If they forget a-bout us, then hurry. How a-bout a-people who don't matter any more? In East Timor,

D5

G5

A5

G5

Ti - mor, Ti - mor.
E5  Ow!  Ow!  Ow!  It's all right.

Am  If we forget about 'em, don't worry.

Em  If they forget about us, then hurry. How about a people who don't matter anymore? In East Timor, Timor, Timor.
Let's keep tanning while it's sunny. They'll risk our hides to make their money. Now don't you find that funny?

If we forget about 'em...

If they forget about us, then hurry. How about a people
people who don't matter anymore?

If we forget 'bout 'em,

don't worry. If they forget about us, then hurry.

How about a people who don't matter anymore? In East Timor,

Moderado

N.C.

Ay! payita mí-a, guar-da-te la po-e-sía, guar-da-te la a-le-

gri-a pa’ tí.
D

Am

Female: No pido que todos los días sean de pude pedir que el invierno perdone a un ro-

F

sol, no pido que todos los vier-nes se-an de fies-

E7

N.C.

Am

No puedo pedir a los ol-mos que en-treguen pe-

ta,

Y tan-co te pido que vuelvas ro-gan-do per-

F7

dón, si llora con los ojos secos y ha-blan-do de-

tal y an-dar ar-ro-jan-do a los cer-

dos.
-to, pero lo puedo arreglar, amor.

Female: No sólo

de pan vive el hombre y no de excusas vivo

Male: Sólo de errores se aprende y hoy sé que es

tuyo mi corazón.

Female: Mejor te guardas todo
eso otro perro con ese hueso y nos decimos adiós.

No hueso y nos decimos adiós.
Male: No te bajes, no te bajes, oye negrita mira, no te rajes.

De lunes a viernes tienes mi amor, déjame el sábado a mí que es mejor, oye mi

negra no me castigues más, porque allá fuera sin ti no
tengo paz. 
Yo sólo soy un hombre arrepentido

C 
D

sóy como el ave que vuelve a su nido. 
Yo sé que

no he sido un santo y es que no estoy hecho de

Am 
G 
C

_ cartón. Female: No sólo de pan vive el hombre y no de ex-
D	Am	G	C

tan-to que sea a-sí. Sigue llo-ran-do per-dón.

D	Am	G	C

Yo... yo no voy a llo-rar

por tí.

C

1 D

2 D
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