días de enero

don’t bother

dreams for plans

hey you

hips don’t lie

illegal

inevitable

no

objection (tango)

octavo día

the one

la pared

te dejo madrid

la tortura

something

underneath your clothes

whenever, wherever
Dia De Enero
Words & Music by Shakira

\[\text{N.C.}\]

1. Te conoci un día de enero, con la luna en mi nariz. Y como vio...

que eras sincero en tus ojos me perdiste. Que torpe di-

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Y ahora que andamos por el mundo como En las y Benitín, Ya te encontré.

(2.) hago un extranjero hasta tu propio país, Si yo te di:

Varios rasgones, que te hicieron por allí, Pero mílogo cómo dices tu? Aún dices que decías? Y lloré de emociones, es tu mejor doctor. Voy.
a curarte el alma en duelo, voy a dejarte como nuevo. Y que parezcas despistado con ese caminar pausado.

todo va a pasar. Pronto verás el sol brillar. Tú más que nazco la razón que hace doler tu corazón. Por eso

die mecedes feliz. Ya vas a ver como

van sanando, poco a poco tus heridas. Ya vas a ver como
Ya vas a ver cómo van sanando, poco a poco tus heridas.

Ya vas a ver como va, la misma vida
decantar la sal que sobra en mar.

1.

2.

de - can - tar la sal que sobra en mar.
Don’t Bother
Words & Music by Shakira, Lauren Christy, Graham Edwards & David Alspach

She’s got the kind of look that defies gravity.
She’s the greatest cook.

Cmaj7

and she’s fat free. echo

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1. She's been to private school and she speaks perfect French.
   sure she doesn't know how to touch you like I would.

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

Oh, isn't she Don't you think

C
   cool?
   so?

Em
   She practices Tai chi,
   She's almost six feet tall,
Cmaj7

she'd never lose her nerve.
She's more than you...
she must think I'm a flea.
I'm really a cat...

A

_ deserve.
_ you see.
She's just far better than me._
And it's not my last life at all._

G

So don't bother,
I won't die_
of de-

D

ception.
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 will lose its shine. So don’t
bother, be unkind.
2. I'm bo-ther, be un-kind...

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’ll file my nails so they don’t hurt you, and lose those pounds, and 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.
And after all I'm glad that I'm not your type.
Promise you won't ev-

1. D Am Cm

- er see me cry.

2. Bm7 Am Cm G5

- er see me cry.
Dreams For Plans
Words by Shakira
Music by Shakira & Brendan Buckley

\[ \text{C} \]

1. Once upon a time, you and I, well, we were green and ea-

\[ \text{Am} \]

2. I remember all the times before when we could spend our liv-

\[ \text{Em} \]

-sy.

\[ \text{F} \]

ing.

\[ \text{F} \]

Fresh as limes and happy as a Sunday sky.

\[ \text{Em} \]

-\-\-\-

-star-pring at the ceiling, lying on the floor.

\[ \text{C} \]

There was nothing we could sell or buy.

\[ \text{Am} \]

\-\-\-\-

My vocabulary wasn’t broad.

\[ \text{C} \]

\-\-\-\-

‘cause all we really need-

\[ \text{Am} \]

I spoke so little En-
Em

glish.

was our bare feet and a pair of wings to fly.

And the word stress would sound like some thing odd.

Dm

What do you think, darling?

What do you think, darling?

G

Have we lived too much too fast?

And have you, have you felt the melancholy, darling,
Dm
wish-ing the time had-n't passed?

G
Can you

N.C.

Drums

C
tell me how it used to be? Have we missed our chance?

E
Have we

F
changed our hopes for fears and our dreams for plans?

Dm
Can you

Gsus4

G

C
tell me how it used to be when we really cared?

E
And when
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.

D.S. al Coda

Can you
Hey You
Words by Shakira
Music by Shakira & Tim Mitchell

\[ J = 124 \quad \text{N.C.} \]

Am \quad C \quad F \quad B^5 \quad E^5

Am \quad C \quad F \quad B^5 \quad E^5 \quad Am \quad C

F \quad B^5 \quad E^5 \quad Am \quad C \quad F^5 \quad \text{N.C.}

1. I'd like to be the kind of dream you'd never share. To be your boss and to
be your maid.
Your shaving cream, your razor blade, the buttons
daily bread.
I'll cook for free, I'll make your bed, if I can

2. I'd like to be the first white hair upon your head. To be your cherry pie, your

Am          F          C/E  C/B♭

of your shirt, your favorite underwear. I'd like to be the only thing on earth that
know the things you thought and never said. I'd like to be the owner of the zipper

Dm       Am       G

makes you cry, on the jeans and that thing that makes you happy. Soon you will see

I'd like to be
that no-one else but me can take you this high. And soon you'll make your last name mine.
the beginning, the end and the in-between, and be your slave, and be your queen.

Hey you, making an offer that no-one could ever refuse. Don't

play the Adam-ant, don't be so arrogant. Can't you see I've fallen for you?

Hey you, making an offer that no-one would dare to refuse. Don't
To Coda ⊙

play the A-dam-ant... don't be so ar-ro-gant. Let me in... let me be your muse... to-night...

1.

Am          C          F          B<sup>5</sup>  E<sup>5</sup>  Am          C

      3                                         3
To-night.

F          B<sup>5</sup>  E<sup>5</sup>  Am          C          F

      3                                         3
To-night.

2.

N.C.

To-night.

To-night,
to-night, to-night...

N.C.

D.S. al Coda

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

To-night.
Em    C    Dm    E7    Am    F    C    G

To-night.    Oh!    Oh!

To-night...

Em    C    Dm    E7    Am    F    C    G

To-night...

Oh!    Oh!

Let me in, let me be your muse, be your muse to-night.
Hips Don't Lie
Words & Music by Shakira, Wyclef Jean, Jerry Duplessis, Omar Alfanno & Latvia Parker

Original key B♭ minor.

\[ \text{Am} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{G} \]

Ladies up in here tonight. No fighting. No fighting. No fighting.

\[ \text{Am} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{F} \]

I never really knew that she could dance like this.

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{Em} \quad \text{F} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{Am} \]

She make a man wanna speak Spanish. Como si llama, bonita, mi casa, su casa.
Oh, baby when you talk like that
you make a woman go mad.
So be wise and keep on reading the signs of my body.

1. I'm on tonight, you know my hips don't lie and I'm starting to feel it's right.
2. I'm on tonight, you know my hips don't lie and I'm starting to feel you boy.

All the attraction, the attention,
don't you see baby this is perfection.
Come on let's go real slow.
Don't you see baby, as is perfection.
Hey girl, I can see your body moving and it's driving me crazy.

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

And when you walk up on the dance floor nobody could not ignore the way you move your body, girl.

And everything so unexpected, the way your right and left it so you could keep on shaking it.
They know I’m on to-night, my hips don’t lie and I’m start-ing to feel it’s right.

All the at-trac-tion, the at-ten-tion, don’t you see ba-by this is per-fec-tion.

Oh boy, I can see your bo-dy mov-ing, Half an-im-al, half man.

I don’t, don’t real-ly know what I’m do-ing, 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.

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

D.S. al Coda I

- a. Baila en la calle de noche. Baila en la calle...
Coda I
Am

Senorita, feel the conga. Let me see you more like you come from Colombia.

Saxophone

Mi-rape Barranquil-la se bail-a-si, say it! En Barranquil-la se bail-a-si.

Spoken: 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 Humpty. We need a whole dizzy. Why the CIA wanna watch us? Colombians and

D.S.S. al Coda II

Haitians. I ain't guilty, it's a musical transaction. No more do we snatch ropes. Refugees run the seas 'cause we own our own boats.
Illegal
Words by Shakira
Music by Shakira & Lester Mendez

1. Who would’ve thought that you could hurt me?
   The way you’ve done it, so deliberate, so determined.

2. Tried so hard to be attentive
   since you have been gone.

Since you have been gone, what did I do wrong.

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I bite my nails for days and hours, wondering for days and hours? It's

question my own questions on and on, clear it isn't here where you belong. So tell me now,

tell me now, why you're so far away when I'm still so close? I wish you both all the best, hope you get along.

But you don't even know the meaning of the words "I'm sorry." You said you would love...
me until 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."

starting to believe it should be illegal to deceive a woman's heart.

1.  

2.  

Guitar
Coda

D

F#m

An open heart... An open heart...

G

Bm

A

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

D

F#m

An open heart... An open heart...

G

Gm

D

It should be illegal to deceive a woman's heart...
Inevitable
Words & Music by Shakira & Luis Ochoa

\[ J = 92 \]

\[
\begin{array}{c}
\text{G} \\
\text{Csus}^2 \\
\text{Am} \\
\text{D} \\
\text{G} \\
\text{Csus}^2 \\
\text{Am} \\
\text{D}
\end{array}
\]

1. Si es cuestión de confessar, no se preparar café.
2. Si es cuestión de confessar, nunca duermo antes de diez.
3. Siempre supongo es mejor, cuando hay que insomnio.

---

Y no entiendo de fútbol,
ni me baño los domingos.
Empieza por uno mismo.

---

Creo que alguna vez fui infiel,
La verdad es que también.
Ya sabrás la situación.

---

Juego mal hasta el parques,
Y jamás uso reloj.
Para ser más

---

Llora una vez al mes, sobre todo cuando hay frío.
Conmigo nada es

---

Aquí todo es peor, pero al menos aún respiro.

---

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38
fran-can-adie-pien-sa-en-ti-co-mo-lo-ha-go-yo-
fac-il-ya-de-bes-sa-ber-me-co-no-ces-
cir-lo-no-vas-a-vol-ver-te-con-o-co-

Aun-que-te-de-lo-mis-mo.

bien-
bien-

El-cie-lo-es-ta-can-sa-do-ya-de-ver-La-lu-via-ca-

Y-ca-daj-da-que-pa-sae-es-u-no-mas-Pa-re-ci-do-ay-

No-en-cuen-tro-for-ma-al-gu-
G/B  Csus\(^2\)  D  G/B  Csus\(^2\)

no de olvidarte porque. Seguir amando te es

D  G

inevitble.

\(\Theta\) Coda

G/B  Csus\(^2\)  D  A\(^5\)  C\(^5\)

te es inevitable.

G\(^5\)  D  A\(^5\)  C\(^5\)  G\(^5\)  D

---  ---  ---  ---  

40
Siempre supo que es mejor, cuando hay que hablar de dos, empezar por uno. Mis-mo.
No

Words & Music by Shakira & Lester Mendez

\[ \text{Cm} \quad \text{Ab} \quad \text{Bb} \quad \text{Fm} \]

1. No, no inten - tes dis - cul - par - te, no jue - gues a in - sis - tir,
(2.) pe - ro que no es - pe - res que te es - pe - re, des - pues de mis twen - ty six,
las excusas ya existian antes de ti.
la paciencia se ha ido hasta los pies...

Y voy, no me mires hoy

- res como antes, no hablas en plural,
- do margaritas, mirando sin mirar,

- torique tu arma más letal,
versa si te irritas y te vas...
Voy a pedirte que no vuelvas más.

Siento que me dueles toda vida aquí.

(A-dentro)

Y que a tu dedas sepas bien lo que es.

Rompere corazón a alguien así.
No puede vivir con tanto veneno,

la esperanza que me da tu amor, no me la dió más

No se puede vivir con tanto veneno,

No se puede
- de dedi-car el alma a acumular intentos, pesa más la ra-

-bia que el cemento.
Bm

B

A

Verse 1:

It's not her fault that she's so irresistible.

(Verse 2 see block lyric)

Bm

A

B

A

but all the damage she's caused isn't fixable.

Bm

A

Every twenty seconds you repeat her name but when it comes to me,
G

you don't care if I'm alive or dead. So ob-

F#7

lication, I don't wanna be the exception to get a bit of

Bm

A

G

your attention. I love you for free and I'm not your mother.

Bm

A

G

But you don't even bother. Objection, I'm tired of

F#7

2; Objection the angles of
G

this tr-i-ang-le.  Got diz-zy dan-cing tan-go. I’m

Bm

fall-ing a-part in your hands a-gain.  No way, I’ve

G

1.  got to get a-way.

Em

2.  no, no, no, no.  I wish there was a chance for

To Coda
you and me. I wish you couldn't find a

place to be away from

here. This is p-

Drums cont. sim.

thetic and sardonic and sadistic and psychotic. Tango's not for three, was nev-
meant to be... But you can try it, re-hearse it or train like a horse. But don't you

count on me... oh, don't you count on me... boy.

D.S. al Coda
Verse 2:
Next to her cheap silicon I look minimal.
That's why, in front of your eyes, I'm invisible
But you gotta know small things also count
You'd better put your feet on the ground
And see what it's about.

So objection, I don't wanna be the exception etc.
Octavo Dia

Words & Music by Shakira & Lester Mendez

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Bm  F♯m  Gmaj7  F♯m

Fijo todo está muy bien es hora de descansar.

Bm  F♯m  Gmaj7  F♯m

y se fue a dar un paseo por el espacio sederal.

Bm  F♯m  Gmaj7  F♯m

2. Quién se iba a imaginar que el mismo Dios al regresar,
   3. Si falta de ocupación, o de excesiva soledad,

Bm  F♯m  Gmaj7  F♯m

iba a encontrar toda en un desorden infernal.
   Dios no resistirá más y se marchará a otro lugar.
Bm  F\(^m\)  Gmaj\(^7\)  F\(^m\)

Y que se i-ba a con-ver-tir en un de-sem-ple-do más,
Se-ria nues-tra per-di-ción no ha-bria ou-tro re-me-dio más,

de la ta-sa que an-u-al-mente es-tá cre-cien-do sin par-ar.
que a-dor-ar a Mi-chael Jack-son o a Bill Clin-ton o a Tar-zán.

D  A/C\(^#\)  Bm  A

Des-de ese en-ton-ces hay quien-es lo han vis-to,
Es más di-fi-cil ser rey sin co-ro-na,

G  D/F\(^#\)  Esus\(^4\)  E/G\(^#\)  A

cal-las tra-n-si-tar.
ma-s nor-mal.

La la la.

58
Anda esperando paciente por alguien con quien al menos trae —
Po — bre de Dios que no sale en revistas, (que) no es modelo ni ar —
qui — lo pueda con — ver sar. —
-tis-ta o de fa — mil — lia re — al.

Mientras tanto este mundo gira y gira sin poderlo de —
er. Ya qui ba jo unos cuantos nos mané jam como fiches de a —
jer.
D A G B♭ C
Y qui abojos cuantos nos manjan comofiches de ajedrez.
Em G D A
Rez no soy la clase dióta que se deja convencer. Pero
Em A
Digo la verdad y hasta un ciego lo puede
Bm F♯m Gmaj7 F♯m Bm F♯m Gmaj7 F♯m
Repeat ad lib. to fade
ver. Instrumental
The One
Words & Music by Shakira & Glen Ballard

Slow Ballad

So I find a reason to shave my legs each single morning.

So I count on someone Friday nights to take me dancing and then to church on Sundays.
To plant more dreams and some-day think of kids, or

may-be just to save a little mon-ey. You're the one I need.

way back home is al-ways long, but if you're close to me I'm hold-ing on.

You're the one I need. My real life has just be-gun 'cause there's
nothing like your smile made of sun. In a world full of strangers, you're the one I know.

So I learn to cook and finally lose my kitchen phobia. So I've got the arms to cuddle in when there's a ghost or a muse.
that brings insomnia.
To buy more things.

write more happy songs.
It always takes a little help from someone.

You're the one I need.
The way back home is always long, but

if you're close to me I'm holding on.
You're the one I need.
My real life has just begun 'cause there's nothing like your smile made of sun.

You're the one I need. The way back home is always long, but
if you're close to me I'm holding on. You're the one I need. My
real life has just begun 'cause there's nothing like your smile made of sun.

(You're the one I need, you're the one I need.)

With you my real life has just begun.
(You're the one I need, You're the one I need.)

Nothing like your smile made of sun.

Nothing like your love, nothing like your love. Ah,

Nothing like your love.
La Pared
Words by Shakira
Music by Shakira & Lester Mendez

Original key B♭ major.

\[ \text{\textbf{La Pared}} \]

1. Er-es co-mo una pre-dic-ción de las bu-e-
2. Er-es la en-fer-me-dad y el en-fer-me-

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Después de ti la pared no me falta

-tes nunca, bajo el asfalto, y más abajo

-jo estaría yo. Después de ti

- la pared no me falta nunca, de-
 bajo el asfalto, y más abajo estaría yo.

Sin ti...

La la la la la...
mu-y, mu-y le-jos.
mu-y, mu-y le-jos.

Ay me voy o-tra vez a-hí te de-jo Ma-dr-id.

Tus ru-ti-nas de piel y tus ga-nas de huir. Yo no quiero co-

bar-des que me ha-gan su-frir. Me-jor le di-go adi-ós a tu bo-ca de a-nis.
Ay te dejo Madrid,

Madrid.

A tu boca de anís,
A tu boca de anís,

yeah.
La Tortura
Words by Shakira
Music by Shakira & Luis Ochoa

\[ J = 100 \]

Drums

\( \text{Am} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{D} \)

(Ay pay-i-ta mi-a, guar-da-te la po-e-si-a gua-ra-da-te la ale-gria pa-ti.)

\( \text{Am} \quad \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{D} \quad \text{Am} \quad \text{G} \)

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1. No pido que todos los días sean de
   sol, no pido que todos los viernes sean de fiesta. También, no puedo pedir a los olmos que entre guen peras.

(2.) Puedo pedir que el invierno perdón a un
   poco te pido que vuelvas rogando perdón, si lloras con los ojos secos y hablando de ella. Ay amor me duele tancéros y mil perlas.
E7
-am
-
to. (me due-le tan-to.) Que te fuer-as sin de-cir a dón-de. Ay-
to. (me due-le tan-to.) Que no cre-as más en mis pro-mes-as. Ay-

Dm

G
a - mor. fue u-na tor-tu-ra. Per-de-re-te.)
a - mor. (es un-na tor-tu-ra.) Per-de-re-te.)

Am

G
C
D
Am
G

Am

C
D
Am
G
C
D

To Coda

hombre, y no de ex-cu-sas vi-vó yo. (Só-lo de er-ro-res se a-pren-de, y hoy sé que es tu-yo mi co
Am   G   C   D
-ra-zón). Mejor le guardas todo eso otro perro con ese hueso y nos decimos adi-

1.
C   D   N.C.

2. Nos. Accordion

C   D   Am   G   C   D
No te bajes, no te bajes, oye negrita mira, no te rajes. De lunes a viernes tienes mi amor.

Dúme el sábado a mí que es mayor. Oye ni negra no me castigues más. Por que allá afuera sin ti no tengo paz.

Yo sólo soy un hombre mayor renacido. Soy como el arce que vuelve a su nido.

@ Coda

Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay, ay,
Underneath Your Clothes
Words by Shakira
Music by Shakira & Lester Mendez

1. You're a song
written by the hands of God.
(Verse 2 see block lyric)

don't get me wrong...
'cause this might sound to you a bit odd.
But you own the place.

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where all my thoughts go hiding, and

right under your clothes is where I find them.

Underneath your clothes there's an endless story, there's the man I chose,

there's my territory, and all the things I deserve, for
being such a good girl, honey.

being such a good girl honey. Underneath your clothes

there's an endless story, there's the man I chose,

there's my territory, and all the things I deserve, for
being such a good girl, for being such a good girl

love you more than all that's on the planet, movin', walkin', talkin', breathing

know it's true oh baby it's so funny, you almost don't believe it

every voice is hanging from the silence lamps are hanging from the ceiling
like a lady tied to her manners, I'm tied up to this feeling.

Underneath your clothes, there's an endless story.
there's the man I chose, there's my territory, and all the things I deserve, for being such a good girl, honey.

molto rall.

be - ing such a good girl, for being such a good girl.

Verse 2:
Because of you
I forgot the smart ways to lie
Because of you
I'm running out of reasons to cry
When the friends are gone
When the party's over
We will still belong to each other.
Whenever, Wherever

Words by Shakira & Gloria Estefan
Music by Shakira & Tim Mitchell

\[ j = 108 \]

\[ F^\# m7 \quad F^\# m6 \quad F^\# m \quad N.C. \quad G^\# m7 \]

Con pedale

\[ F^\# m7 \quad B \quad C^\# m^{46} \quad A \quad B \]

\[ \text{(Oh.)} \quad \text{(Oh.)} \quad \text{(Oh.)} \]

1. Lucky you were born that far away so we could both make fun of distance.

(Verse 2 see block lyric)

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Lucky that I love a foreign land for the lucky fact of your existence.

Baby I would climb the Andes solely to count the freckles on your body.

Never could imagine there were only ten million ways to love somebody.

Le do le le le le le le le le le le le le le le le le le.
Can't you see I'm at your feet?

Whenever, wherever, we're meant to be together.

I'll be there and you'll be near and that's the deal my dear.

There-ov-er, here-un-der, you'll nev-er have to won-der. We can al-ways play by ear, but that's the deal my dear.
that you'll live
lost in my eyes.

Drums

Whenever, wherever, we're meant to be together,

I'll be there and you'll be near
and that's the deal my dear.

Thereover, hereunder, you've got me head over heels.
Verse 2:
Lucky that my lips not only mumble
They spill kisses like a fountain
Lucky that my breasts are small and humble
So you don't confuse them with mountains
Lucky I have strong legs like my mother
To run for cover when I need it
And these two eyes are for no other
The day you leave will cry a river
Le do le le le le, le do le le le le
At your feet, I'm at your feet.

Whenever, wherever etc.
Something
Words by Shakira
Music by Shakira & Luis Ochoa

Original key F♯ major.

\[ \text{\textit{G}} \]

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

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Before I met you I wasn't terrible lucky.

I love the temperature and smell of your body, and the

Every Prince Charming lost 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 everything 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

If this was meant to be
don't condemn
You've seen the way I am
without make-

Em  C

— me to be free—
And even if we nev-
up, without clothes...
And you accept me like no-

Em  C

— er marry
— body—
And I will always love you
And I will always love you

D

— baby, childish—
— baby, with eyes closed—
'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.

Do do do do do do do do
2° Quand tu, quand tu me prends dans tes
Bm

do             do             do
bras,
quand       je
Do     do     do     do
regards     dans     tes
F

do. 2° (Do  do.  do do do do do do do
yeux.   Je vois     qu’un    Dieu     ex iste. Ce n’est pas     dur d’y
Am

do.)
croire.

 Instrumental ad lib.

Am  C  G  [1.  D  ]  [2.  D  ]

And there’s
some-thing
I be-lieve.

There's some-thing

I be-lieve, I be-lieve.
You

make me be-lieve.

N.C.

Repeat to fade
17 of Shakira's best songs, arranged for piano, voice & guitar

dia de enero
don't bother
dreams for plans
hey you
hips don't lie
illegal
inevitable
no
objection (tango)
octavo dia
the one
la pared
te dejo madrid
la tortura
something
underneath your clothes
whenever, wherever