

TORN

Natalie Imbruglia

Intro (acoustic guitar (capo 5th: C), keyboard, drums)

C' Csus4' C'' Csus2'
/++++ /++++ /++++ /++++

C
/++++

I thought I saw a man brought to life

He was warm, he came around like he was dignified
He showed me what it was to cry

bass joins in

Well you couldn't be that man I adored
You don't seem to know

Don't seem to care what your heart is for
But I don't know him anymore

There's nothing where he used to lie

My conversation has run dry

That's what's going on

Nothing's fine, I'm torn

I'm all out of faith, this is how I feel

I'm cold and I am shamed, lying naked on the floor

Illusion never changed, into something real

I'm wide awake and I can see, the perfect sky is torn

You're a little late, I'm already torn

F C
/++++ /++++

So I guess the fortune teller's right

I should have seen just what was there and not some holy light
But you crawl beneath my veins and now

I don't care, I have no luck

I don't miss it all that much
There's just so many things

That I can't touch, I'm torn

I'm all out of faith, this is how I feel

I'm cold and I am shamed, lying naked on the floor

Illusion never changed, into something real

I'm wide awake and I can see, the perfect sky is torn

You're a little late, I'm already torn

Bridge

Torn...

Ooooh... Hoo ooooh... Ooooh

Break, acoustic guitar only starts

There's nothing where he used to lie

My inspiration has run dry

