

# Natalie Imbruglia - Torn

Tom: F

(intro) F Bb Am C

(verso 1)

F Am  
I thought I saw a man brought to life

Bb  
He was warm, he came around like he was dignified

F Am  
He showed me what it was to cry  
Well you couldn't be that man I adored

You don't seem to know

Bb  
Don't seem to care what your heart is for

But I don't know him anymore

(pré-refrão)

Dm  
There's nothing where he used to lie  
C  
My conversation has run dry  
Am  
That's what's going on

(refrão 1)

C  
Nothing's fine

F  
I'm torn  
F C Dm  
I'm all out of faith, this is how I feel  
Bb F  
I'm cold and I am shamed, lying naked on the floor  
C Dm  
Illusion never changed, into something real  
Bb F  
I'm wide awake and I can see, the perfect sky is torn  
C Dm (C) Bb  
You're a little late, I'm already torn

(verso 2)

F Am  
So I guess the fortune teller's right

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

(pré-refrão 2)

Dm  
I don't care, I have no luck  
C  
I don't miss it all that much  
Am

There's just so many things

(refrão 2)

C  
That I can't touch  
F  
I'm torn  
F C Dm  
I'm all out of faith, this is how I feel  
Bb F  
I'm cold and I am shamed, lying naked on the floor  
C Dm  
Illusion never changed, into something real  
Bb F  
I'm wide awake and I can see, the perfect sky is torn  
C Dm (C) Bb  
You're a little late, I'm already torn

(ponte)

Dm C Bb Dm F C  
Torn... Ooooh... Hoo ooooh... Ooooh

(pré-refrão 3)

Dm  
There's nothing where he used to lie  
C  
My inspiration has run dry  
Am  
That's what's going on

(refrão 3)

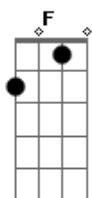
C  
Nothing's right  
F  
I'm torn  
F C Dm  
I'm all out of faith, this is how I feel  
Bb F  
I'm cold and I am shamed, lying naked on the floor  
C Dm  
Illusion never changed, into something real  
Bb F  
I'm wide awake and I can see, the perfect sky is torn  
C Dm  
I'm all out of faith, this is how I feel  
Bb F  
I'm cold and I am shamed, bound and broken on the floor  
C Dm (C) Bb  
You're a little late, I'm already torn

(outro)

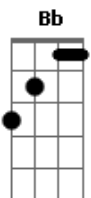
Dm C  
Torn... [much wailing]  
Ooh...

F C Dm (C) Bb F C Dm (C)  
) Bb

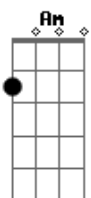
## Acordes



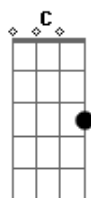
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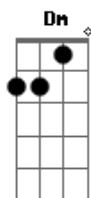
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