

# Torn

Natalie Imbruglia - *Left of the Middle* (1998)

Intro		F   Bbsus2     F   C7sus4
A1	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	F   %     Am   %     Bb7   %
A2	Well you couldn't be that man I adored You don't seem to know or seem to care what your heart is for I don't know him anymore	F   %     Am   %     Bb7   %
Bridge1	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	Dm   C     Am   C
B1	(Aah) I'm all out of faith – This is how I feel I'm cold and I am shamed – Lying naked on the floor (Aah) Illusion never changed - Into something real I'm wide awake and I can see the perfect sky is torn (Aah) You're a little late – I'm already torn	F   C     Dm   Bb     F   C     Dm   Bb     F   C     Dm   Bb
A3	So I guess the fortune teller's right I should have seen just what was there and not some holy light But you crawled beneath my veins and now	F   %     Am   %     Bb7   %
Bridge2	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	Dm   C     Am   C
B2	(Aah) I'm all out of faith – This is how I feel I'm cold and I am shamed – Lying naked on the floor (Aah) Illusion never changed – Into something real I'm wide awake and I can see the perfect sky is torn (Aah) You're a little late – I'm already torn	F   C     Dm   Bb     F   C     Dm   Bb     F   C     Dm   Bb
	Torn	Dm   Bb
Inst.	Hoo – hoo ooh ooh	Dm   %   F   C
Bridge3	There's nothing where he used to lie - My conversation has run dry That's what's going on – Nothing's right, I'm torn	Dm   C     Am   C
B3	(Aah) I'm all out of faith – This is how I feel I'm cold and I am shamed – Lying naked on the floor (Aah) Illusion never changed – Into something real I'm wide awake and I can see the perfect sky is torn (Aah) I'm all out of faith – This is how I feel I'm cold and I'm ashamed – Bound and broken on the floor (Aah) You're a little late – I'm already torn	F   C     Dm   Bb     F   C     Dm   Bb     F   C     F   C     Dm   Bb     F   C     Dm   Bb
	Torn (Aah aah aah aah – Aah aah aah aah) – Whoa	Dm   C   %
Coda	(Ooh ooh) (Oh yeah, a little)	F   C   Dm   Bb    ad lib   F