

Shape Of My Heart

Words & Music by Max Martin, Rami Yacoub & Lisa Miskovsky

♩ = 96

Dsus4



D



Dsus4



D



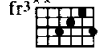
D/A



A



Gadd9



Mm.

Yeah, yeah.

Dsus4



D



Dsus4



D



D/A



A



A7/G



G



A7/G



1. Ba - by, —
(Verse 2 see block lyric)

please — try — to for - give — me. —

Dsus4



D



Dsus4



D



Asus4



A



A7/G



G



A7/G



Stay — here — don't put out the — glow.

Dsus4



D



Dsus4



D



D/A



A



A7/G



G



A7/G



Hold me now, - don't both - er if ev-'ry min-ute it makes me weak - er. You can -

G/B



Bm



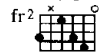
Dsus4/A



D



E/G#



G sus2



save - me - from the man that I've - be - come. Oh, yeah. Look - ing -

D



G



Dsus4



D/F#



Asus4



A/G



back on the things I've done, I was try - ing to be some - one.

F#m



Bm










Bm/A




E









I played my part and kept you in the dark. Now let me


1.      2.  






show — you — the — shape — of — my heart. — shape — of — my heart.




     








— I'm — here with my con - fes - sion. — Got no-thing to hide




      

no — more. — I don't know where — to — start, — but to



       NC.

show you — the — shape — of — my heart. —

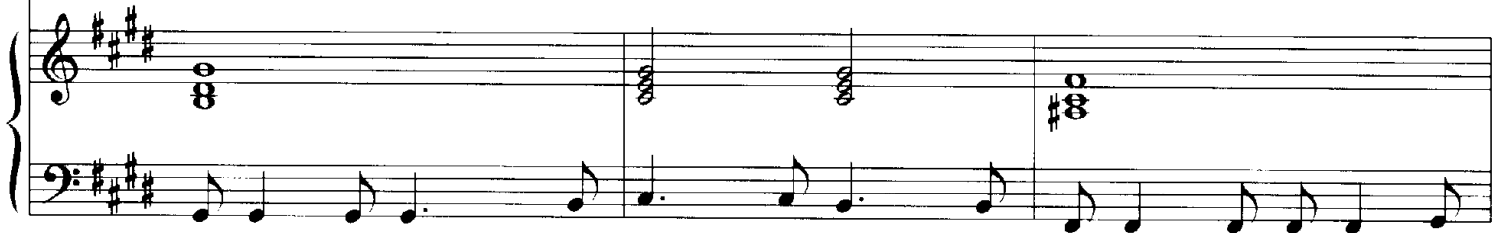




I'm look - ing back — on things — I've — done. I — nev - er wan - na



play the same — old — part — and keep you in — the dark. —



Now let — me show — you the shape — of my heart. —
Look - ing —



back on the things — I've — done, — I — was — try - ing to be — some - one.








I played— my— part— and kept you in the dark. Now let me






show— you— the— shape— of— my heart. shape— of, —
 Look — ing








rit.
 show you the— shape of— my heart.—

Verse 2:

Sadness is beautiful
 Loneliness is tragical
 So help me
 I can't win this war, oh no
 Touch me now, don't bother
 If every second it makes me weaker
 You can save me from the man I've become.

Looking back *etc.*