

World of hurts

Words and Music by Bill (John William) Lloyd
and Beth Nielson Chapman
Arranged by Jetse Bremer

♩ = 100

mp Snaps on 2 and 4

S.I. wau wau wa _____ World of hurts—

S.II tuh - te - dm tm tm tuh - te - de tm tm Hurt—

A.I doo - wee World of hurts—

A.II de - dm ked de - dm ked de - dm ked de - dm dee ge de - dm ked de - dm ked

4

no-thing works— wau wau wa _____ a world— of hurts—

tuh - te - dm tm tm tuh - te - de tm tm a world— of hurts—

no-thing— works— doo # - wee da - da waw-wa—

de - dm ked de - dm ked de - dm ked de - dm ked de - dm ked de - dm ked de - dm ked

8

mp A1 Snaps on 4 Snaps on 2 and 4

no-thing— works— Gave us all the wis-dom of a

no-thing works— Day one— God smiled, Gave us all the wis-dom of a

Day— one— God— smiled, Gave us all the wis-dom of a

de - dm ked de - dm Day one— God smiled, Gave us all the wis-dom of a

12

Snaps on 4 Snaps on 2 and 4

new-born child— We've al - rea-dy be-gun—

new-born child— we take— our— first step— We've al - rea-dy be-gun—

new-born child— But by the time we take— our— first step— We've al - rea-dy be-gun—

new-born child— we take— our— first step— We've al - rea-dy be-gun—

— to for-get What the heart knows heart sees just as much the for-est, as we

— to for-get What the heart knows heart sees just as much the for-est, as we

— to for-get What the heart knows the heart sees We're just as much the for-est, as we

— to for-get What the heart knows heart sees just as much the for-est, as we

are the trees Who Where

are the trees Eve - ry lit-tle seed tryin' to find Where the light comes from the

are the trees Eve - ry lit-tle seed tryin' to find Where the light comes from

are the trees Eve - ry lit-tle seed tryin' to find Where the light comes Where the

LEAD *mf* **C**

And it's a world of hurt, no-thing works It's a lone-ly lit-tle pla-net made of

light comes from world of hurt, no-thing works It's a lone-ly lit-tle pla-net made of

And it's a world of hurt, no-thing works It's a lone-ly lit-tle pla-net made of

light comes from world of hurt, no-thing works It's a lone-ly lit-tle pla-net made of

dust and dirt Who'd ev-er think that in the midst of all this Some - thing as beau-ti-ful as

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