

From Warner Bros. Pictures' CORPSE BRIDE

# TEARS TO SHED

Words and Music by  
DANNY ELFMAN  
Additional Lyrics by  
JOHN AUGUST

♩ = 76

N.C.

Dm

A

BLACK WIDOW:



"Oh, those girls are 10-a-penny. You've got so much more. You've got...  
you've got... you've got a wonderful personality."

Dm

MAGGOT:

Cm

B.W.



What does that wisp-y lit-tle brat have that you don't have dou-ble? She

Dm

D♭m

Cm

Dm

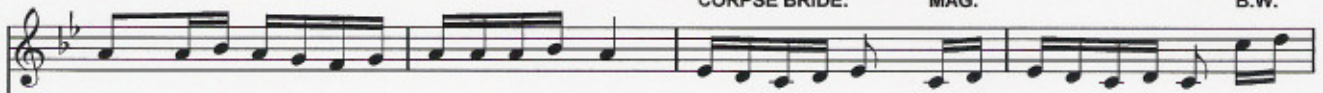
Cm

N.C.

CORPSE BRIDE:

MAG.

B.W.



can't hold a can-dle to the beau-ty of your smile. How a-bout a pulse? O-ver - rat-ed by a mile. O-ver-



F MAG. Fm MAG. & B.W. Db/Ab Fm Eb D G B.W.

val-ued. O-ver-blown. If he on-ly knew the you that we know. And that

Fm Fm/Ab C7 Fm MAG. C/E MAG. & B.W. MAG. w/B.W.

sil-ly lit-tle crea-ture is-n't wear-ing his ring. And she does-n't play pi-an-o. Or dance... or sing. No she

Dm Gm/A C.B. Db Ab Gm C7 Gm Ab MAG. & B.W. MAG. B.W. MAG. MAG. & B.W.

does-n't com-pare. *But she* still breathes air. Who cares? Un-im-por-tant. *O-ver - rat-ed.* O-ver-blown. If

Gm Bb D/F# Gm Bb D7 D/F#

on-ly he could see how spe-cial you can be. If he on-ly knew the you that we



Gm Dm Gm Dm Gm Dm Dm7  
C.B.

know. If I touch a burn-ing can-dle, I can feel no pain. If you

Gm Dm Gm D Eb Bb

cut me with a knife it's still the same. And I know her heart is beat-ing, and I

Eb Bb F# C#/E# F#/A# F#/C# C#/E# C#/G#

know that I am dead. Yet the pain here that I feel, try and tell me it's not real, and it

F#m D C# F#m Em Em/G B7 MAG.

seems that I still have a tear to shed. The



Em Em/F# Em/G B7sus Dm F B.W. C.B. B.W.

sole re-deem-ing fea-ture from that lit-tle crea-ture is that she's a-live. O-ver - rat-ed. O-ver - blown. Eve-ry-

Fm Fm/Ab C Fm Fm/C C7 Fm/Ab MAG.

bod-y know that's just a tem-por-ar-y state which is cured ver-y quick-ly when we meet our fate. Who

Gm Adim Bb Eb Gm D7 B.W. MAG. B.W. MAG. & B.W.

cares? \_ Un-im-por-tant. O-ver - rat-ed. O-ver-blown. If on-ly he could see how spe-cial you can be. If he

Gm D7/A D7/F# Gm Dm

on - ly knew the you that we \_\_\_\_\_ know.

*mp*



E $\flat$  D Am C.B. Em/B Am Em/B

If I touch a burn-ing can-dle I can feel no pain. In the

Am Em/B Am E Dm/F Am/E

ice or in the sun it's all the same. Yet I feel my heart is ache-ing. Though it

Dm Am G# B#m/F\* G# G#/B# B#m/F\*

does-n't beat, it's break-ing. And the pain here that I feel, try and tell me it's not real. I

E B E/B E D# G#m

know that I am dead, yet it seems that I still have some tears to shed.