



# Hurt

Words & Music by Trent Reznor

$\text{♩} = 90$



Am C Dsus<sup>2</sup> Am C Dsus<sup>2</sup>



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1. I hurt my - self to - day to see if I still  
 2. I wear this crown of thorns up - on my li - ars



Am C Dsus<sup>2</sup> Am C Dsus<sup>2</sup>

feel. chair. I fo - cused on the pain, the on - ly thing that's  
 Full of bro - ken thoughts, I can - not re -

Am C Dsus<sup>2</sup> Am C Dsus<sup>2</sup>

real. The nee - dle tears a hole, — the old fa - mil - iar sting. —  
 - pair. Be - neath the stains of time — the feel - ings — dis - ap - pear. —

Am C Dsus<sup>2</sup> Am C D

— Try to kill it all a - way — but I re - mem - ber ev - 'ry - thing. —  
 — You are some - one else, — I am still — right here. —

G Am<sup>7</sup> Fadd<sup>9</sup>

What have I — be - come —

C G Am<sup>7</sup>

my sweet - est friend? — Ev - 'ry - one — I know —



Fadd9



C



G



goes a - way in the end. And

Am7



Fadd9



G



you could have it all, my em - pire of dirt.

Am7



Fadd9



I will let you down,

1.



Am



C



D



I will make you hurt.

