

HURT

(Quiet)

Words and Music by
TRENT REZNOR

Moderately

Am C D^{sus2} Am C D^{sus2}

mp

Am C D^{sus2} Am C D^{sus2}

I hurt my - self _____ to - day to see if I _____ still
I wear this crown _ of thorns up - on my li - ar's

Am C D^{sus2} Am C D^{sus2}

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

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Am C D^{sus2} Am C D^{sus2}

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

Am C D^{sus2} 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 Am⁷ F^(add9)

— What have I — be - come, —

C G Am⁷

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

F(add9) C G

— goes a - way — in the end. — And

Am⁷ F(add9) G

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

Am⁷ F(add9)

I will let — you down, —

1. G Am C D

I will make — you hurt. —

Am C D^{sus2} 2. G

I will make _ you hurt.

Am⁷ F(add9)

If I could start _ a - gain, _ a

G Am⁷

mil - lion miles _ a - way, _ I would keep _ my - self, _

F(add9) G

I would find _ a way.