

# Creep

ton original

Paroles et musique de Thomas Yorke pour le groupe Radiohead en 1992.

The musical score consists of five staves of music for piano/vocal. The top staff shows the treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are placed below the notes. Measure 1: Sol, Si, Do. Measure 2: (empty). Measure 3: (empty). Measure 4: (empty). Measure 5: (empty). Measure 6: (empty). Measure 7: (empty). Measure 8: When you were here be fore, \_\_\_\_\_. Measure 9: Dom, Sol. Measure 10: Could'n't look you in the eye. \_\_\_\_\_. I wan't to have con - trol. \_\_\_\_\_. You're just like an an - I wan't a per - fect. Measure 11: (empty). Measure 12: (empty). Measure 13: Si. Measure 14: (empty). Measure 15: - gel, yours skin makes me cry\_\_\_\_\_. bo - dy, I wan't a per - fect soul. You float like a feath. I wan't you to no - . Measure 16: Do, Dom. Measure 17: (empty).

8

ther \_\_\_\_\_ in a beau - ti - ful world  
 tice \_\_\_\_\_ - when I'm not a - round  
 py \_\_\_\_\_ - what ev - er you wan't

I wish I was spe -  
 You're so ve - ry spe -  
 You're so ve - ry spe -

Sol Si

- cial,  
 - cial  
 - cial you're so ve - ry spe - cial.  
 I wish I were spe - cial.  
 I wish I were spe - cial.

But I'm a creep,

Do Dom

25

I'm a weird \_\_\_\_ o. \_\_\_\_\_ What the hell . am I doing here ?.

Sol Si Si

30 Aller à la Coda ♩ | 1.

I don't be - long \_\_\_\_ here. I don't care if it hurts -

Do Dom Dosus

2.

35

— here, oh, oh. She's running out again..

Dom Dosus

40

She's running out. She

Si Do

45

run, run, run, run

Dom Sol Si

Run

Si7 Do Dom

*Du signe 70 a la Coda ♫*

50

What e· ver makes you hap -

*Ψ Coda*

here.

I don't belong here.

Dom

Sol

When you were here before  
Couldn't look you in the eye  
You're just like an angel  
Your skin makes me cry  
You float like a feather  
In a beautiful world  
I wish I was special  
You're so very special (fuckin' special)

But I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo.  
What the hell am I doing here ?  
I don't belong here.

I don't care if it hurts  
I want to have control  
I want a perfect body  
I want a perfect soul  
I want you to notice  
When I'm not around  
You're so very special (fuckin' special)  
I wish I was special

But I'm a creep...

She's running out again,

Whatever makes you happy  
Whatever you want  
You're so very special (fuckin' special)  
I wish I was special...

But I'm a creep, I'm a weirdo,  
What the hell am I doing here ?  
I don't belong here.

Quand tu étais là, avant  
Je ne pouvais pas te regarder dans les yeux  
Tu es comme un ange  
Ta peau me fait pleurer  
Tu flottes comme une plume  
Dans un monde merveilleux  
Je souhaiterais être spécial  
Putain tu es si spéciale

Mais je suis un minable, je suis un raté  
Qu'est-ce que je fais ici ?  
Je n'appartiens pas à ce monde

Ca m'est égal si ça blesse  
Je veux avoir le contrôle  
Je veux un corps parfait  
Je veux une âme parfaite  
Je veux que tu remarques  
Quand je ne suis pas là  
Tu es si spéciale  
Je souhaiterais être spécial

Mais je suis un minable...

Elle s'enfuit encore

Peu importe ce qui te rend heureuse  
Peu importe ce que tu veux  
Tu es si spéciale  
Je souhaiterais être spécial

Mais je suis un minable, je suis un raté  
Qu'est-ce que je fais ici ?  
Je n'appartiens pas à ce monde