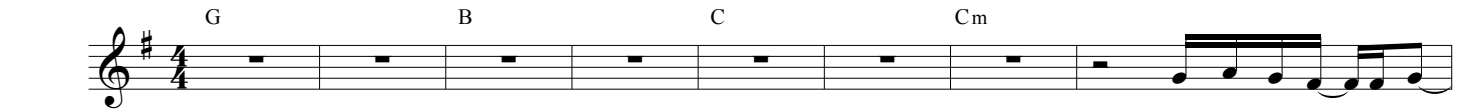


Creep

Albert Hammond, Mike Hazlewood,
Thomas Yorke, Richard Greenwood,
Phillip Selway, Colin Greenwood,
Edward O'Brian, 1993

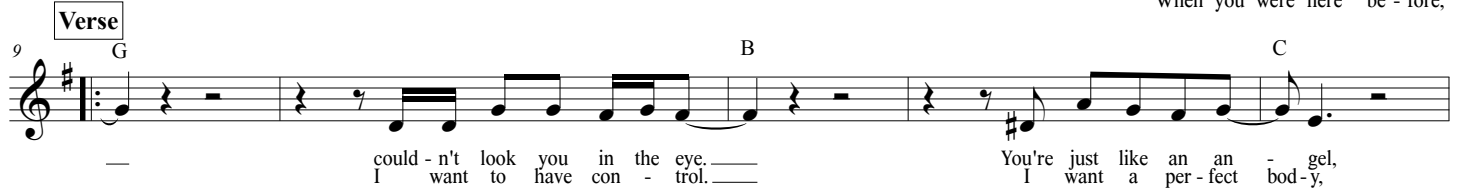
G B C Cm



When you were here be - fore,

Verse

9 G B C



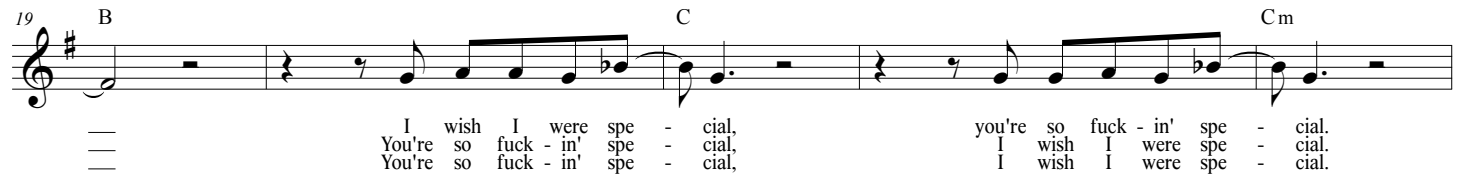
— could - n't look you in the eye. — You're just like an an - gel,
I want to have con - trol. — I want a per - fect bod - y,

14 Cm % G



your skin makes me cry. — You float like a feath - er — in a beau - ti - ful world.
I want a per - fect soul. I want you to no - tice — when I'm not a - round.
— py. — what - ev - er you want.

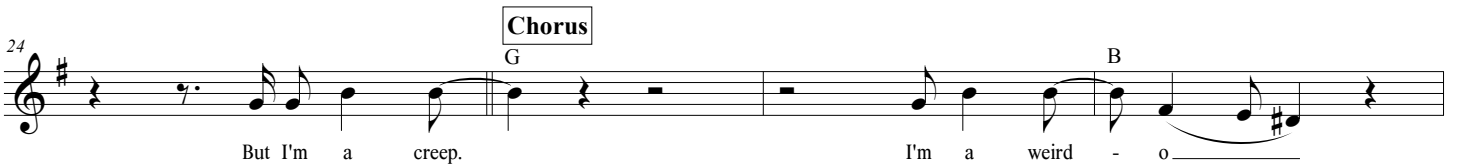
19 B C Cm



— I wish I were spe - cial, you're so fuck - in' spe - cial.
— You're so fuck - in' spe - cial, I wish I were spe - cial.
— You're so fuck - in' spe - cial, I wish I were spe - cial.

Chorus

24 G B



But I'm a creep. I'm a weird - o -

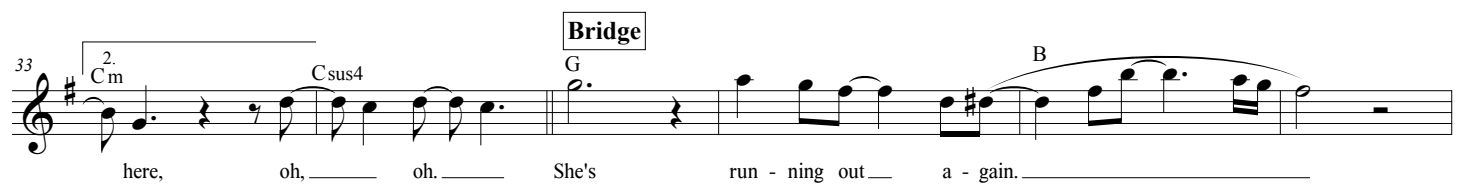
28 C Cadd2 To Coda \oplus Cm Csus4



What the hell am I do - ing here? — I don't be - long here. I don't care if it hurts,

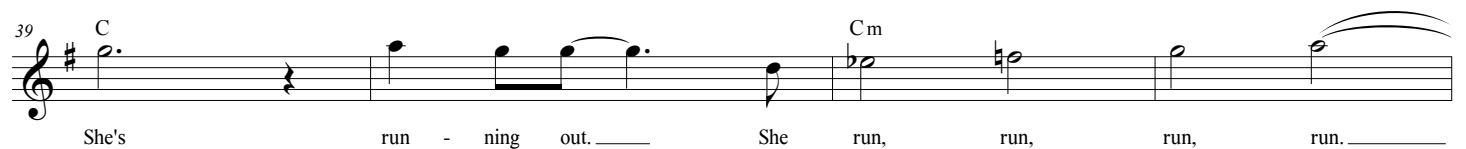
Bridge

33 2. Cm Csus4 G B



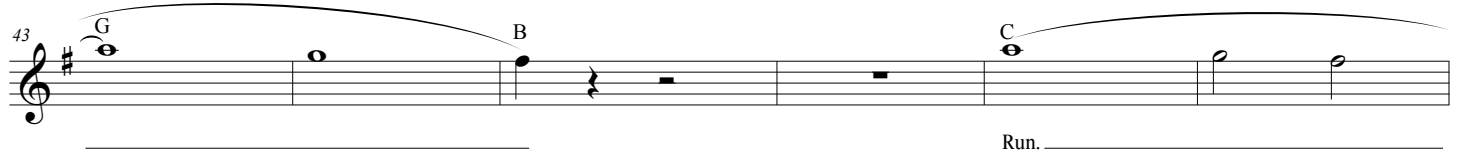
here, oh, oh. She's run - ning out a - gain.

39 C Cm



She's run - ning out. She run, run, run, run.

43 G B C



Run.

49 Cm **D.S. al Coda**



— What - ev - er makes you hap -

Coda

51 \oplus Cm G



— here. I don't be - long here.