

# EVERYBODY HURTS

Words & Music by Peter Buck, Bill Berry, Mike Mills & Michael Stipe

$\text{♩} = 60$

F



B<sup>b</sup>



*Con pedale*

F



F



B<sup>b</sup>



1. When your

day is long

and the

(Verse 2 & 3 see block lyrics)



F





B<sup>b</sup>



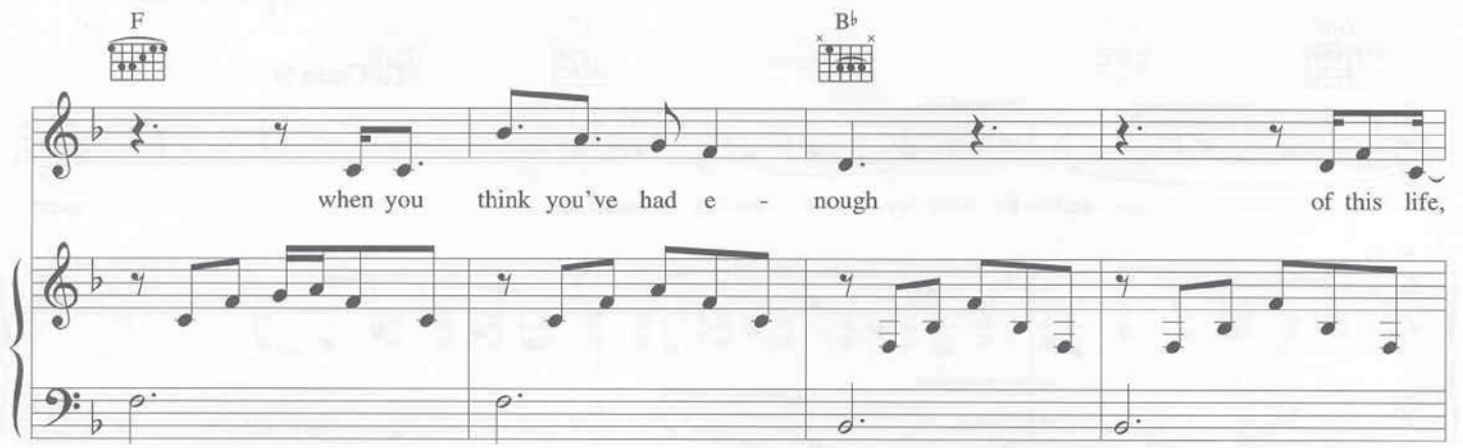
night,

and the night is yours a - lone, —



F  B<sup>b</sup> 

when you think you've had e - nough of this life,



F/A  B<sup>b</sup>  F/A 

well hang on.



Gm7  C7 

Don't let your - self go,



Gm9  C7 

'cause ev - 'ry - bo - dy cries





1.

To Coda ⊕

and ev - 'ry - bo - dy hurts, — some-



times. —



Some - times ev - 'ry - thing is wrong. —



Now it's time to sing a - long. 2. When your

2.



Don't blow your hands,



oh, no.



Don't blow your hands.



If you



feel like you're a - lone,



*D.%. al Coda*

no, no, no you're not a - lone.

*⊕ Coda*



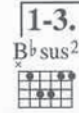
some - - - times.



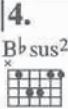
Ev - 'ry - bo - dy hurts some-



times. — So hold —



on, hold — on.



Hold — on, 'cause I know you're not a - lone.



*Violin*

