

Never Ever

Words & Music by Shaznay Lewis, Esmail Jazayeri & Sean Mather

$\text{♩} = 72$



(Spoken) A few questions that I need to know, how you could ever hurt me so, I need to know what I've done wrong,



and how long it's been going on. Was it that I never paid enough attention,



or did I not give enough affection? Not only will your answers keep me sane,



but I'll know never to make the same mistake again. You can tell me to my face



or even on the phone, you can write it in a letter, either way I have to know. Did I never treat you right



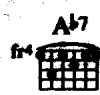
did I always start the fight? Either way I'm going out of my mind, all the answers to my questions I have to find.



1. My head's spin - ning, - boy I'm in - a daze, - I feel i - so - lat - ed,
(Verse 2 see block lyric)



don't want to com - mun - i - cate. - I'll take a show - er, I will - scour, - I will run -



— find peace of mind, the hap - py mind, I once owned — yeah.



Flex-in' vo-cab - u - la - ry runs right through me. The al-pha-bet runs right from A to Z.



Con-ver-sa-tions, hes - i - ta - tions in — my mind, you got my con-science ask-ing ques-tions that I can't find



I'm not cra - zy. — I'm sure I ain't done no - thing wrong. — No,



I'm just wait - ing, 'cause I heard that this feel - ing won't last — that long.



Nev - er ev - er have I ev - er felt so low, when you gon - na take me out of this black hole.



Nev - er ev - er have I ev - er felt so sad. The way I'm feel - ing, yeah you got me feel - ing real - ly bad.



Nev - er ev - er have I had to find, I've had to dig a - way to find my own peace of mind.



I nev - er ev - er had my con - science to fight, the way I'm feel - ing yeah it just don't feel right.



Nev - er ev - er have I ev - er felt so low, when you gon - na take me out of this black hole.



Nev - er ev - er have I ev - er felt so sad, the way I'm feel - ing, yeah you got me feel - ing real - ly bad.



Nev - er ev - er have I had to find, I've had to dig a - way to find my own peace of mind

To Coda ⊕

D. §. al Coda



I nev-er ev-er my con-science to fight— the way I'm feel-ing, yeah it just don't feel right.

⊕ Coda



N.C.

the way I'm feel-ing yeah it just don't feel right. — me to— my face, — you can tell
 You can tell
ad lib.

Repeat ad lib. to fade

— me on—the phone.— Ooh,—you can write it in a let-ter babe, 'cause I real-ly need to know.— You can tell—

Verse 2:

I keep searching deep within my soul
 For all the answers, don't wanna hurt no more.
 I need peace, got to feel at ease, need to be
 Free from pain, go insane, my heart aches.

Sometimes vocabulary runs through my head
 The alphabet runs right from A to Z
 Conversations, hesitations in my mind.
 You got my conscience asking questions that I can't find
 I'm not crazy
 I'm sure I ain't done nothing wrong
 Now I'm just waiting
 'Cause I heard that this feeling won't last that long.