

BOYFRIEND

Moderately fast ♩ = 126
N.C.

Words and Music by
JOHN SHANKS, KARA DIOGUARDI
and ASHLEE SIMPSON

Verse:

C#m

E

B



whoa, don't you bring me down. All that stuff a - bout me be-ing with him,



can't be-lieve all the lies that you told just to ease your own soul. But I'm big -



ger than that. No, you don't have my back. No, no.

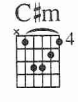
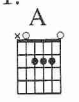
Chorus:



Hey, how long till the mu - sic drowns you out? Don't put words up in my mouth, I



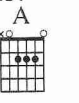
did - n't steal your boy - friend. Hey, - how long till you face what's go - in' on? 'Cause you



N.C.

1. real - ly got it wrong, I did - n't steal your boy - friend..

2.3.



2. Well, I'm sor - did - n't steal your boy - friend. Hey, - how long till you



look at your own life, 'stead of look - ing in - to mine? - I did - n't steal your boy - friend..



To Coda \oplus

Hey, how long till you're leav-in' me a-lone? Don't you got some-where to go? I



did - n't steal your boy - friend. Whoa, whoa, whoa, ha!

Bridge:



Whoa, whoa, whoa, ha! Please stop tell-ing all your



N.C.

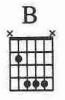
D.S. al Coda

friends. I'm get-ting sick of them al-ways star-ing at me like I took him from you.

⊕ Coda



did - n't steal your boy - friend... Whoa,, whoa,, whoa,, ha!



Whoa,, I did - n't steal your boy - friend... did - n't steal your boy - friend...

Verse 2:
 Well, I'm sorry
 That he called me,
 And that I answered the telephone.
 Don't be worried,
 I'm not with him.
 And when I go out tonight,
 I'm going home alone.
 Just got back from my tour,
 I'm a mess, girl, for sure.
 All I want is some fun,
 Guess that I'd better run.
 Hollywood sucks you in,
 But it won't spit me out.
 Whoa, whoa, ha!
 (To Chorus:)