

Fill in the gaps

Torn On The Platform by Jack Peñate

Once more just before I'm leaving torn on the platform	Torn on the platform
Once more just before I'm leaving torn on the platform	It's one fifty eight
'Cause I (1) you	Wish that I had been late
And I love you	And missed the (6) and (7) them
And I know this is over for now	an excuse
'Cause I (2) you, oh, how I miss you	But what is the use
You're not my girl you're my town	I've less slack than a noose
A weekend away	Do or die stay or go what shall I choose
Leave the city today	'Cause eyes, eyes, eyes are not dry, dry, dry
Don't want the big smoke to (3) me behind	As I realise-lise
The train leaves at two	That in a few minutes this (8) will be gone
Platform three Waterloo	Sighs, sighs, sighs, city fly's, fly's, fly's
Fifty p to the tramp makes me feel kind	Wonder why, why, why
I get a good seat	Would anyone want to leave where I (9) from
With a window, my feet	I'm torn on the platform
Are up on the one in front, (4) stares	Torn on the platform
But why do they care	Torn on the platform
Like there's feelings in chairs	Like in a (10) the motion starts to slow
Trapped for three hours (5) I get there	As the beeping carriage doors begin to close
Eyes, eyes, eyes are not dry, dry, dry	Momentarily I'm standing froze
As I realise-lise	Then I jump between the gap
That in a few minutes this train will be gone	Land on the platform flat
Sighs, sighs, sighs, city fly's, fly's, fly's	I'm not torn on the platform
Wonder why, why, why	Torn on the platform
Would anyone want to leave where I come from	Torn on the platform
I'm torn on the platform	
Torn on the platform	



- 1. miss
- 2. miss
- 3. leave
- 4. everyone
- 5. until
- 6. train
- 7. given
- 8. train
- 9. come
- 10. film

Fill in the gaps