

Sheets of empty canvas

Fill in the gaps

I'm spinning

| Untouched sheets of clay |
|--|
| Were laid spread out (1) me |
| As her body once did |
| All five (2) revolved around her soul |
| As the (3) to the sun |
| Now the air I tasted and breathed |
| Has (4) a turn |
| (Oh) and all I taught her was everything |
| (Oh) I know she gave me all that she wore |
| And now my bitter hands chafe beneath the clouds |
| Of what was everything |
| (Oh) the pictures have all been washed in black |
| Tattooed everything |
| I (5) a walk outside |
| I'm surrounded by some kids at play |
| I can feel their laughter |
| So why do I sear? |
| (Oh) and twisted thoughts that spin |
| Round my head |

| (Oh) I'm spinning |
|--|
| How quick the sun can drop away |
| And now my bitter (6) (7) |
| broken glass |
| Of what was everything? |
| All the pictures have all been washed in black |
| Tattooed everything |
| All the love gone bad |
| Turned my world to black |
| Tattooed all I see |
| All that I am, all I'll be |
| Yeah |
| I know (8) you'll have a beautiful life |
| I (9) you'll be a star |
| In somebody else's sky, but why |
| Why, why can't it be |
| Why can't it be mine |



- 1. before
- 2. horizons
- 3. earth
- 4. taken
- 5. take
- 6. hands
- 7. cradle
- 8. someday
- 9. know

Fill in the gaps