

Torn on the platform

Fill in the gaps

Torn On The Platform by Jack Peñate

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



- 1. torn
- 2. just
- 3. girl
- 4. feel
- 5. torn
- 6. train
- 7. want
- 8. come
- 9. torn

Fill in the gaps