

Sheets of empty canvas

Fill in the gaps

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

| I'm spinning |
|--|
| (Oh) I'm spinning |
| How quick the sun can drop away |
| And now my (6) hands cradle 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 (7) I am, all I'll be |
| Yeah |
| I know someday you'll have a (8) life |
| I know you'll be a star |
| In (9) else's sky, but why |
| Why, why can't it be |
| Why can't it be mine |



- 1. laid
- 2. horizons
- 3. that
- 4. have
- 5. surrounded
- 6. bitter
- 7. that
- 8. beautiful
- 9. somebody

Fill in the gaps