

Fill in the gaps

When all of your (1) and all of my flaws	I can't fill it, I can't fill it
Are laid out one by one	There's a hole in my soul
A wonderful part of the mess that we made	Can you (5) it? Can you fill it?
We pick ourselves undone	You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve
All of your flaws and all of my (2)	And I have always buried them (6) beneath the
They lie there hand in hand	ground
Ones we've inherited, ones that we learned	Dig them up, let's finish what we've started
They pass from man to man	Dig them up, so nothing's left untouched
There's a hole in my (3)	When all of your flaws
I can't fill it, I can't fill it	And all of my (7) are counted
There's a hole in my soul	When all of your flaws
Can you fill it? Can you fill it?	And all of my flaws are counted
You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve	You have always worn your flaws upon your sleeve
And I have always buried them deep beneath the ground	And I have always (8) them deep beneath
Dig them up, let's finish what we've (4)	the ground
Dig them up, so nothing's left untouched	Dig them up, let's finish what we've started
All of your flaws and all of my flaws	Dig them up, so nothing's left untouched
When they have been exhumed	All of your flaws and all of my flaws
We'll see that we need them to be who we are	Are laid out one by one
Without them we'd be doomed	Look at the wonderful (9) that we made
There's a hole in my soul	We pick ourselves undone



- 1. flaws
- 2. flaws
- 3. soul
- 4. started
- 5. fill
- 6. deep
- 7. flaws
- 8. buried
- 9. mess

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