

Fill in the gaps

| You're just the | statue | | |
|--|-----------------|-------|---------|
| Of the boy I us | sed to know | | |
| You're just the | tattoo | | |
| Of the words t | hat we once s | spoke | |
| You're the dry | | | |
| (1) | (2) | (3) | to flow |
| But it stills run | | | |
| With you it had | d to go | | |
| But if you take | this back | | |
| I'll be waiting to come alive, (4) alive | | | |
| If you turn your back I'll be waiting to fly | | | |
| But you're like the falling leaves | | | |
| Whilst I'm still | the oak tree | | |
| Because you'r | e the one to le | eave | |
| Now I'm falling | asleep | | |
| You're like the broken keys | | | |
| Whilst I'm just a broken home | | | |
| Because as I breathe in deep | | | |
| You're looking at me like a (5) | | | |
| Of the boy I us | sed to know | | |
| You're just a li | ghter | | |
| With no fuel to | light the flam | ies | |
| You know I'd f | ight for this | | |
| But you would | n't do the san | ne | |
| Because you'r | e just a diary | | |
| With a blank a | nd empty pag | je | |
| But the (6) | we | wrote | |
| I can't quite er | ase | | |

| But if you take this back | | | | |
|--|--------|--|--|--|
| I'll be waiting to come alive, come alive | | | | |
| If you turn your back I'll be waiting to fly | | | | |
| But you're like the falling leaves | | | | |
| Whilst I'm still the oak tree | | | | |
| Because you're the one who leaves | | | | |
| Now I'm (7) asleep | | | | |
| You're like the broken keys | | | | |
| (8) I'm just a broken home | | | | |
| Because as I breathe in deep | | | | |
| You're looking at me (9) a statue | | | | |
| Of the boy I used to know | | | | |
| I'll watch you fall to the ground | | | | |
| Because there's just stone in your eyes now | | | | |
| We had it all till we found | | | | |
| We're just living these lies now | | | | |
| Because you're like the (10) | leaves | | | |
| Whilst I'm still the oak tree | | | | |
| Because you're the one to leave | | | | |
| Now I'm falling asleep | | | | |
| Because you're like the broken keys | | | | |
| Whilst I'm just a broken home | | | | |
| And I breathe in deep | | | | |
| As I watch you leave like a statue | | | | |
| Of the boy I used to know | | | | |
| | | | | |



- 1. Where
- 2. love
- 3. used
- 4. come
- 5. statue
- 6. story
- 7. falling
- 8. Whilst
- 9. like
- 10. falling

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