

Torn on the platform

Fill in the gaps

Torn On The Platform by Jack Peñate

Once more just (1) I'm leaving torn on the	Torn on the platform
platform	It's one fifty eight
Once more just (2) 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 (3) you, oh, how I (4) you	'Cause eyes, eyes, eyes are not dry, dry, dry
You're not my girl you're my town	As I realise-lise
A (5) away	That in a few minutes this train 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 (6) leaves at two	Would anyone want to leave where I (9) from
Platform three Waterloo	I'm torn on the platform
Fifty p to the (7) makes me feel kind	Torn on the platform
I get a good seat	Torn on the platform
With a window, my feet	Like in a film the motion (10) to slow
Are up on the one in front, everyone stares	As the beeping carriage doors begin to close
But why do they care	Momentarily I'm standing froze
Like there's feelings in chairs	Then I jump between the gap
Trapped for three hours until I get there	Land on the platform flat
Eyes, eyes, eyes are not dry, dry, dry	I'm not torn on the platform
As I realise-lise	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	
Wonder why, why, why	
Would anyone want to leave where I (8) from	
I'm torn on the platform	



- 1. before
- 2. before
- 3. miss
- 4. miss
- 5. weekend
- 6. train
- 7. tramp
- 8. come
- 9. come
- 10. starts

Fill in the gaps