

## Fill in the gaps

| Sheets of empty canvas  |  |  |  |  |
|---|--|--|--|--|
| Untouched sheets of clay  |  |  |  |  |
| Were (1) spread out before me   |  |  |  |  |
| As her (2) once did   |  |  |  |  |
| All five (3) revolved (4)   |  |  |  |  |
| her soul  |  |  |  |  |
| As the earth to the sun   |  |  |  |  |
| Now the air I tasted and breathed   |  |  |  |  |
| Has (5) a turn  |  |  |  |  |
| (Oh) and all I taught her was everything  |  |  |  |  |
| (Oh) I know she gave me all that she wore   |  |  |  |  |
| And now my bitter (6) (7) beneath   |  |  |  |  |
| the clouds  |  |  |  |  |
| Of what was everything  |  |  |  |  |
|   |  |  |  |  |
| (Oh) the (8) have all been  |  |  |  |  |
| (Oh) the (8) have all been (9) in black   |  |  |  |  |
|   |  |  |  |  |
| (9) in black  |  |  |  |  |
| (9) in black Tattooed everything  |  |  |  |  |
| (9) in black Tattooed everything I take a walk outside                                |  |  |  |  |
| (9) in black Tattooed everything I take a walk outside I'm surrounded by (10) at play |  |  |  |  |

Round my head

| I'm spinning                                   |             |       |      |  |
|--|-------------|-------|------|--|
| (Oh) I'm spinning                              |             |       |      |  |
| How (15)                                       | the sun can | (16)  | away |  |
| And now my (17) hands cradle broken glass      |             |       |      |  |
| Of (18) was                                    | everything? |       |      |  |
| All the pictures have all been washed in black |             |       |      |  |
| Tattooed everything                            |             |       |      |  |
| All the (19)                                   | (20)        | _ bad |      |  |
| Turned my world to black                       |             |       |      |  |
| Tattooed all I see                             |             |       |      |  |
| All (21) I am, all I'll be                     |             |       |      |  |
| Yeah   |             |       |      |  |
| I know someday you'll (22) a beautiful life    |             |       |      |  |
| I know you'll be a star                        |             |       |      |  |
| In somebody else's sky, but why                |             |       |      |  |
| Why, why can't it be                           |             |       |      |  |
| Why can't it be mine                           |             |       |      |  |
|  |             |       |      |  |
|  |             |       |      |  |
|  |             |       |      |  |
|  |             |       |      |  |

- 1. laid
- 2. body
- 3. horizons
- 4. around
- 5. taken
- 6. hands
- 7. chafe
- 8. pictures
- 9. washed
- 10. some
- 11. kids
- 12. feel
- 13. their
- 14. thoughts
- 15. quick
- 16. drop
- 17. bitter
- 18. what
- 19. love
- 20. gone
- 21. that
- 22. have

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