

Round my head

Fill in the gaps

Sheets of (1) canvas	I'm spinning
Untouched sheets of clay	(Oh) I'm spinning
Were laid spread out (2) me	How quick the sun can drop away
As her (3) once did	And now my bitter hands cradle broken glass
All five (4) revolved around her soul	Of what was everything?
As the earth to the sun	All the pictures have all been washed in black
Now the air I tasted and breathed	Tattooed everything
Has taken a turn	All the love gone bad
(Oh) and all I taught her was everything	Turned my world to black
(Oh) I know she gave me all that she wore	Tattooed all I see
And now my (5) hands chafe beneath the	All that I am, all I'll be
clouds	Yeah
Of what was everything	I (8) someday you'll have a beautiful life
(Oh) the pictures have all (6) washed in black	I know you'll be a star
Tattooed everything	In somebody else's sky, but why
I take a walk outside	Why, why can't it be
I'm surrounded by some kids at play	Why can't it be mine
I can feel (7) laughter	
So why do I sear?	
(Oh) and twisted thoughts that spin	



- 1. empty
- 2. before
- 3. body
- 4. horizons
- 5. bitter
- 6. been
- 7. their
- 8. know

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