



And the heart is hard to translate		Come back all damaged	
It has a language of its own		I would put them back in poetry	
It talks and turns in quiet sighs		If I'd only knew how	
In prayers and proclamations		I can't seem to understand it	
In the grand (1) of great men		And I would give all this and heaven too	
And the smallest of gestures		I would give it all if only for a moment	
In short (2) gasps		That I (4) just understand	
But with all my education		The meaning of the word you see	
I can't seem to command it		'Cause I've been scrawling it forever	
And the words are all escaping		But it never makes (5) to me	at all
Coming back all damaged		And I would give all this and heaven too	
And I would put them back in poetry		I would give it all if only for a moment	
If I'd only knew how		That I could just understand	
I can't seem to understand it		The meaning of the (6) you see	
I would give all this and heaven too		'Cause I've been scrawling it forever	
I would give it all if only for a moment		But it never makes sense to me at all	
That I could just understand		No words are language	
The meaning of the word you see		It doesn't deserve such treatment	
'Cause I've been scrawling it forever		And all my (7) (4)	8)
But it never makes sense to me at all		never amounted	
And it talks to me in tiptoes		To anything worth (9) feeling	
And it sings to me inside		All this heaven	
It cries out in the (3)	_ night	Never could describe such a feeling as I'm	ı in
And breaks in the morning light		Words were never so useful	
But with all my education		So I'm screaming out a language	
I can't seem to command it		That I never knew existed before	
And the words are all escaping			



- 1. days
- 2. shallow
- 3. darkest
- 4. could
- 5. sense
- 6. word
- 7. stumbling
- 8. phrases
- 9. this

Fill in the gaps