

Fill in the gaps

| Sneets of empty canvas | | I'm spinning |
|---|---------------------------|--|
| Untouched (1) | of clay | (Oh) I'm spinning |
| Were laid spread out before me | | How quick the sun can drop away |
| As her body once did | | And now my bitter hands (7) |
| All five horizons revolved (2) | her soul | (8) glass |
| As the earth to the sun | | Of what was everything? |
| Now the air I tasted and breather | ed | All the pictures have all been washed in black |
| Has taken a turn | | Tattooed everything |
| (Oh) and all I taught her was everything | | All the love gone bad |
| (Oh) I know she gave me all that she wore | | Turned my world to black |
| And now my (3) | _ hands chafe beneath the | Tattooed all I see |
| clouds | | All (9) I am, all I'll be |
| Of (4) was everything | | Yeah |
| (Oh) the pictures have all (5) | washed in black | I know (10) you'll have a beautiful life |
| Tattooed everything | | I know you'll be a star |
| I take a walk outside | | In somebody else's sky, but why |
| I'm (6) | by some kids at play | Why, why can't it be |
| I can feel their laughter | | Why can't it be mine |
| So why do I sear? | | |
| (Oh) and twisted thoughts that s | spin | |
| Round my head | | |



- 1. sheets
- 2. around
- 3. bitter
- 4. what
- 5. been
- 6. surrounded
- 7. cradle
- 8. broken
- 9. that
- 10. someday

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