

Round my head

Fill in the gaps

Sheets of empty canvas	I'm spinning
Untouched (1) of clay	(Oh) I'm spinning
Were laid (2) out before me	How quick the sun can drop away
As her body once did	And now my bitter hands cradle broken glass
All five (3) revolved around her soul	Of what was everything?
As the earth to the sun	All the pictures (8) all (9) washed in
Now the air I tasted and breathed	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 (4) she wore	Turned my (10) to black
And now my (5) hands chafe beneath the	Tattooed all I see
clouds	All that I am, all I'll be
Of what was everything	Yeah
(Oh) the pictures have all been (6) in black	I know someday 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 surrounded by some kids at play	Why, why can't it be
I can (7) their laughter	Why can't it be mine
So why do I sear?	
(Oh) and twisted thoughts that spin	



- 1. sheets
- 2. spread
- 3. horizons
- 4. that
- 5. bitter
- 6. washed
- 7. feel
- 8. have
- 9. been
- 10. world

Fill in the gaps