

Round my head

Fill in the gaps

Sheets of empty canvas	I'm spinning
Untouched sheets of clay	(Oh) I'm spinning
Were laid spread out before me	How (4) the sun can drop away
As her (1) once did	And now my bitter hands cradle broken glass
All five horizons revolved around her soul	Of what was everything?
As the earth to the sun	All the pictures have all (5) washed in black
Now the air I tasted and breathed	Tattooed everything
Has taken a turn	All the love (6) 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 bitter hands chafe beneath the clouds	All (7) I am, all I'll be
Of (2) was everything	Yeah
(Oh) the (3) have all been washed in	I know someday you'll have a (8) life
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 their laughter	
So why do I sear?	
(Oh) and twisted thoughts that spin	

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- 1. body
- 2. what
- 3. pictures
- 4. quick
- 5. been
- 6. gone
- 7. that
- 8. beautiful

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