Undone

Ed Sheeran

Made of clay
Shoot me down
I?ll ricochet to the ground
Words of paint
Draw me out
And fill me in with your mouth
And hold your tongue
And I know it?s over before it?s begun
I lost my way
So help me out
And lend your hand ?til I am found
My voice is mute
Not to be heard
So it?s up to you
For you to bring those words
I
And I
Have come undone
For the last time

This grief you give
It takes it?s toll
It dries my heart and drowns my soul
I am a tree
Whose branch you broke
The brittle wood has turned stones, oh
I
And I
Have come undone
For the last time
For the last time
For the last time
I
And I
Have come undone
For the last time
For the last time
For the last time

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