

# Undone

## Ed Sheeran

Made of clay  
Shoot me down  
Ill ricochet to the ground  
Words of paint  
Draw me out  
And fill me in with your mouth  
And hold your tongue  
And I know its over before its begunI lost my way  
So help me out  
And lend your hand til I am found  
My voice is mute  
Not to be heard  
So its up to you  
For you to bring those wordsI  
And I  
Have come undone  
For the last timeThis grief you give  
It takes its toll  
It dries my heart and drowns my soul  
I am a tree  
Whose branch you broke  
The brittle wood has turned stones, ohI  
And I  
Have come undone  
For the last time  
For the last time  
For the last timeI  
And I  
Have come undone  
For the last time  
For the last time  
For the last time

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