

## Ed Sheeran "Undone"

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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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