

Broken Strings by James Morrison & Nelly Furtado

Let me hold you
For the (1) time
It's the last chance to feel again
But you broke me
Now I can't (2) anything
When I (3) you and so untrue
I can't (4) convince myself
When I'm speaking
It's the voice of (5) else
Oh it tears me up
I try to hold on but it hurts too much
I try to forgive but it's not enough
To make it all okay
You can't play on (6) strings
You can't feel anything
That your (7) don't want to feel
, , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , , ,
I can't tell you something that ain't real
I can't tell you something that ain't real
I can't tell you something that ain't real Oh the (8) hurts
I can't tell you something that ain't real Oh the (8) hurts And lies worse
I can't tell you something that ain't real Oh the (8) hurts And lies worse How can I (9) anymore
I can't tell you something that ain't real Oh the (8) hurts And lies worse How can I (9) anymore When I love you a little less than before?
I can't tell you something that ain't real Oh the (8) hurts And lies worse How can I (9) anymore When I love you a little less than before? Oh, what are we doing?
I can't tell you something that ain't real Oh the (8) hurts And lies worse How can I (9) anymore When I love you a little less than before? Oh, what are we doing? We are turning into dust
I can't tell you something that ain't real Oh the (8) hurts And lies worse How can I (9) anymore When I love you a little less than before? Oh, what are we doing? We are turning into dust Playing house in the (10) of us
I can't tell you something that ain't real Oh the (8) hurts And lies worse How can I (9) anymore When I love you a little less than before? Oh, what are we doing? We are turning into dust Playing house in the (10) of us Running (11) through the fire
I can't tell you something that ain't real Oh the (8) hurts And lies worse How can I (9) anymore When I love you a little less than before? Oh, what are we doing? We are turning into dust Playing house in the (10) of us Running (11) through the fire When there's nothing left to save

I try to (14) on but it hurts too much
I try to forgive but it's not enough
To make it all okay
You can't play on broken strings
You can't (15) anything
That your (16) don't want to feel
I can't tell you something that ain't real
Oh, the (17) hurts
And lies worse
How can I give anymore
When I love you a little less than before?
But we're running through the fire
When there's nothing left to save
It's (18) chasing the very last train
When we both know it's too (19) (too late)
You can't play on (20) strings
You can't feel anything
That your heart don't want to feel
I can't tell you (21) that ain't real
Oh, the truth hurts
And lies worse
So how can I give anymore
When I love you a little (22) (23)
before?
Oh, you know that I love you a little less than before
Let me hold you for the (24) time



- 1. last
- 2. feel
- 3. love
- 4. even
- 5. someone
- 6. broken
- 7. heart
- 8. truth
- 9. give
- 10. ruins
- 11. back
- 12. last
- 13. late
- 14. hold
- 15. feel
- 16. heart
- 17. truth
- 18. like
- 19. late
- 20. broken
- 21. something
- 22. less
- 23. than
- 24. last

Fill in the gaps