

That I'll take to my grave

Fill in the gaps

| Mama, she has taught me well | Never I ask of you |
|---------------------------------|---|
| Told me (1) I was young | But never I gave |
| "Son, your life's an open book | But you gave me your emptiness |
| Don't (2) it 'fore its done | That I'll take to my grave |
| The (3) flame burns quickest" | So let this (7) be still |
| That's what I heard her say | Mama, now I'm coming home |
| A son's heart's sewed to mother | I'm not all you wished of me |
| But I must find my way | But a mother's love for her son |
| Let my heart go | Unspoken, help me be |
| Let your son grow | Yeah, I took your love for granted |
| Mama, let my heart go | And all the things you said to me, yeah, yeah |
| Or let this heart be still | I need your arms to welcome me |
| Yeah, still | But a cold stone's all I see |
| Rebel, my new last name | Let my heart go |
| Wild blood in my veins | Let your son grow |
| Apron strings around my neck | Mama, let my heart go |
| The mark (4) still remains | Or let this heart be still |
| l left (5) at an early age | Let my heart go |
| Of what I heard was wrong | Mama, let my heart go |
| I never asked forgiveness | You never let my heart go |
| But what I said is done | So let this heart be still |
| Let my (6) go | (Oh whoa) |
| Let your son grow | Never I ask of you |
| Mama, let my heart go | But never I gave |
| Or let this heart be still | But you gave me (8) emptiness |
| Never I ask of you | That I'll take to my grave |
| But never I gave | So let (9) (10) be still |
| But you gave me your emptiness | |



- 1. when
- 2. close
- 3. brightest
- 4. that
- 5. home
- 6. heart
- 7. heart
- 8. your
- 9. this
- 10. heart

Fill in the gaps