

# 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