

# *Torn*

*Natalie Imbruglia*



I \_\_\_\_\_ I \_\_\_\_\_ a man \_\_\_\_\_ to life  
He \_\_\_\_\_ warm, he \_\_\_\_\_ around  
like he \_\_\_\_\_ dignified  
He \_\_\_\_\_ me what it \_\_\_\_\_ to cry  
Well, you couldn't be that man I  
\_\_\_\_\_

You don't seem to know, or seem to care  
what your heart is for  
But I don't know him anymore

There's nothin' where he \_\_\_\_\_ to lie  
The conversation has run dry  
That's what's goin' on

Nothing's fine, I'm torn

I'm all out of faith

This is how I feel

I'm cold and I am \_\_\_\_\_

Lying naked on the floor

Illusion never \_\_\_\_\_

Into something real

I'm wide awake and I can see

The perfect sky is torn

You're a little late

I'm already torn

So I guess the fortune teller's right

Should've seen just what \_\_\_\_\_ there  
and not some holy light

But you crawled beneath my veins and  
now

I don't care, I had no luck

I don't miss it all that much

There's just so many things

That I can touch, I'm torn

I'm all out of faith

This is how I feel

I'm cold and I am \_\_\_\_\_

Lying naked on the floor

Illusion never \_\_\_\_\_

Into something real

I'm wide awake and I can see

The perfect sky is torn

You're a little late

I'm already torn

Torn...