

Passive

The farther I get away

The more I hold on

It's just this feeling I get

It's like I'm not yet

Old but I'm not that old

Young but I'm not that bold

And I don't think the world is

On just doing what we're

No matter what we breed

We still are of greed

This is my kingdom come

This is my kingdom come

What if we rewrite the stars?

Say you made to be mine

Nothing could keep us apart

You'd be the one I was meant to find

You don't have to feel like a wasted space

You're original, cannot replaced

If you only knew what the future holds

After a hurricane comes a rainbow

I thought that I'd been before

But no one's ever left me quite this sore

Your words cut deeper than a knife

Now I need someone to breathe me back to life

So, what a man gotta do? (What a man gotta do?)

What a man gotta do? (Whoa)

To be totally up by you

What a man gotta do? (Hey, baby)

What a man gotta prove? (What a man gotta prove?)

To be totally up by you

The missing words:

sold, done, locked, locked, told,
made, be, were, hurt