

## Fill in the gaps

| Loving him is like driving a new Maserati down a dead end          | On, red   |
|--|---|
| street   | Burning red   |
| Faster than the wind, passionate as sin, ending so suddenly        | Remembering him comes in flashbacks, in echoes                  |
| Loving him is like (1) to change your mind                         | Tell myself it's time now, gotta let go                         |
| once you're already flying through the free fall                   | But moving on from him is impossible when I still see it all in |
| Like the colors in autumn, so bright, just before they lose it all | my (8)  |
| Losing him was blue, like I've never known                         | Burning red   |
| Missing him was dark grey, all (2)                                 | Loving him was red  |
| Forgetting him was like trying to know somebody you never          | Oh, losing him was blue, like I've never known                  |
| met  | Missing him was dark grey, all alone                            |
| But loving him was red   | Forgetting him was like trying to know somebody you never       |
| Loving him was red   | met   |
| Touching him was (3) realizing all you ever wanted                 | 'Cause loving him was red                                       |
| was (4) there in front of you                                      | Yeah, yeah red  |
| Memorizing him was as easy as (5) all the                          | Burning red   |
| words to your old favorite song                                    | And that's why he's spinning round in my head                   |
| Fighting with him was like trying to solve a crossword and         | Comes back to me, burning red                                   |
| realizing there's no right answer                                  | Yeah, yeah  |
| Regretting him was like wishing you'd never found out that         | His love was like driving a new Maserati down a dead end        |
| (6) could be that strong   | (9)   |
| Losing him was blue, (7) I've never known                          |   |
| Missing him was dark grey, all alone                               |   |
| Forgetting him was like trying to know somebody you never          |   |
| met  |   |
| But loving him was red   |   |
| Loving him was red   |   |
|  |   |



- 1. trying
- 2. alone
- 3. like
- 4. right
- 5. knowing
- 6. love
- 7. like
- 8. head
- 9. street

## Fill in the gaps