Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Fill in the gaps

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory	Like you'd never lost a war
You were practicing a magic trick	Although I tried so not to suffer
And my thoughts got rude	The indignity of a reaction
As you talked and chewed	There was no (6) to grasp or gaps to claw
On the last of your pick and mix	And your pastimes (7) of the strange
So, you're mistaken if you're thinking	And twisted and deranged
That I haven't been called cold before	And I hate that little game
As you bit into your strawberry lace	You had called "Crying lightning"
And then offered me (1) attention	And how you liked to aggravate
In the form of a gobstopper	The (8) man on rainy afternoons
It's all you had left and it was going to waste	Uninviting
Your pastimes consisted of the strange	But not half as impossible
And (2) and deranged	As everyone assumes you are
And I love that little game	"Crying lightning"
You had called "Crying lightning"	Your pastimes consisted of the strange
And how you liked to aggravate	Twisted and deranged
The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons	And I hate that little (9) you had called
The (3) time that I caught my own reflection	Crying lightning
It was on its way to meet you	Crying lightning
Thinking of excuses to postpone	Crying lightning
You never (4) like yourself	Crying lightning
From the side but your profile	Your pastimes, consisted of the strange
Could not hide the fact	And twisted and deranged
You knew I was approaching your throne	And I (10) that little game
With folded arms you occupied	You had called "Crying"
The bench like a toothache	
Stood and puffed (5) chest out	



- 1. your
- 2. twisted
- 3. next
- 4. looked
- 5. your
- 6. cracks
- 7. consisted
- 8. icky
- 9. game
- 10. hate

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