

Being down on our luck

Some people say that best friends stay same

Fill in the gaps

The Kids We Used To Be... by Your Demise

| So (1) is the song | I'll prove you wrong |
|---|---|
| I write for everyone who I never forgot | I know I can still hear the singing |
| The kids we used to be are all dead | From the basement |
| Gone and forgotten | And I know you can too |
| Black eyed boys and (2) eyed girls | The smoke (7) rises |
| Friday night love | I know I can still hear the singing |
| And Saturday morning regrets | From the basement |
| Summers came and went | And I know you can too |
| But the love never left | The smoke still rises |
| But the love never left | I know I can still hear the singing |
| So let's bring back the best years | From the basement |
| Nights spent hanging out | And I know you can too |
| Not giving a **** | The smoke still rises |
| Being (3) on our luck | So let's bring back the best years |
| Some people say that best friends stay same | Nights spent hanging out |
| I'll prove you wrong | Not giving a **** |
| Sticks and stones never broke our bones | Being down on our luck |
| Standing outside our homes | Some people say that best friends stay same |
| Watching the sun come up | I'll prove you wrong |
| 5:00 am (4) looked so beautiful | So let's bring back the best years |
| And feeling | Nights spent hanging out |
| Beaten and jaded | Not (8) a **** |
| Never felt so ****** good | Being down on our luck |
| I can't wait for tomorrow to (5) around | Some people say that (9) friends stay same |
| So let's bring back the best years | I'll prove you wrong |
| Nights spent (6) out | I'll prove you wrong |
| Not giving a **** | |



- 1. this
- 2. bright
- 3. down
- 4. never
- 5. come
- 6. hanging
- 7. still
- 8. giving
- 9. best

Fill in the gaps