

## Fill in the gaps

## Every Single Night by Fiona Apple

| Every single night, I endure the flight               | Every (11) night's a fight with my brain          |
|---|---|
| Of little (1) of white-flamed butterflies in my brain | I just want to feel everything                    |
| These ideas of mine percolate the mind                | I just want to (12) everything                    |
| Trickle down the spine                                | l just (13) to (14) everything                    |
| Swarm the belly, (2) to a blaze                       | So I'm gonna try to be still now                  |
| That's when the (3) (4) in                            | Gonna renounce the mill a (15) while and          |
| Like a second skeleton                                | If we had a (16) king (17) bed                    |
| Trying to fit beneath the skin                        | We could (18) in it and I'd soon forget           |
| I can't fit the feelings in, no                       | If (19) I am is what I am, 'cause I (20)          |
| Every (5) night's a light with my brain               | what I does                                       |
| What do I say to her?                                 | And maybe I'd relax, let my (21)                  |
| Why do I say it to her?                               | (22) (23) open                                    |
| What does she (6) of me?                              | My heart's made of parts of all that's around me  |
| That I'm not what I ought to be                       | And that's why the devil just can't get around me |
| That I'm (7) I try not to be                          | Every single night's alright                      |
| It's got to be (8) else's fault                       | Every single night's a fight                      |
| I can't get caught                                    | And every single fight's alright with my brain    |
| If what I am is what I am, 'cause I does what I does  | I just want to feel everything                    |
| Then brother, get back                                | I just want to (24) everything                    |
| 'Cause my breast's gonna bust open                    | I just (25) to feel everything                    |
| The rib is the shell and (9) is the yolk              | I just want to feel everything                    |
| And I (10) need a meal for us both to choke on        |   |



- 1. wings
- 2. swelling
- 3. pain
- 4. comes
- 5. single
- 6. think
- 7. what
- 8. somebody
- 9. heart
- 10. just
- 11. single
- 12. feel
- 13. want
- 14. feel
- 15. little
- 16. double
- 17. size
- 18. move
- 19. what
- 20. does
- 21. breast
- 22. just
- 23. bust
- 24. feel
- 25. want

## Fill in the gaps