

Fill in the gaps

| Sometimes I sit and ponder |
|--|
| Of all the fu*ked up things in my life |
| Can't make them go away, and not be afraid |
| I'll have you (1) I work a 9 to 5 |
| I finish up and (2) right out the door |
| When every day's the same |
| Not a dollar to my name |
| And they all waltz around with fancy cars |
| And dollar bills wave them in my face |
| I could care less, I'm not impressed |
| Because all your smiles are the same |
| I play these songs while I'm alive |
| (3) is the life for me until the day I die |
| And you may be strong and down on life |
| But when the night is young the strong (4) |
| to fight |
| Pick up the paper, shake my hand |
| And roll my eyes |
| Turn on the television |
| My blood is getting thick |
| So I write tonight |

| To tell you about the things I can't explain |
|---|
| I wave goodbye |
| I'm not (5) by to let you take control |
| I play these songs (6) I'm alive, |
| This is the (7) for me until the day I die |
| You may be strong and down on life |
| But when the night is young the strong resolve to fight |
| We carry questions through the night |
| (8) all the answers are denied |
| We carry questions through the night |
| When all the answers are denied |
| Sometimes I sit and wonder |
| Of all the fuc*ed up things in (9) life |
| I can't pretend I'm right, so I stay and fight |
| The strong resolve to fight |
| The strong resolve to fight |
| The strong resolve to fight |
| The strong resolve to fight |



- 1. know
- 2. walk
- 3. This
- 4. resolve
- 5. standing
- 6. while
- 7. life
- 8. When
- 9. this

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