

## View (from an airplane window) by The Monomes

| It feels so strange to be out of place     | ia last insida mu aparata               |
|--|---|
| 0 1  | is lost inside my secrets               |
| When you know (1) breathing in             | l miss you                              |
| different air                              | I try to find you in my suitcase        |
| I search for feelings that I try to trace  | My memories are                         |
| With a gin and tonic rocking in my chair   | locked inside a box                     |
| The taste can spread                       | and there's a key that would open it    |
| but I know you aren't (2)                  | is lost inside my secrets               |
| And I'll hide myself in a bottle of beer   | l miss you                              |
| 'Cause my memories are                     | I try to (4) you in my suitcase         |
| locked inside a box                        | Cerulean sky (5) apart like a drum      |
| and there's a key that would open it       | like a strum like a tear of my soul     |
| is lost inside my secrets                  | The man stood still with his mind aware |
| I miss you                                 | 'Cause my memories are                  |
| I try to find you in my suitcase           | locked inside a box                     |
| The sun is gone, but the light still burns | and there's a key that would open it    |
| The view up here                           | is lost inside my secrets               |
| makes me be the clear                      | l miss you                              |
| Let me shake my ball                       | I try to (6) you in my suitcase         |
| and you will appear                        | My memories are                         |
| Although I think tonight                   | (7) inside a box                        |
| I might be sleeping here                   | and there's a key that would open it    |
| Cerulean sky torn apart like a drum        | is lost inside my secrets               |
| like a strum                               | l (8) you                               |
| like a tear of my soul                     | I try to find you in my suitcase        |
| The man stood still (3) his mind aware     |   |
| 'cause my memories are                     |   |
| locked inside a box                        |   |
|  |   |

and there's a key that would open it



- 1. you're
- 2. there
- 3. with
- 4. find
- 5. torn
- 6. find
- 7. locked
- 8. miss

## Fill in the gaps