## Fill in the gaps

## Tranquilize by The Killers & Lou Reed

| Time it tells living in my (1) town                       | Acid rain, when Abel looked up at Cain              |
|---|---|
| Wedding bells, they begin easy                            | We began the weeping and wailing                    |
| Live it down, baby don't talk that much                   | A hurried high from pestilence pills and pride      |
| Baby knows, but baby don't tease me                       | It's a shame, we could have gone sailing            |
| In the park we could go walking                           | But heaven knows                                    |
| Drowned in the dark                                       | Heaven knows everything                             |
| Or we could go sailing on the sea                         | Tranquilize   |
| Always here, always on time                               | I got (6) feeling that they're gonna break down the |
| Close call, was it love or was it just easy?              | door  |
| Money talks when people need shoes and socks              | I got this feeling (7) they're gonna come back for  |
| Steady boys, I'm thinking she needs me                    | more  |
| I was just sipping on something sweet                     | See I was thinking that I lost my mind              |
| I don't need political process                            | But it's been getting to me all this time           |
| I got this feeling that they're gonna break down the door | And it don't stop dragging me down                  |
| I got this feeling (2) they're gonna (3)                  | Silently reflection turns my world to stone         |
| back for more   | Patiently correction leaves us all alone            |
| See I was thinking that I (4) my mind                     | And sometimes I'm a (8) man                         |
| But it's been getting to me all this time                 | But tonight this engine's failing                   |
| And it don"t stop dragging me down                        | I still hear the children playing                   |
| Silently reflection turns my world to stone               | Dead beat dancers, come to us and stay              |
| Patiently correction leaves us all alone                  | 'Cause I don't care where you've been               |
| And sometimes I'm a travel man                            | And I don't care what you've seen                   |
| But tonight this engine's failing                         | We're the ones who still believe                    |
| I still hear the children playing                         | And we're looking for a page                        |
| Kick the can, (5) the can                                 | In that (9) book of hope                            |
| Skip and blackjack  | Where a dream might help you cope                   |
| Steal a car and ring a round-rosey                        | With the Bushes and the bombs                       |
| Rock and roll, candyland, boogeyman                       | Tranquilize   |
| Run away and give me your sneakers                        |   |



- 1. home
- 2. that
- 3. come
- 4. lost
- 5. kick
- 6. this
- 7. that
- 8. travel
- 9. lifeless

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