

I'm tired of telling the story Tired of telling it your way Yeah I know what I saw I know That I found the floor Before you take my heart Reconsider Before you (1) my heart Reconsider I've opened the door I've opened the door Here comes the summer's son He burns my skin I (2)\_\_\_\_\_ again I'm over you I thought I had a (3)\_\_\_\_\_ to hold Maybe that has gone Your hands reach out and touch me still But this feels so wrong Before you take my heart Reconsider Before you take my heart Reconsider I've opened the door I've opened the door Here (4)\_\_\_\_\_ the summer's son He burns my skin I ache again I'm over you Here comes the winter's rain To cleanse my skin I (5)\_\_\_\_\_ again

## Fill in the gaps

I'm over you Before you take my heart Reconsider Before you (6)\_\_\_\_\_ my heart Reconsider I've opened the door I've opened the door Here (7)\_\_\_\_\_ the summer's son He (8)\_\_\_\_\_ my skin I ache again I'm over you Here comes the winter's rain To cleanse my skin I (9)\_\_\_\_\_ again I'm over you ... Here comes the summer's son ... He burns my skin I ache again I'm over you ... Here comes the winter's rain To cleanse my skin... (I wake again) (I'm over you) ...



- 1. take
- 2. ache
- 3. dream
- 4. comes
- 5. wake
- 6. take
- 7. comes
- 8. burns
- 9. wake

## Fill in the gaps