

## Fill in the gaps

## Every Single Night by Fiona Apple

| Every single night, I endure the flight                 |    |
|---|----|
| Of little wings of white-flamed butterflies in my brain |    |
| These ideas of (1) percolate the mind                   |    |
| Trickle down the spine                                  |    |
| Swarm the belly, (2) to a blaze                         |    |
| That's (3) the pain comes in                            |    |
| Like a second skeleton                                  |    |
| Trying to fit beneath the skin                          |    |
| I can't fit the feelings in, no                         |    |
| Every (4) night's a (5) with n                          | nу |
| brain   |    |
| What do I say to her?                                   |    |
| Why do I say it to her?                                 |    |
| What does she (6) of me?                                |    |
| That I'm not what I (7) to be                           |    |
| That I'm (8) I try not to be                            |    |
| It's got to be (9) else's fault                         |    |
| I can't get caught                                      |    |
| If what I am is what I am, 'cause I does what I does    |    |
| Then brother, get back                                  |    |
| 'Cause my breast's gonna (10) open                      |    |
| The rib is the (11) and heart is the yolk               |    |
| And I just need a meal for us both to (12) on           |    |

| Every single night's a fight with my brain        |
|---|
| I (13) want to feel everything                    |
| I just want to feel everything                    |
| I just want to (14) everything                    |
| So I'm gonna try to be (15) now                   |
| Gonna renounce the (16) a little while and        |
| If we had a double king size bed                  |
| We could (17) in it and I'd soon forget           |
| If (18) I am is what I am, 'cause I does          |
| (19) I does                                       |
| And maybe I'd relax, let my breast just bust open |
| My heart's made of parts of all that's around me  |
| And that's why the (20) just can't get            |
| (21) me   |
| Every (22) night's alright                        |
| Every single night's a fight                      |
| And every single fight's alright with my brain    |
| I just want to (23) everything                    |
| I just want to (24) everything                    |
| I just want to feel everything                    |
| I (25) want to feel everything                    |
| I just want to feel everything                    |



- 1. mine
- 2. swelling
- 3. when
- 4. single
- 5. light
- 6. think
- 7. ought
- 8. what
- 9. somebody
- 10. bust
- 11. shell
- 12. choke
- 13. just
- 14. feel
- 15. still
- 16. mill
- 17. move
- 18. what
- 19. what
- 20. devil
- 21. around
- 22. single
- 23. feel
- 24. feel
- 25. just

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