Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory

You were (1) a (2)
trick
And my thoughts got rude
As you talked and chewed
On the last of your (3) and mix
So, you're mistaken if you're thinking
That I haven't been called cold before
As you bit into your strawberry lace
And then offered me (4) attention
In the form of a gobstopper
It's all you had left and it was going to waste
Your pastimes consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I love that little game
You had called "Crying lightning"
And how you liked to aggravate
The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons
The next (5) that I caught my own reflection
It was on its way to meet you
Thinking of excuses to postpone
You never looked like yourself
From the side but your profile
Could not hide the fact
You knew I was approaching your throne
With folded arms you occupied
The bench like a toothache
Stood and puffed your (6) out

Like you'd never lost a war Although I tried so not to suffer The indignity of a reaction There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw And your pastimes consisted of the strange And (7)___ _____ and deranged And I hate that little game You had called "Crying lightning" And how you liked to aggravate The icky man on rainy afternoons Uninviting But not half as impossible As (8)_ assumes you are "Crying lightning" Your pastimes consisted of the strange Twisted and deranged And I hate that little game you had called Crying lightning Crying lightning Crying lightning Crying lightning Your pastimes, consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged And I hate that little game You had called "Crying" ...



- 1. practicing
- 2. magic
- 3. pick
- 4. your
- 5. time
- 6. chest
- 7. twisted
- 8. everyone

Fill in the gaps