

## Fast fast by Let's buy happiness

| If my thoughts run fast at (1)          | speeds | We could even play                        |
|-----------------------------------------|--------|-------------------------------------------|
| Then it could skin my ears              |        | For the whole account                     |
| And make friction heat                  |        | And keep the grins in check               |
| Lips could even crack                   |        | And keep the singing louda                |
| (2) it all runs coarse                  |        | We will be fine                           |
| Or we could let it out                  |        | But I get into it                         |
| And let it run its course               |        | We (9) be fine                            |
| We can stand outside                    |        | But I get into it                         |
| With a silver frame                     |        | We will be fine                           |
| Until the (3)(4)                        | _ by   | But I get into it                         |
| And then they feel them in              |        | But I get into it                         |
| We could even play                      |        | But I get again                           |
| For the whole account                   |        | But I get again                           |
| And keep the grins in check             |        | But I get again                           |
| And keep the singing loud               |        | When my thoughts                          |
| We will be fine                         |        | When my thoughts                          |
| But I get into it                       |        | They run fast                             |
| We (5) be fine                          |        | When my thoughts                          |
| But I get into it                       |        | When my thoughts                          |
| We will be fine                         |        | they run fast                             |
| But I get into it                       |        | I can see the waves rising all around us  |
| but I get into it                       |        | But we are locked in our rows of houses   |
| If my thoughts run fast at hefty speeds |        | And we coming out all around us           |
| Then it could (6) my ears               |        | And we can't seem to get distance         |
| And make friction heat                  |        | All the (10) they are                     |
| Lips (7) even crack                     |        | Tumbling away                             |
| Until it all runs coarse                |        | And we can't see the stormy weather       |
| Or we could let it out                  |        | When the waves are crashing all around us |
| And let it run its course               |        | Our houses are landlocked                 |
| We can stand outside                    |        | and we finished                           |
| With a silver frame                     |        |                                           |
| (8) the clouds come by                  |        |                                           |
| And then they feel them in              |        |                                           |

Fill in the gaps



- 1. hefty
- 2. Until
- 3. clouds
- 4. come
- 5. will
- 6. skin
- 7. could
- 8. Until
- 9. will
- 10. waves

## Fill in the gaps

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