

## Fill in the gaps

## View (from an airplane window) by The Monomes

| it reels so strange to be out of place     | is lost inside my secrets               |
|--|---|
| When you know you're breathing in          | I miss you                              |
| (1) air                                    | I try to find you in my suitcase        |
| I search for (2) that I try to trace       | My memories are                         |
| With a gin and tonic rocking in my chair   | locked inside a box                     |
| The taste can spread                       | and there's a key that would open it    |
| but I know you aren't there                | is (9) inside my secrets                |
| And I'll hide myself in a bottle of beer   | I miss you                              |
| 'Cause my memories are                     | I try to (10) you in my suitcase        |
| locked inside a box                        | Cerulean sky torn apart like a drum     |
| and there's a key that (3) it              | like a strum like a tear of my soul     |
| is lost inside my secrets                  | The man stood still with his mind aware |
| I miss you                                 | 'Cause my memories are                  |
| I try to find you in my suitcase           | locked inside a box                     |
| The sun is gone, but the light still burns | and there's a key that would open it    |
| The view up (5)                            | is lost inside my secrets               |
| makes me be the clear                      | I miss you                              |
| Let me shake my ball                       | I try to find you in my suitcase        |
| and you will (6)                           | My memories are                         |
| Although I think tonight                   | locked inside a box                     |
| I might be sleeping here                   | and there's a key that would open it    |
| Cerulean sky torn apart like a drum        | is lost inside my secrets               |
| like a strum                               | I miss you                              |
| like a tear of my soul                     | I try to find you in my suitcase        |
| The man stood still with his (7) aware     |   |
| 'cause my memories are                     |   |
| locked inside a box                        |   |
| and there's a key that would (8) it        |   |



- 1. different
- 2. feelings
- 3. would
- 4. open
- 5. here
- 6. appear
- 7. mind
- 8. open
- 9. lost
- 10. find

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