

Just let me go...

Fill in the gaps

And teacher
There are things
That I don't want to learn
Oh the (5) one I had
Made me cry
So I don't want to learn to
Hold you, touch you
Think that you're mine
Because it ain't no joy
For an uptown boy
Whose teacher has told him goodbye
Goodbye, goodbye
So when you say that you need me
That you'll never leave me
I (6) you're wrong, you're not that strong
Let me go
And teacher
There are things
That I still have to learn
But the one (7) I (8) is my pride
(Oh) so I don't want to
Hold you, touch you
Think that you're mine
Because there ain't no joy
For an uptown boy
Who just isn't willing to try
I'm so cold
Inside
Maybe just one (9) try



- trying
 want
- 3. uptown
- 4. feel
- 5. last
- 6. know
- 7. thing
- 8. have
- 9. more

Fill in the gaps