

| I can feel the (1) running            |
|---------------------------------------|
| As it's (2) from my face              |
| Try to speak but nothing's coming     |
| Nothing I could say to make you stay  |
| Grab your suitcase (3) a taxi         |
| It's 3am now where you gonna go?      |
| Gonna stay with friends in London     |
| And that's all I get to know          |
| Just a ciggarette gone                |
| No you couldn't be that far           |
| I'm (4) my car to where I (5) you are |
| Maybe I can talk you down             |
| Maybe I can talk you down             |
| we're standing on a tiny ledge        |
| before this goes over the edge        |
| Gonna use my heart and not my head    |
| And try to open up your eyes          |
| This is a relationship suicide        |
| Cos if you go, I go                   |
| Cos if you go, I go                   |
| Taking shortcuts through the alleys   |
| While you're racing (6) my mind       |
| Cops can (7) but they won't catch me  |
| Not before I get to speak my mind     |
| If there's (8) time Oh                |
| we're standing on a (9) ledge         |
| before this goes over the edge        |
| Gonna use my heart and not my head    |



- 1. colour
- 2. fading
- 3. call
- 4. driving
- 5. hope
- 6. through
- 7. chase
- 8. still
- 9. tiny

## Fill in the gaps