## Bad Blood by Bastille

## Fill in the gaps

| we were young and drinking in the park                 |
|--|
| There was (1) else to go                               |
| And you said you always had my back                    |
| Oh but how (2) we to know                              |
| That these are the days that (3) you together, forever |
| And these little things define you forever, forever    |
| All (4) bad blood here, won't you let it dry?          |
| It's been cold for years, won't you let it lie?        |
| If we're only ever looking back                        |
| We will (5) insane                                     |
| As the friendship goes resentment grows                |
| We will walk our different ways                        |
| But (7) are the (8) that bind us together, forever     |
| And those little things define us forever, forever     |
| All this bad blood here, won't you let it dry?         |
| It's been cold for years, won't you let it lie?        |
| And I don't wanna hear about the bad blood anymore     |
| I don't wanna hear you talk about it anymore           |
| I don't wanna hear about the bad blood anymore         |
| I don't wanna hear you talk about it anymore           |
| All this bad blood here, won't you let it dry?         |
| It's been cold for years, won't you let it lie?        |



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. nowhere
- 2. were
- 3. bind
- 4. this
- 5. drive
- 6. ourselves
- 7. those
- 8. days