

## Fill in the gaps

| Loving him is like driving a new (1)                               | Oh, red   |
|--|---|
| (2) a (3) end street   | Burning red   |
| Faster than the wind, passionate as sin, ending so suddenly        | Remembering him comes in flashbacks, in echoes                  |
| Loving him is like trying to change your (4) once                  | Tell myself it's time now, gotta let go                         |
| you're already flying through the free fall                        | But moving on from him is impossible when I still see it all in |
| Like the colors in autumn, so bright, just before they lose it all | my head   |
| Losing him was blue, like I've never known                         | Burning red   |
| Missing him was dark grey, all alone                               | Loving him was red  |
| Forgetting him was like trying to know somebody you never          | Oh, losing him was blue, like I've never known                  |
| met  | Missing him was dark grey, all alone                            |
| But loving him was red   | Forgetting him was like trying to know (9)                      |
| Loving him was red   | you never met   |
| Touching him was like realizing all you ever wanted was right      | 'Cause loving him was red                                       |
| there in front of you  | Yeah, yeah red  |
| Memorizing him was as easy as (5) all the                          | Burning red   |
| words to your old favorite song                                    | And that's why he's spinning round in my head                   |
| Fighting with him was like trying to solve a crossword and         | Comes back to me, burning red                                   |
| (6) there's no right (7)   | Yeah, yeah  |
| Regretting him was like wishing you'd never found out that         | His love was like driving a new Maserati down a dead end        |
| love could be that strong  | street  |
| Losing him was blue, like I've (8) known                           |   |
| Missing him was dark grey, all alone                               |   |
| Forgetting him was like trying to know somebody you never          |   |
| met  |   |
| But loving him was red   |   |
| Loving him was red   |   |



- 1. Maserati
- 2. down
- 3. dead
- 4. mind
- 5. knowing
- 6. realizing 7. answer
- 8. never
- 9. somebody

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