

Fill in the gaps

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



- 1. down
- 2. like
- 3. never
- 4. easy
- 5. right
- 6. dark
- 7. moving
- 8. dark
- 9. never

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