

Stood and puffed your chest out

Fill in the gaps

Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

| Jutside the care by the cracker factory | Like you d never (6) a war |
|--|--|
| You were practicing a magic trick | Although I tried so not to suffer |
| And my thoughts got rude | The indignity of a reaction |
| As you talked and chewed | There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw |
| On the (1) of your pick and mix | And your pastimes consisted of the strange |
| So, you're mistaken if you're thinking | And twisted and deranged |
| That I haven't been called cold before | And I hate that little game |
| As you bit into your (2) lace | You had called "Crying lightning" |
| And then offered me your attention | And how you liked to aggravate |
| n the form of a gobstopper | The icky man on rainy afternoons |
| t's all you had left and it was going to waste | Uninviting |
| Your pastimes (3) of the strange | But not (7) as impossible |
| And twisted and deranged | As (8) assumes you are |
| And I love that little game | "Crying lightning" |
| You had called "Crying lightning" | Your pastimes consisted of the strange |
| And how you liked to aggravate | Twisted and deranged |
| The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons | And I (9) that little (10) you had called |
| The next time that I caught my own reflection | Crying lightning |
| t was on its way to meet you | Crying lightning |
| Thinking of excuses to postpone | Crying lightning |
| You never looked (4) yourself | Crying lightning |
| From the side but your profile | Your pastimes, consisted of the strange |
| Could not hide the fact | And twisted and deranged |
| You knew I was approaching your throne | And I hate that little game |
| With folded (5) you occupied | You had called "Crying" |
| The bench like a toothache | |



- 1. last
- 2. strawberry
- 3. consisted
- 4. like
- 5. arms
- 6. lost
- 7. half
- 8. everyone
- 9. hate
- 10. game

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