

Stood and (5)\_\_\_\_\_ your chest out

## Fill in the gaps

## Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory		Like you'd never lost a war	
You were practicing a magic trick		Although I (6) so not to suffer	
And my thoughts got rude		The indignity of a reaction	
As you talked and chewed		There was no cracks to (7) or gaps to claw	
On the (1)	of your (2) 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 strawberry lace		You had called "Crying lightning"	
And then offered me your attention		And how you liked to aggravate	
In the form of a gobstopper		The icky man on rainy afternoons	
It's all you had left and it was going to waste		Uninviting	
Your pastimes consisted of the strange		But not (8) as impossible	
And twisted and deranged		As everyone 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 hate that (9)	game you had called
The next time that I caught my own reflection		Crying lightning	
It was on its way to (3) you		Crying lightning	
Thinking of excuses to postpone		Crying lightning	
You never looked like yourself		Crying lightning	
From the side but your profile		Your pastimes, (10)	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 (4)	you occupied	You had called "Crying"	
The bench like a tootl	hache		



- 1. last
- 2. pick
- 3. meet
- 4. arms
- 5. puffed
- 6. tried
- 7. grasp
- 8. half
- 9. little
- 10. consisted

## Fill in the gaps