Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Fill in the gaps

Outside the cafe by the (1)	_ factory	Like you'd (8)	(9)	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 (2) and chewed			There was no cracks to (10) or gaps to claw			
On the last 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 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 half as impossible			
And twisted and deranged			As everyone assumes you are			
And I love that little game			"Crying lightning"			
You had (3)	had (3) "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 little game you had called			
The next time that I caught my own reflection			Crying lightning			
It was on its way to meet you			Crying lightning			
Thinking of excuses to postpone			Crying lightning			
You never looked like yourself			Crying lightning			
From the side but (4) profile			Your pastimes, consisted of the strange			
Could not hide the fact			And twisted and deranged			
You (5) I was approaching (6) throne		And I hate that little game				
With folded arms you occupied			You had called "Crying"			
The bench like a toothacl	ne					
Stood and puffed your (7	') out					



- 1. cracker
- 2. talked
- 3. called
- 4. your
- 5. knew
- 6. your
- 7. chest
- 8. never
- 9. lost
- 10. grasp

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