

Stood and puffed 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 (1) 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 grasp or gaps to claw
On the last of your pick and mix	And (6) (7) consisted of the
So, you're mistaken if you're thinking	strange
That I haven't been called cold before	And twisted and deranged
As you bit into your strawberry lace	And I hate that little game
And then offered me (3) attention	You had called "Crying lightning"
In the form of a gobstopper	And how you liked to aggravate
It's all you had left and it was going to waste	The icky man on rainy afternoons
Your pastimes consisted of the strange	Uninviting
And twisted and deranged	But not half as impossible
And I love that little game	As everyone (8) you are
You had called "Crying lightning"	"Crying lightning"
And how you liked to aggravate	Your pastimes consisted of the strange
The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons	Twisted and deranged
The next time (4) I caught my own reflection	And I hate that little game you had called
It was on its way to meet you	Crying lightning
Thinking of excuses to postpone	Crying lightning
You (5) looked like yourself	Crying lightning
From the side but your profile	Crying lightning
Could not hide the fact	Your pastimes, (9) of the strange
You knew I was approaching your throne	And twisted and deranged
With folded arms you occupied	And I hate that little game
The bench like a toothache	You had called "Crying"



- 1. were
- 2. talked
- 3. your
- 4. that
- 5. never
- 6. your
- 7. pastimes
- 8. assumes
- 9. consisted

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