Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Fill in the gaps

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 grasp or gaps to claw
On the last of your pick and mix	And your pastimes consisted of the strange
So, you're (1) if you're thinking	And twisted and deranged
That I haven't been called cold before	And I (7) (8) (9) 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 (10) man on rainy afternoons
It's all you had (2) and it was (3) to	Uninviting
waste	But not half as impossible
Your pastimes (4) of the strange	As everyone assumes you are
And twisted and deranged	"Crying lightning"
And I love that little game	Your pastimes consisted of the strange
You had called "Crying lightning"	Twisted and deranged
And how you liked to aggravate	And I hate that little game you had called
The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons	Crying lightning
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	Your pastimes, consisted of the strange
From the side but your profile	And twisted and deranged
Could not hide the fact	And I hate that little game
You knew I was approaching your throne	You had called "Crying"
With folded arms you occupied	
The bench (5) a toothache	
Stood and puffed your chest out	



- 1. mistaken
- 2. left
- 3. going
- 4. consisted
- 5. like
- 6. tried
- 7. hate
- 8. that
- 9. little
- 10. icky

Fill in the gaps