Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Fill in the gaps

Dutside the cafe by the cracker factory	Like you'd never lost a war
ou 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 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 (1) your strawberry lace	You had called "Crying lightning"
And (2) 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
our pastimes (3) 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"
ou 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 (10) little game 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
ou never (4) like yourself	Crying lightning
From the side but (5) profile	Your pastimes, consisted of the strange
Could not hide the fact	And twisted and deranged
ou (6) I was approaching your throne	And I hate that little game
Nith folded (7) you occupied	You had called "Crying"
The bench (8) a toothache	
Stood and puffed (9) chest out	



- 1. into
- 2. then
- 3. consisted
- 4. looked
- 5. your
- 6. knew
- 7. arms
- 8. like
- 9. your
- 10. that

Fill in the gaps