



## Fill in the gaps

### Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory  
You were practicing a magic trick  
And my thoughts got rude  
As you talked and chewed  
On the last of your pick and mix  
So, you're mistaken if you're thinking  
That I haven't been called cold before  
As you bit into your strawberry lace  
And then offered me your attention  
In the form of a gobstopper  
It's all you had left and it was going to waste  
Your pastimes (1)\_\_\_\_\_ of the strange  
And twisted and deranged  
And I love that little game  
You had (2)\_\_\_\_\_ "Crying lightning"  
And how you liked to aggravate  
The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons  
The next (3)\_\_\_\_\_ that I caught my own reflection  
It was on its way to meet you  
Thinking of excuses to postpone  
You never (4)\_\_\_\_\_ like yourself  
From the side but your profile  
Could not hide the fact  
You knew I was approaching your throne  
With folded (5)\_\_\_\_\_ you occupied  
The bench like a toothache  
Stood and puffed your chest out

Like you'd never lost a war  
Although I tried so not to suffer  
The indignity of a reaction  
There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw  
And your pastimes consisted of the strange  
And twisted and deranged  
And I hate that little game  
You had called "Crying lightning"  
And how you liked to aggravate  
The icky man on rainy afternoons  
Uninviting  
But not half as impossible  
As everyone assumes you are  
"Crying lightning"  
Your pastimes consisted of the strange  
Twisted and deranged  
And I (6)\_\_\_\_\_ that little game you had called  
Crying lightning  
Crying lightning  
Crying lightning  
Crying lightning  
Your pastimes, consisted of the strange  
And (7)\_\_\_\_\_ and deranged  
And I hate that little game  
You had called "Crying"...



Answer

1. consisted
2. called
3. time
4. looked
5. arms
6. hate
7. twisted

**Fill in the gaps**