## 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 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 And I hate that little game That I haven't (2)\_\_\_\_\_ called cold before As you bit into your strawberry lace You had called "Crying lightning" And (3) offered me your attention And how you (7)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 But not half as impossible Your pastimes consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged As (8)\_ \_\_\_\_\_ assumes you are And I love that little game "Crying lightning" You had called "Crying lightning" Your pastimes consisted of the strange And how you liked to aggravate Twisted and deranged And I hate that little game you had called The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons The next (4)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 (5)\_\_\_\_\_ like yourself Crying lightning From the (6)\_\_\_\_\_ but your profile Your pastimes, (9)\_ \_\_\_\_\_ of the strange Could not hide the fact And twisted and deranged You knew I was approaching your throne And I hate that little game With folded arms you occupied You had called "Crying" ... The bench like a toothache Stood and puffed your chest out



- 1. were
- 2. been
- 3. then
- 4. time
- 5. looked
- 6. side
- 7. liked
- 8. everyone
- 9. consisted

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