

You are looking for your own voice but in others

Fill in the gaps

11th Dimension by Julian Casablancas

| I'll just nod, I've never been so good at shaking hands | While it hears you, trapped in another dimension |
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| I live on the (1) surface of a fireball | Drop your guard, you don't have to be smart all of the time |
| Where cities (2) together | I've got a mind full of blanks |
| To (3) each other in the name of sport | I need to go somewhere new fast |
| America, nothing is (4) just anything | And don't be shy, (oh) no, at least deliberately |
| I looked up to you | Cause no one really cares or wonders why anymore (oh) |
| But you thought I would look the other way | I got music, coming out of my hands and feet and kisses (oh) |
| And you hear what you want to hear | That is how it once was done |
| And (5) take what they (6) to take | All the dreamers on the run |
| Don't be sad, won't ever happen like this anymore | Forgive them, even if they are not sorry |
| So when's it coming | All the vultures, (10) at the door |
| This last new (7) movement that I can join? | waiting |
| It won't end here | We're so quick to point out our own flaws in others |
| Your (8) has got to be greater than | Complicated mammals on the wings of robots |
| (9) fear | If you believe in this world then no one has died in vain |
| Forgive them, even if they are not sorry | But don't you dare get to the top and not know what to do |
| All the vultures, bootleggers at the door waiting | |



- 1. frozen
- 2. come
- 3. hate
- 4. ever
- 5. they
- 6. want
- 7. great
- 8. faith
- 9. your
- 10. bootleggers

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