## Doesn't Remind Me by Audioslave

## Fill in the gaps

| I walk the streets of Japan till I get lost    |                          | The things I've held sacred                   |        |
|--|--------------------------|---|--------|
| 'Cause it doesn't remind me of anything        |                          | That I've dropped                             |        |
| With a graveyard tan carrying a cross          |                          | I won't lie no more you can bet               |        |
| 'Cause it doesn't remind me of anything        |                          | I don't want to (5) what I'll need            |        |
| I like studying faces in a parking lot         |                          | Bend and shape me                             |        |
| 'Cause it doesn't (1)                          | me of anything           | I love the way you are                        |        |
| I like (2)                                     | backwards in the fog     | Slow and sweetly                              |        |
| 'Cause it doesn't remind me of anything        |                          | Like never before                             |        |
| The things that I've loved                     |                          | Calm and sleeping                             |        |
| The things that I've lost                      |                          | We won't stir up the past                     |        |
| The things I've held sacred                    |                          | So descretely                                 |        |
| That I've dropped                              |                          | We won't look back                            |        |
| I won't lie no more you can bet                |                          | The things that I've loved                    |        |
| I don't want to (3)                            | what I'll need to forget | The things that I've lost                     |        |
| I like gypsy moths and radio talk              |                          | The things I've held sacred                   |        |
| 'Cause it doesn't remind me of anything        |                          | That I've dropped                             |        |
| I like gospel music and canned applause        |                          | I won't lie no (6) you can bet                |        |
| 'Cause it doesn't (4) me of anything           |                          | I don't want to (7) what I'll need            |        |
| I like colorful clothing in the sun            |                          | I like throwing my voice and breaking guitars |        |
| 'Cause it doesn't remind me of anything        |                          | 'Cause it doesn't remind me of anything       |        |
| I ilke hammering nails and speaking in tongues |                          | I (8) playing in the sand what's mine         | is our |
| 'Cause it doesn't remind me of anything        |                          | If it doesn't (9) me of anything              |        |
| The things that I've love                      | d                        |   |        |
| The things that I've lost                      |                          |   |        |



- 1. remind
- 2. driving
- 3. learn
- 4. remind
- 5. learn
- 6. more
- 7. learn
- 8. like
- 9. remind

## Fill in the gaps

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