

man

## Fill in the gaps

## She Moves In Her Own Way by The Kooks

| So at my show on Monday, I was told that someday      | Moving on to better things                                |
|---|---|
| You'd be on your way to better things                 | But (uh oh) I love her because                            |
| It's not about (1) make-up or how you try to shape    | She moves in her own way                                  |
| up  | But (uh oh) she came to my (7) just to hear about         |
| To these tiresome paper dreams                        | my day  |
| Paper dreams, honey                                   | Yes our wish's that we (8) made it                        |
| So now you pour your heart out                        | Through all the summers                                   |
| You're telling me you're far out                      | We kept them up instead of (9) us back                    |
| Not about to lie down for your cause                  | Down to the suburbs                                       |
| But you don't pull my strings 'cause I'm a better man | Yes our wish's that we never made it                      |
| Moving on to (2) things                               | Through all the summers                                   |
| But (uh oh) I love her because                        | We kept them up instead of kicking us back                |
| She moves in her own way                              | Down to the suburbs                                       |
| But (uh oh) she came to my show (3) to hear about     | But (uh oh) I love her because                            |
| my day  | She moves in her own way                                  |
| And at the show on Tuesday, she was in her mindset    | But (uh oh) she came to my show just to hear about my day |
| Tempered (4) and spangled boots                       | But (uh oh) I love her because                            |
| Looks are deceiving, making me believe it             | She moves in her own way                                  |
| And these tiresome paper dreams                       | But (uh oh) she came to my show (10) to hear              |
| Paper (5) honey, yeah                                 | about my day  |
| So won't you go far, tell me you're a keeper          |   |
| Not about to lie down for your cause                  |   |
| And you don't (6) my strings 'cause I'm a better      |   |



- 1. your
- 2. better
- 3. just
- 4. first
- 5. dreams
- 6. pull
- 7. show
- 8. never
- 9. kicking
- 10. just

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