



## Fill in the gaps

### That's What You Get by Paramore

No sir  
Well I don't wanna be the blame  
Not anymore  
It's your turn  
So take a seat we're settling  
The final score  
And why do we like to hurt, so much?  
I can't decide  
You have made it harder just to go on  
And why, all the possibilities  
Well I was wrong  
That's what you get  
When you let (1)\_\_\_\_\_ heart win  
(Whoa)  
That's what you get  
When you let your heart win  
(Whoa)  
I drowned out all my sense with  
The sound of its beating  
And that's what you get  
When you let your heart win  
(Whoa)  
I wonder  
How am I supposed to feel  
When you're not here  
'Cause I burned  
Every bridge I ever built  
When you (2)\_\_\_\_\_ here  
I still try  
Holding on to silly things  
I never learn  
(Oh) why  
All the possibilities  
I'm sure you've heard

That's what you get  
When you let your heart win  
(Whoa)  
That's what you get  
When you let your heart win  
(Whoa)  
I (3)\_\_\_\_\_ out all my sense with  
The sound of its beating (beating)  
And that's what you get  
When you let your (4)\_\_\_\_\_ win  
(Whoa)  
Pain make (5)\_\_\_\_\_ way to me, to me  
And I'll always be just so (so) inviting  
If I ever start to think straight  
This heart will start a riot in me  
Let's start, start (hey!)  
Why do we like to hurt so much?  
(Oh) why do we like to hurt so much?  
That's what you get  
When you let your heart win!  
(Whoa)  
That's what you get  
When you let (6)\_\_\_\_\_ (7)\_\_\_\_\_ win  
(Whoa)  
That's what you get  
When you let your heart win  
(Whoa)  
Now I can't trust (8)\_\_\_\_\_ with  
Anything but this  
And that's what you get  
When you let your heart win  
(Whoa)



Answer

1. your
2. were
3. drowned
4. heart
5. your
6. your
7. heart
8. myself

**Fill in the gaps**