

Fill in the gaps

| Break through the undertow | Breatne |
|--|--|
| Your (1) I can't seem to find | The air we give |
| Pollution burns my tongue | The life we live |
| Cough words I can't speak so I | Our pulses racing distances |
| Stop my struggling | So wet my tongue |
| Then I (2) to the surface | Break into song |
| Fill my lungs with air | Through seas of competition |
| Then let it out | So please believe your eyes |
| I give it all | A sacrifice |
| Now there's a reason why I sing | Is not what we had in our minds |
| So give it all | I'm coming home tonight |
| And it's these reasons that belong to me | Home tonight |
| Rock bottoms where we live | We give it all |
| And (3) we dig these trenches | Now there's a reason why I sing |
| To bury ourselves in them | So give it all |
| Backs breaking under tension | And it's these reasons that belong to me |
| For far too (4) these voices | Today I (7) all (8) to this I'm |
| Muffled by distances | (9) for my dying wish |
| It's (5) to come to our senses | I give it all |
| Up from the dirt | Now there's a reason |
| We give it all | There's a reason |
| Now there's a reason why I sing | To give it all |
| So give it all | |
| And it's these reasons that (6) to me | |



- hands
 float
- 3. still
- 4. long
- 5. time
- 6. belong
- 7. offer
- 8. myself
- 9. living

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