

## Fill in the gaps

| I'll pretend                                  | Now we'll never know what the other meant            |
|---|--|
| My heart's not on fire if you steal           | Watch is ticking                                     |
| My true love's name broke down subway         | Like a heartbeat gone berserk                        |
| In this city of spires                        | Lost the chance to wind the key roosters are nothing |
| Tape your picture over his in the frame       | But clucking clockwork                               |
| We'll imagine                                 | Our (9) are only what we (10) them                   |
| We're sleeping revolvers shotgun wedding      | to be  |
| In a strange SoHo                             | Our fears are only what we tell them to be           |
| Our (1) hold silvery collars                  | Drown the last of our matches                        |
| Gun down werewolves wherever we go we         | Burn the rest of each other                          |
| Gun down werewolves (2) we go                 | You were strongest when I ached for breath           |
| Midnight (3) calls                            | Through the thick of smoke we'll finally smother     |
| In the (4) of a Mustang                       |  |
| Creased white pages torn right from the spine | Young blood  |
| Kissed my neck with a crooked, cracked fang   | Young bone   |
| You always (5) one day you'd be mine          | Old ghosts   |
| Threw our fathers                             | Go home  |
| On funeral pyres I'm not sure                 | Young blood  |
| We (6) playing a game busted gasket           | Young bone   |
| In a field full of liars                      | Old ghosts   |
| No one noticed we set five boroughs aflame    | Go home  |
| No one noticed we set five (7) aflame         | Young blood  |
|   | Young bone   |
| Young blood                                   | Old ghosts   |
| Young bone                                    | Go home  |
| Old ghosts                                    | Young blood  |
| Go home                                       | Young bone   |
| Band of gold                                  | Old ghosts   |
| With a diamond implied you wrote letters      | Go home  |
| That you never sent I made promises           |  |
| I'II (8) deny                                 |  |



- 1. chambers
- 2. wherever
- 3. phone
- 4. back
- 5. hoped
- 6. were
- 7. boroughs
- 8. always
- 9. fears
- 10. tell

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