

Fill in the gaps

I'll pretend		Now we'll never know what the (8) meant
My heart's not on fire if you steal		Watch is ticking
My true love's name (1) 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 fears are (9) what we tell them to be
We're sleeping revolvers shotgun wedding		Our fears are only (10) we tell them to be
In a strange SoHo		Drown the last of our matches
Our chambers hold silvery collars		Burn the rest of each other
Gun (2) werewolves wherever we go we		You were strongest when I ached for breath
Gun down werewolves wherever we go		Through the thick of smoke we'll finally smother
Midnight phone calls		
In the (3) of a Mustang		Young blood
Creased white pages torn right from the spine		Young bone
Kissed my neck with a crooked, (4)	fang	Old ghosts
You always hoped one day you'd be mine		Go home
Threw our fathers		Young blood
On funeral pyres I'm not sure		Young bone
We were playing a game busted gasket		Old ghosts
In a (5) (6) of liars		Go home
No one noticed we set five boroughs aflame		Young blood
No one noticed we set five boroughs aflame		Young bone
		Old ghosts
Young blood		Go home
Young bone		Young blood
Old ghosts		Young bone
Go home		Old ghosts
Band of gold		Go home
With a diamond implied you wrote letters		
That you (7) sent I made promises		
I'll always deny		



- 1. broke
- 2. down
- 3. back
- 4. cracked
- 5. field
- 6. full
- 7. never
- 8. other
- 9. only
- 10. what

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