

She hit the end, it's just her window ledge

## Fill in the gaps

| So long ago, I don't remember when                     |    | (Hey) Come on try a little                        |
|--|----|---|
| That's when they say I (1) my only friend              |    | Nothing is forever                                |
| Well they said she died easy of a broken heart disease |    | There's got to be something better than           |
| As I listened through the cemetery trees               |    | In the middle                                     |
| I seen the sun comin' up at the funeral at dawn        |    | But me and Cinderella                             |
| The long broken arm of (2) law                         |    | We put it all together                            |
| Now it always seemed such a waste                      |    | We can drive it home                              |
| She always had a pretty face                           |    | With one headlight                                |
| So I wondered how she hung around (3) plan             | ce | Well this place is old                            |
| (Hey) (4) on try a little                              |    | It feels just like a beat up truck                |
| Nothing is forever                                     |    | I turn the engine, but the engine doesn't turn    |
| There's got to be something (5) than                   |    | Well it smells of cheap wine and cigarettes       |
| In the middle  |    | This (7) is always such a mess                    |
| But me and Cinderella                                  |    | Sometimes I think I'd like to watch it burn       |
| We put it all together                                 |    | I'm so alone, and I feel just like somebody else  |
| We can drive it home                                   |    | Man, I ain't changed, but I know I ain't the same |
| With one headlight                                     |    | But (8) here in between the city                  |
| She said it's cold                                     |    | (9) of dyin'                                      |
| It feels like Independence Day                         |    | Dreams think her death it must be killin' me      |
| And I can't break away from this parade                |    | (Hey, hey, hey) Come on try a little              |
| But there's got to be an opening                       |    | Nothing is forever                                |
| Somewhere here in front of me                          |    | There's got to be something better than           |
| Through this maze of ugliness and greed                |    | In the middle                                     |
| And I seen the sun up ahead                            |    | But me and Cinderella                             |
| At the county line bridge                              |    | We put it all together                            |
| Sayin' all there's good and (6)                        | is | We can drive it home                              |
| dead   |    | With one headlight                                |
| We'll run until she's out of breath                    |    |   |
| She ran until there's nothin' left                     |    |   |



- 1. lost
- 2. human
- 3. this
- 4. Come
- 5. better
- 6. nothingness
- 7. place
- 8. somewhere
- 9. walls

## Fill in the gaps