

## Fill in the gaps

| Sitting here wasted and wounded                 |
|---|
| At this old piano                               |
| Trying hard to capture the moment               |
| This morning I don't know                       |
| 'Cause a bottle of vodka                        |
| Is still lodged in my head                      |
| And some blonde gave me nightmares              |
| I think that she's still in my bed              |
| As I dream about movies                         |
| They won't make of me when I'm dead             |
| With an ironclad fist I wake up                 |
| And French kiss the morning                     |
| While some marching band keeps                  |
| Its own beat in my head                         |
| While we're talking                             |
| About all of the things that I long to believe  |
| About love and the truth                        |
| And what you mean to me                         |
| And the truth is                                |
| Baby you're all that I need                     |
| I want to lay you (1) in a bed of roses         |
| For tonight I sleep on a bed of nails           |
| I want to be just as close as the Holy Ghost is |
| And lay you down on a bed of roses              |
| Well I'm so far away                            |
| That (2) step that I (3) is on my way           |
| home  |
| A king's ransom in dimes                        |
| I'd given each night                            |
| Just to see through (4) payphone                |
| Still I run out of time                         |

Or it's hard to get through
Till the bird on the wire

| Files me back to you                            |
|---|
| I'll (5) close my eyes and whisper              |
| Baby blind love is true                         |
| I want to lay you (6) in a bed of roses         |
| For tonight I sleep on a bed of nails           |
| I want to be (7) as close as the Holy Ghost in  |
| And lay you down on a bed of roses              |
| Where the hotel bar hangover whiskey's gone dry |
| The barkeeper's wig's crooked                   |
| And she's (8) me the eye                        |
| I might have said yeah                          |
| But I laughed so hard I think I died            |
| Now as you close your eyes                      |
| Know I'll be thinking about you                 |
| While my mistress she calls me                  |
| To stand in her spotlight again                 |
| Tonight I won't be alone                        |
| But you know that don't                         |
| Mean I'm not lonely                             |
| I've got nothing to prove                       |
| It's for you that I'd die to defend             |
| I want to lay you down in a bed of roses        |
| For tonight I sleep on a bed of nails           |
| I want to be just as close as the Holy Ghost is |
| And lay you down                                |
| I (9) to lay you down in a bed of roses         |
| For (10) I sleep on a bed of nails              |
| I want to be just as close as the Holy Ghost is |
| And lay you down in a bed of roses              |



- 1. down
- 2. each
- 3. take
- 4. this
- 5. just 6. down
- 7. just
- 8. giving
- 9. want
- 10. tonight

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