

## Fill in the gaps

## Diamonds And Rust by Judas Priest

| I'll be damned, here comes your (1) again                      | Then give me another (7) for it                                |
|----------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------|
| But that's not unusual                                         | You were so good with words                                    |
| It's just that the (2) is full                                 | And at (8) things vague                                        |
| And you decided to call                                        | 'Cause I need some of that vagueness now                       |
| And (3) I sit, hand on the telephone                           | It's all (9) back too clearly                                  |
| Hearing the voice I'd known                                    | Yes, I (10) you dearly                                         |
| A (4) of light years ago                                       | And if you're offering me diamonds and rust, I've already paid |
| Heading straight for a fall                                    | But we both know what memories can bring                       |
| But we both know what memories can bring                       | They bring diamonds and rust                                   |
| They bring diamonds and rust                                   | Yes we both know what memories can bring                       |
| Yes we (5) know what memories can bring                        | They bring diamonds and rust                                   |
| They bring diamonds and rust                                   | Diamonds, Diamonds and Rust                                    |
| Now I see you standing all around and snow in your hair        | Diamonds, Diamonds and Rust                                    |
| Now we're smiling out the window of the crummy hotel over      | Diamonds, Diamonds and Rust                                    |
| Washington Square                                              | Don't want no more diamonds, diamonds and rust                 |
| Our breath comes on (6) clouds, mingles and                    |                                                                |
| hangs in the air                                               |                                                                |
| Speaking strictly for me, we both could've died then and there |                                                                |
| Now you're telling me you're not nostalgic                     |                                                                |



- 1. ghost
- 2. moon
- 3. here
- 4. couple
- 5. both
- 6. white
- 7. word
- 8. keeping
- 9. come
- 10. love

## Fill in the gaps