

## Fill in the gaps

| Yeah, I am a man, man, man                          | It's the colours you have                          |
|---|--|
| Up, up in the air                                   | No need to be sad                                  |
| And I run around, around, around this town, town    | It really ain't that bad                           |
| And act like I don't care                           | It's the (7) you have                              |
| So (1) you see me flying by the planet's moon       | No need to be sad                                  |
| You don't need to explain if everything's changed   | It really ain't that bad                           |
| Just know I'm just like you                         | It's the colours you have                          |
| So I pull the switch                                | No need to be sad                                  |
| The switch, the switch inside my head               | You've still got your hands                        |
| And I see black, black, green and brown             | So I am a man, man, man, man                       |
| Brown, brown and blue, yellow, violets, red         | Up, up in the air                                  |
| And (2) a light appears inside my brain             | And I float around, around, around this town, town |
| And I think of my ways                              | And know I shouldn't care                          |
| I think of my days and know that I have changed     | So when you see us there                           |
| It's the colours you have                           | There out in the open road                         |
| No need to be sad                                   | You don't need to explain                          |
| It really ain't that bad                            | If everything's changed                            |
| It's the colours you have                           | Just know that you don't know                      |
| No need to be sad                                   | We call it life                                    |
| You've still got your hands                         | Oh yeah, that's what we call it                    |
| So mistress, mistress have you been up to the roof? | When we can't (8) it at all                        |
| He (3) himself, self                                | We call it life                                    |
| There's blood on the wall                           | Oh yeah, that's what we call it                    |
| (4) he couldn't face the truth                      | When you can't call it at all                      |
| Oh, (5) that down                                   | Yeah, We call it oh                                |
| Leave the ground and find some space                | That's what we call it                             |
| And (6) your friends, friends                       | We do it for love, sweet love                      |
| You'll be back again, again                         |  |
| Before it's too late                                |  |



- 1. when
- 2. suddenly
- 3. shot
- 4. Because
- 5. knock
- 6. tell
- 7. colours
- 8. call

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