

Until the clouds come by And then they feel them in

Fill in the gaps

f my thoughts run fast at hefty speeds	We (5) even play	
Then it could skin my ears	For the whole account	
And make friction heat	And keep the grins in check	
Lips could even crack	And keep the singing louda	
Until it all (1) coarse	We will be fine	
Or we could let it out	But I get into it	
And let it run its course	We (6) be fine	
We can stand outside	But I get into it	
Nith a (2) frame	We will be fine	
Until the (3) come by	But I get into it	
And then they (4) them in	But I get into it	
We could even play	But I get again	
For the whole account	But I get again	
And keep the grins in check	But I get again	
And keep the singing loud	When my thoughts	
We will be fine	When my thoughts	
But I get into it	They run fast	
Ne will be fine	When my thoughts	
But I get into it	When my thoughts	
We will be fine	they run fast	
But I get into it	I can see the waves rising all around us	
out I get into it	But we are locked in our rows of houses	
f my thoughts run fast at hefty speeds	And we coming out all (7) us	
Then it could skin my ears	And we can't seem to get distance	
And make friction heat	All the waves they are	
Lips could even crack	Tumbling away	
Until it all runs coarse	And we can't see the stormy weather	
Or we could let it out	When the (8) are (9)	al
And let it run its course	around us	
We can stand outside	Our houses are (10)	
With a silver frame	and we finished	



- 1. runs
- 2. silver
- 3. clouds
- 4. feel
- 5. could
- 6. will
- 7. around
- 8. waves
- 9. crashing
- 10. landlocked

Fill in the gaps