Golden leaves by Passenger

Fill in the gaps

| Do you remember how this first begun? | But it's not funny anymore |
|---|---|
| Teeth were white and our skin was young | I fear I'll choke unless I spit it out |
| Eyes as bright as the Spanish sun | Still (5) of smoke although the fire's |
| We had nothing we could hide | (6) out |
| Now my dear we are two golden leaves | Can't live with you but I'd die without |
| Clinging desperately to winter trees | So what's left to say when every word's been spoken |
| (1) up here (2) a pair of thieves | What's left to see when our eyes won't open |
| While the sirens blare outside | What's (7) to do when we've lost all hope and |
| What's left to say when (3) word's been spoken | What's left to (8) when our hearts are broken |
| What's left to see when our eyes won't open | But sometimes |
| What's left to do when we've lost all hope and | What's left to say when every word's been spoken |
| What's (4) to break when our hearts are broken | What's (9) to see when our (10) won't |
| But sometimes | open |
| Do you remember how this started out? | What's left to do when we've lost all hope and |
| So full of hope but now we're filled with doubt | What's left to break when our hearts are broken |
| A dirty joke we used to laugh about | But sometimes |



- 1. Held
- 2. like
- 3. every
- 4. left
- 5. smell
- 6. gone
- 7. left
- 8. break
- 9. left
- 10. eyes

Fill in the gaps