Bad Blood by Bastille

Fill in the gaps

We were young and drinking in the park
There was nowhere (1) to go
And you (2) you always had my back
Oh but how were we to know
That these are the days that bind you together, forever
And these little things define you forever, forever
All this bad blood here, won't you let it dry?
It's been cold for years, won't you let it lie?
If we're (3) ever looking back
We will drive ourselves insane
As the friendship goes resentment grows
We will walk our (4) ways
But those are the days that bind us together, forever
And those little things define us forever, forever
All this bad blood here, won't you let it dry?
It's been (5) for years, won't you let it lie?
And I don't wanna (6) about the bad blood anymore
And ruon't waima (6) about the bad blood anymore
I don't wanna (7) you talk about it anymore
I don't wanna (7) you talk about it anymore
I don't wanna (7) you talk about it anymore I don't wanna hear about the bad blood anymore



Fill in the gaps

- 1. else
- 2. said
- 3. only
- 4. different
- 5. cold
- 6. hear
- 7. hear
- 8. talk
- 9. cold