

## Checkmate honey, (1)\_\_\_\_\_ you at your own damn game No dice honey, I'm livin' on the (2)\_\_\_\_\_ plane Feet's on the ground, and your head's goin' down the drain Oh, heads I win, (3) you lose, to the never mind Where to draw the line An Indian summer, (4)\_\_\_\_\_ was all over the floor She was a wet net winner, and rarely ever left the store She'd sing and dance all night, and wrong all the right out of me Oh, (5)\_\_\_\_\_ me the vile and cross your fingers, it don't take time Nowhere to draw the line Hi ho silver, we were singin' all your cowboy songs Oh, you told Carrie, and promised her you wouldn't be long Heads I win, (6)\_\_\_\_\_ you lose, lord it's (7)\_\_\_\_\_ a crime No dice honey, you the salt, you're the queen of the brine Checkmate honey, you're the only one who's got to choose Where to (8)\_\_\_\_\_ the line Checkmate Don't be late Take another pull That's right Impossible When you got to be yourself You're the boss The toss The dice The price Grab yourself a slice Nowhere to draw the line



- 1. beat
- 2. astral
- 3. tails
- 4. Carrie
- 5. pass
- 6. tails
- 7. such
- 8. draw

## Fill in the gaps