## Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Stood and puffed your chest out

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory	Like you'd never (15) a war
You were (1) a magic trick	Although I tried so not to suffer
And my thoughts got rude	The (16) of a reaction
As you talked and chewed	There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw
On the (2) of your (3) and mix	And your (17) consisted of the strange
So, you're mistaken if you're thinking	And twisted and deranged
That I haven't (4) called cold before	And I (18) (19) little game
As you bit into (5) (6)	You had called "Crying lightning"
lace	And how you liked to aggravate
And (7) (8) me your attention	The icky man on rainy afternoons
In the form of a gobstopper	Uninviting
It's all you had (9) and it was going to waste	But not half as impossible
Your (10) consisted of the strange	As everyone assumes you are
And twisted and deranged	"Crying lightning"
And I love that little game	Your pastimes (20) of the strange
You had called "Crying lightning"	Twisted and deranged
And how you liked to aggravate	And I hate that (21) game you had called
The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons	
	Crying lightning
The (11) time that I (12) my own	Crying lightning Crying lightning
The (11) time that I (12) my own reflection	
	Crying lightning
reflection	Crying lightning Crying lightning
reflection It was on its way to (13) you	Crying lightning Crying lightning Crying lightning
reflection It was on its way to (13) you Thinking of excuses to postpone	Crying lightning Crying lightning Crying lightning Your pastimes, consisted of the strange
reflection It was on its way to (13) you Thinking of excuses to postpone You never looked like yourself	Crying lightning Crying lightning Crying lightning Your pastimes, consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged
reflection It was on its way to (13) you Thinking of excuses to postpone You never looked like yourself From the side but (14) profile	Crying lightning Crying lightning Crying lightning Your pastimes, consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged And I (22) that little game
reflection It was on its way to (13) you Thinking of excuses to postpone You never looked like yourself From the side but (14) profile Could not hide the fact	Crying lightning Crying lightning Crying lightning Your pastimes, consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged And I (22) that little game



- 1. practicing
- 2. last
- 3. pick
- 4. been
- 5. your
- 6. strawberry
- 7. then
- 8. offered
- 9. left
- 10. pastimes
- 11. next
- 12. caught
- 13. meet
- 14. your
- 15. lost
- 16. indignity
- 17. pastimes
- 18. hate
- 19. that
- 20. consisted
- 21. little
- 22. hate

## Fill in the gaps