

Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Outside the (1) by the (2)	Like you'd (6) lost a war
factory	Although I tried so not to suffer
You were practicing a magic trick	The indignity of a reaction
And my thoughts got rude	There was no cracks to (7) or gaps to claw
As you talked and chewed	And your pastimes consisted of the strange
On the last of your pick and mix	And twisted and deranged
So, you're mistaken if you're thinking	And I hate that little game
That I haven't been called cold before	You had called "Crying lightning"
As you bit into (3) strawberry lace	And how you (8) to aggravate
And then (4) me your attention	The icky man on rainy afternoons
In the form of a gobstopper	Uninviting
It's all you had left and it was going to waste	But not half as impossible
Your pastimes consisted of the strange	As everyone assumes you are
And twisted and deranged	"Crying lightning"
And I love that little game	Your pastimes (9) of the strange
You had called "Crying lightning"	Twisted and deranged
And how you liked to aggravate	And I hate that little game you had called
The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons	Crying lightning
The next time that I caught my own reflection	Crying lightning
It was on its way to meet you	Crying lightning
Thinking of excuses to postpone	Crying lightning
You never looked like yourself	Your pastimes, consisted of the strange
From the side but (5) profile	And twisted and deranged
Could not hide the fact	And I hate that (10) game
You knew I was approaching your throne	You had called "Crying"
With folded arms you occupied	
The bench like a toothache	

Stood and puffed your chest out



- 1. cafe
- 2. cracker
- 3. your
- 4. offered
- 5. your
- 6. never
- 7. grasp
- 8. liked
- 9. consisted
- 10. little

Fill in the gaps