

Some people say that best friends stay same

Fill in the gaps

The Kids We Used To Be... by Your Demise

| So this is the song | I'll prove you wrong |
|---|---|
| I write for everyone who I (1) forgot | I know I can (6) hear the singing |
| The kids we used to be are all dead | From the basement |
| Gone and forgotten | And I (7) you can too |
| Black eyed boys and bright (2) girls | The smoke still rises |
| Friday night love | I know I can still hear the singing |
| And Saturday morning regrets | From the basement |
| Summers came and went | And I (8) you can too |
| But the (3) never left | The smoke still rises |
| But the love never left | I know I can still hear the singing |
| So let's bring back the best years | From the basement |
| Nights spent hanging out | And I know you can too |
| Not giving a **** | The smoke (9) rises |
| Being down on our luck | So let's bring back the best years |
| Some people say that best friends stay same | Nights spent hanging out |
| I'll prove you wrong | Not giving a **** |
| Sticks and stones never broke our bones | Being down on our luck |
| Standing outside our homes | Some people say (10) best friends stay sam |
| Watching the sun come up | I'll prove you wrong |
| 5:00 am (4) looked so beautiful | So let's bring back the best years |
| And feeling | Nights spent hanging out |
| Beaten and jaded | Not giving a **** |
| Never felt so ****** good | Being down on our luck |
| I can't wait for tomorrow to come around | Some people say that best friends stay same |
| So let's (5) back the best years | I'll prove you wrong |
| Nights spent hanging out | I'll prove you wrong |
| Not giving a **** | |
| Being down on our luck | |



- 1. never
- 2. eyed
- 3. love
- 4. never
- 5. bring
- 6. still
- 7. know
- 8. know
- 9. still
- 10. that

Fill in the gaps