

Fill in the gaps

| If my thoughts run fast at hefty speeds | We could even play |
|---|--|
| Then it could skin my ears | For the whole account |
| And make friction heat | And keep the grins in check |
| | · • |
| Lips could even crack | And keep the singing louda |
| (1) it all runs coarse | We (5) be fine |
| Or we could let it out | But I get into it |
| And let it run its course | We will be fine |
| We can stand outside | But I get into it |
| With a silver frame | We will be fine |
| Until the clouds come by | But I get into it |
| And then they feel them in | But I get into it |
| We could even play | But I get again |
| For the whole account | But I get again |
| And keep the grins in check | But I get again |
| And (2) the singing loud | When my thoughts |
| We will be fine | When my thoughts |
| But I get (3) it | They run fast |
| We will be fine | (6) my thoughts |
| But I get into it | When my thoughts |
| We will be fine | they run fast |
| But I get into it | I can see the waves rising all around us |
| but I get into it | But we are (7) in our (8) of |
| If my thoughts run fast at hefty speeds | houses |
| Then it could skin my ears | And we coming out all around us |
| And (4) friction heat | And we can't seem to get distance |
| Lips could even crack | All the waves they are |
| Until it all runs coarse | Tumbling away |
| Or we could let it out | And we can't see the (9) weather |
| And let it run its course | When the waves are (10) all around us |
| We can stand outside | Our houses are landlocked |
| With a silver frame | and we finished |
| Until the clouds come by | |
| And then they feel them in | |



- 1. Until
- 2. keep
- 3. into
- 4. make
- 5. will
- 6. When
- 7. locked
- 8. rows
- 9. stormy
- 10. crashing

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