

It's too close for comfort.

It's a thief in the night,

To come and grab you.

## Fill in the gaps

| Bum bum be-dum bum be-dum bum (What's             | It can creep up inside you,                     |
|---|---|
| (1) with me?)                                     | And consume you.                                |
| Bum bum be-dum bum be-dum bum (Why do I feel like | A (4) of the mind,                              |
| this?)  | It can control you.                             |
| Bum bum be-dum bum bum be-dum bum(I'm going crazy | I (5) like a monster (Oh, oh oh oh)             |
| now)  | Throw on your break lights,                     |
| Bum bum be-dum bum be-dum bum                     | We're in the city of wonder.                    |
| No more gas in the rig,                           | Ain't gonna play nice,                          |
| Can't even get it started.                        | Watch out, you might just go under.             |
| Nothing heard, nothing said,                      | Better think twice,                             |
| Can't even speak about it.                        | Your train of thought will be altered,          |
| All my life on my head,                           | So if you must faulter be wise.                 |
| Don't want to think about it.                     | Your mind's in disturbia,                       |
| Feels like I'm going insane,                      | It's like the darkness is the light, disturbia. |
| Yeah  | Am I (6) you tonight, disturbia.                |
| It's a thief in the night,                        | Ain't used to what you like, disturbia.         |
| To come and grab you.                             | Disturbia.                                      |
| It can creep up inside you,                       | Bum bum be-dum bum be-dum bum                   |
| And consume you.                                  | Bum bum be-dum bum be-dum bum                   |
| A disease of the mind,                            | Bum bum be-dum bum be-dum bum                   |
| It can (2) you.                                   | Bum bum be-dum bum be-dum bum                   |
| It's too close for comfort                        | Release me (7) this curse im in,                |
| Throw on your break lights,                       | trying to maintain, But I'm struggling.         |
| We're in the city of wonder.                      | If You can't go, go, go                         |
| Ain't (3) play nice,                              | I think I'm going to oh, oh, oh                 |
| Watch out, you might just go under.               | Throw on your break lights,                     |
| Better think twice,                               | We're in the city of wonder.                    |
| Your train of thought will be altered,            | Ain't gonna play nice,                          |
| So if you must faulter be wise.                   | Watch out, you might just go under.             |
| Your mind's in disturbia,                         | Better (8) twice,                               |
| It's like the darkness is the light, disturbia.   | Your train of thought will be altered,          |
| Am I scaring you tonight, disturbia.              | So if you must faulter be wise.                 |
| Ain't used to what you like, disturbia.           | Your mind's in disturbia,                       |
| Disturbia.  | It's like the darkness is the light, disturbia. |
| Bum bum be-dum bum be-dum bum                     | Am I (9) you tonight, disturbia.                |
| Bum bum be-dum bum be-dum bum                     | Ain't used to what you like, disturbia.         |
| Bum bum be-dum bum be-dum bum                     | Disturbia.                                      |
| Bum bum be-dum bum be-dum bum                     | Bum bum be-dum bum be-dum bum                   |
| Faded pictures on the wall,                       | Bum bum be-dum bum be-dum bum                   |
| It's like they talkin' to me.                     | Bum bum be-dum bum be-dum bum                   |
| Disconnectin' your call,                          | Bum bum be-dum bum be-dum bum                   |
| Your phone don't even ring.                       |   |
| I gotta get out,                                  |   |
| Or figure this shit out.                          |   |



- 1. wrong
- 2. control
- 3. gonna
- 4. disease
- 5. feel
- 6. scaring
- 7. from
- 8. think
- 9. scaring

## Fill in the gaps