Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Could not hide the fact

With folded arms you occupied

The bench like a toothache

Stood and puffed your chest out

You knew I was approaching your throne

Fill in the gaps

And twisted and deranged

And I hate that little game

You had called "Crying"...

Outside the cafe by the (1)_____ factory Like you'd never lost a war You were practicing a (2)_ Although I tried so not to suffer And my thoughts got rude The indignity of a reaction As you talked and chewed There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw On the (3)_____ of your pick and mix And (6)_____ pastimes consisted of the strange So, you're mistaken if you're thinking And twisted and deranged That I haven't been called cold before And I hate (7) little game You had (8)______ "Crying lightning" As you bit into your strawberry lace And (4)_____ offered me your attention And how you liked to aggravate In the form of a gobstopper The (9)____ ____ man on rainy afternoons It's all you had left and it was going to waste Uninviting But not half as impossible Your pastimes consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged As everyone assumes you are And I love that little game "Crying lightning" You had called "Crying lightning" Your pastimes consisted of the strange And how you liked to aggravate Twisted and deranged The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons And I hate that (10)_____ game you had called The (5)_____ 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 Crying lightning From the side but your profile Your pastimes, consisted of the strange



1. cracker

- 2. magic
- 3. last
- 4. then
- 5. next
- 6. your
- 7. that
- 8. called
- 9. icky
- 10. little

Fill in the gaps