

I was (1) to my own devices
Many days fell away with nothing to show
And the walls kept tumbling down
In the city that we love
Great clouds roll over the hills
Bringing darkness from above
But if you close (2) eyes
Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all
And if you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like you've been here before
How am I gonna be an optimist about this
How am I gonna be an optimist about this
We were (3) up and lost
In all of our vices
In (4) pose as the dust
Settles around us
And the (5) kept tumbling down
In the city that we love
Great (6) roll over the hills
Bringing darkness from above
But if you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all

Fill in the gaps

And if you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like you've been here before
How am I gonna be an optimist about this
How am I gonna be an optimist (7) this
Oh, where do we begin
The rubble or our sins
Oh, where do we begin
The rubble or our sins
And the walls kept tumbling down
In the city that we love
Great clouds roll over the hills
Bringing darkness from above
But if you close your eyes
Does it (8) feel (9) nothing
changed at all
And if you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like you've been here before
How am I gonna be an optimist about this
How am I gonna be an optimist about this
If you close your eyes
Does it almost feel like (10) changed at all



- 1. left
- 2. your
- 3. caught
- 4. your
- 5. walls
- 6. clouds
- 7. about
- 8. almost
- 9. like
- 10. nothing

Fill in the gaps