

## Fill in the gaps

Am I loud and clear, or am I breaking up?
Am I still your charm, or am I just bad luck?
Are we getting closer, or are we just getting more lost?
I'll show you mine if you show me yours first
Let's compare scars, I'll tell you whose is worse
Let's unwrite these pages and
Replace them with our own words
We live on front porches and swing life away
We get by just fine here on minimum wage
If love is a labor I'll slave till the end
I won't cross these streets until you hold my hand
I've been here so long I think that it's time to move
The winter's so cold, summer's over too soon
Let's pack our bags and
Settle down where palm trees grow
I've got (1) friends, (2) that I hardly
know
But we've had some times, I wouldn't trade for the world
We chase these (3) down with talks of
The places that we will go

We live on front porches and swing life away
We get by just fine (4) on minimum wage
If love is a labor I'll slave till the end
I won't cross (5) streets until you hold my hand
Until you hold my hand
I'll show you mine if you (6) me yours first
Let's compare scars, I'll tell you whose is worse
Let's unwrite these pages and
Replace (7) with our own words
We live on (8) porches and swing life away
We get by just fine here on minimum wage
If love is a labor I'll slave (9) the end
I won't cross these streets until you hold my hand
Swing life away



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. some
- 2. some
- 3. days
- 4. here
- 5. these
- 6. show
- 7. them
- 8. front
- 9. till