

Fill in the gaps

The Kids We Used To Be ... by Your Demise

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|---|---|
| So this is the song | l'll (5) you wrong |
| I write for everyone who I never forgot | I know I can still hear the singing |
| The kids we used to be are all dead | From the basement |
| Gone and forgotten | And I know you can too |
| Black eyed boys and bright eyed girls | The smoke still rises |
| Friday night love | I know I can (6) hear the singing |
| And Saturday morning regrets | From the basement |
| Summers came and went | And I know you can too |
| But the love (1) left | The smoke still rises |
| But the love never left | I know I can (7) hear the singing |
| So let's bring back the best years | From the basement |
| Nights spent hanging out | And I know you can too |
| Not giving a **** | The smoke still rises |
| Being down on our luck | So let's (8) back the (9) years |
| Some people say that best friends stay same | Nights spent hanging out |
| I'll prove you wrong | Not giving a **** |
| Sticks and stones never broke our bones | Being down on our luck |
| Standing outside our homes | Some people say that best (10) stay same |
| Watching the sun come up | I'll prove you wrong |
| 5:00 am never looked so beautiful | So let's bring back the best years |
| And feeling | Nights spent hanging out |
| Beaten and jaded | Not giving a **** |
| Never felt so ****** good | Being down on our luck |
| I can't wait for tomorrow to come around | Some people say that best friends stay same |
| So let's bring back the best years | I'll prove you wrong |
| Nights (2) hanging out | I'll prove you wrong |
| Not (3) a **** | |
| Being (4) on our luck | |
| Some people say that best friends stay same | |
| | |



- 1. never
- 2. spent
- 3. giving
- 4. down
- 5. prove
- 6. still
- 7. still
- 8. bring
- 9. best
- 10. friends

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