

## Fill in the gaps

| Loving him is like driving a new Maserati down a dead end          | Oh, red   |
|--|---|
| street   | Burning red   |
| Faster than the wind, passionate as sin, ending so suddenly        | Remembering him comes in flashbacks, in echoes                  |
| Loving him is like trying to change your (1) once                  | Tell myself it's (6) now, gotta let go                          |
| you're already flying through the free fall                        | But moving on from him is impossible when I still see it all in |
| Like the colors in autumn, so bright, just before they lose it all | my head   |
| Losing him was blue, like I've never (2)                           | Burning red   |
| Missing him was dark grey, all alone                               | Loving him was red  |
| Forgetting him was like trying to know somebody you never          | Oh, losing him was blue, (7) I've never known                   |
| met  | Missing him was (8) grey, all alone                             |
| But loving him was red   | Forgetting him was like trying to know somebody you never       |
| Loving him was red   | met   |
| Touching him was (3) realizing all you ever wanted                 | 'Cause loving him was red                                       |
| was right there in front of you                                    | Yeah, yeah red  |
| Memorizing him was as easy as knowing all the words to your        | Burning red   |
| old favorite (4)   | And that's why he's spinning round in my head                   |
| Fighting with him was like trying to solve a crossword and         | Comes back to me, (9) red                                       |
| realizing there's no right answer                                  | Yeah, yeah  |
| Regretting him was like wishing you'd never found out that         | His love was like driving a new Maserati down a dead end        |
| love could be that strong  | street  |
| Losing him was blue, like I've never known                         |   |
| Missing him was dark grey, all alone                               |   |
| Forgetting him was like trying to know somebody you                |   |
| (5) met  |   |
| But loving him was red   |   |
| Loving him was red   |   |
|  |   |



- 1. mind
- 2. known
- 3. like
- 4. song
- 5. never
- 6. time
- 7. like
- 8. dark
- 9. burning

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