## Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

The (7)\_\_\_\_\_ like a toothache
Stood and puffed your chest out

## Fill in the gaps

## \_ by the cracker factory Outside the (1)\_\_\_ Like you'd never lost a war You were practicing a magic trick 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 last of (2)\_\_\_\_\_ pick and mix And your 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 that little game As you bit into your strawberry lace You had called "Crying lightning" And then offered me your attention And how you liked to aggravate In the form of a gobstopper The icky man on rainy afternoons It's all you had left and it was (3)\_ to waste Uninviting Your pastimes consisted of the strange But not half as impossible And twisted and deranged As everyone assumes you are And I (4)\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ (5)\_ \_ little game "Crying lightning" You had called "Crying lightning" Your pastimes consisted of the strange Twisted and deranged And how you liked to aggravate And I hate that little (8)\_\_\_\_\_ you had called The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons The next time that I caught my own reflection Crying lightning It was on its way to (6)\_\_ 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 Could not hide the fact And twisted and deranged You knew I was approaching your throne And I hate that little game With folded arms you occupied You had (9)\_\_\_\_\_ "Crying"...



- 1. cafe
- 2. your
- 3. going
- 4. love
- 5. that
- 6. meet
- 7. bench
- 8. game
- 9. called

## Fill in the gaps