Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Stood and puffed your chest out

Fill in the gaps

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory Like you'd never lost a war You were practicing a magic trick Although I tried so not to suffer The indignity of a reaction And my thoughts got rude As you talked and chewed There was no (5)_____ to (6)____ or On the last of your pick and mix (7)_____ to claw So, you're mistaken if you're thinking And your (8)_ _ consisted of the strange That I haven't been called cold before And twisted and deranged As you bit into your strawberry lace And I hate that little game You had called "Crying lightning" And then (1)_____ __ me your attention In the (2)__ ____ of a gobstopper And how you liked to aggravate It's all you had left and it was going to waste The icky man on rainy afternoons Your pastimes consisted of the strange Uninviting And twisted and deranged But not half as impossible And I love that little game As everyone (9)_ _ you are You had called "Crying lightning" "Crying lightning" Your pastimes consisted of the strange And how you liked to aggravate The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons Twisted and deranged The next time that I caught my own reflection And I hate that little game you had called It was on its way to meet you Crying lightning Thinking of (3)___ ___ to postpone Crying lightning Crying lightning You never looked like yourself From the side but your profile Crying lightning Could not hide the fact Your pastimes, consisted of the strange You knew I was (4)___ __ your throne And twisted and deranged With folded arms you occupied And I hate that little game The bench like a toothache You had called "Crying"...



- 1. offered
- 2. form
- 3. excuses
- 4. approaching
- 5. cracks
- 6. grasp
- 7. gaps
- 8. pastimes
- 9. assumes

Fill in the gaps