## Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

## 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	
And my thoughts got rude		The (6) of a reaction	
As you talked and chewed		There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw	
On the last of your 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 (1) 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 going to waste		Uninviting	
Your pastimes (2)	of the strange	But not half as impossible	
And twisted and deranged		As everyone assumes you are	
And I love that little game		"Crying lightning"	
You had called "Crying lightning"		Your (7)(8)	0
And how you liked to aggravate		the strange	
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 (3) you		Crying lightning	
Thinking of excuses to postpone		Crying lightning	
You never looked like yourself		Crying lightning	
From the side but your profile		Crying lightning	
Could not hide the fact		Your pastimes, (9) of the strange	
You knew I was approaching your throne		And (10) and deranged	
With folded (4) you occupied		And I hate that little game	
The (5) like a toothache		You had called "Crying"	
Stood and nuffed your chest out			



- 1. called
- 2. consisted
- 3. meet
- 4. arms
- 5. bench
- 6. indignity
- 7. pastimes
- 8. consisted
- 9. consisted
- 10. twisted

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