Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Fill in the gaps

Like you'd never lost a war

Outside the cafe by the (1)	factory
You (2) practicing a magic trick	
And my (3) got rude	
As you talked and chewed	
On the last of your pick and mix	
So, you're mistaken if you're thinking	
That I haven't been called cold before	
As you bit into your strawberry lace	
And then offered me your attention	
In the form of a gobstopper	
It's all you had left and it was (4)	to waste
Your pastimes consisted of the strange	
And twisted and deranged	
And I love that little game	
You had called "Crying lightning"	
And how you liked to aggravate	
The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons	
The next time that I caught my own reflection	
It was on its way to meet you	
Thinking of excuses to postpone	
You never looked like yourself	
From the side but your profile	
Could not hide the fact	
You knew I was approaching (5) tl	hrone
With folded arms you occupied	
The bench like a toothache	

Stood and puffed (6)_____ chest out

Although I (7)	so not to suffer	
The indignity of a reaction		
There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw		
And your pastimes consisted of the strange		
And twisted and deranged		
And I hate (8) lit	tle game	
ou had called "Crying ligh	tning"	
And how you liked to aggra	vate	
The icky man on rainy after	noons	
Jninviting		
But not half as impossible		
As everyone assumes you	are	
Crying lightning"		
our pastimes (9)	of the strange	
Twisted and deranged		
And I hate that (10)	game you had called	
Crying lightning		
our pastimes, consisted o	f the strange	
And twisted and deranged		
And I hate that little game		
ou had called "Crying"		



- 1. cracker
- 2. were
- 3. thoughts
- 4. going
- 5. your
- 6. your
- 7. tried
- 8. that
- 9. consisted
- 10. little

Fill in the gaps