

Fill in the gaps

| I was left to my own devices | And if you (6) your eyes |
|---|--|
| Many days (1) away with nothing to show | Does it almost feel like you've been (7) before |
| And the walls kept tumbling down | How am I gonna be an optimist about this |
| In the city that we love | How am I gonna be an optimist about this |
| Great clouds roll over the hills | Oh, where do we begin |
| Bringing darkness from above | The (8) or our sins |
| But if you close your eyes | Oh, where do we begin |
| Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all | The rubble or our sins |
| And if you close (2) eyes | And the walls kept tumbling down |
| Does it almost feel (3) you've been here before | In the city that we love |
| How am I gonna be an (4) about this | Great clouds roll over the hills |
| How am I gonna be an optimist about this | Bringing darkness from above |
| We were caught up and lost | But if you close your eyes |
| In all of our vices | Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all |
| In your pose as the dust | And if you close (9) eyes |
| Settles around us | Does it almost feel (10) you've been here before |
| And the walls kept tumbling down | How am I gonna be an optimist about this |
| In the city that we love | How am I gonna be an optimist about this |
| Great clouds roll over the hills | If you close your eyes |
| Bringing darkness from above | Does it almost feel like nothing changed at all |
| But if you close your eyes | |
| Does it almost feel like nothing (5) at all | |



- 1. fell
- 2. your
- 3. like
- 4. optimist
- 5. changed
- 6. close
- 7. here
- 8. rubble
- 9. your
- 10. like

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