



i,

| | | Shatter (5) window |
|---------------------------------------------|---------------------------|---------------------------------------------|
| Dry (1) | _ cracks across the skies | 'Til it's all blown away |
| Those storm clouds gather in her eyes | | Every brick, every board |
| Her daddy was mean old mister | | Every slamming door, blown away |
| Mamma was an angel in the ground | | 'Til there's nothing (6) standing |
| The weatherman called for a twister | | Nothing left of yesterday |
| She (2) blow it down | | Every tear-soaked (7) memory blown away |
| There's not enough rain in Oklahoma | | Blown away |
| To wash the sins out of that house | | There's not enough rain in Oklahoma |
| There's not enough wind in Oklahoma | | To wash the (8) out of that house |
| To rip the nails out of the past | | There's not enough wind in Oklahoma |
| Shatter every window | | To rip the nails out of the past |
| 'Til it's all blown away | | Shatter every window |
| Every brick, every board | | 'Til it's all blown away |
| Every slamming door, blown away | | Every brick, every board |
| 'Til there's nothing left standing | | Every slamming door, blown away |
| Nothing left of yesterday | | 'Til there's nothing (9) standing |
| Every tear-soaked whiskey memory blown away | | Nothing left of yesterday |
| Blown away | | Every tear-soaked whiskey memory blown away |
| Blown away | | Blown away |
| She heard those sirens screaming out | | Blown away |
| Her daddy laid there (3) | out on the couch | Blown away |
| She locked herself in the cellar | | Blown away |
| Listened to the screaming of the wind | | Blown away |
| Some people (4) it taking shelter | | |
| She called it sweet revenge | | |



- 1. lightning
- 2. prayed
- 3. passed
- 4. called
- 5. every
- 6. left
- 7. whiskey
- 8. sins
- 9. left

Fill in the gaps