

Broken people get recycled And I hope that I will Sometimes we're thrown off our pathways What I thought was my way home... Wasn't the place I No I'm not afraid of changing I am certain nothing's certain What we own becomes our prison My possessions will be gone... Back to where they came from Blame no one is to blame As natural as the rain that falls Here comes the (1)\_\_\_\_\_ \_ again See the rock that you hold onto Is it gonna save you When the earth begins to crumble Why do you feel you have to (2)\_\_\_\_\_ on

## Fill in the gaps

again	
Wash away the weight that pulls you down	
doubts	
to believe them	
ave your prison	
listening	
rhythm	
t's easy to believe them	
t you can leave your prison	
hat falls	



- 1. flood
- 2. hold
- 3. flood
- 4. your
- 5. easy
- 6. always
- 7. ancient
- 8. trust
- 9. heart
- 10. rain

## Fill in the gaps