

Some people say that best friends stay same

Fill in the gaps

The Kids We Used To Be... by Your Demise

| So this is the song | I'll prove you wrong |
|--|---|
| write for everyone who I never forgot | I know I can (6) (7) the singing |
| The kids we used to be are all dead | From the basement |
| Gone and forgotten | And I know you can too |
| Black eyed boys and bright eyed girls | The smoke (8) rises |
| Friday night love | I know I can still hear the singing |
| And (1) morning regrets | From the basement |
| Summers came and went | And I know you can too |
| But the love never left | The smoke still rises |
| But the (2) never left | I know I can still (9) the singing |
| So let's bring back the best years | From the basement |
| Nights spent hanging out | And I know you can too |
| Not giving a **** | The smoke still rises |
| Being (3) on our luck | So let's bring back the best years |
| Some (4) say that best friends stay same | Nights spent (10) out |
| 'll prove you wrong | Not giving a **** |
| Sticks and stones never broke our bones | Being down on our luck |
| Standing outside our homes | Some people say that best friends stay same |
| Natching the sun come up | I'll prove you wrong |
| 5:00 am never looked so beautiful | So let's bring back the best years |
| And feeling | Nights spent hanging out |
| Beaten and jaded | Not giving a **** |
| Never felt so ****** good | Being down on our luck |
| can't (5) for tomorrow to come around | Some people say that best friends stay same |
| So let's bring back the best years | I'll prove you wrong |
| Nights spent hanging out | I'll prove you wrong |
| Not giving a **** | |
| Being down on our luck | |



- 1. Saturday
- 2. love
- 3. down
- 4. people
- 5. wait
- 6. still
- 7. hear
- 8. still
- 9. hear
- 10. hanging

Fill in the gaps