

Fill in the gaps

| Elevator buttons and morning air | But this love is ours |
|--|--|
| Stranger's (1) makes me wanna take the | And it's not theirs to speculate if it's wrong and |
| stairs | Your hands are though |
| If you were here | But (7) are where mine belong in |
| We'd laugh about their vacant stares | I'll fight their doubt and give you faith |
| But right now, my time is theirs | With this song for you |
| Seems like there's always someone who disapproves | 'Cause I love the gap between (8) teeth |
| They'll judge it like they know about me and you | And I love the riddles that you speak |
| And the verdict comes from (2) with nothing else | And any snide remarks from my father |
| to do | About your tattoos will be ignored |
| The jury's out, but my choice is you | 'Cause my heart is yours |
| So don't you worry your pretty little mind | So don't you worry your (9) little mind |
| People throw rocks at things that shine | People throw rocks at things (10) shine |
| And life makes love look hard | And life makes love look hard |
| The stakes are high, the water's rough | Don't you worry your pretty little mind |
| But this (3) is ours | People throw rocks at things that shine |
| You never know what people have up their sleeves | But they can't take what's ours |
| Ghosts from your past gonna jump out at me | They can't take what's ours |
| Lurking in the shadows with their lip gloss smiles | The stakes are high, the water's rough |
| But I don't (4) 'cause right now you're mine | But this love is ours |
| And you'll say don't you worry your (5) little | |
| mind | |
| People throw rocks at things that shine | |
| And life makes love look hard | |
| The (6) are high, the water's rough | |
| | |



1. silence

- 2. those
- 3. love
- 4. care
- 5. pretty
- 6. stakes
- 7. they
- 8. your
- 9. pretty
- 10. that

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