

Fill in the gaps

I'll pretend	Now we'll never know what the other meant
My heart's not on fire if you steal	Watch is ticking
My (1) love's name (2) down subway	Like a heartbeat gone berserk
In this city of spires	Lost the (9) to wind the key roosters are
Tape your (3) over his in the frame	nothing
We'll imagine	But clucking clockwork
We're sleeping revolvers shotgun wedding	Our fears are only what we tell them to be
In a strange SoHo	Our fears are only what we tell them to be
Our chambers hold silvery collars	Drown the last of our matches
Gun down werewolves wherever we go we	Burn the rest of each other
Gun down (4) wherever we go	You were strongest when I ached for breath
Midnight phone calls	Through the thick of smoke we'll finally smother
In the back of a Mustang	
Creased white pages torn right from the spine	Young blood
Kissed my neck with a crooked, cracked fang	Young bone
You always hoped one day you'd be mine	Old ghosts
Threw our fathers	Go home
On funeral pyres I'm not sure	Young blood
We were playing a (5) busted gasket	Young bone
In a field full of liars	Old ghosts
No one noticed we set five (6) aflame	Go home
No one (7) we set five boroughs aflame	Young blood
	Young bone
Young blood	Old ghosts
Young bone	Go home
Old ghosts	Young blood
Go home	Young bone
Band of gold	Old ghosts
With a diamond implied you wrote letters	Go home
That you (8) sent I made promises	
I'll always deny	



- 1. true
- 2. broke
- 3. picture
- 4. werewolves
- 5. game
- 6. boroughs
- 7. noticed
- 8. never
- 9. chance

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