

She hit the end, it's just her window ledge

## Fill in the gaps

| So long ago, I don't remember when              |       | (Hey) Come on try a little                            |
|---|-------|---|
| That's when they say I lost my only friend      |       | Nothing is forever                                    |
| Well they said she died easy of a (1)           | heart | There's got to be something better than               |
| disease   |       | In the middle   |
| As I listened through the cemetery trees        |       | But me and Cinderella                                 |
| I (2) the sun comin' up at the funeral at dawn  |       | We put it all together                                |
| The long broken arm of human law                |       | We can drive it home                                  |
| Now it always seemed such a waste               |       | With one headlight                                    |
| She (3) had a (4) face                          |       | Well this place is old                                |
| So I wondered how she hung around this place    |       | It (8) just like a beat up truck                      |
| (Hey) (5) on try a little                       |       | I turn the engine, but the engine doesn't turn        |
| Nothing is forever                              |       | Well it smells of cheap wine and cigarettes           |
| There's got to be something better than         |       | This place is always (9) a mess                       |
| In the middle                                   |       | Sometimes I think I'd (10) to watch it burn           |
| But me and Cinderella                           |       | I'm so alone, and I feel just like somebody else      |
| We put it all together                          |       | Man, I ain't changed, but I know I ain't the same     |
| We can drive it home                            |       | But somewhere here in between the city walls of dyin' |
| With one headlight                              |       | Dreams think her death it must be killin' me          |
| She said it's cold                              |       | (Hey, hey, hey) Come on try a little                  |
| It feels like Independence Day                  |       | Nothing is forever                                    |
| And I can't break away from this parade         |       | There's got to be something better than               |
| But there's got to be an opening                |       | In the middle   |
| Somewhere (6) in front of me                    |       | But me and Cinderella                                 |
| Through this maze of ugliness and greed         |       | We put it all together                                |
| And I seen the sun up ahead                     |       | We can drive it home                                  |
| At the county (7) bridge                        |       | With one headlight                                    |
| Sayin' all there's good and nothingness is dead |       |   |
| We'll run until she's out of breath             |       |   |
| She ran until there's nothin' left              |       |   |



- 1. broken
- 2. seen
- 3. always
- 4. pretty
- 5. Come
- 6. here
- 7. line
- 8. feels
- 9. such
- 10. like

## Fill in the gaps