## Colours by Grouplove

## Fill in the gaps

| Yeah, I am a man, man, man                          | It's the colours you have                          |
|---|--|
| Up, up in the air                                   | No need to be sad                                  |
| And I run around, around, around this town, town    | It really ain't that bad                           |
| And act like I don't care                           | It's the colours you have                          |
| So when you see me (1) by the planet's              | No need to be sad                                  |
| moon  | It really ain't that bad                           |
| You don't need to explain if everything's changed   | It's the colours you have                          |
| Just (2) I'm just like you                          | No (5) to be sad                                   |
| So I pull the switch                                | You've still got your hands                        |
| The switch, the switch inside my head               | So I am a man, man, man, man                       |
| And I see black, black, (3) and brown               | Up, up in the air                                  |
| Brown, brown and blue, yellow, violets, red         | And I float around, around, around this town, town |
| And suddenly a light appears inside my brain        | And know I shouldn't care                          |
| And I think of my ways                              | So (6) you see us there                            |
| I think of my days and know that I have changed     | There out in the (7) road                          |
| It's the colours you have                           | You don't need to explain                          |
| No need to be sad                                   | If everything's changed                            |
| It really ain't that bad                            | Just know that you don't know                      |
| It's the (4) you have                               | We call it life                                    |
| No need to be sad                                   | Oh yeah, that's what we call it                    |
| You've still got your hands                         | When we can't call it at all                       |
| So mistress, mistress have you been up to the roof? | We call it life                                    |
| He shot himself, self                               | Oh yeah, that's what we (8) it                     |
| There's blood on the wall                           | When you can't call it at all                      |
| Because he couldn't face the truth                  | Yeah, We call it oh                                |
| Oh, knock that down                                 | That's what we call it                             |
| Leave the ground and find some space                | We do it for love, sweet love                      |
| And tell your friends, friends                      |  |
| You'll be back again, again                         |  |
| Before it's too late                                |  |



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. flying
- 2. know
- 3. green
- 4. colours
- 5. need
- 6. when
- 7. open
- 8. call