

Checkmate honey, beat you at your own damn game No dice honey, I'm livin' on the astral plane Feet's on the ground, and your head's goin' down the drain Oh, heads I win, tails you lose, to the never mind Where to draw the line An (1)\_\_\_\_\_ summer, Carrie was all (2)\_\_\_\_\_ the floor She was a wet net winner, and rarely ever left the store She'd (3)\_\_\_\_\_ and dance all night, and wrong all the right out of me Oh, pass me the vile and cross (4)\_\_\_\_\_ fingers, it don't take time Nowhere to draw the line Hi ho silver, we were singin' all your cowboy songs Oh, you (5)\_\_\_\_\_ Carrie, and promised her you wouldn't be long Heads I win, tails you lose, lord it's such a crime No dice honey, you the salt, you're the queen of the brine Checkmate honey, you're the (6)\_\_\_\_\_ one who's got to choose Where to draw the line Checkmate Don't be late Take another pull That's right Impossible When you got to be yourself You're the boss The toss The dice The price Grab yourself a slice Nowhere to (7)\_\_\_\_\_ the line



- 1. Indian
- 2. over
- 3. sing
- 4. your
- 5. told
- 6. only
- 7. draw

## Fill in the gaps