Fill in the gaps



I was in the winter of my life- and the men I met along the road $$
were my only summer.
At night I (1) sleep with vision of myself
(2) and laughing and crying with them.
Three year down the line of being on an endless world tour
and my memories of them were the only things that sustained
me,
and my only real happy times. I was a singer, not very popular
one, who (3) has dreams of becoming a
(4) poet-
but upon an unfortunate series of events saw those dreams
dashed and divided like million stars in the night sky that \boldsymbol{I}
wished on over and over again-
sparkling and broken.
But I really didn't mind (5) I knew that it
takes (6) everything you ever wanted and
then losing it to know what true freedom is.
When the $\ \ (7)$ I used to know found out what I
had been doing, how I had been living- they asked me why.
But there's no use in talking to people who have a home, they
have no idea what its (8) to seek safety in other
people,
for home to be wherever you lied you head. I was always an
unusual girl, my mother told me that I had a chameleon soul.
No moral compass pointing me due north, no fixed
personality. Just an inner indecisiveness that was as wide as
wavering as the ocean.
And if I said that I did't plan for it to (9) out
(10) way I'd be lying- because I was born to be the
(11) woman.
I belonged to no one- who (12) to
everyone, who had nothing-
who wanted everything with a fire for every experience and an
obsession for freedom that terrified me to the point
(13) I couldn't (14) talk about-
and pushed me to a (15) point of madness
that (16) dazzles and dizzied me.
I've been out on that open road
You can be my full time, daddy
White and gold
Singing blues has been getting old
You can be my full time, baby
Hot or cold
Don't break me down
I've been travellin' too long
I've been trying too hard
With one pretty song



I (17) fast
I am (18) in the night
Been tryin' hard not to get (19) trouble, but
I've got a war in my mind
So, I just ride
Just ride, I just ride
Dying young and playing hard
That's the way my father made his life an art

Fill in the gaps

Drink all day and we talk 'til dark	
That's the way the road doves do it, ride 'til it's	dark
Don't leave me now	
Don't say good bye	
Don't turn around	
Leave me high and dry	
I hear the birds on the summer breeze,	
I drive fast	
I am alone in the night	
Been tryin' hard not to get in trouble, but I	
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I've got a war in my mind	
I just ride	
Just ride, I just ride, I just ride	
I'm tired of feeling like I'm f-ck-n crazy	
I'm tired of driving 'till I see stars in my eyes	
I look up to hear myself saying,	
Baby, too much I strive, I just ride	
I hear the birds on the summer breeze,	
I drive fast	
I am alone in the night	
Been tryin' hard not to get in trouble, but I	
I've got a war in my mind	
I just ride	
Just ride, I just ride, I just ride	
Every night I used to pray that I'd find my	people- and
(20) I did- on the open road.	
We have nothing to lose, nothing	to gain,
(21) we desired any more -	
except to make our lives into a work of art. L	IVE FAST. DIE
YOUNG. BE WILD. AND HAVE FUN.	
I (22) in the country (23)	
(24) to be. I believe in the person I w	ant to become
I (25) in the freedom of the	open road. And
my motto is the same as ever-	
*I believe in the kindness of strangers. And v	vhen I'm at wa
with myself- I Ride. I Just Ride.*	
Who are you? Are you in (26)	with all your
(27) fantasies? Have you co	
yourself where you're free to experience them?	
I Am Fucking Crazy. But I Am Free.	

SUB inglés

1. fell

- 2. dancing
- 3. once
- 4. beautiful
- 5. because
- 6. getting
- 7. people
- 8. like
- 9. turn
- 10. this
- 11. other
- 12. belonged
- 13. that
- 14. even
- 15. nomadic
- 16. both
- 17. drive
- 18. alone
- 19. into
- 20. finally
- 21. nothing
- 22. believe
- 23. America
- 24. used
- 25. believe
- 26. touch
- 27. darkest

Fill in the gaps

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