## 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 fell sleep with vision of myself dancing and laughing
and crying with them.
Three (1) down the line of being on an endless
(2) tour and my memories of them were the only
things that (3) me,
and my only real happy times. I was a singer, not very popular
one, who once has dreams of becoming a beautiful poet-
but upon an unfortunate series of events saw those dreams
dashed and divided like million stars in the night sky that I
wished on over and over again-
sparkling and broken.
But I really didn't mind because I knew that it takes getting
everything you ever wanted and then losing it to know what
true freedom is.
When the people 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 (4) its like 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 (5) pointing me due north, no
fixed personality. Just an inner indecisiveness that was as
wide as (6) as the ocean.
And if I said that I did't plan for it to turn out this way I'd be
lying- because I was (7) to be the other woman.
I belonged to no one- who belonged to everyone, who had
nothing-
nothing- who wanted everything (8) a fire for every
-
who wanted everything (8) a fire for every
who wanted everything (8) a fire for every experience and an obsession for freedom that terrified me to
who wanted everything (8) a fire for every experience and an obsession for freedom that terrified me to the point that I couldn't even talk about-
who wanted everything (8) a fire for every experience and an obsession for freedom that terrified me to the point that I couldn't even talk aboutand pushed me to a nomadic point of madness that both
who wanted everything (8) a fire for every experience and an obsession for freedom that terrified me to the point that I couldn't even talk aboutand pushed me to a nomadic point of madness that both dazzles and dizzied me.
who wanted everything (8) a fire for every experience and an obsession for freedom that terrified me to the point that I couldn't even talk aboutand pushed me to a nomadic point of madness that both dazzles and dizzied me.  I've been out on that open road
who wanted everything (8) a fire for every experience and an obsession for freedom that terrified me to the point that I couldn't even talk aboutand pushed me to a nomadic point of madness that both dazzles and dizzied me.  I've been out on that open road  You can be my full time, daddy
who wanted everything (8) a fire for every experience and an obsession for freedom that terrified me to the point that I couldn't even talk aboutand pushed me to a nomadic point of madness that both dazzles and dizzied me.  I've been out on that open road You can be my full time, daddy White and gold
who wanted everything (8) a fire for every experience and an obsession for freedom that terrified me to the point that I couldn't even talk aboutand pushed me to a nomadic point of madness that both 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
who wanted everything (8) a fire for every experience and an obsession for freedom that terrified me to the point that I couldn't even talk aboutand pushed me to a nomadic point of madness that both 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
who wanted everything (8) a fire for every experience and an obsession for freedom that terrified me to the point that I couldn't even talk aboutand pushed me to a nomadic point of madness that both 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
who wanted everything (8) a fire for every experience and an obsession for freedom that terrified me to the point that I couldn't even talk aboutand pushed me to a nomadic point of madness that both 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
who wanted everything (8) a fire for every experience and an obsession for freedom that terrified me to the point that I couldn't even talk aboutand pushed me to a nomadic point of madness that both 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 drive fast



Been tryin' hard not to get into trouble, but I I've got a war in my mind

So, I just ride

Just ride, I 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 (9)\_ \_\_\_\_ fast I am alone in the night Been tryin' hard not to get in trouble, but I Adictivoz.com Adictivoz.com 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 (10)\_\_\_\_\_ 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 finally I did- on the open road.

any more - except to make our lives into a work of art. LIVE FAST. DIE

We have nothing to lose, nothing to gain, nothing we desired

I believe in the country America used to be. I believe in the person I want to become,

I believe in the freedom of the open road. And my motto is the same as ever-

\*I believe in the kindness of strangers. And when I'm at war with myself- I Ride. I Just Ride.\*

Who are you? Are you in touch with all your darkest fantasies? Have you created a life for yourself where you're free to experience them? I Have.

I Am Fucking Crazy. But I Am Free.

YOUNG. BE WILD. AND HAVE FUN.



- 1. year
- 2. world
- 3. sustained
- 4. what
- 5. compass
- 6. wavering
- 7. born
- 8. with
- 9. drive
- 10. drive

## Fill in the gaps

https://www.subingles.com