

Fill in the gaps

| I got my daddy's car | They gonna try to put you out |
|---|--|
| And his old guitar | I keep looking up in this world full of doubt |
| A suitcase full of broken hearts | l roll (7) l roll |
| Got my momma's smile | I roll (8) the hills under the California sun |
| And her baby blue eyes | Burn through the (9) like a devil on the run |
| I ain't got much | I'll be flying high until the day that I die |
| But what I got's mine | No matter what they say |
| And I roll like I roll | At the end of the day |
| I (1) like I roll | I'm not gonna let it slip away |
| I got an open road | 'Cause I'd rather burn in hell |
| And a restless soul | Than to let it fade |
| The Rolling Stones on the radio | I got an open road |
| And I roll like I roll | And a restless soul |
| 'Cause I roll like I roll | The Rolling Stones on the radio |
| I roll like the (2) under the California sun | And I roll like I roll |
| Burn (3) the desert like a devil on the run | I roll through the hills of my old Kentucky home |
| I'll be flying high until the day that I die | Back to the place where my heart belongs |
| No (4) what (5) say | I'll be flying high until the day that I die |
| At the end of the day | No (10) what they say |
| I will roll (6) I roll | At the end of the day |
| Well there's a lot a people gonna try to bring you down | I did it my way! |
| They got a lot of rules | |



- 1. roll
- 2. hills
- 3. through
- 4. matter
- 5. they
- 6. like
- 7. like
- 8. like
- 9. desert
- 10. matter

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