## Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

## Fill in the gaps

| Outside the cafe by the cracker factory         |             | Like you'd never (4) a war                   |    |
|---|-------------|--|----|
| You were practicing a magic trick               |             | Although I tried so not to suffer            |    |
| And my thoughts got rude                        |             | The indignity of a reaction                  |    |
| As you talked and chewed                        |             | There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw |    |
| On the last of your pick and mix                |             | And your pastimes consisted of the strange   |    |
| So, you're mistaken if you're thinking          |             | And twisted and deranged                     |    |
| That I haven't been called cold before          |             | And I hate that little game                  |    |
| As you bit into your strawberry lace            |             | You had called "Crying lightning"            |    |
| And then offered me your attention              |             | And how you liked to aggravate               |    |
| In the form of a gobstopper                     |             | The (5) man on rainy afternoons              |    |
| It's all you had left and it was going to waste |             | Uninviting                                   |    |
| Your pastimes consisted of the strange          |             | But not half as impossible                   |    |
| And (1) and deranged                            |             | As everyone assumes you are                  |    |
| And I love that little game                     |             | "Crying lightning"                           |    |
| You had called "Crying lightning"               |             | Your pastimes consisted of the strange       |    |
| And how you liked to aggravate                  |             | Twisted and deranged                         |    |
| The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons           |             | And I hate that (6) game you had called      | èd |
| The next time that I caught my own reflection   |             | Crying lightning                             |    |
| It was on its way to meet you                   |             | Crying lightning                             |    |
| Thinking of excuses to postpone                 |             | Crying lightning                             |    |
| You never looked like yourself                  |             | Crying lightning                             |    |
| From the side but your profile                  |             | Your pastimes, consisted of the strange      |    |
| Could not hide the fact                         |             | And twisted and deranged                     |    |
| You knew I was (2)                              | your throne | And I hate that (7) game                     |    |
| With folded arms you occupied                   |             | You had called "Crying"                      |    |
| The bench like a toothache                      |             |  |    |
| Stood and puffed (3) chest out                  |             |  |    |



- 1. twisted
- 2. approaching
- 3. your
- 4. lost
- 5. icky
- 6. little
- 7. little

## Fill in the gaps