Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Fill in the gaps

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory	Like you'd never lost a war
You were practicing a magic trick	Although I tried so not to suffer
And my (1) got rude	The indignity of a reaction
As you talked and chewed	There was no (6) to grasp or (7) to
On the last of your pick and mix	claw
So, you're mistaken if you're thinking	And your (8) consisted of the strange
That I haven't (2) called cold before	And twisted and deranged
As you bit into your strawberry lace	And I hate that little game
And then offered me your attention	You had called "Crying lightning"
In the form of a gobstopper	And how you liked to aggravate
It's all you had left and it was going to waste	The icky man on rainy afternoons
Your pastimes consisted of the strange	Uninviting
And twisted and deranged	But not half as impossible
And I love that little game	As everyone assumes you are
You had called "Crying lightning"	"Crying lightning"
And how you liked to aggravate	Your pastimes consisted of the strange
The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons	Twisted and deranged
The next time that I caught my own reflection	And I hate that little game you had called
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 (3) but (4) profile	Crying lightning
Could not hide the fact	Your pastimes, (9) of the strange
You knew I was approaching your throne	And twisted and deranged
With folded arms you occupied	And I hate that little game
The bench like a toothache	You had called "Crying"
Stood and (5) your chest out	



- 1. thoughts
- 2. been
- 3. side
- 4. your
- 5. puffed
- 6. cracks
- 7. gaps
- 8. pastimes
- 9. consisted

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