

Stood and puffed your chest out

## Fill in the gaps

Outside the (1)\_\_\_\_\_ by the cracker factory Like you'd never lost a war You were practicing a magic trick Although I tried so not to suffer The indignity of a reaction And my thoughts got rude There was no (7)\_\_\_\_\_ to (8)\_\_\_\_ or gaps As you talked and chewed On the last of your pick and mix So, you're mistaken if you're thinking And your pastimes consisted of the strange That I haven't been called cold before And twisted and deranged As you bit into (2)\_\_\_\_\_ strawberry lace And I (9)\_\_\_\_\_ that little game You had called "Crying lightning" And then offered me (3)\_\_\_\_ \_\_\_ attention 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 (10)\_\_\_\_\_ man on rainy afternoons Uninviting Your pastimes consisted of the strange And (4)\_\_\_\_\_ 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" Your pastimes consisted of the strange And how you liked to aggravate The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons Twisted and deranged The next time (5)\_\_\_\_\_ I (6)\_\_\_\_ my own And I hate that little game you had called 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 approaching your throne And I hate that little game With folded arms you occupied You had called "Crying"... The bench like a toothache



- 1. cafe
- 2. your
- 3. your
- 4. twisted
- 5. that
- 6. caught
- 7. cracks
- 8. grasp
- 9. hate
- 10. icky

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