Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

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 thoughts got rude	The indignity of a reaction
As you talked and chewed	There was no cracks to grasp or (8) to claw
On the last of your pick and mix	And your pastimes (9) of the strange
So, you're mistaken if you're thinking	And (10) and deranged
That I haven't been called (1) 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 icky man on rainy afternoons
It's all you had (2) and it was going to waste	Uninviting
Your (3) consisted of the strange	But not half as impossible
And twisted and deranged	As everyone assumes you are
And I love that little game	"Crying lightning"
You had (4) "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 little game you had called
The next (5) (6) I caught my own	Crying lightning
reflection	Crying lightning
It was on its way to meet you	Crying lightning
Thinking of excuses to postpone	Crying lightning
You (7) looked like yourself	Your pastimes, consisted of the strange
From the side but your profile	And twisted and deranged
Could not hide the fact	And I hate that little game
You knew I was approaching your throne	You had called "Crying"
With folded arms you occupied	
The bench like a toothache	
Stood and puffed your chest out	



- 1. cold
- 2. left
- 3. pastimes
- 4. called
- 5. time
- 6. that
- 7. never
- 8. gaps
- 9. consisted
- 10. twisted

Fill in the gaps