## Thats What You Get by Paramore

## No sir

Well I don't wanna be the blame Not anymore It's your turn So (1)\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ a seat we're settling The final score And why do we like to hurt, so much? I can't decide \_\_\_\_\_ just to go on You have made it (2)\_\_\_\_ And why, all the possibilities Well I was wrong That's what you get When you let your heart win (Whoa) That's what you get When you let (3)\_\_\_\_\_ (4)\_\_\_\_ win (Whoa) I drowned out all my sense with The (5)\_\_\_\_\_ of its beating And that's what you get When you let your heart win (Whoa) I wonder How am I supposed to feel When you're not here 'Cause I burned Every bridge I ever built When you were here I still try Holding on to silly things I never learn (Oh) why All the possibilities I'm sure you've heard

That's what you get When you let your (6)\_\_\_\_\_ win (Whoa) That's (7)\_\_\_\_\_ you get When you let your heart win (Whoa) I drowned out all my sense with The sound of its beating (beating) And that's (8)\_\_\_\_\_ you get When you let your heart win (Whoa) \_\_\_\_\_ your way to me, to me Pain (9)\_\_\_\_ And I'll always be just so (so) inviting If I ever start to think straight This heart will start a riot in me Let's start, start (hey!) Why do we like to hurt so much? (Oh) why do we like to hurt so much? That's what you get When you let your heart win! (Whoa) That's what you get When you let your (10)\_\_\_\_\_ win (Whoa) That's what you get When you let your heart win (Whoa) Now I can't trust myself with Anything but this And that's what you get When you let your heart win (Whoa)



- 1. take
- 2. harder
- 3. your
- 4. heart
- 5. sound
- 6. heart
- 7. what
- 8. what
- 9. make
- 10. heart

## Fill in the gaps