

## Fill in the gaps

| White lips, pale face                     | The worst things in (10) come free to us  |
|---|---|
| Breathing in snowflakes                   | 'Cause we're just under the upper hand    |
| Burnt lungs, sour taste                   | And go mad for a couple grams             |
| Light's gone, day's end                   | And she don't (11) to go (12)             |
| Struggling to pay rent                    | tonight                                   |
| Long nights, strange men                  | And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland |
| And they say                              | Or (13) love to another man               |
| She's in the class A team                 | It's too cold outside                     |
| Stuck in her daydream                     | For (14) to fly                           |
| Been (1) way (2) 18                       | An (15) will die                          |
| But lately her face seems                 | Covered in white                          |
| Slowly sinking, wasting                   | Closed eye                                |
| Crumbling like pastries                   | And (16) for a better life                |
| And they scream                           | This time                                 |
| The worst (3) in life come free to us     | We'll fade out tonight                    |
| 'Cause we're just                         | Straight (17) the line                    |
| Under the upper hand                      | And they say                              |
| And go mad for a (4) grams                | She's in the (18) A team                  |
| And she don't want to go (5) tonight      | Stuck in her daydream                     |
| And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland | Been this way (19) 18                     |
| Or sells love to another man              | But (20) her face seems                   |
| It's too (6) outside                      | Slowly sinking, wasting                   |
| For angels to fly                         | Crumbling (21) pastries                   |
| Angels to fly                             | They scream                               |
| Ripped gloves, raincoat                   | The worst things in life come free to us  |
| Tried to swim and stay afloat             | And we're all (22) the (23) hand          |
| Dry house, wet clothes                    | Go mad for a (24) grams                   |
| Loose change, bank notes                  | And we don't want to go outside tonight   |
| Weary-eyed, dry throat                    | And in a pipe we fly to the Motherland    |
| Call girl, no phone                       | Or sell (25) to another man               |
| And they say                              | It's too cold outside                     |
| She's in the (7) A team                   | For angels to fly                         |
| Stuck in her daydream                     | Angels to fly                             |
| Been this way (8) 18                      | Fly, fly                                  |
| But lately her (9) seems                  | For (26) to fly                           |
| Slowly sinking, wasting                   | To fly, to fly                            |
| Crumbling like pastries                   | Angels to die                             |
| And they scream                           |   |

## SUB inglés

## 1. this

- 2. since
- 3. things
- 4. couple
- 5. outside
- 6. cold
- 7. class
- 8. since
- 9. face
- 10. life
- 11. want
- 12. outside
- 13. sells
- 14. angels
- 15. angel
- 16. hoping
- 17. down
- 18. class
- 19. since
- 20. lately
- 21. like
- 22. under
- 23. upper
- 24. couple
- 25. love
- 26. angels

## Fill in the gaps