

## Fill in the gaps

| White lips, pale face                     | The worst things in (9) come free to us   |
|---|---|
| Breathing in snowflakes                   | 'Cause we're (10) 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 want to go outside tonight  |
| Struggling to pay rent                    | And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland |
| Long nights, strange men                  | Or (11) (12) to another man               |
| And they say                              | It's too cold outside                     |
| She's in the (1) A team                   | For angels to fly                         |
| Stuck in her daydream                     | An angel will die                         |
| Been this way since 18                    | Covered in white                          |
| But lately her (2) seems                  | Closed eye                                |
| Slowly sinking, wasting                   | And (13) for a better life                |
| Crumbling like pastries                   | This time                                 |
| And (3) scream                            | We'll fade out tonight                    |
| The worst (4) in life come free to us     | Straight down the line                    |
| 'Cause we're just                         | And they say                              |
| Under the upper hand                      | She's in the (14) A team                  |
| And go mad for a couple grams             | Stuck in her daydream                     |
| And she don't (5) to go outside tonight   | Been (15) way (16) 18                     |
| And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland | But (17) her face seems                   |
| Or (6) love to another man                | Slowly sinking, wasting                   |
| It's too cold outside                     | Crumbling like pastries                   |
| For angels to fly                         | They scream                               |
| Angels to fly                             | The (18) in (20)                          |
| Ripped gloves, raincoat                   | (21) free to us                           |
| Tried to (7) and stay afloat              | And we're all under the upper hand        |
| Dry house, wet clothes                    | Go mad for a couple 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 love to another man               |
| And they say                              | It's too cold outside                     |
| She's in the class A team                 | For (22) to fly                           |
| Stuck in her daydream                     | Angels to fly                             |
| Been this way since 18                    | Fly, fly                                  |
| But lately her face seems                 | For angels to fly                         |
| Slowly sinking, wasting                   | To fly, to fly                            |
| Crumbling like pastries                   | Angels to die                             |
| And (8) scream                            |   |



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. class
- 2. face
- 3. they
- 4. things
- 5. want
- 6. sells
- 7. swim
- 8. they
- 9. life
- 10. just
- 11. sells
- 12. love
- 13. hoping
- 14. class
- 15. this
- 16. since
- 17. lately
- 18. worst
- 19. things
- 20. life
- 21. come
- 22. angels