

Fill in the gaps

| Crashed on the floor when I (1) in | And I pray it never fades, in |
|---|--|
| This little bungalow with some strange new friends | White Houses |
| Stay up too late, and I'm too thin | My |
| We promise each other it's 'till the end | First |
| Now we're spinning empty bottles | Time |
| It's the five of us | Hard to explain |
| With pretty eyed boys girls die to trust | Rush of blood (oh) |
| I can't resist the day | And a little bit of pain |
| No, I can't resist the day | On a cloudy day |
| Jenny screams out and it's no pose | It's more common than you think |
| 'Cause when she dances, she goes and goes | He's |
| Beer through the nose on an (2) joke | My |
| And I'm so excited, I haven't spoken | First |
| And she's so pretty, and she's so sure | Mistake |
| Maybe I'm (3) clever than a girl like her | Maybe you were all faster than me |
| Summer's all in bloom | We gave each other up so easily |
| Summer's ending soon | These silly little wounds will (9) mend |
| It's alright | I feel as fee fees (40) |
| it's allight | I feel so far from (10) I've been |
| And it's (4) not to be so alone | So I go |
| · · | |
| And it's (4) not to be so alone | So I go |
| And it's (4) not to be so alone But I hold on to secrets, in | So I go And I will not be back here again |
| And it's (4) not to be so alone But I hold on to secrets, in White Houses | So I go And I will not be back here again I'm gone as the day is fading, on |
| And it's (4) not to be so alone But I hold on to secrets, in White Houses Maybe I'm a little bit over my head | So I go And I will not be back here again I'm gone as the day is fading, on White Houses |
| And it's (4) not to be so alone But I hold on to secrets, in White Houses Maybe I'm a little bit over my head I come undone at the (5) he said | So I go And I will not be back here again I'm gone as the day is fading, on White Houses I lie, put my injuries all in the dust |
| And it's (4) not to be so alone But I hold on to secrets, in White Houses Maybe I'm a little bit over my head I come undone at the (5) he said And he's so funny in his (6) red shirt | So I go And I will not be back here again I'm gone as the day is fading, on White Houses I lie, put my injuries all in the dust In my heart it's the five of us, in |
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1. moved

- 2. inside
- 3. more
- 4. nice
- 5. things
- 6. bright
- 7. smell
- 8. hold
- 9. never
- 10. where

Fill in the gaps