

Fill in the gaps

I'll pretend	Now we'll never know what the other meant
My heart's not on fire if you steal	Watch is ticking
My (1) love's name broke down subway	Like a heartbeat (5) berserk
In this (2) of spires	Lost the chance to (6) the key roosters are nothing
Tape your picture over his in the frame	But clucking clockwork
We'll imagine	Our (7) are only what we tell them to be
We're sleeping revolvers shotgun wedding	Our fears are only what we tell them to be
In a strange SoHo	Drown the last of our matches
Our chambers hold silvery collars	Burn the rest of each other
Gun down werewolves wherever we go we	You were strongest when I ached for breath
Gun down werewolves wherever we go	Through the thick of (8) we'll finally smother
Midnight phone calls	
In the back of a Mustang	Young blood
Creased white (3) torn right from the spine	Young bone
Kissed my neck with a crooked, cracked fang	Old ghosts
You always hoped one day you'd be mine	Go home
Threw our fathers	Young blood
On funeral pyres I'm not sure	Young bone
We were playing a game busted gasket	Old ghosts
In a field full of liars	Go home
No one noticed we set five boroughs aflame	Young blood
No one noticed we set five boroughs aflame	Young bone
	Old ghosts
Young blood	Go home
Young bone	Young blood
Old ghosts	Young bone
Go home	Old ghosts
Band of gold	Go home
With a diamond implied you wrote letters	
That you never (4) I made promises	
I'll always deny	



Fill in the gaps

- 1. true
- 2. city
- 3. pages
- 4. sent
- 5. gone
- 6. wind
- 7. fears
- 8. smoke