

## Fill in the gaps

| Sitting here wasted and wounded           | Flies me back to you                                |
|---|---|
| At this old piano                         | I'll just (12) my eyes and whisper                  |
| Trying hard to capture the moment         | Baby blind love is true                             |
| This morning I don't know                 | I want to lay you (13) in a bed of roses            |
| Cause a (1) of vodka                      | For (14) I (15) on a bed of                         |
| Is still lodged in my head                | nails   |
| And some blonde (2) me nightmares         | I want to be (16) as close as the Holy Ghost is     |
| I (3) that she's still in my bed          | And lay you down on a bed of roses                  |
| As I dream about movies                   | Where the hotel bar (17) whiskey's gone             |
| They won't make of me when I'm dead       | dry   |
| With an (4) fist I wake up                | The barkeeper's wig's crooked                       |
| And French kiss the morning               | And she's giving me the eye                         |
| While some marching band keeps            | I might have said yeah                              |
| Its own beat in my head                   | But I laughed so hard I think I died                |
| While we're talking                       | Now as you close (18) eyes                          |
| About all of the (5) that I long to bel   | lieve Know I'll be (19) about you                   |
| About love and the truth                  | While my mistress she calls me                      |
| And (6) you mean to me                    | To stand in her spotlight again                     |
| And the truth is                          | Tonight I won't be alone                            |
| Baby you're all that I need               | But you (20) that don't                             |
| I want to lay you down in a bed of roses  | Mean I'm not lonely                                 |
| For tonight I sleep on a bed of nails     | I've got (21) to prove                              |
| I want to be just as (7) as the Holy Gh   | nost is It's for you that I'd die to defend         |
| And lay you down on a bed of roses        | I want to lay you down in a bed of roses            |
| Well I'm so far away                      | For tonight I (22) on a bed of nails                |
| That (8) step that I take is on my way ho | ome I want to be just as close as the Holy Ghost is |
| A king's ransom in dimes                  | And lay you down                                    |
| l'd (9) night                             | I want to lay you down in a bed of roses            |
| Just to see through (11) payphone         | For tonight I sleep on a bed of nails               |
| Still I run out of time                   | I want to be (23) as close as the Holy Ghost is     |
| Or it's hard to get through               | And lay you down in a bed of roses                  |
| Till the bird on the wire                 |   |



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. bottle
- 2. gave
- 3. think
- 4. ironclad
- 5. things
- 6. what
- 7. close
- 8. each
- 9. given
- 10. each
- 11. this
- 12. close
- 13. down
- 14. tonight
- 15. sleep
- 16. just
- 17. hangover
- 18. your
- 19. thinking
- 20. know
- 21. nothing
- 22. sleep
- 23. just