

## Fill in the gaps

| There's a place where everyone can be happy              |               |      |  |
|--|---------------|------|--|
| It's the most beautiful place in the whole fuc**ng world |               |      |  |
| It's made of candy (1) and planes                        |               |      |  |
| And bright red (choo-choo) trains                        |               |      |  |
| And the (2)  | (3)           | boys |  |
| And the most (4)   |               | (5)  |  |
| girls  |               |      |  |
| And you know I wish that I cou                           | ıld got there |      |  |
| It's a road that I (6)                                   | not found     |      |  |
| And I wish you the best of luck, dear                    |               |      |  |
| Drop a card or letter to my side of town                 |               |      |  |
| Because there's no time for fu                           | ssing         |      |  |
| And fighting my friend                                   |               |      |  |
| But baby I'm amazed at the hate                          |               |      |  |
| That you can send and                                    |               |      |  |
| You, (7) my  | entire world  |      |  |
| But I, don't have the turpentine                         |               |      |  |
| To clean what you have soiled                            |               |      |  |
| And I won't (8)  | it            |      |  |
| There's a place where everyone can be right              |               |      |  |

| (9) though you remain determined to be opposed  |
|---|
| Admittance requires no qualifications           |
| It's where everyone has been                    |
| and where everybody goes                        |
| So please try not to be impatient               |
| For we all hate standing in line                |
| And when the farm is good and bought            |
| You'll be there without a thought               |
| And eternity, my friend, is a long fu**ing time |
| Because there's no time for (10)                |
| And fighting my friend                          |
| But baby I'm amazed at the hate                 |
| That you can send and                           |
| You, painted my entire world                    |
| But I, don't have the turpentine                |
| To clean what you have soiled                   |
| And I won't forget it                           |
|   |



- 1. canes
- 2. meanest
- 3. little
- 4. innocent
- 5. little
- 6. have
- 7. painted
- 8. forget
- 9. Even
- 10. fussing

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