

Fill in the gaps

There's a (1) (2)	(3)	front door
(4) I wrote twenty years ago		
Yellow paper and a faded picture		
And a secret		
In an envelope		
There's no reasons		
No excuses		
There's no secondhand alibis		
Just some (5) ink		
On some (6) lines		
And a shadow		
You won't recognize		
In the meantime		
I'll be waiting twenty years		
And twenty more		
I'll be praying for redemption		
And your note		
(7) my door		
And your note		
Underneath my door		



- 1. note
- 2. underneath
- 3. your
- 4. That
- 5. black
- 6. blue
- 7. Underneath

Fill in the gaps