

Fill in the gaps

of houses us

all around us

If my thoughts run (1) at hefty speeds	We could even play
Then it could (2) my ears	For the whole account
And make friction heat	And keep the grins in check
Lips could even crack	And keep the singing louda
Until it all runs coarse	We (9) be fine
Or we could let it out	But I get into it
And let it run its course	We will be fine
We can stand outside	But I get into it
With a silver frame	We will be fine
Until the (3) come by	But I get into it
And then they (4) them in	But I get into it
We could even play	But I get again
For the whole account	But I get again
And keep the grins in check	But I get again
And keep the (5) loud	When my thoughts
We will be fine	When my thoughts
But I get into it	They run fast
We will be fine	When my thoughts
But I get into it	When my thoughts
We will be fine	they run fast
But I get into it	I can see the waves rising all around us
but I get into it	But we are locked in our rows of houses
If my thoughts run fast at hefty speeds	And we coming out all around us
Then it could skin my ears	And we can't seem to get distance
And (6) friction heat	All the waves they are
Lips could even crack	Tumbling away
Until it all runs coarse	And we can't see the stormy weather
Or we (7) let it out	When the waves are crashing all around
And let it run its course	Our houses are landlocked
We can stand outside	and we finished
With a silver frame	
Until the clouds (8) by	
And then they feel them in	



1. fast

- 2. skin
- 3. clouds
- 4. feel
- 5. singing
- 6. make
- 7. could
- 8. come
- 9. will

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