Fill in the gaps



| I was in the winter of my life- and the men I met along the |
|--|
| (1) were my only summer. |
| At night I fell sleep with vision of myself dancing and laughing |
| and crying with them. |
| Three year down the line of being on an endless world tour |
| and my memories of them were the only things that |
| (2) me, |
| and my only real happy times. I was a singer, not very popular |
| one, who once has dreams of becoming a beautiful poet- |
| but upon an unfortunate series of events saw those dreams |
| dashed and divided like million stars in the night sky that I |
| wished on over and (3) again- |
| sparkling and broken. |
| But I really didn't mind because I knew that it takes getting |
| everything you (4) wanted and then losing it to |
| know what true freedom is. |
| When the people I used to know found out what I had been |
| doing, how I had been living- they asked me why. |
| But there's no use in (5) to people who |
| have a home, they have no idea what its like to seek safety in |
| other people, |
| for home to be wherever you lied you head. I was always an |
| unusual girl, my mother told me that I had a chameleon soul. |
| No moral compass pointing me due north, no fixed |
| personality. Just an inner indecisiveness that was as wide as |
| wavering as the ocean. |
| · · |
| And if I said that I did't plan for it to turn out this way I'd be |
| lying- because I was born to be the other woman. |
| I belonged to no one- who belonged to everyone, who had |
| nothing- |
| who wanted everything with a fire for (6) |
| experience and an (7) for freedom that |
| terrified me to the point that I couldn't even talk about- |
| and pushed me to a nomadic point of madness that both |
| dazzles and dizzied me. |
| I've been out on that open road |
| You can be my full time, daddy |
| White and gold |
| Singing blues has been getting old |
| You can be my full time, baby |
| Hot or cold |
| Don't break me down |
| I've been travellin' too long |
| I've been trying too hard |
| With one pretty song |
| I hear the birds on the summer breeze, |
| I drive fast |



Been tryin' hard not to get into trouble, but I

I've got a war in my mind

So, I just ride

Just ride, I just ride, I just ride

Dying young and playing hard

That's the way my father made his life an art

Fill in the gaps

Drink all day and we talk 'til dark That's the way the road doves do it, ride 'til it's dark Don't leave me now Don't say good bye Don't (8)_____ around Leave me high and dry I hear the birds on the summer breeze, I drive fast I am alone in the night Been tryin' hard not to get in trouble, but I Adictivoz.com Adictivoz.com I've got a war in my mind I just ride Just ride, I just ride, I just ride I'm tired of feeling like I'm f-ck-n crazy I'm tired of driving 'till I see stars in my eyes I look up to hear myself saying, Baby, too much I strive, I just ride I hear the birds on the summer breeze, I drive fast I am alone in the night Been tryin' hard not to get in trouble, but I I've got a war in my mind I just ride Just ride, I just ride, I just ride... Every night I used to pray that I'd find my people- and finally I did- on the open road. We have (9)_ to lose, nothing to gain, nothing we desired any more except to make our lives into a work of art. LIVE FAST. DIE YOUNG. BE WILD. AND HAVE FUN. I believe in the country America used to be. I believe in the person I want to become,

I believe in the freedom of the open road. And my motto is the same as ever-

I believe in the kindness of strangers. And when I'm at war with myself- I Ride. I Just Ride.

Who are you? Are you in touch with all your darkest fantasies? Have you created a life for yourself where you're free to experience them? I Have.

I Am Fucking Crazy. But I Am Free.



- 1. road
- 2. sustained
- 3. over
- 4. ever
- 5. talking
- 6. every
- 7. obsession
- 8. turn
- 9. nothing

Fill in the gaps