Fill in the gaps



I was in the winter of my life- and the men I met along the road			
were my (1) summer.			
At night I fell sleep with vision of myself dancing and laughing			
and crying (2) them.			
Three year (3) the line of (4) on an			
endless world (5) and my memories of them were			
the only things that sustained me,			
and my only real happy times. I was a singer, not very popular			
one, who once has dreams of becoming a			
(6) poet-			
but upon an unfortunate series of events saw those dreams			
dashed and divided like million stars in the night sky that ${\sf I}$			
wished on over and over again-			
sparkling and broken.			
But I really didn't mind because I knew that it takes getting			
everything you ever wanted and then losing it to (7)			
what true freedom is.			
When the (8) 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 talking to people who have a home, they			
(9) 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 (10) with			
(
a fire for every experience and an obsession for			
a fire for every experience and an obsession for (12) that terrified me to the point that I			
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Fill in the gaps

I drive fast		
I am alone in the night		Drink all day and we talk 'til dark
Been tryin' (16) not to get (17)_	trouble,	That's the way the road (18) do it, ride 'til it's
but I		dark
I've got a war in my mind		Don't leave me now
So, I just ride		Don't say (19) bye
Just ride, I just ride, I just ride		Don't (20) around
Dying young and playing hard		Leave me high and dry
That's the way my father made his life an art		I hear the (21) 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 (22) myself saying,
		Baby, too much I strive, I (23) 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 nothing to lose, nothing to gain, nothing we
		(24) 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
		(25) I want to become,
		I (26) 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 (27) with all your
		darkest fantasies? Have you created a life for

them? I Have.

I Am Fucking Crazy. But I Am Free.

_____ where you're free to experience

- 1. only
- 2. with
- 3. down
- 4. being
- 5. tour
- 6. beautiful
- 7. know
- 8. people
- 9. have
- 10. wanted
- 11. everything
- 12. freedom
- 13. been
- 14. open
- 15. been
- 16. hard
- 17. into
- 18. doves
- 19. good
- 20. turn
- 21. birds
- 22. hear
- 23. just
- 24. desired
- 25. person
- 26. believe
- 27. touch
- 28. yourself

Fill in the gaps