## SUB inglès

I think about things really I don't wanna know

## Fill in the gaps

## Stop For A Minute by Keane Ft. K'naan

| Some days, feels my soul has left my body              | And I'm the (6) to admit it                                 |
|--|---|
| Feel I'm floating high above me                        | Without you I'm child and so wherever you go                |
| Like I'm looking down upon me                          | I will follow   |
| Start sinking, everytime I get to thinking             | One yeah  |
| It's easier to keep on moving                          | And baby you are just beautiful from crown to your cuticles |
| Never stop to let the truth in                         | You held down my two sons,                                  |
| Sometimes I feel like it's all been done               | you never frown when duty calls                             |
| Sometimes I feel like I'm the only one                 | You know me, I gave you more than you can handle            |
| Sometimes I wanna change everything I've ever done     | But you still keep a handle on it                           |
| Too tired to fight and yet too scared to run           | even when I take (7) beautiful and                          |
| And if I stop for a minute                             | vandal on it  |
| I think about (1) I really (2)                         | No more females?  |
| wanna know   | Well how come my emails got notes on a scandal              |
| And I'm the (3) to admit it                            | It's like Eve with the apple,                               |
| Without you I'm a liner stranded in an ice floe        | A priest in the chapel                                      |
| I (4) like a thief who has no faith                    | Overcome by the devil's tackle                              |
| Maybe more than by the grade                           | I'm still shackling the bad til I know                      |
| Of the drugs you took that day                         | And if I stop for a minute                                  |
| Sinking in the pain he's been inflicting               | I think about things I really don't wanna know              |
| Yet he's feeling like the victim                       | So I guess I'm just a fiend                                 |
| Just a horoscope's to blame                            | Consumed by the scene                                       |
| Sometimes I feel like a little lost child              | And I'm the first to admit it                               |
| Sometimes I feel like the chosen one                   | Without you I'm a liner (8) in an ice floe                  |
| Sometimes I wanna shout out 'til everything goes quiet | The stage and the screens                                   |
| Sometimes I wonder why I was ever born                 | Where (9) (10) me and Keane.                                |
| And if I (5) for a minute                              |   |



- 1. things
- 2. don't
- 3. first
- 4. feel
- 5. stop
- 6. first
- 7. something
- 8. stranded
- 9. it's
- 10. just

## Fill in the gaps