## Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

## Fill in the gaps

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory You were practicing a magic trick And my (1)\_\_\_ As you talked and chewed On the last of your pick and mix So, you're mistaken if you're thinking That I haven't been called cold before As you bit into (2)\_\_\_\_\_ strawberry lace And then offered me your attention In the (3)\_\_\_ \_\_\_\_ of a gobstopper It's all you had left and it was going to waste Your pastimes consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged And I love that little game You had called "Crying lightning" And how you liked to aggravate The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons The next time that I caught my own reflection It was on its way to meet you Thinking of excuses to postpone You never looked like yourself From the side but your profile Could not hide the fact You knew I was approaching your throne With (4)\_\_\_\_\_ arms you occupied

The (5)\_\_\_\_\_ like a toothache
Stood and puffed your chest out

Like you'd never lost a war
Although I tried so not to suffer
The indignity of a reaction
There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw
And your pastimes consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game
You had (6) "Crying lightning"
And how you liked to aggravate
The (7) man on rainy afternoons
Uninviting
But not half as impossible
As (8) assumes you are
"Crying lightning"
Your pastimes consisted of the strange
Twisted and deranged
And I hate that little (9) you had called
Crying lightning
Crying lightning
Crying lightning
Crying lightning
Your pastimes, consisted of the strange
And twisted and deranged
And I hate that little game
You had called "Crying"



- 1. thoughts
- 2. your
- 3. form
- 4. folded
- 5. bench
- 6. called
- 7. icky
- 8. everyone
- 9. game

## Fill in the gaps