Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Fill in the gaps

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory		Like you'd (7)	(8)	a war	
You were (1)	a magic trick	Although I tried so not to suffer			
And my thoughts got rude		The indignity of a reaction			
As you talked and chewed		There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw			
On the last of your pick and mix		And your pastimes consisted of the strange			
So, you're (2)	if you're thinking	And twisted and deranged			
That I haven't been called cold before		And I hate that little game			
As you bit into your strawberry lace		You had called "Crying lightning"			
And then offered me your attention		And how you liked to aggravate			
In the form of a gobstopper		The icky man on rainy afternoons			
It's all you had left and it was going to waste		Uninviting			
Your pastimes consisted of the strange		But not (9)	But not (9) as impossible		
And twisted and deranged		As everyone assumes you are			
And I love that little game		"Crying lightning"			
You had called "Crying lightning"		Your pastimes consisted of the strange			
And how you liked to aggravate		Twisted and deranged			
The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons		And I hate that little game you had called			
The next time that I caught my own reflection		Crying lightning			
It was on its way to meet you		Crying lightning			
Thinking of (3) to postpone		Crying lightning			
You never looked like yourself		Crying lightning			
From the side but your profile		Your pastimes, consisted of the strange			
Could not hide the fact		And twisted and deranged			
You knew I was approaching your throne		And I hate that little game			
With folded arms you occupied		You had called "Crying"			
The (4) like	a toothache				
Stood and (5)	(6) chest out				



- 1. practicing
- 2. mistaken
- 3. excuses
- 4. bench
- 5. puffed
- 6. your
- 7. never
- 8. lost
- 9. half

Fill in the gaps