## Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

## Fill in the gaps

Outside the cafe by the (1)	factory	Like you'd never (5) a	war
You were practicing 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	(6) to claw
On the last of your pick and mix		And your (7)	consisted of the strange
So, you're mistaken 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 (8)	afternoons
It's all you had left and it was going to waste		Uninviting	
Your pastimes consisted of the strange		But not half as impossible	
And twisted and deranged		As everyone assumes you are	
And I love (2) 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 excuses to postpone		Crying lightning	
You never looked (3) yourself		Crying lightning	
From the side but your profile		Your pastimes, consisted of the s	strange
Could not hide the fact		And twisted and deranged	
You knew I was approaching your throne		And I hate (9) little ga	me
With folded arms you occupied		You had called "Crying"	
The bench like a toothache			
Stood and (4) your chest out			



## Fill in the gaps

- 1. cracker
- 2. that
- 3. like
- 4. puffed
- 5. lost
- 6. gaps
- 7. pastimes
- 8. rainy
- 9. that