

Spend all your time waiting For that second chance For a break that would make it okay There's always (1)\_\_\_\_\_ reason To feel not good enough And it's hard at the end of the day I need (2)\_\_\_\_\_ distraction (Oh) beautiful release Memory seeps from my veins Let me be empty And weightless and maybe I'll find some peace tonight In the (3)\_\_\_\_\_ of an angel Fly away from here From this dark cold hotel room And the endlessness that you fear You are (4)\_\_\_\_\_ from the wreckage Of your (5)\_\_\_\_\_ reverie You're in the arms of the angel May you find Some comfort here So tired of the (6)\_\_\_ And everywhere you turn There's vultures and thieves at your back

## Fill in the gaps

| And the storm keeps on twisting                                                                                                                        |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| You keep on building the lie                                                                                                                           |
| That you make up for all that you lack                                                                                                                 |
| It don't make no difference                                                                                                                            |
| Escaping one last time                                                                                                                                 |
| It's easier to believe                                                                                                                                 |
| In this sweet madness                                                                                                                                  |
| (Oh) (7) glorious sadness that                                                                                                                         |
| Brings me to my knees                                                                                                                                  |
| In the arms of an angel                                                                                                                                |
| Fly away from here                                                                                                                                     |
| From this (8) cold hotel room                                                                                                                          |
| And the endlessness (0)                                                                                                                                |
| And the endlessness (9) you fea                                                                                                                        |
| You are pulled from the wreckage                                                                                                                       |
|                                                                                                                                                        |
| You are pulled from the wreckage                                                                                                                       |
| You are pulled from the wreckage Of your silent reverie                                                                                                |
| You are pulled from the wreckage Of your silent reverie You're in the arms of the angel                                                                |
| You are pulled from the wreckage Of your silent reverie You're in the arms of the angel May you find                                                   |
| You are pulled from the wreckage Of your silent reverie You're in the arms of the angel May you find Some comfort here                                 |
| You are pulled from the wreckage Of your silent reverie You're in the arms of the angel May you find Some comfort here You're in the arms of the angel |



- 1. some
- 2. some
- 3. arms
- 4. pulled
- 5. silent
- 6. straight
- 7. this
- 8. dark
- 9. that

## Fill in the gaps