

## Fill in the gaps

| I'll pretend                                  | Now we'll never know what the other meant            |
|---|--|
| My heart's not on fire if you steal           | Watch is ticking                                     |
| My (1) love's name broke (2) subway           | Like a heartbeat gone berserk                        |
| In this city of spires                        | Lost the chance to wind the key roosters are nothing |
| Tape your picture over his in the frame       | But clucking clockwork                               |
| We'll imagine                                 | Our fears are only what we tell them to be           |
| We're sleeping revolvers shotgun wedding      | Our fears are only (7) we tell them to be            |
| In a strange SoHo                             | Drown the last of our matches                        |
| Our chambers hold silvery collars             | Burn the rest of each other                          |
| Gun down werewolves wherever we go we         | You were strongest when I (8) for breath             |
| Gun down werewolves wherever we go            | Through the thick of smoke we'll (9)                 |
| Midnight (3) calls                            | smother  |
| In the back of a Mustang                      |  |
| Creased white pages torn right from the spine | Young blood  |
| Kissed my (4) with a crooked, cracked fang    | Young bone   |
| You (5) hoped one day you'd be mine           | Old ghosts   |
| Threw our fathers                             | Go home  |
| On funeral pyres I'm not sure                 | Young blood  |
| We were playing a game busted gasket          | Young bone   |
| In a field full of liars                      | Old ghosts   |
| No one noticed we set five boroughs aflame    | Go home  |
| No one noticed we set five boroughs aflame    | Young blood  |
|   | Young bone   |
| Young blood                                   | Old ghosts   |
| Young bone                                    | Go home  |
| Old ghosts                                    | Young blood  |
| Go home                                       | Young bone   |
| Band of gold                                  | Old ghosts   |
| With a (6) implied you wrote letters          | Go home  |
| That you never sent I made promises           |  |
| I'll always deny                              |  |



- 1. true
- 2. down
- 3. phone
- 4. neck
- 5. always
- 6. diamond
- 7. what
- 8. ached
- 9. finally

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