

Fill in the gaps

| Climbing up on Solsbury Hill |
|------------------------------------|
| I (1) see the city light |
| Wind was blowing, time stood still |
| Eagle flew out of the night |
| He was something to observe |
| Came in close, I heard a voice |
| Standing, stretching every nerve |
| I had to listen, had no choice |
| I did not believe the information |
| Just had to trust imagination |
| My heart (2) boom, boom, boom |
| "Son," he said, "grab your things |
| I've come to take you home" |
| To keep in silence, I resigned |
| My friends (3) think I was a nut |
| Turning water into wine |
| Open doors would soon be shut |
| So I (4) from day to day |
| Though my (5) was in a rut |
| Till I thought of what I'd say |
| Which connection I should cut |

| I was feeling part of the scenery |
|--|
| I walked right out of the machinery |
| My (6) going boom, boom, boom |
| "Hey," he said, "Grab (7) things |
| I've come to take you home" |
| Yeah, back home |
| When illusion spin her net |
| I'm never where I want to be |
| And liberty, she pirouette |
| When I think that I am free |
| Watched by empty silhouette |
| Who close their eyes but still can see |
| No one taught them etiquette |
| I will show another me |
| Today I don't (8) a replacement |
| I'll tell them what the smile on my face meant |
| My (9) going boom, boom, boom |
| "Hey," I said, "You can keep my things |
| They've come to take me home" |



- 1. could
- 2. going
- 3. would
- 4. went
- 5. life
- 6. heart
- 7. your
- 8. need
- 9. heart

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