

Fill in the gaps

| Climbing up on Solsbury Hill |
|-----------------------------------|
| I could see the city light |
| Wind was blowing, time (1) 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 going boom, boom, boom |
| "Son," he said, "grab your things |
| I've come to take you home" |
| To keep in silence, I resigned |
| My (2) would think I was a nut |
| Turning water (3) wine |
| Open doors would (4) be shut |
| So I went from day to day |
| Though my life was in a rut |
| Till I thought of what I'd say |
| Which connection I (5) cut |

| I was reeling part of the scenery |
|---|
| I walked (6) out of the machinery |
| My heart going boom, boom, boom |
| "Hey," he said, "Grab your 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 (7) I am free |
| Watched by empty silhouette |
| Who (8) their eyes but still can see |
| No one taught them etiquette |
| I will show another me |
| Today I don't need a replacement |
| I'll tell them what the smile on my (9) meant |
| My heart going boom, boom, boom |
| "Hey," I said, "You can keep my things |
| They've come to take me home" |



- 1. stood
- 2. friends
- 3. into
- 4. soon
- 5. should
- 6. right
- 7. that
- 8. close
- 9. face

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