

Fill in the gaps

Am I loud and clear, or am I breaking up?
Am I still (1) charm, or am I just bad luck?
Are we getting closer, or are we just getting more lost?
I'll show you mine if you show me yours first
Let's compare scars, I'll tell you (2) is worse
Let's unwrite these pages and
Replace them with our own words
We live on front porches and swing life away
We get by just fine here on minimum wage
If love is a (3) I'll (4) till the end
I won't cross these streets until you hold my hand
I've been here so long I think that it's time to move
The winter's so cold, summer's over too soon
Let's pack our bags and
Settle down where palm trees grow
I've got some friends, some that I hardly know
But we've had some times, I wouldn't trade for the world
We chase (5) days down with talks of
The places that we will go



- 1. your
- 2. whose
- 3. labor
- 4. slave
- 5. these
- 6. mine
- 7. here
- 8. cross
- 9. life

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