## Fast fast by Let's buy happiness

And then they feel them in

## Fill in the gaps

| If my (1)                      | run fast at hefty speeds | We could (9) play                         |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------|---|
| Then it could skin my ears     |                          | For the whole account                     |
| And make friction heat         |                          | And keep the grins in check               |
| Lips could even crack          |                          | And keep the singing louda                |
| Until it all runs coarse       |                          | We will be fine                           |
| Or we could let it out         |                          | But I get into it                         |
| And let it run its course      |                          | We will be fine                           |
| We can (2) outside             |                          | But I get into it                         |
| (3) a silver frame             |                          | We will be fine                           |
| (4) the clouds come by         |                          | But I get into it                         |
| And then they feel (5) in      |                          | But I get into it                         |
| We could even play             |                          | But I get again                           |
| For the whole account          |                          | But I get again                           |
| And keep the grins in check    |                          | But I get again                           |
| And keep the singing loud      |                          | When my thoughts                          |
| We will be fine                |                          | When my thoughts                          |
| But I get into it              |                          | They run fast                             |
| We will be fine                |                          | When my thoughts                          |
| But I get into it              |                          | When my thoughts                          |
| We will be fine                |                          | they run fast                             |
| But I get into it              |                          | I can see the waves rising all around us  |
| but I get into it              |                          | But we are locked in our rows of houses   |
| If my thoughts run fast at (6) | speeds                   | And we coming out all around us           |
| Then it could skin my ears     |                          | And we can't seem to get distance         |
| And make friction heat         |                          | All the waves they are                    |
| Lips could even crack          |                          | Tumbling away                             |
| Until it all runs coarse       |                          | And we can't see the stormy weather       |
| Or we (7) let it out           |                          | When the waves are crashing all around us |
| And let it run its course      |                          | Our houses are landlocked                 |
| We can (8) out:                | side                     | and we finished                           |
| With a silver frame            |                          |   |
| Until the clouds come by       |                          |   |



## 1. thoughts

- 2. stand
- 3. With
- 4. Until
- 5. them
- 6. hefty
- 7. could
- 8. stand
- 9. even

## Fill in the gaps