

Fill in the gaps

| I met this girl late last year | Wish I'd have written it down |
|---|--|
| She said don't you worry if I disappear | The way that things played out |
| I told her I'm not really looking for another mistake | When she was kissing him |
| I called an old friend thinking that the trouble would wait | How? I was confused about |
| But then I jump right in | She should figure it out while I'm sat here singing |
| A (1) later returned | Don't fuck with my love |
| I reckon she was only looking for a lover to burn | That heart is so cold |
| But I gave her my time for two or three nights | All over my home |
| Then I put it on pause 'til the (2) was right | I don't (7) know that babe |
| I went away for months until our paths crossed again | Don't fuck (8) my love |
| She told me I was never looking for a friend | I told her she knows |
| Maybe you could swing by my room around 10 | Take aim and reload |
| Baby bring a lemon and a bottle of gin | I don't wanna know that babe |
| We'll be in between the sheets 'til the late AM | [Knock knock knock] on my hotel door |
| Baby if you wanted me (3) you should've just said | I don't even know if she knows what for |
| She's singing | She was crying on my shoulder |
| Don't fuck with my love | I already told ya |
| That (4) is so cold | Trust and (9) is what we do this for |
| All over my home | I (10) intended to be next |
| I don't wanna know that babe | But you didn't need to take him to bed that's all |
| Don't fuck with my love | And I never saw him as a threat |
| I told her she knows | Until you disappeared with him to have sex of course |
| Take aim and reload | It's not like we were both on tour |
| I don't wanna know that babe | We were staying on the same fucking hotel floor |
| For a couple weeks I | And I wasn't looking for a promise or commitment |
| Only want to see her | But it was never just fun and I thought you were different |
| We drink away the (5) with a take-away pizza | This is not the way you realize what you wanted |
| Before a text message was the only way to reach her | It's a bit too much, too late if I'm honest |
| Now she's staying at my place and loves the way I treat her | All this time God knows I'm singing |
| Singing out Aretha | Don't fuck with my love |
| All over the track like a feature | That heart is so cold |
| And never wants to sleep, I guess that I don't want to either | All over my home |
| But me and her we make money the same way | I don't wanna know that babe |
| Four cities, two planes the same day | Don't fuck with my love |
| Those shows (6) never been what it's about | I told her she knows |
| But maybe we'll go together and just figure it out | Take aim and reload |
| I'd rather put on a film with you and sit on the couch | I don't wanna know that babe |
| But we should get on a plane | |
| Or we'll be missing it now | |



- 1. week
- 2. moment
- 3. then
- 4. heart
- 5. days
- 6. have
- 7. wanna
- 8. with
- 9. respect
- 10. never

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