

Fill in the gaps

Come on skinny love just last the year
Pour a little salt, we were never here
My, my, my, my, my, my, my
Staring at the (1) of blood and crushed veneel
I tell my love to wreck it all
Cut out all the (2) and let me fall
My, my, my, my, my, my, my
Right in this moment this order's tall
I (3) you to be patient
I told you to be fine
And I (4) you to be balanced
And I told you to be kind
In the morning I'll be (5) you
But it (6) be a different kind
I'll be holding all the tickets
And you'll be owning all the fines



1. sink

- 2. ropes
- 3. told
- 4. told
- 5. with
- 6. will
- 7. told
- 8. told
- 9. told

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