

Fill in the gaps

| Loving him is like driving a new Maserati down a dead end | Oh, red |
|---|---|
| street | Burning red |
| Faster (1) the wind, passionate as sin, ending so | Remembering him comes in flashbacks, in echoes |
| suddenly | Tell myself it's time now, gotta let go |
| Loving him is like trying to change your mind once you're | But moving on from him is impossible when I still see it all in |
| already flying through the free fall | my head |
| Like the (2) in autumn, so bright, just before | Burning red |
| (3) lose it all | Loving him was red |
| Losing him was blue, like I've never known | Oh, losing him was blue, like I've never known |
| Missing him was dark grey, all alone | Missing him was dark grey, all (9) |
| Forgetting him was like trying to know somebody you never | Forgetting him was like trying to know somebody you |
| met | (10) met |
| But loving him was red | 'Cause loving him was red |
| Loving him was red | Yeah, yeah red |
| Touching him was like realizing all you ever | Burning red |
| (4) was right there in front of you | And that's why he's spinning round in my head |
| Memorizing him was as easy as knowing all the words to your | Comes back to me, burning red |
| old favorite song | Yeah, yeah |
| Fighting with him was like trying to solve a crossword and | His love was like driving a new Maserati down a dead end |
| realizing there's no right answer | street |
| Regretting him was like wishing you'd never found out that | |
| (5) could be that (6) | |
| Losing him was blue, (7) I've never known | |
| Missing him was (8) grey, all alone | |
| Forgetting him was like trying to know somebody you never | |
| met | |
| But loving him was red | |
| Loving him was red | |



- 1. than
- 2. colors
- 3. they
- 4. wanted
- 5. love
- 6. strong
- 7. like
- 8. dark
- 9. alone
- 10. never

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