Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

| Outside the cafe by the cracker factory | Like you'd never lost a war |
|---|--|
| You were practicing a magic trick | Although I tried so not to suffer |
| And my thoughts got rude | The indignity of a reaction |
| As you talked and chewed | There was no cracks to (6) or gaps to claw |
| On the last of (1) pick and mix | And your pastimes consisted of the strange |
| So, you're mistaken if you're thinking | And twisted and deranged |
| That I haven't been called cold before | And I hate that little game |
| As you bit into your (2) lace | You had (7) "Crying lightning" |
| And then offered me (3) attention | And how you liked to aggravate |
| In the form of a gobstopper | The icky man on rainy afternoons |
| It's all you had left and it was going to waste | Uninviting |
| Your pastimes consisted of the strange | But not half as impossible |
| And twisted and deranged | As (8) assumes you are |
| And I love that little game | "Crying lightning" |
| You had called "Crying lightning" | Your pastimes consisted of the strange |
| And how you liked to aggravate | Twisted and deranged |
| The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons | And I hate that little game you had called |
| The next time that I caught my own reflection | Crying lightning |
| It was on its way to meet you | Crying lightning |
| Thinking of (4) to postpone | Crying lightning |
| You never looked like yourself | Crying lightning |
| From the side but your profile | Your pastimes, consisted of the strange |
| Could not hide the fact | And (9) and deranged |
| You knew I was (5) your throne | And I (10) that little game |
| With folded arms you occupied | You had called "Crying" |
| The bench like a toothache | |
| | |

Stood and puffed your chest out



- 1. your
- 2. strawberry
- 3. your
- 4. excuses
- 5. approaching
- 6. grasp
- 7. called
- 8. everyone
- 9. twisted
- 10. hate

Fill in the gaps