## Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory	Like you'd never lost a war
You were practicing a (1) trick	Although I tried so not to suffer
And my (2) got rude	The indignity of a reaction
As you talked and chewed	There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw
On the (3) of your pick and mix	And (14) 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 (15) (16) game
As you bit into your strawberry lace	You had called "Crying lightning"
And then offered me your attention	And how you liked to aggravate
In the (4) of a gobstopper	The (17) man on rainy afternoons
It's all you had left and it was (5) to waste	Uninviting
Your pastimes consisted of the strange	But not (18) as impossible
And (6) and deranged	As (19) assumes you are
And I love that little game	"Crying lightning"
You had called "Crying lightning"	Your (20) (21) of
And how you liked to aggravate	the strange
The ice-cream man on rainy afternoons	Twisted and deranged
The next time (7) I (8) my own	And I hate that little game you had called
reflection	Crying lightning
It was on its way to (9) you	Crying lightning
Thinking of excuses to postpone	Crying lightning
You never looked like yourself	Crying lightning
From the (10) but your profile	Your pastimes, consisted of the strange
Could not hide the fact	And twisted and deranged
You (11) I was approaching your throne	And I hate (22) little game
With folded arms you occupied	You had (23) "Crying"
The bench (12) a toothache	

Stood and puffed (13)\_\_\_\_\_ chest out



- 1. magic
- 2. thoughts
- 3. last
- 4. form
- 5. going
- 6. twisted
- 7. that
- 8. caught
- 9. meet
- 10. side
- 11. knew
- 12. like
- 13. your
- 14. your
- 15. that
- 16. little
- 17. icky
- 18. half
- 19. everyone
- 20. pastimes
- 21. consisted
- 22. that
- 23. called

## Fill in the gaps