## Fill in the gaps

## Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory You (1)\_\_\_\_\_ practicing a magic trick And my thoughts got rude As you talked and chewed On the last of your pick and mix So, you're mistaken if you're thinking That I haven't been (2) cold before As you bit into (3)\_\_\_\_\_ strawberry lace And (4) offered me your attention In the form of a gobstopper It's all you had left and it was going to waste Your pastimes consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged And I love that little game You had (5)\_\_\_\_\_ "Crying lightning" And how you liked to aggravate The ice-cream man on (6)\_\_\_\_ \_ afternoons The next time that I caught my own reflection It was on its way to meet you Thinking of excuses to postpone You never looked (7)\_\_\_\_ \_\_ yourself From the side but your profile Could not hide the fact You knew I was approaching your throne With folded arms you occupied The bench like a toothache Stood and puffed your chest out

Like you'd never lost a war Although I tried so not to suffer The indignity of a reaction There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw And your pastimes consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged And I (8) that little game You had called "Crying lightning" And how you liked to aggravate The icky man on rainy afternoons Uninviting But not half as impossible As (9)\_ \_\_\_\_\_ assumes you are "Crying lightning" Your pastimes consisted of the strange Twisted and deranged And I hate that little game you had called Crying lightning Crying lightning Crying lightning Crying lightning Your pastimes, consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged And I hate that little game You had called "Crying" ...



- 1. were
- 2. called
- 3. your
- 4. then
- 5. called
- 6. rainy
- 7. like
- 8. hate
- 9. everyone

## Fill in the gaps