

## Fill in the gaps

'Cause I know that time has numbered my days
And I'll go along with everything you say
But I'll ride home laughing, look at me now
The walls of my town, they come crumbling down
And my ears hear the call of my unborn sons
And I know that choices colour all I've done
But I'll (1) it all to the watchman's son
I ain't ever lived a year better spent in love
'Cause I'll know my weakness, know my voice
And I'll believe in grace and choice
And I know perhaps my heart is fast
But I'll be born without a mask
Like the city that nurtured my (2) and my pride
I (3) my arms (4) the sky
I cry Babel! Babel! Look at me now
But the walls of my town
They (5) crumbling down
You ask where will we stand



- 1. explain
- 2. greed
- 3. stretch
- 4. into
- 5. come
- 6. from
- 7. stand
- 8. I'm
- 9. grace

## Fill in the gaps