

Fill in the gaps

| From the coast of gold, across the seven seas | | | |
|---|--|--|--|
| I'm traveling on, far and wide | | | |
| But now it seems, I'm just a stranger to myself | | | |
| And all the things I (1) do | | | |
| It isn't me but someone else | | | |
| I (2) my eyes, and think of home | | | |
| Another city goes by, in the night | | | |
| Ain't it (3) how it is, you never miss it til it's gone | | | |
| away | | | |
| And my heart is lying there and will be til my (4) | | | |
| day | | | |
| So understand | | | |
| Don't waste your time | | | |
| Always searching for those wasted years | | | |
| Face up make (5) stand | | | |
| And realize you're living in the golden years | | | |
| Too much time on my hands, I got you on my mind | | | |
| Can't ease (6) pain, so easily | | | |
| When you can't find the words to say | | | |
| It's hard to make it through another day | | | |
| And it makes me wanna crv | | | |

| And throw my hands up to the sky | | | |
|---|--------------------|--------------------|--|
| So understand | | | |
| Don't waste your time | | | |
| Always searching for t | those wasted years | S | |
| Face up make your | stand | | |
| And (7) | you're living i | n the golden years | |
| So understand | | | |
| Don't (8) | your time | | |
| Always searching for those wasted years | | | |
| Face up make your stand | | | |
| And realize you're living in the golden years | | | |
| So understand | | | |
| Don't waste your time | | | |
| Always searching for t | those wasted years | s | |
| Face up make your | stand | | |
| And realize you're living in the (9) years | | | |



1. sometimes

- 2. close
- 3. funny
- 4. dying
- 5. your
- 6. this
- 7. realize
- 8. waste
- 9. golden

Fill in the gaps