

## Fill in the gaps

## Mama's Broken Heart by Miranda Lambert

| I cut my bangs                                       | And there's nobody else to blame                    |
|--|---|
| With some rusty kitchen scissors                     | Can't get revenge                                   |
| I screamed his name                                  | And keep a spotless reputation                      |
| Til the neighbors called the cops                    | Sometimes revenge                                   |
| I numbed the pain                                    | Is a choice you gotta make                          |
| At the expense of my liver                           | My mama came  |
| I don't know what I did next                         | From a softer generation                            |
| All I know, I couldn't stop                          | Where you get a grip                                |
| Word got around                                      | And bite (4) lip and save a (5) face                |
| To the barflies and the baptists                     | Go and fix your make up, girl it's                  |
| My mama's phone                                      | Just a break up run and                             |
| Started ringin off the hook                          | Hide your crazy and (6) actin like a lady 'cause    |
| I can hear her now                                   | I   |
| Sayin she ain't gonna have it                        | Raised you better, gotta                            |
| Don't matter how you feel                            | Keep it together even when you fall apart           |
| It only (1) how you look                             | But this ain't my mama's broken heart               |
| Go and fix your make up, girl it's                   | Powder your nose                                    |
| Just a (2) up run and                                | Paint your toes                                     |
| Hide your crazy and start actin like a lady 'cause I | Line your lips and keep em closed                   |
| Raised you better, gotta                             | Cross your legs, dot your l's                       |
| Keep it together even when you fall apart            | And never let em see you cry                        |
| But this ain't my mama's broken heart                | Go and fix your (7) up, girl                        |
| Wish I could be                                      | It's (8) a break up run and                         |
| Just a little less (3) like a                        | Hide your crazy and start actin (9) a lady 'cause I |
| Kennedy when Camelot went down in flames             | Raised you better, gotta                            |
| Leave it to me                                       | Keep it together even when you fall apart           |
| To be holdin the matches                             | But this ain't my mama's (10) heart                 |
| When the fire trucks show up                         |   |



- 1. matters
- 2. break
- 3. dramatic
- 4. your
- 5. little
- 6. start
- 7. make
- 8. just
- 9. like
- 10. broken

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