

She called it sweet revenge

Fill in the gaps

	Shatter every window
Dry lightning cracks across the skies	'Til it's all (8) away
Those (1) clouds gather in her eyes	Every brick, every board
Her daddy was mean old mister	Every slamming door, blown away
Mamma was an (2) in the ground	'Til there's nothing left standing
The weatherman called for a twister	Nothing left of yesterday
She (3) it down	Every tear-soaked whiskey memory blown away
There's not enough rain in Oklahoma	Blown away
To wash the sins out of that house	There's not enough rain in Oklahoma
There's not (5) wind in Oklahoma	To wash the sins out of that house
To rip the nails out of the past	There's not enough wind in Oklahoma
Shatter every window	To rip the nails out of the past
Til it's all (6) away	Shatter every window
Every brick, every board	'Til it's all blown away
Every slamming door, blown away	Every brick, (9) board
Til there's nothing left standing	Every slamming door, (10) away
Nothing left of yesterday	'Til there's nothing left standing
Every tear-soaked whiskey memory blown away	Nothing left of yesterday
Blown away	Every tear-soaked whiskey memory blown away
Blown away	Blown away
She heard those sirens screaming out	Blown away
Her daddy laid there passed out on the couch	Blown away
She locked (7) in the cellar	Blown away
Listened to the screaming of the wind	Blown away
Some people called it taking shelter	



1. storm

- 2. angel
- 3. prayed
- 4. blow
- 5. enough
- 6. blown
- 7. herself
- 8. blown
- 9. every
- 10. blown

Fill in the gaps