

## Fill in the gaps

| White lips, pale face                     | The worst things in life come free to us  |
|---|---|
| Breathing in snowflakes                   | 'Cause we're just under the upper hand    |
| Burnt lungs, (1) taste                    | And go mad for a couple grams             |
| Light's gone, day's end                   | And she don't want to go outside tonight  |
| Struggling to pay rent                    | And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland |
| Long nights, strange men                  | Or sells love to another man              |
| And they say                              | It's too cold outside                     |
| She's in the (2) A team                   | For angels to fly                         |
| Stuck in her daydream                     | An angel will die                         |
| Been this way since 18                    | Covered in white                          |
| But lately her face seems                 | Closed eye                                |
| Slowly sinking, wasting                   | And (7) for a better life                 |
| Crumbling like pastries                   | This time                                 |
| And they scream                           | We'll fade out tonight                    |
| The worst things in (3) come free to us   | Straight down the line                    |
| 'Cause we're just                         | And they say                              |
| Under the upper hand                      | She's in the (8) A team                   |
| And go mad for a couple grams             | Stuck in her daydream                     |
| And she don't (4) to go outside tonight   | Been this way since 18                    |
| And in a pipe she flies to the Motherland | But lately her face seems                 |
| Or (5) love to another man                | Slowly sinking, wasting                   |
| It's too cold outside                     | Crumbling like pastries                   |
| For (6) to fly                            | They scream                               |
| Angels to fly                             | The worst things in life (9) free to u    |
| Ripped gloves, raincoat                   | And we're all under the upper hand        |
| Tried to swim and stay afloat             | Go mad for a couple grams                 |
| Dry house, wet clothes                    | And we don't want to go outside tonight   |
| Loose change, bank notes                  | And in a pipe we fly to the Motherland    |
| Weary-eyed, dry throat                    | Or sell love to another man               |
| Call girl, no phone                       | It's too (10) outside                     |
| And they say                              | For angels to fly                         |
| She's in the class A team                 | Angels to fly                             |
| Stuck in her daydream                     | Fly, fly                                  |
| Been this way since 18                    | For angels to fly                         |
| But lately her face seems                 | To fly, to fly                            |
| Slowly sinking, wasting                   | Angels to die                             |
| Crumbling like pastries                   |   |
| And they scream                           |   |



- 1. sour
- 2. class
- 3. life
- 4. want
- 5. sells
- 6. angels
- 7. hoping
- 8. class
- 9. come
- 10. cold

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