



## Fill in the gaps

### Payphone by Maroon 5 & Wiz Khalifa

I'm at a payphone trying to call home  
All of my change, I spent on you  
Where have the times gone?  
Baby, it's all wrong  
Where are the plans we made for two?  
Yeah, I, I know it's hard to remember  
The people we used to be  
It's even harder to picture  
That you're not (1)\_\_\_\_\_ next to me  
You say it's too late to make it  
But is it too (2)\_\_\_\_\_ to try?  
And in our time that you wasted  
All of our bridges burned down  
I've wasted my nights  
You (3)\_\_\_\_\_ out the lights  
Now I'm paralyzed  
Still stuck in that time  
When we called it love  
But even the sun sets in paradise  
I'm at a payphone trying to call home  
All of my change, I spent on you  
Where have the times gone?  
Baby, it's all wrong  
Where are the plans we made for two?  
If happy ever (4)\_\_\_\_\_ did exist  
I would still be holding you like this  
All those fairy tales are full of shit  
One more fucking love song, I'll be sick  
(Oh...)  
You turned your back on tomorrow  
'Cause you forgot yesterday  
I gave you my love to borrow  
But you just gave it away  
You can't expect me to be fine  
I don't expect you to care  
I know I've said it before  
But all of our bridges burned down  
I've wasted my nights  
You turned out the lights  
Now I'm paralyzed  
Still stuck in that time  
When we called it love  
But even the sun sets in paradise  
I'm at a payphone trying to call home

All of my change, I spent on you  
Where have the (5)\_\_\_\_\_ gone  
Baby, it's all wrong  
Where are the plans we made for two?  
If happy ever after did exist  
I would still be holding you like this  
All those fairy tales are full of shit  
One more fucking love song, I'll be sick  
Now I'm at a payphone...  
Man, fuck that shit  
I'll be out spending all this money  
While you're (6)\_\_\_\_\_ 'round wondering  
Why it wasn't you who came up from nothing  
Made it from the bottom  
Now when you see me, I'm stunnin'  
And all of my cars start with the push of a button  
Telling me the chances I blew up  
Or whatever you call it  
Switch the number to my phone  
So you never could call it  
Don't (7)\_\_\_\_\_ my name on my show  
You can tell it I'm ballin'  
Swish, what a shame, could have got picked  
Had a really (8)\_\_\_\_\_ game but you missed your last  
shot  
So you talk about who you see at the top  
Or what you could have saw  
But sad to say it's over for  
Phantom pulled up, valet open doors  
Wiz like go away, got what you was looking for  
Now it's me who they want, so you can go and take  
That little piece of shit with you  
I'm at a payphone trying to call home  
All of my change, I spent on you  
Where have the times gone  
Baby it's all wrong  
Where are the plans we made for two?  
If happy ever afters did exist  
I would still be holding you like this  
All those fairy tales are (9)\_\_\_\_\_ of shit  
One more fucking love song, I'll be sick  
Now I'm at a payphone...



**Fill in the gaps**

Answer

1. here
2. late
3. turned
4. afters
5. times
6. sitting
7. need
8. good
9. full