



## Fill in the gaps

### Young Blood by Norah Jones

I'll pretend  
My heart's not on fire if you steal  
My true love's name broke down subway  
In this city of spires  
Tape your picture over his in the frame  
We'll imagine  
We're sleeping revolvers (1)\_\_\_\_\_ wedding  
In a strange SoHo  
Our chambers hold (2)\_\_\_\_\_ collars  
Gun down werewolves wherever we go we  
Gun down werewolves wherever we go  
Midnight phone calls  
In the back of a Mustang  
Creased white pages torn right from the spine  
Kissed my neck with a crooked, cracked fang  
You always hoped one day you'd be mine  
Threw our fathers  
On funeral pyres I'm not sure  
We were playing a game busted gasket  
In a (3)\_\_\_\_\_ (4)\_\_\_\_\_ of liars  
No one noticed we set five (5)\_\_\_\_\_ aflame  
No one noticed we set five boroughs aflame  
...  
Young blood  
Young bone  
Old ghosts  
Go home  
Band of gold  
With a diamond implied you wrote letters  
That you never sent I made promises  
I'll (6)\_\_\_\_\_ deny

Now we'll never know what the other meant  
Watch is ticking  
Like a heartbeat gone berserk  
Lost the (7)\_\_\_\_\_ to wind the key roosters are  
nothing  
But clucking clockwork  
Our fears are only (8)\_\_\_\_\_ we tell them to be  
Our (9)\_\_\_\_\_ are only what we tell them to be  
Drown the last of our matches  
Burn the (10)\_\_\_\_\_ of each other  
You were strongest when I ached for breath  
Through the thick of smoke we'll finally smother  
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### Answer

1. shotgun
2. silvery
3. field
4. full
5. boroughs
6. always
7. chance
8. what
9. fears
10. rest