

Fill in the gaps

my

Am I loud and clear, or am I breaking up?	We live on front porches and swing life away
Am I still your charm, or am I just bad luck?	We get by just fine here on minimum wage
Are we getting closer, or are we just getting more lost?	If love is a labor I'll slave till the end
I'll show you mine if you (1) me (2)	I won't cross these (8) until you hold
first	hand
Let's compare scars, I'll tell you whose is worse	Until you hold my hand
Let's unwrite these pages and	I'll show you mine if you show me yours first
Replace them with our own words	Let's compare scars, I'll tell you whose is worse
We live on front porches and swing life away	Let's unwrite these pages and
We get by just fine here on (3) wage	Replace them with our own words
If love is a labor I'll slave till the end	We live on front porches and swing life away
I won't cross these streets until you (4) my hand	We get by just fine here on minimum wage
I've (5) here so long I think that it's time to move	If love is a labor I'll slave till the end
The winter's so cold, summer's over too soon	I won't cross these streets until you (9) my hand
Let's pack our bags and	Swing life away
Settle (6) where palm trees grow	Swing life away
I've got some friends, some that I hardly know	Swing life away
But we've had some times, I wouldn't trade for the world	Swing life away
We chase these days down with talks of	
The places that we (7)	



- 1. show
- 2. yours
- 3. minimum
- 4. hold
- 5. been
- 6. down
- 7. will
- 8. streets
- 9. hold

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