

for the gods they made

I shouted out,

Fill in the gaps

Sympathy for the devil by The Rolling Stones

Please allow me to (1) myself	"Who killed the Kennedys?"
I'm a man of wealth and taste	When after all it was you and me
I've been around for a long, long year	Let me please introduce myself
Stole many man's soul and faith	I'm a man of (5) and (6)
And I was 'round when Jesus Christ	And I laid traps for troubadours
Had his moment of doubt and pain	Who get killed before they reached Bombay
Made damn sure that Pilate	Pleased to meet you
Washed his hands and sealed his fate	Hope you guessed my name, oh yeah
Pleased to meet you	But what's puzzling you
Hope you guess my name	Is the nature of my game, oh yeah, get down, baby
But what's puzzling you	(bis)
Is the nature of my game	Just as every cop is a criminal
I stuck (2) St. Petersburg	And all the sinners saints
When I saw it was a time for a change	As heads is (7)
Killed the czar and his ministers	Just call me Lucifer
Anastasia screamed in (3)	'Cause I'm in need of some restraint
I rode a tank held a general's rank	So if you meet me have some courtesy
When the blitzkrieg raged	(8) (9) sympathy, and some taste
And the bodies stank	Use all your well-learned politesse
Pleased to meet you	Or I'll lay your soul to waste, um yeah
Hope you guess my name, oh yeah	Pleased to meet you
Ah, what's puzzling you	Hope you guessed my name, um yeah
Is the nature of my game, oh yeah	But what's puzzling you
I watched with (4) while your kings and queens	Is the (10) of my game, um mean it, get down
Fought for ten decades	



- 1. introduce
- 2. around
- 3. vain
- 4. glee
- 5. wealth
- 6. taste
- 7. tails
- 8. Have
- 9. some
- 10. nature

Fill in the gaps