Crying Lightning by Arctic Monkeys

Stood and puffed your chest out

Fill in the gaps

Outside the cafe by the cracker factory Like you'd never lost a war You were practicing a (1)_ Although I tried so not to suffer And my thoughts got rude The indignity of a reaction As you talked and chewed There was no cracks to grasp or gaps to claw On the last of your pick and mix And your pastimes consisted of the strange So, you're (2)___ __ if you're thinking And twisted and deranged That I haven't been called cold before And I hate that little game As you bit into your strawberry lace You had called "Crying lightning" And then (3)____ _____ me (4)___ ___ attention And how you liked to aggravate In the form of a gobstopper The icky man on rainy afternoons It's all you had left and it was going to waste Uninviting But not (9)_____ as impossible Your pastimes consisted of the strange And twisted and deranged As everyone assumes you are ____ that little game And I (5)____ "Crying lightning" You had called "Crying lightning" Your pastimes consisted of the strange And how you (6)_____ to aggravate Twisted and deranged The ice-cream man on (7)_____ afternoons And I hate that little game you had called The next time that I caught my own reflection Crying lightning It was on its way to meet you Crying lightning Thinking of excuses to postpone Crying lightning You never looked like yourself Crying lightning From the side but your profile Your pastimes, consisted of the strange Could not hide the fact And twisted and deranged You (8)_____ I was approaching your throne And I hate that little game With folded arms you occupied You had called "Crying"... The bench like a toothache



- 1. magic
- 2. mistaken
- 3. offered
- 4. your
- 5. love
- 6. liked
- 7. rainy
- 8. knew
- 9. half

Fill in the gaps